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New England Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly

NEW SERIES, VOLUME XXXVIII

MARCH, 1908 — AUGUST, 1908

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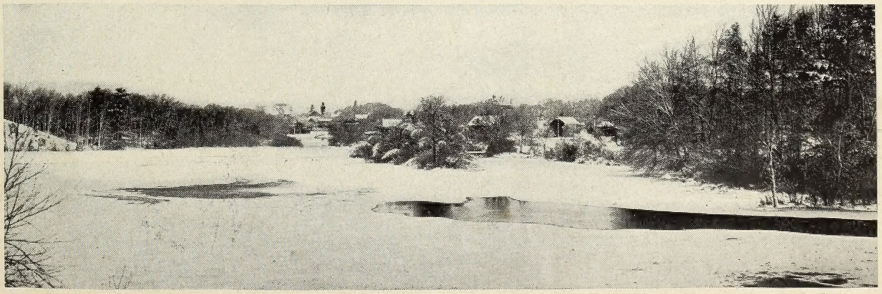
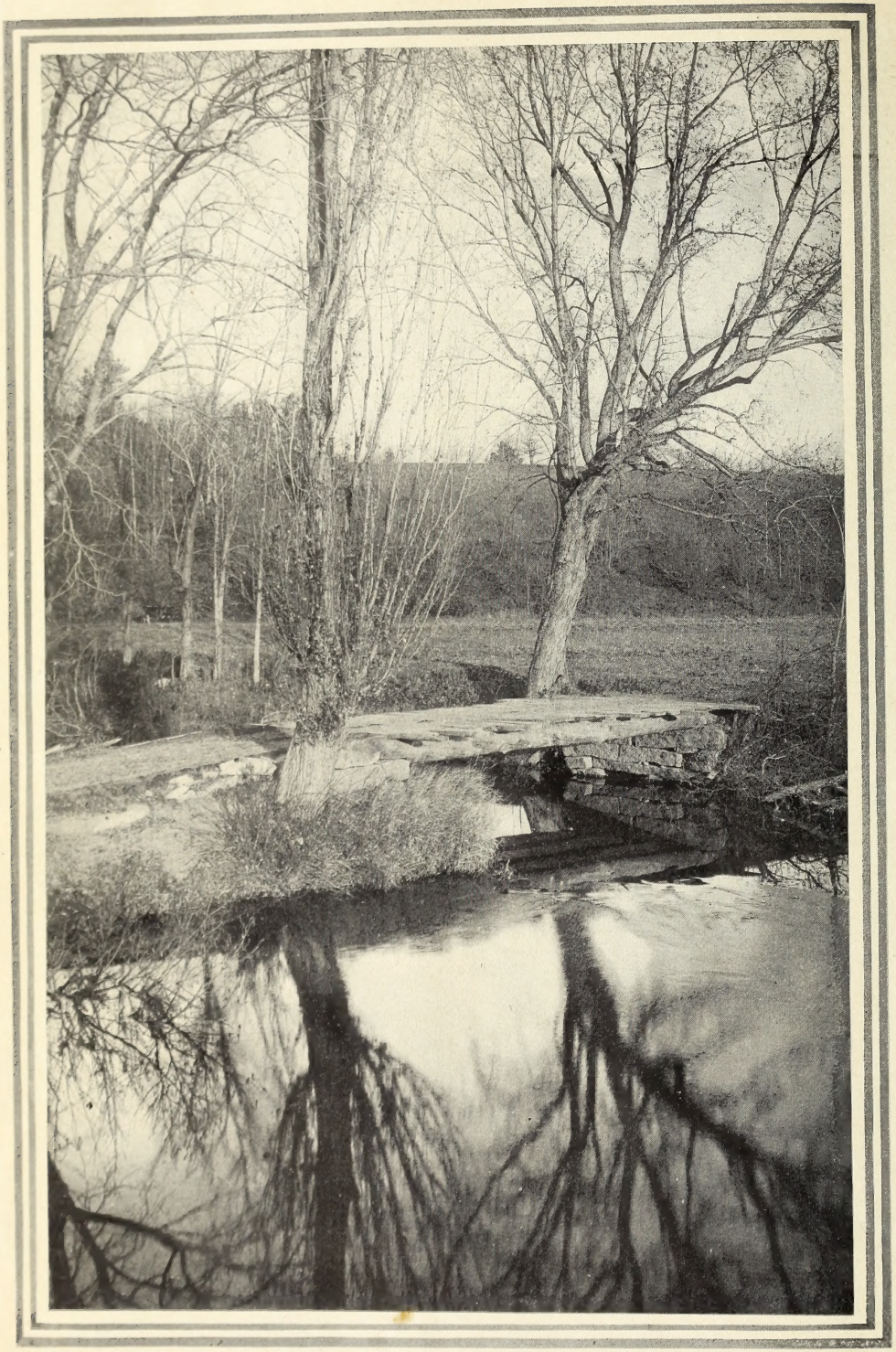
Beautiful New England





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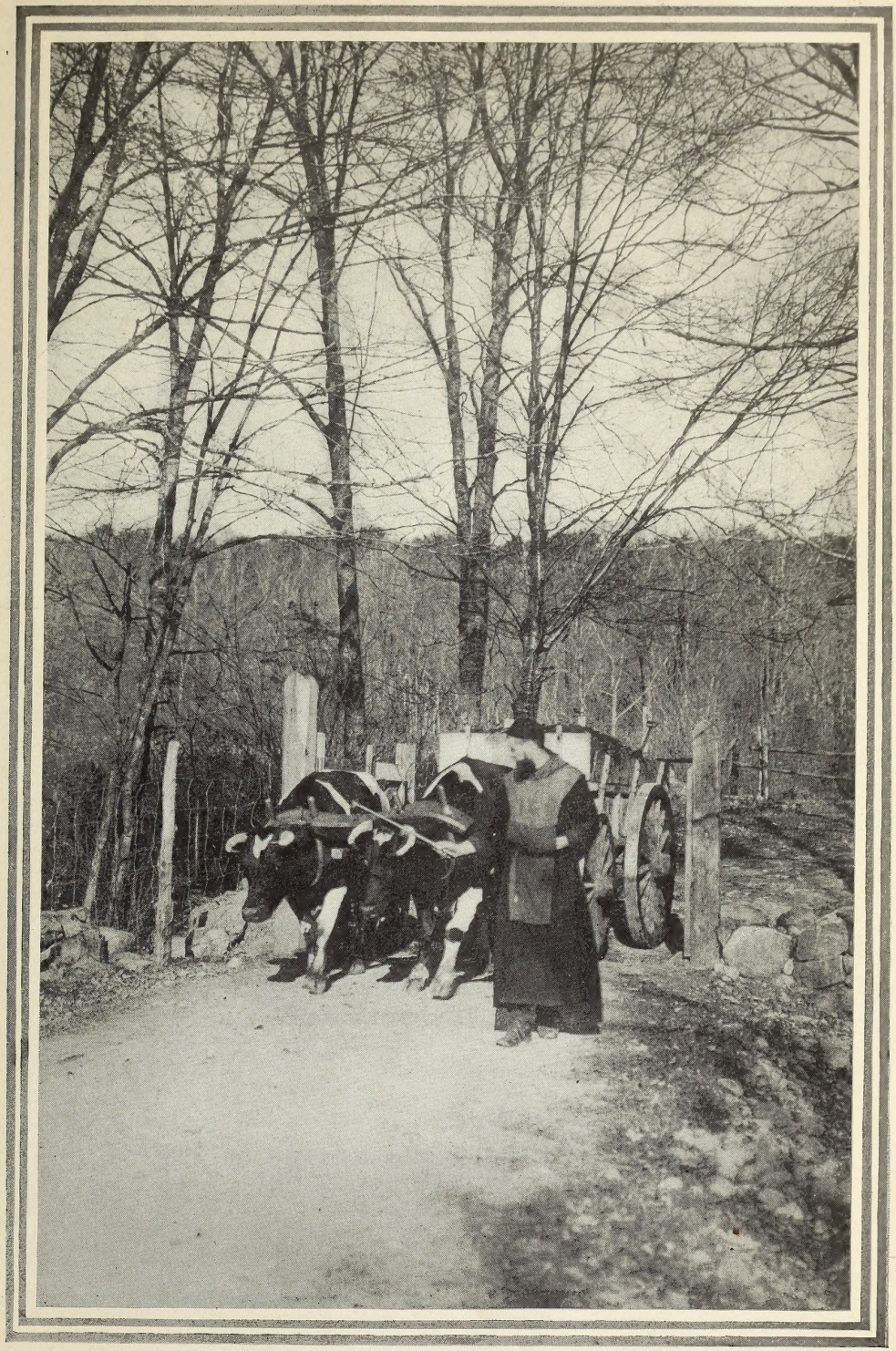
Maine Woods



Early Spring in
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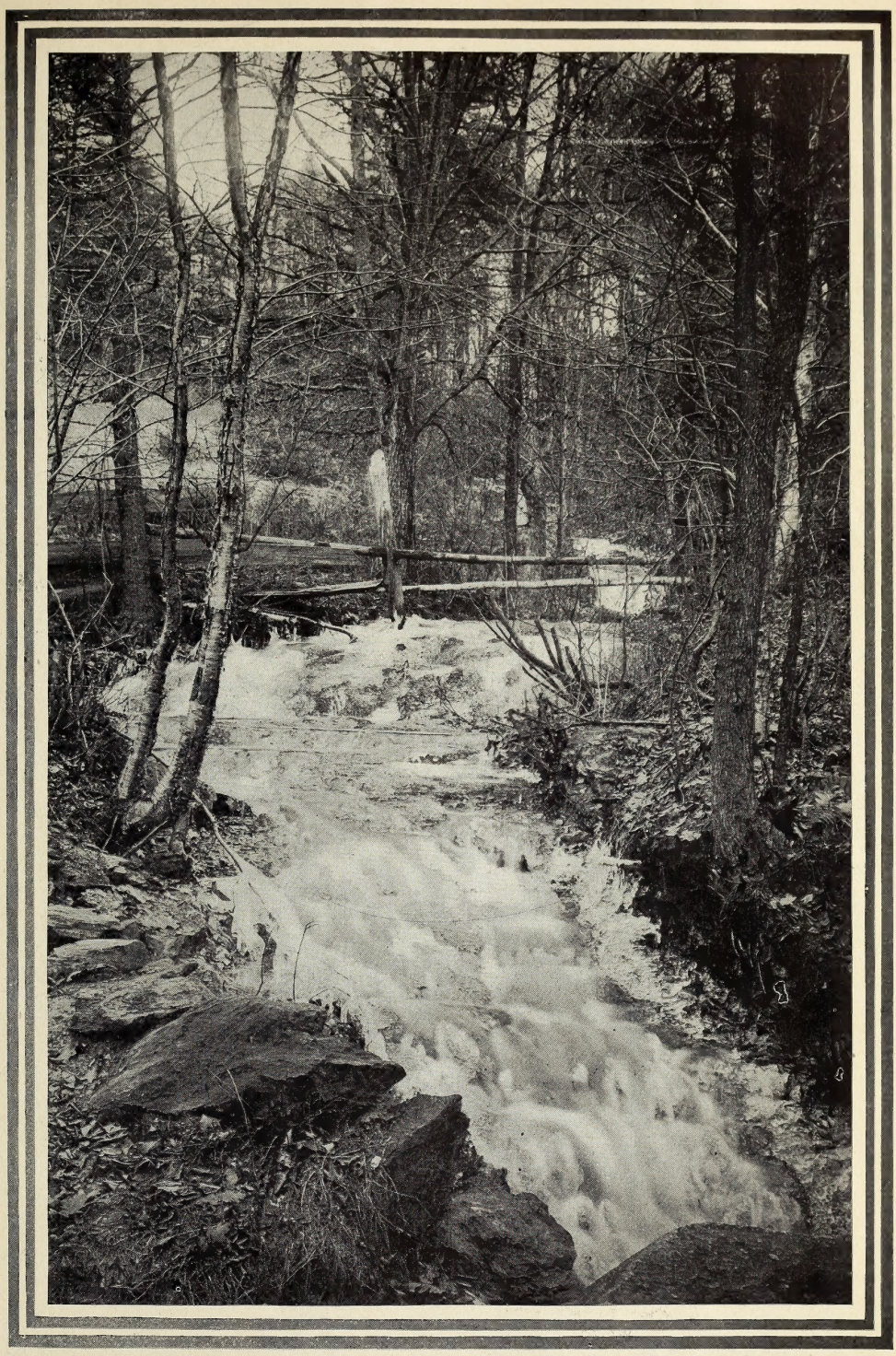
A March
Blizzard



Spring
in Sight

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Hon. George A. Hibbard, Mayor of Boston

New England Magazine

Vol. XXXVIII MARCH, 1908 Number 1

A BUSINESS CITY GOVERNMENT

By HON. GEORGE A. HIBBARD

Mayor of Boston

BOSTON, for the next two years at least, I hope, is committed to the problem of establishing a business administration of municipal affairs. Without any attempt to analyze the exact causes which led to my recent election, the one prominent factor to my mind is that my campaign was waged on a promise to attempt a business administration, and this was emphasized to the exclusion of almost every other consideration. My determination to continue in that course is more firmly fixed than ever, if that were possible, and I am simply waiting to see what support I shall be given in my program by the citizens at large. This is a particularly fortunate time in which to take up such a task, and it appeals to me all the more strongly for the reason that it will be substantially a new trail which we shall blaze out together.

The divorce which for years has existed between business methods and municipal administration is a curious situation, to say the least. When it is considered, for instance, that the city of Boston has a weekly pay-roll of over $155,000, that municipal undertakings which may cost ten, fifteen, and even twenty millions of dollars are under way or projected for the immediate future, and that the cost of each municipal extravagance or piece of maladministration rests as a direct burden on the shoulders of the people themselves, the general indifference to the size of the problem becomes even more striking.

A month ago, when I assumed office, it was the size of the city debt which impressed me most forcibly. The fact that the sinking fund and interest charges on the same aggregated yearly an amount far in excess of what is required in many American cities of considerable size to meet *all* their municipal expenditures aroused a wave of sympathy for my fellow citizens in general. And yet I never had any doubt as to the honesty of that total. I did feel that Boston was suffering perhaps from the result of too vivid an imagination on the part of its city fathers, and that in certain lines we had spent money above our immediate needs. Notwithstanding this, I rested firm in the belief that the city possessed what it had paid for and that future generations at least would profit by the extravagances of the past.

Now, though only a month in office, I must confess I have been obliged to give over even that solace. While my examination to date has, through lack of time, been only of a cursory nature, I fear we may as well admit that a large part of the money borrowed and expended has been absolutely wasted. The total amount of

money which the city has expended on sewers alone reaches a spectacular figure. Properly spent, Boston to-day should be in possession of an ideal sewerage system. Instead, the confession must be made that throughout the city there are at the present time main sewers which never met the building specifications and which will never perform the functions required. There are stretches of high-priced gravity sewers which come so close to the surface that they are absolutely useless for the purposes for which they were built. Already the city in certain cases is duplicating these plants to face out the problem.

What has been said in general about the sewers can also be said of the bridges. Fortunately, these criticisms can also be made of almost every American city of any size. Therefore Boston is not to be regarded as specially or particularly handicapped in this respect, and these samples are simply selected to point out to what condition the system of running municipal corporations on a political basis has brought the country at large. Of course it can be easily appreciated that to remedy such a situation, as far as concerns past expenditures, is beyond the power of any chief executive. The problem of the day is how to safeguard future expenditures, either for maintenance or construction, and how best to establish methods of administration which will make impossible a return to the old political basis by reason that an aroused public sentiment will fight any such degeneration from a standard.

What we are going through now is a homely task of house-cleaning. I stated a short while ago that there were seven hundred unnecessary employees, whose services could easily be dispensed with, drawing pay from the city. I am inclined now to believe that I underestimated the number, but time will best set the real figure. This house-cleaning I should say has really been made easy by the boldness with which the city pay-roll has been littered with mere salary-drawers. The pay-roll lists thus show "tree-climbers" in the Sewer Department, "boatmen and swimmers" in schoolhouses, and "sailors," "caulkers," and "shipwrights" in the street-cleaning divisions. Week after week for an indefinite period "rubber-boot repairers" who were clerkers, "oil-testers" whose sole activities consisted in swinging lanterns which burned the fluid, "wharfingers" who spent their time on ledges, and "sign-painters" who had never touched a brush passed in solemn procession through the Treasury Department, drawing ample remuneration for their alleged duties.

Under this system day-labor street-construction work in the city of Boston has, in certain instances, cost two hundred per cent more than contract work. The mere collection of taxes has aggregated a cost per bill far in excess of what any corporation would stand. The Finance Commission, which is even yet at work on the subject, has in the meantime, through the daily newspapers, exposed the almost criminal absence of business judgment in the matter of supply contracting. In the mere item of coal, it will be remembered, the statement was made, and never seriously questioned, by the attorney for the Finance Commission, that apparently "anything that was black and would burn was good enough to sell the city for coal." Under this happy-go-lucky system the municipality was purchasing cement as a retail customer and buying bricks and tile and other material of like nature in the same peculiar manner.

These references to a few instances will, I think, make it plain how large the task at hand is of installing a sane business administration in the municipal government. As I said at the beginning, this problem has become a pressing one in a number of municipalities throughout the country at this exact time. As might be expected, with the problem there has developed a variety of ideas as to the best method of solution. The very size of the undertaking inclines many to the belief

that permanent government by commission is the sole means of successfully grappling with it. In no one of the cities is the matter so involved as in Boston, and although I stand before the Legislature as a petitioner for power to reorganize the departments on a business basis, I am unalterably opposed to a permanent form of government by commission. I can imagine how a point may be raised that there is a difference between my preaching and my practice on this subject, and the bill for which I have petitioned the General Court may be cited. Of that bill I would say that it is the result of my desire to save the people of Boston from permanent government by commission; and furthermore, to my mind it is the only available means of escape from such a situation.

There is at the present time a general misunderstanding as to the scope of that measure. For that reason I think it well perhaps to make plain the end in view. Here is the text of the bill in general:

PETITION AND ACT OF MAYOR GEORGE A. HIBBARD RELATING TO THE CITY GOVERNMENT OF BOSTON, ITS FINANCES AND DEPARTMENTS, TO THE GENERAL COURT OF 1908.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in General Court Assembled.

The undersigned, Mayor of the City of Boston, respectfully petitions for the passage of an act relating to the city government of Boston, its finances and departments, substantially as set forth in the accompanying bill, and for such further legislation, if any, as may be necessary to carry out the objects and purposes referred to.

G. A. HIBBARD,
Mayor of Boston, Mass.

AN ACT RELATING TO THE CITY GOVERNMENT OF BOSTON.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

SECTION 1. The duties now imposed by law or ordinance upon any department of the city government of Boston, except the duties imposed by law upon the police commissioner, the license commissioners, the school committee, the city clerk, the board of assessors, the board of election commissioners, the trustees of the public library and of the city hospital, the park commissioners, the commissioners of sinking funds, the overseers of the poor and the soldiers' relief department, may at any time during the calendar year nineteen hundred and eight, or from time to time during said year, be transferred by the mayor on the recommendation of at least five members of the finance commission to any now existing department of the city government, or to any new department established by the mayor on the recommendation of said commission for the purpose.

Whenever any new department is established under this provision, the mayor, on the recommendation of the finance commission, shall determine whether said department shall be placed in charge of a single head or an unpaid board of three or more persons, and in the former case shall fix the salary to be paid to such head of department. Whenever the duties of any now existing department are transferred hereunder to any other now existing department the mayor and finance commission may fix the salary to be paid to the head of such department.

SEC. 2. Whenever during the year nineteen hundred and eight, subject to the foregoing exceptions, the mayor on the recommendation of the finance commission, desires to transfer the duties then imposed by law or ordinance upon any department, or to create any new department, or to fix any salary, the finance commission, prior to making a recommendation to transfer the duties then imposed by law or ordinance upon a department to another department, or to create a new department, or to fix any salary, shall pass such recommendation at a public session of which one week's notice shall be given by advertisement in at least four daily newspapers published in the city of Boston, and upon the filing in the office of the city clerk of the city of Boston of a

certificate of the said vote signed by the secretary or executive clerk of the commission, by five members of the commission and by the mayor, said recommendation or order shall become operative, and any department the duties of which shall thus have been transferred to another existing department or to a new department established for the purpose shall cease to exist, and the term of office or employment of every person in the said department shall thereupon cease to exist, unless said order provides for their transfer.

SEC. 3. Any head of department and the members of any board established by the mayor on the recommendation of the finance commission as hereinbefore provided shall be appointed by the mayor without confirmation, and all such heads of departments and members of boards and all persons hereafter appointed by the mayor as the head of any department of the city government, whether created by law or ordinance, shall hold office until death, resignation or removal. The mayor shall have full power to remove any head of a department or member of any board in charge of a department for such reasons as he shall deem sufficient, and every person or board in charge of a department shall, with the approval of the mayor, have the power to remove any subordinate for such reasons as he shall deem sufficient without notice and without any restriction whatsoever, except that no veteran of the civil war shall be deprived of any rights now secured to him by law. All employees of said city other than the mayor or heads of departments, members of boards in charge of departments, the private secretaries of the mayor and other employees of his office, members and employees of the law department and assistant assessors, shall be subject to the rules established by the board of civil service commissioners under the provisions of chapter three hundred and twenty of the Acts of the year eighteen hundred and eighty-four and the amendments thereof.

SEC. 4. All the powers now vested by law in the city council of Boston or in either branch thereof over appropriations, transfers and loans are hereby suspended until June 30, 1909, and are hereby transferred to and vested in said finance commission, to be exercised by said commission from the date of the passage of this act to the thirtieth day of June in the year 1909. During said period to June 30, 1909, no money, whether obtained from taxes, income or loans, shall, except as hereinafter provided, be expended for the city of Boston or the county of Suffolk unless an appropriation has been made therefor by the mayor and the finance commission. The finance commission may at any public session of which notice has been given as provided in section two of this act authorize within the limits now fixed by law for the raising of money by taxation or by loan the several departments of the city government or any of them to expend money for such purposes as may be specified in a vote passed at such session. Such vote shall specify, with such particularity as the commission may see fit, the number of employees to be employed in any department, the salaries or wages to be paid to such employees, the duties to be performed by them, and hours of labor for such employment except where the same are fixed by law, and the purposes for which and the manner in which the money shall be expended. A certificate of such vote, signed by the secretary or executive clerk of the commission and five members of the commission, shall forthwith be transmitted to the mayor, who may within ten days thereafter disapprove the same in whole or in part by communication signed by him and sent to the commission. On the expiration of said period of ten days the said vote shall be operative as an appropriation to the extent of all the items therein which are not disapproved in said communication from the mayor, and the items thus disapproved shall be null and void. Said commission may also make an appropriation for such reserve fund as the mayor on the recommendation of said commission deems proper. In case of delay in passing or approving such appropriation order, the mayor on the recommendation of the finance commission may by order authorize the expenditure by any department of an amount not exceeding one-half its appropriation for the preceding financial year. Such appropriation orders may be passed from time to time, and shall include, without submission to the mayor or any power on his part to disapprove the same, appropriations from taxes and income sufficient to meet the annual requirements of the city and county debt, the payments required by

George A. O. Ernst Randall G. Morris John F. Kennedy John F. Moors
John A. Sullivan Nathan Matthews George U. Crocker

THE BOSTON FINANCE COMMISSION

Created by an Act of the Legislature. Approved by the Governor June 7, 1907, Now Co-operating with the Mayor in His Efforts to Reorganize the Departments of the City

NATHAN MATTHEWS, Chairman. Former Mayor of Boston; member of the law firm of Matthews & Spring. Long regarded as an expert on municipal activities.

JOHN A. SULLIVAN. Former Congressman from the Tenth District. Served four consecutive years, and was recognized as one of the Democratic leaders of the House. Many times mentioned as a possible candidate for Mayor of Boston.

GEORGE A. O. ERNST. Lawyer; former member of the School Committee; Publicist, and a man especially noted for his mastery of detail.

GEORGE U. CROCKER. Former Treasurer of the City of Boston. Former member of the City Government. Financial authority.

JOHN F. KENNEDY. Special representative of Organized Labor under the provisions creating the Finance Commission.

JOHN F. MOORS. Member of the firm of Moors & Cabot, Bankers. President of the Public School Association, and leader of their various campaigns to keep the schools out of politics.

RANDALL G. MORRIS. Prominent real-estate superintendent and trustee. Recommended by the Chamber of Commerce according to the provisions creating the Commission.

statute to be made to the Commonwealth, the annual expenditure of the police, and licensing board, as provided by law, and such expenditures for the county of Suffolk as the city is by law required to pay. As soon after the passage of this act as practicable, and again in the month of January, 1909, the finance commission shall pass an appropriation order intended to include the expenditures of the city and county out of taxes and income for the fiscal years 1908–1909 and 1909–1910 respectively, to be designated as the annual appropriation for the year in question, and the mayor may add to such order such appropriation as he may deem proper for the expenditures of said finance commission. Additional orders may be passed from time to time for appropriations within the limit set by law for taxation in said city, but the expenditures of the several departments for the year shall be adjusted on the basis of the annual appropriations. Upon the passage of the annual appropriations every head of a department or board in charge of a department shall proceed to fix the number of offices or positions and the salary and compensation of its officers, employees and workmen so far as the same are not fixed in the appropriation order, so as not to exceed individually or in the aggregate the salaries or compensations provided for in said order, and for such purpose shall have power to abolish, without notice to the incumbents, any positions or offices, regardless of any ordinance, order or vote of the city council, without any restriction whatsoever, except that no veteran of the civil war shall be deprived of any rights now secured to him by law. Any person holding an office or position so abolished shall have his name placed on the civil service list so as to be eligible for employment by said city in a similar capacity.

SEC. 5. The auditor of said city with the written approval of five members of said commission and of the mayor may from time to time make transfers from any item or appropriation for any department to any other item for the same department, and may make transfers from the general treasury or from the appropriation for the reserve fund to any appropriation for any department, and between the first day of December, 1908, and the first day of February, 1909, the auditor may, with the written approval of the mayor and a majority of the finance commission, make transfers for the purpose of balancing and closing the accounts of the city from any appropriation met by taxes or income to any other such appropriation, or from any appropriation met by loan to any other such appropriation.

SEC. 6. Any vote authorizing the issue of a loan shall specify the number of years, not exceeding forty, for which the bonds shall run, and may provide that the loan be issued in a serial form payable in annual instalments with no provision for the accumulation of a sinking fund. No vote authorizing the issue of a loan shall be valid unless a certificate is attached thereto signed by five members of the commission and the mayor that in their opinion the loan is not to meet a current expense.

SEC. 7. The finance commission of said city referred to in this act is the commission of seven persons appointed by the mayor of said city under an order of the city council approved by him March 7, 1907. The term of said commission is hereby extended to June 30, 1909. Any vacancy at any time arising in the membership of said commission shall be filled in the manner provided for the filling of vacancies in said order approved March 7, 1907.

SEC. 8. The finance commission shall submit to the city council of Boston before June 30, 1909, a final report of its doings, and shall submit to the legislature before February 15, 1909, a report with such recommendations as it sees fit to make respecting changes in the laws governing said city and its departments.

SEC. 9. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby suspended until June 30, 1909.

SEC. 10. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

The one and favorite argument against this measure is that it will deprive the Mayor of the city of powers he now holds, and on that I desire to make these statements:

1. In so far as the bill substitutes the Finance Commission for the City Council

in the matter of appropriations and loans, it is merely a temporary measure intended to cover the financial operations of the city during the next fifteen or sixteen months, pending the enactment by the Legislature of 1909 of the new and permanent city charter which everybody believes to be necessary.

2. The bill does not in any manner diminish the present powers of the Mayor over appropriations, loans, or in any other particular.

3. On the contrary, the bill, if passed, will increase temporarily the powers of the Mayor over appropriations and loans by giving him an absolute veto over the several items of any appropriation or loan bill.

4. The bill also increases the power of the Mayor in the matter of appointments and removals by giving him the power temporarily to make appointments without confirmation and by restoring to him the power of removal which he possessed prior to 1904.

5. So much for that part of the bill which relates to appropriations and appointments. The bill also provides for doing now through the joint action of the Mayor and Finance Commission what the City Council in most cases has no power to do; that is, to consolidate and reorganize the different departments. The City Council now possesses this power over a very few of the departments, but the greater number of them are tied up by statute in such a manner that in order to effect a reorganization there must either be a special act of the Legislature or some general power vested in somebody to act for the Legislature in the matter.

6. My own feeling in the matter is this. I feel that I have been elected to effectuate certain economies and reforms, and that I ought to be given a chance to do the work early in my administration, so that my election and these reforms will be justified before my term of office expires. With the city government as at present constituted and the departments organized as they are to-day, it is, in my opinion, impossible to effect any substantial and immediate retrenchment of expenditure or improvement in administrative methods; but if the Legislature will temporarily vest the power of making appropriations and of reorganizing departments in the Mayor and the Finance Commission, which has spent the last six months in a careful study of the needs and methods of the different departments, I am confident that a long step can be taken in the desired direction, and taken at once.

7. It should be particularly remembered that no recommendations of the Finance Commission can be put into operation or have any effect without the approval and order of the Mayor. The Mayor has the absolute power of control, and thus can be held strictly responsible for results. Under the present system nobody can be held responsible.

AN EXPERIMENT

By J. J. BELL

WITH a heavy sigh Miss Pinch tore up a sheet of closely scrawled essay paper and dropped the fragments into a large bowl at her elbow. Ten years ago she had purchased the bowl as a receptacle for rose-leaves, but she had never used it for that purpose. Things had not turned out as she had expected. The dingy town parlor with its cupboard bed was still her abode, and the cottage in the country, with its small secluded rose-garden, was still a dream — a dream that, alas, had of late grown hopeless.

Miss Pinch was flat, spare, and forty, and she did nothing to disguise the facts. Perhaps she even accentuated them. Her hair, for example, was drawn back from her brow so tightly as to put a peculiar strain on her face from the tip of the nose upwards, and her garments were severely close-fitting. When she was sitting she looked fairly tall; when she stood she appeared rather small — the result of Providence having supplied her with a very long body and very short legs. Her face was pale, but her eyes were brightly brown and sympathetic; and her few women friends generously agreed that, if she did her hair differently and dressed herself with some taste, she might not be quite such a fright.

Miss Pinch stirred the fragments in the bowl with the butt of her pen, and sighed again. "I'm sure I don't know what has come over me," she thought. "I can't get a story to run. Nothing done for a fortnight except those verses for the Christmas cards, and they bring in so little, and won't be published for a year and a half. And I'm sick of doing 'In Memoriam' quatrains for Moldy & Co. at two-and-six apiece. Oh, dear! I think I'll do an 'In Memoriam' for myself!" She laughed miserably, and took a little note-book from the drawer of her writing-table. She had bought it ten years ago, and the first dozen pages were headed "Estimate." She turned them rapidly and others after them, and came to a page headed "Capital." A tear dropped presently, but she dried it carefully with the corner of her blotter, and proceeded to a page marked "Savings." Here she took out her handkerchief. "I know it all so well," she cried to herself, "and yet I can't help looking at it. This book's just the graveyard of my hopes."

She put it away, wiped her eyes, laid a fresh sheet of essay paper before her, and bit gently at the butt of her pen.

"Perhaps I could manage the Christmas poem for *The Parlor Pictorial*. The editor said he would have it illustrated if he got it in good time. . . . It would mean five shillings at any rate."

She dipped her pen, wriggled on her chair for ten seconds, and then wrote:

"Hail, brightest season of the year!
When holly-berries deck the snow,
. . . . . good cheer,
. . . . . long ago!"

"Rhyme first and reason afterwards," she murmured, gazing at the blank spaces, which she would fill later. "Oh, its awful! . . . How I detest writing seasonable verses!"

She proceeded with the second stanza:

"When Santa Claus, with well-filled pack,
Strides gaily o'er the wintry wold,
. . . . . nothing lack,
. . . . . young and old."

"Good heavens, what rubbish I'm writing! And the room stifling! I wish August were past."

She rose and went to the window. But she did not open it. A dense cloud hung low above the town, and the light was lurid. "It's going to be thunder," she thought, with a shudder. "I've felt it in my head for days." Miss Pinch was terrified by a thunder-storm.

She went back to the table, but she could write no more. She took out the note-book again, and turned to a page which she had avoided before. It was headed "Brother James," and down the cash column ran

such figures as £10, £25, £15, £30, £50, £20, with a date against each. There were many entries on the page, many on the next, and the next, and the next again. Several entries were for £100; one was for £300. The grand total of these pages represented the money she had handed over during the last ten years to her younger brother to enable him to carry on his electrical experiments and investigations. It also represented nearly all her father's legacy, plus her own savings, plus the gains from her literary labors. Miss Pinch knew that her worldly possession at the moment was a trifle under £200.

Her widowed father's modest fortune had been equally divided between his son and daughter. The son had spent his share long ago, and had made free with that belonging to his sister. Remembering her father's words, she could not refuse the young man when he asked for money. "James is a genius," her father had said to her, "and you are not, thank God. Take care of the boy, have patience with him; and if you don't get your reward here you'll get it hereafter."

Surely she had done her duty by her brother. Surely she had had patience with him. She had lived, or rather existed, by her pen in order that she might be able to meet his demands. And yet —

Had she not told him a fortnight ago that she could give him no more, that she trusted him no longer, that she intended to enjoy the remnant of her fortune by spending it entirely upon herself? And had she not regretted her words the moment he was gone?

She had not seen him since. He had not come to take tea with her on Sunday, as was his custom, and to tell her the old, old story about matters having never looked so bright as they did at present. She had missed him, though she had pretended to herself that her heart was hardened against him.

"Oh, I was wrong," she sighed, replacing the note-book in the drawer; "I should have had patience with him — I should have trusted him to the uttermost farthing. What does it matter whether I live in the town or the country? Ah, James!"

Presently she attempted a fresh attack on the Christmas poem, but she had not written a line when a vivid flash of lightning caused her to drop her pen and rise from the table in a panic. She flew to her cupboard bed, pulled the door after her, and collapsed. Burying her face in the pillows, she lay quaking with terror. Twenty dreadful minutes passed.

In the midst of a rattle of thunder she heard the parlor door open.

"Nice day, old girl," said her brother's voice. "Hullo! Where are you?"

"I'm here, James. Lie down on the sofa, and perhaps you won't get struck."

"Struck? Oh, you mean the lightning. I thought you had got over that funky feeling long ago. That's why you're in bed? I was afraid you were ill. But I wish you'd come out. I want to speak to you."

She heard him lay his hat on the table, and step towards her refuge. "O James, please — please don't open the door. Ah, what an awful peal!"

"But I want to speak to you, Jane. It is n't much of a storm, and you need n't be alarmed."

"I — I can't come out. Do lie down, James. There's another! It's coming nearer."

"Rubbish, old girl! However, I suppose you'll stick to your principles. I've explained lightning scientifically to you before, and —"

"I know. But I've read of so many people being struck, and houses, too. . . . Are you lying down?"

"No; I'm sitting — reading your poem on Christmas."

"O James!"

"I can't say I'm struck by it any more than the lightning," he said, with a laugh. "I'm afraid your muse requires tickling up, old girl. You should give her a Welsh rarebit and a bottle of stout for supper every night. I know a fellow who does really excellent poems on a like foundation."

Miss Pinch was too well used to her brother's flippant observations to make any protest. She merely groaned as another rumble reached her ears.

"How's biz?" inquired James, who was smiling to himself and pencilling a calculation beneath the Christmas poem. He invariably referred to his sister's literary occupation as "biz."

"I — I've been rather dull lately," she replied. "I've stuck in the middle of a lot of stories, and others which I have completed

have been returned to the — Oh, that dreadful thunder!"

"That's bad," said her brother, calmly, looking towards the closed cupboard. He had his sister's bright brown eyes; but he lacked her plain features. "That's bad," he repeated. "But cheer up, old girl!" (He usually invited her to "cheer up" just before he asked for money.) "I wanted to see you about —"

"James, do you require some money?" she asked, interrupting him.

There was a slight pause, and then he said, "I thought you could n't spare any, Jane."

"I — I find I can manage to spare a — a little. Why did n't you come to tea on Sunday?"

"Was called to London on Saturday. Only got back this forenoon. I ought to have let you know, but I'm a careless beggar. I'm going off again to London this afternoon. Must leave in a few minutes." He was still smiling and calculating.

A flash and a peal followed his words, and for a little while there was no sound from the cupboard.

"How much do you want, dear?" said Miss Pinch, at last.

"Well, I've a big experiment on just now, old girl." He glanced at his figures and dropped the pencil. "I should like at least a hundred and fifty."

"Oh!"

"And I'd like the money before I go to London. A cheque will do. I can get it cashed there, you know."

The woman in the dark was having a great fight with herself.

"Is it very serious, James?" she asked, in a choked voice.

"It will complete my — my greatest experiment to my entire satisfaction. Matters were never so bright as they are now."

How often she had heard the last sentence!

"But if you can't spare it, Jane," he began.

"I can spare it — I *will* spare it," she said to herself. Then aloud, "I'll give you a cheque, James, for all the money I have in the bank."

"Has it come to that?" he said, softly, getting up and going to the window, where for fully a minute he stood silent, watching the heavy rain. "Do you think I'm a brute to take the last of your money?" he suddenly asked.

"No, dear. You believe in yourself, and I — I believe in you," she replied, gently.

"Bless you!" he murmured. He waited till the next flash and peal had passed, and said, in a business-like tone, "Would you mind giving me the cheque now? It's nearly time I was going."

She could brave poverty for his sake; could she also brave the lightning?

"Must you have it now, James? Is it absolutely necessary?"

"It will make all the difference in the world if I have it now," he replied, still watching the rain.

"O James, I'm so terrified!" she explained, and he heard the door creak. "Do come back from the window," she pleaded.

She came to the table trembling and blinking. When she had written the cheque she again called him from the window.

"Here it is, James dear, and I hope — I hope —"

A flash came, but it was a faint one, and the thunder was long in following. The storm was nearly over. Yet she buried her face in her arms on the table, and quivered.

Her brother touched her on the shoulder. "Look up, Jane," he said, and something in his voice made her obey.

"This is the completion of my greatest experiment," he went on, taking up the cheque and examining it. "Is there anything you would n't do for me, my sister?"

She stared at him, wondering. . . .

He tore the cheque in pieces, flung them on the table, and, with a broken laugh, caught his sister in his arms. There she missed the next and last flash of the storm. She knew that something good had happened, but she could not ask him, and he could not tell her for a while.

But at last his triumph burst forth. "It has all come back — all our money — yours and mine — over and over again — thousands and thousands!"

"Not thousands!" she gasped.

"Yes. Thousands in cash, and thousands in shares. I'm a limited company now, old girl, and you're worth fifteen thousand at least!"

"Me? Me?" cried Miss Pinch, who would certainly never have written such bad grammar.

"Of course. Don't I know how much

I've got from you? You're only getting it back with interest. . . . But I must go. Come along to the station and see me off."

. . . .

It was just ere the train started that Miss Pinch, who was in a wild state of confusion and rapture, put a question to her brother.

"What was the great experiment you pretended you wanted the cheque for, James?"

"Did n't you guess?"

"How could I?"

He looked into her brown eyes for a moment. "Dear old girl, it's time you were flitting for a rest to that little cottage in the country. We'll do some house-hunting when I get back on Monday."

Half an hour later Miss Pinch tore up her Christmas poem and stirred its fragments in the bowl which — oh, joy! — was going to be used for rose-leaves after all. Then she rang the bell for her landlady, and, probably by way of celebrating her sudden accession to fortune, she ordered an egg with her tea.

HIGHWAYS

By HARRY W. BUGBEE

The fair cold moon in silence climbs
  The star-flecked, planet-peopled steeps,
And silent o'er the city's chimes
  Each pulsing sun-speck round her sweeps.

What cataclysmic destinies
  In yonder wondrous orbs are wrought —
With fire-gulfs heaving, vast as seas —
  While on they journey, mute as thought?

No whisper from the awful wake
  Of worlds that, through th' ethereal void,
Their measure-mocking courses take,
  By power supernal constant buoyed!

Only along these thronged streets,
  Where busy idlers constant press,
Each senseless stone with clamor greets
  The clanging iron's harsh distress.

Here shameless trifles shriek and roar,
  And Folly insolently cries —
Unheeded, yonder, sweep and soar
  The paths the worlds of God suffice.

The Oliver Ellsworth Mansion at Windsor, Connecticut

It is now in charge of the Connecticut branch of the Daughters of the Revolution, who have converted it into an admirable museum of colonial antiquities

A MUSEUM OF CONNECTICUT ANTIQUITIES

By FREDERICK RICE, JR.

WHEN the Connecticut branch of the Daughters of the Revolution four or five years ago established a museum of colonial antiquities at Windsor, "the original home of American Democracy," in the former homestead of Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth, they created a model repository which ought to be known to all of us of New England. Preservation of the precious relics of our past has become almost universally recognized as a pressing duty, if we are not to be entirely neglectful of the interests of the future. Funds are raising, at this writing, for the equipment and adequate furnishing of the historic Paul Revere House, in North Street, Boston. A popular subscription has been started to save from destruction the ancient Royall House in Medford, closely connected with many historical occurrences since its erection in 1738. The Longfellow House in Portland, filled with reminiscences of the most popular of our poets, has become the leading attraction to visitors in the Maine metropolis.

This movement to keep as historical monuments houses that have been the scene of historical happenings in the colonial and revolutionary periods has extended to scores of towns in our section. Even our manufacturing cities, most of which have no history of the kind that gets into the books — for they have been doing nothing more important in their comparatively brief existence than to clothe the naked, shoe the barefoot, and dose with patent medicines the ailing of all nations — have begun to look around for architecture suitable to memorialize. Witness the present project of the Art Association of Lowell to make a local centre of interest in the fine and applied arts at the Worthen Street birthplace of James A. M. Whistler — an undertaking which might have amused the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

To all connected with these and similar efforts to preserve as much as possible of the New England heritage the success thus far achieved by patriotic women of Connecticut in this plan of making a historic mansion serve as a beautiful and appropriate background for objects contributed from various sources should be a source of constant encouragement. By coöperative effort, covering the whole State, assurance has been gained that a refined and well-designed building of our best school of architecture will henceforth be cared for in a manner consistent with its dignified traditions; that at one central point in the State a large proportion of the best surviving pieces of colonial furniture and other objects will be available for the study of all interested in them, and that the surroundings in which these things are shown will be of a character to reveal rather than obscure their artistic qualities.

The pleasantness of the location, the quiet dignity of the house and its immediate surroundings, are thoroughly impressive to one approaching the Oliver Ellsworth Mansion for the first time. The trolley from Hartford or Springfield on the west side of the river now passes the door, though when I first visited the house, in 1904, soon after it had been taken over by the Daughters, a walk of two or three miles from the green, at Windsor, through a series of well-kept tobacco-farms was involved.

Later, on the occasion of a trolley flight through New England to the metropolis, the serene attractiveness of the place was found to have been only enhanced by the effort to remove everything in the surroundings at all suggestive of the tumbledown and dilapidated. Architecturally, the mansion is now thoroughly expressive of the well-ordered life of an age when manners still outweighed money in the accounting of a gentleman or gentlewoman, and when regularity of attendance at church did not pre-

The drawing-room of the Oliver Ellsworth Mansion. In this room are a replica of the bust of Chief Justice Ellsworth and several historically interesting pieces of furniture

clude but rather enforced niceties of conduct, attire, and equipage.

By virtue of its past the house deserves to be perpetually spick and span. Otherwise, injustice would be done to the good judgment of Oliver Ellsworth, he who prepared the scheme of our national judiciary which went into effect in the autumn of 1789 and who was selected to put into action the machinery which he himself had designed. Of the many explicit decisions handed down by our first Chief Justice, none, certainly, is clearer and more unequivocal than this one regarding his own residence: "I have visited several countries, and I like my own the best; I have been in all the States of the Union and Connecticut is the best State; Windsor is the pleasantest town in the State of Connecticut; and I have the pleasantest place in the town of Windsor."

Sight in early autumn of the hazy hills to the west, across opulent tobacco-fields, and of the broad, shallow Connecticut beneath high sand-banks to the rear of the house in no wise tends to disprove the plausibility of this pronouncement. To-day the richest agricultural territory in New England, this section of the Connecticut Valley is one of the fairest to look upon.

This, then, is the place which through the generosity of heirs and descendants of Oliver Ellsworth has been turned over to the patriotic women of Connecticut with no restriction except that it shall be kept in good condition. The task of preserving it is not so difficult. Jerry-building was unusual, honest carpentry the rule, at a time when beams had to be hewn out by hand, chimneys built to stand straight and draw vigorously rather than sag and smoke. The evident soundness of the timbers and other woodwork in the Ellsworth Mansion astonishes the visiting public. It is hard to realize that the house was already a landmark when George Washington, in his

The ground-floor sleeping-room. Important framed documents are on the wall, and admirable examples of colonial furniture throughout the room

memorable New England trip of 1789, tarried here for a few hours to inspect the home of his good friend and associate, and when, according to tradition, he entertained the older children of the Chief Justice by jogging them on his knee while he sang that fine old ditty "The Darby Ram." The keen-sighted President must have got here a good impression of the honest house-building in the Nutmeg State.

Present furnishings seem so entirely to belong to the mansion — that, of course, is the peculiar charm of it — that description of the interior would be practically futile without immediate reference to the remarkable things which the rooms contain. Some of the objects now on exhibition actually belonged to the house in Oliver Ellsworth's day; many others have been contributed by individuals or patriotic associations. Fortunately, the rooms have not been stuffed with furniture to resemble an antique shop — the fate of too many American museums of art and archæology. Good taste has been displayed in the arrangements, to such an extent that one seems to be in a habitable house, not in a show-place. This sensation is certainly somewhat analogous to that received in the celebrated Skansen historical museums at Stockholm, where exhibits of a given period are displayed in small separate and architecturally appropriate buildings.

The brass knocker on the front door brings a well-spoken colored attendant, born on the place, and descended from one of the servants of the Chief Justice's day. She admits to a main hall of goodly proportions. It is not, indeed, of exaggerated size like that desired by a Chicago multi-millionaire who commissioned his architect, "Build me a house for two hundred and fifty thousand. Build it in any style, and of any material you like. Only build it so

that every time one of my friends crosses the threshold for the first time he will exclaim, 'My God, what a hall!'"

Not of such dimensions is the central hall of the Ellsworth House, but still it is ample enough in relation to the other compartments. It contains a number of important pieces of furniture — among others a tall clock of the best period, presented by the Elizabeth Clarke Hull Chapter of

to be epitomized in this room. The style is one unsuited, of course, to express a wide range of ideas and emotions. It appears to have been best suited to the temperamental needs of people like the fathers of our Constitution, who saw clearly enough to produce a logical and well-articulated scheme of political government, but who lacked sufficient conception of the complexity and necessary mutability of the social organism

The dining-room and breakfast-room. Church service and tankards on the mantelpiece and a glimpse into Mrs. Jemima Ellsworth's breakfast-room to the right

Ansonia. On the walls are historically valuable prints; along them, colonial chairs of various antecedents.

In the main drawing-room, to the right of the hall, standing on a pedestal draped with Old Glory, is a reproduction of a bust of Chief Justice Ellsworth, the original now in the Supreme Court Room at the Capitol in Washington.

The elegance of Georgian art, as exemplified in the designing of furniture, seems

to foresee how inevitable must be such straining and warping as the Constitution has been from time to time subjected to. The spirit of the eighteenth century, the finish and refinement of its civilization, the love of sympathy, balance, antithesis, the extreme respect for the classical tradition, — for a concrete example of all this look at the pieces over which Justice Ellsworth's effigy presides. One or two of them in workmanship and motive date back of the

Another corner of the drawing-room. A reproduction of a painting of the Chief Justice and his wife hangs over the fire-place

middle eighteenth century, and get even closer than the rest in point of time and inspiration to the Italian Renaissance. Such a creation is the magnificent lowboy, assigned to the date 1710, once the property of Mrs. Jemima Leavitt Ellsworth, mother of the Chief Justice. Its maker had the artist's inheritance and temperament. Greek workers sometimes discovered finer curves than his, but hardly any more adequate to express an idea.

The skill and good taste of these unknown but not unhonored artists of the eighteenth century, socially humble for the most part and ranking below the class of gentle people in the colonies, affected the whole fabric of society even in colonies like Connecticut and Massachusetts, here the amenities of life are popularly believed to have suffered from Puritanism. As a matter of fact, in the large dining-room of the Ellsworth Mansion, which, with the adjacent breakfast-room, lies to the left of the main hall, the pewter cups from the service of the First Church of Lebanon are as shapely and elegant in their way as certain other cups there which recall the fondness of our ancestors, even those of the Puritan persuasion, for concoctions in which the potent element was just rum. Church and tavern, mansion and farmhouse, all, before 1800, commanded the efforts of individual craftsmen who knew something of good proportions and could apply skilfully to their work such design as they understood to be worthy of consideration from the intellectual heavy-weights of the age. All that concerned eating was particularly a subject for display of the artisan's skill, as witness the carved sideboard, the triangular cupboard, the mahogany table, the half hundred or more articles of pewter and old china, the small silver, and many other things in the rooms where the Ellsworth family habitually broke bread.

The simple trade tools with which in

every colonial village competent workmen carried on the traditions of their crafts, brought from abroad, are represented, to a limited extent, in one of the up-stairs rooms at the Ellsworth House. Here are the implements of the iron-worker's rolling, important in a day when iron nails were fashioned by hand. The familiar candle-moulds recall the dips of tallow or bayberry wax, with which the gloom was punctuated, if not dispelled, in old-time halls and bedrooms. Spinning-wheels and flax-wheels formerly owned in the Ellsworth family are there, and an old hand-loom from one of the down-river towns is notable because on it was once woven a piece of cloth from which a suit was measured for the Father of his Country.

The sleeping-rooms have been appropriately fitted out. Good-looking beds were a requisite part of the equipment of gentlefolk's houses in times when curtains shutting out the draught were quite as necessary to health as powder and patches to appearance. Rev. Truman Marsh, rector of the Episcopal church in Litchfield in the closing years of the eighteenth century, slept in a big tester bedstead which now occupies large space in the front bedroom, south. In the room over the main drawing-room is another great four-poster. On this is spread a remarkable and elaborate piece of embroidery which stands to the credit of Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth and sisters. These girls did it, we are informed, to celebrate the approaching nuptials of their brother, one of the sons of the Chief Justice. Near-by is the mahogany cradle in which several generations of Ellsworths were rocked, in defiance of principles of child-rearing to-day generally advocated. Interestingly, it contains two dolls, fabled to be likenesses of the twins who were born shortly after Washington's memorable visit at Windsor.

A single sleeping-room, in the old set-up of the house, was on the ground floor to the rear of the main drawing-room. This has been made the repository of a number of entertaining articles. The tall mahogany run-around, essentially a graduated series of circular disks consituting a very commodious tea-tray, often provokes the curiosity of visitors. A beautiful library mirror with classical carving is worth noting. Among a score or more of objects on the wall is a quaint old-fashioned sampler, worked by Ann Cates, born in Gloucestershire, England, in 1794, and settled as a young woman in the Connecticut town of Thompsonville.

Rag carpetings throughout the house give a touch that is in character. They are of modern weaving. Most of the wall-paper, too, is of recent manufacture, though selected with a view to its harmonizing with colonial architecture and furniture.

The wall-paper, however, in the front room to the right of the hall is distinctly historical. It represents one of the early importations brought by the Chief Justice in 1802 from Paris, whither he had gone on a diplomatic mission. The wall-paper of those days was sold in twenty-six-inch sheets instead of rolls. These sheets were pasted one by one upon the wall — very neatly and accurately in Justice Ellsworth's house, as befitted the character of the man. The freshness of the paper has been notably well retained; beside it any but the best of modern wall-paper would took tawdry.

New England needs as many more small local collections, of old things attractively displayed, as there is excuse for creating. Almost equally with the great museums, such as the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, permanent exhibitions like that at the Oliver Ellsworth House accomplish a large work of popular education. The mansion in Windsor does much more than cultivate patriotic sentiment among those who visit it — admirable though the resultant encouragement of patriotism is. It shows many beautiful objects under conditions such that even the most unresponsive are likely to be impressed by the desirability of our recovering something of our ancestors' appreciation of good style and good workmanship. Such impressions eventually find expression, in many individual cases, in improved surroundings in homes and public places. They thus become part of the experiences that are rapidly raising the standard of living and the standard of thinking in this country.

A MATTER OF NERVE

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

LATHROP, dreamer of dreams and lazy scribbler for bread, having loafed in the June sunshine the major part of the day, determined to take the car back to the city and the seasonless roof-tops, and appease the fag end of his conscience by work. But while waiting for his trolley he wandered down an aimless side road and there, surrounded by rolling green fields, found tucked away a tiny inn, so like in appearance and location the hostelries of England as he imagined them to be that he was tempted within.

He found a cool room with rough oak tables overlooking, through wide open windows, an acre of green, fringed in the distance by full sapped trees. Near-by a large maple almost thrust its branches into the room, and here robins hopped from bough to bough, singing their chuckling songs. It was the time of day when, if all be at peace, shaded chambers grow cool and drowsy, while the heat shimmers without. Noises are subdued, coming wearily as from a distance, albeit with none of the mellowness of twilight hours. Even the insects move listlessly and stick closely to the shaded side of things.

Of the unaproned proprietor, who entered as though surprised at finding a guest at this time of day, Dick ordered some mild cream cheese, crackers, and a bottle of English ale. Then he gave himself up to the illusion of the hour: he was in England — the poet's land — and all was well with him. His long legs curled beneath the table, he settled far back, one arm upon the board and lean fingers twined about the handle of the old pewter mug. While his uneven features could not be called handsome, they were attractive to most, because of a certain droop of the lips which were given the lie by laughing eyes. And there was the air of a gentleman about him, which was not interpreted through any one characteristic, but which rather represented the summing up of them all. Men liked him in their idle moments; women, at all times. He was forever pleasantly surprising the former and winning forgiveness of the latter.

Had he the impulsive gift of song that Keats had, he would now have sung as Keats sang. The songs were in his heart, the pictures before his eyes, every sense atune — but they were for him dreams to be enjoyed unexpressed.

So he sat for an hour, when the soft melody of the afternoon was sharply interrupted by the spitting chug of an automobile. It was as though a gnome should tumble, coughing, into an evensong of fairies. The frail thread of his dreams was instantly snapped. And so, with a sigh, Dick reached in his pocket and paid his score. For a second he hesitated, and then, ashamed of himself for the mood, tossed out his last ten cents as fee. It was a fair day, and the fifteen-mile walk home might turn out rather a treat.

He arose to escape the noisy party he anticipated, but checked himself as he saw by the door a young woman of twenty, dressed in the lightest of pinks and whites. He could think of nothing but an apple-blossom come to life in human form. She appeared frightened, and held one white-gloved hand to her lips as though checked, at sight of the stranger, in some sudden impulse. Her big brown eyes were shaded by a black picture-hat, but Dick pierced the shadows beneath and saw that they were trembling upon the verge of tears. The light feather boa about her neck was bandied about by the baby breeze from the windows. Otherwise, the two stood facing one another for a moment as immovable as though in a picture.

Then she entered a few steps with a delicious rustling sound, stopping again as Dick advanced as if in answer to a call.

"Pardon me," she trembled, in a musical voice that fitted well into the scene of a few minutes gone, "but — have you been sitting here long? My brother — I am wor-

ried — I thought possibly he might be here."

"I have been here a little over an hour," answered Dick, gently. "I have seen no one enter or leave. Perhaps if I call the proprietor —"

"Would you be so good?" she exclaimed, in relief at the suggestion.

The proprietor knew Mr. Winthrop well, but he had not been here to-day.

The girl, as though exhausted by this abrupt termination of a last resource, sank half faint into a chair. She stared blankly at Dick. Her look was almost a plea — a hopeless prayer for some miracle to happen through him. He looked back into her eyes, sensing her appeal partly and yet not sure of what to do. He saw her eyes grow dim. Then her head sank to the table and was buried on her arm.

He felt ridiculously helpless in this crisis. He watched the black feathers on her hat bob up and down as her shoulders rose and fell to her convulsive weeping. It occurred to him that the only thing to do was to put his arm across her shoulders, that she might feel there was a man's strength near her. She was the sort of a girl who prompted one to such a gentle act. But he could n't do that, he reasoned. And there was nothing to say of comfort, because he knew nothing of what the trouble was.

So he stood there and waited. The choking demon without had grown silent, and the robins chuckled on all alone in a world which was to them without sorrow. The grass-perfumed air swept in and stirred her hair. He found himself wishing that she were here with him, a laugh in her eyes. Perhaps a man could catch the will-o'-the-wisp songs and sing them to such as she.

When she finally raised her averted head, lightly brushing her eyes and the damp curls, he spoke:

"If there is any possible way in which I can be of help to you, I should be glad."

"If you only could!" she gasped, her full lips still twitching. As she gained better control of herself, she ran on, her eyes meeting his squarely but with an odd look of wonder in them:

"It's strange, but when I came in — and saw you — I felt that in some way you could help — were to help. Perhaps I'm silly because — so very tired."

She tried her best to smile, as though anxious to make light of her mood in spite of her earnestness. She half rose as though to go, but Dick, sitting down opposite, said, with a calmness that gave her confidence:

"It may be that I can. Tell me about it."

She did not hesitate, although it was manifestly difficult for her to express herself.

"It's — my brother — Robert. He has been under a strain and — everything is all mixed up. To-day he was to meet a man — and I fear he has lost his nerve. He left several hours ago and came down this way. After he had gone," she shuddered, "I found he had taken his pistol."

The utterance of her fear seemed to paralyze her into silence.

"And so you are trying to find him?" he prompted. "Describe him to me."

"He is about your size and age — but much thinner, and very pale. There are streaks of gray in his hair. His eyes are brown — like mine. He is wearing a blue suit."

"Have you notified his friends or — or the police?"

"Oh, no! That would be too horrible if — if everything is all right. It is only a *feeling* of danger I have."

"And this man he was to meet — did that trouble him?"

The color flew from her cheeks till they were chalk white, and then returned as quickly in burning crimson.

"It is terrible! He feared — Oh, if you should meet him will you tell him I will do that — that it's best — and is n't his fault?"

She stopped suddenly, seeming to realize the absurdity of her hope and the indelicacy of telling these things to a stranger.

"There is nothing to do," she said. "I suppose I must just wait."

For a moment Dick's thoughts wandered in a maze of fantastic suggestions. Finally he said, bending forward over the table:

"Do you believe in luck — just sheer, naked luck?"

"I — I don't know," she answered, in surprise.

"Well, I do. It has served me once or twice. Perhaps it will serve you; only you must believe. You must say over and over to yourself, 'If I just wait, everything is coming out all right.'"

"Oh, I will!" she cried, excitedly.

"Then we'll try. There are three roads from the turnpike a little way back, and he

has gone along one of them. We will draw lots to see which of the two we shall follow; and then again, to see which one you take and which one I take."

He drew an envelope from his pocket and tore off three slips of paper, which he numbered one, two, and three. He shuffled these behind his back and then asked her to draw. Then of these two she drew again.

"You see," he said, "how simple it is. You keep along this road and I take the middle road. Now," he said, rising, "it is only a short time before dark, so we must start."

For a second they stood before one another. In this common mission they seemed drawn into a strong intimacy. If she should cry now he would not hesitate to put his arm over her shoulders. And he felt that she would expect this, and that even in the stress of her present worry she realized that she would. She extended her hand.

"I believe! I believe!" she said, quickly. "And when you find him you will tell him as I bade you?"

"Yes."

"It seemed half like a dream." Then she added, "But I believe."

Women had a habit of believing in Dick because he so believed in himself. He escorted her to the car, which greeted her with sharp barks, like a good-natured bulldog, and here again she held out her hand. It seemed as though she hated to part with this first tangible hope.

"You ought to be growing on one of those apple-trees, you know," he said, forgetting himself for a moment.

She withdrew her hand and looked away from him. Then she started, and said:

"You will come back and tell me, no matter what result? Our house, the Winthrop house, is just a little way back on the main road."

"I'll come back with *him*," he said, confidently. "Good luck!"

"Oh, and good luck to you! I think I would rather you found him."

He stood there in the road until her face was blurred in the dust from the big machine which whisked her off.

Cutting across the fields, he found the middle road and trudged on gayly, confidently, for so it is you must go if you play luck at all. The sun, getting low behind him, burnished the light clouds ahead of him to a reddish copper. It did n't seem possible that the same summer day could furnish a setting for both this song of a girl and the grim tragedy of her brother. He and his revolver had no place here. Yet he remembered that the only funeral he had ever been forced to attend was upon such a day, and that then he thought the lightsome day the grimmest sort of a setting.

He passed man after man, and made many inquiries, but met with no success until, some three miles down the road, he found a farm hand who had seen Winthrop pass two hours before.

"He looked kinder down in the mouth," ventured the man.

It was just as the dusk was beginning to deepen that he came to a grass-grown road leading to the left. This stopped him. If he were in Winthrop's mood, he reasoned, this would be just the path he would choose. But it was getting dark and he could not afford to waste time in a false move. He took a copper from his pocket and spun it in the air.

"Heads, I go down here; tails, I go on."

The penny fell heads up. And at that moment he heard a pistol-shot not a hundred yards away.

Plunging down the road and around a corner, Lathrop came upon a tall man with iron-gray hair, dressed in a blue suit. He stood beside a large tree, looking frightened and self-conscious. One hand was behind his back, and there was a thin curl of smoke above his head. His face was haggard, his eyes heavy as though from lack of sleep, his loose lips bloodless. For a second Dick stared at him, and then managed to gasp:

"Good Lord, you tried it and — missed!"

Winthrop's eyes rested upon him, but it would have been hard to say whether they saw or not. They were as blank as those of a corpse.

Removing his hat, Lathrop wiped his forehead.

"You nearly scared the life out of me," he exclaimed.

"Who the devil are you?"

"I come with a message from your sister. She says, 'I'll do it; it's for the best and it is n't your fault.'"

The man shivered as though in a spasm. Then he clenched his teeth and moved his right arm from behind him.

"By God, she won't," he muttered.

Lathrop sprang, and for a minute the two rolled upon the ground. But it was a brief struggle; Winthrop was as weak as a fever patient. When Lathrop made his feet with the gun in his hand, the other faced him as though about to continue the fight. Then he slumped to the ground and, burying his face in his hands, sobbed liked a whipped schoolboy.

Dick seated himself near-by with a sigh of relief, and, lighting a cigarette, smoked on contentedly. The trees at a distance were becoming blurred; the shadows about the trunks deepening. The birds were finding their nesting-places with sleepy twitter. At a distance down the road he heard a driver urging his jaded horse to the barn. Near him he harkened to one of the most pitiable sounds in nature — the choking sobs of a man.

Dick's thoughts soon strayed back to the inn, and so he dreamed on until Winthrop started to his feet.

"See here," broke in Dick, "I seem to have got thrust into this in some way. Now I'm here I'd like to help. Tell me about it."

"Who are you?" Winthrop demanded, brokenly.

"No one in particular," he answered. "My name is Lathrop. All I know of this is what I've seen and the little your sister told me."

He paused, then leaning forward said: "See here, tell me about it, old man."

A man — especially a weakling — will in Winthrop's frame of mind grasp at straws. He had passed the point where he had any pride left. And more, there was a surety of at least a sympathetic listener in this stranger who had already played a part in his life. The dark shadowed his face and made it easier.

"It is n't the sort of thing a man likes to tell," he trembled. "But I'm all in, anyway. I wish to God my hand had been steadier."

Dick saw him knead his fist into the turf. He lighted another cigarette and waited.

"To cut it as short as possible, I gambled all of my own money and most of my sister's. Then I got desperate, and on a last play to get it all back forged a check on a fellow who is gone on Dorothy. She met him one summer at Newport. I've never seen him, but I've heard about him. He's bad — rotten — and no more fit to marry her than — than I am to be her brother."

"Well?"

"I got my money back and tried to redeem the check. But he 's got it, and now he's holding it over my head to scare the girl."

"Well?"

"I've held out all along. But he is coming to-night, and says either I give my consent or he sends me to jail. I — I lost my nerve. I knew I'd give in and that she'd marry him to save me. She's that kind. I'm a dog, all right, but I don't mean to do that. There's another way."

"But why don't you go to jail and have it over with?"

"To jail, man? Do you think I could stand that?"

"No," agreed Dick, slowly, "I don't believe you could. I think, myself, you have taken the right course. But there's the girl — she objects."

He thought a moment.

"Say, I'll bet he's a coward — bigger than you. Why don't you face him and — kick the tar out of him?"

"What good would that do if — if I could?"

"I don't know," said Dick, "but it would be good fun."

"Anyhow," added Winthrop, "I'd give in. I know I should. I'm a coward and know it, but I'm not a dog. The girl sha'n't suffer."

"I should say not," agreed Dick, with surprising warmth. Then like an inspiration a solution came to him.

"See here," he blurted out, "that seems to be the trouble — you'd give in. But the thing has got to be met somehow. You say he's never seen you. Why don't you let me face him? He can't scare me. Go ahead, let me at him. It's a chance, you know."

"Supposing you lose? I won't go to jail."

"I won't lose," said Dick, cheerfully. "And besides, you can shoot yourself just as well afterwards. And I'll give you back your gun to do it with."

For a minute Winthrop squirmed. Then he rose to his feet:

"It's a devilish queer thing to do," he said. "You sort of lend me your nerve, eh? But it's for her sake."

"You bet your life it is," answered Dick, hastily. "And all you've got to do is to keep out of sight."

Two hours later Dick was waiting in the big library of the old Winthrop mansion when Archibald Van Horn was announced. The odor of apple-blossoms filled the room. His eyes still burned with the memory of that glance she gave him as she departed. He could still hear the frou-frou of her skirts. He wondered what a man would *not* do to save such as she. Had he been in Van Horn's place, knowing what he now knew of himself, he would never have ventured up those stairs.

Yet, all unconscious, Van Horn entered. Tall, flat-chested, weak-eyed, dressed immaculately, he paused at the door and looked inquiringly about him.

"Come in and sit down," suggested Dick. "You'll pardon me, of course, if I don't shake hands with you."

As Dick looked at the figure, the joke of such a marriage struck him so forcibly that he had much ado to keep from chuckling. Van Horn himself did not appear at ease. He had expected a different sort of prospective brother-in-law.

"We might as well clear the decks at once," began Dick. "I offer you twice the face value of the check. Will you accept it?"

"Do you value your sister at so low a figure, Mr. Winthrop?"

It is difficult to sit quiet when your muscles suddenly contract, but with an effort Dick did so.

"You know, I suppose, that she heartily despises you?"

"Mere girlishness. She has promised to marry me, has n't she, if you give your consent?"

"Yes, God bless her," answered Dick, below his breath.

"Did you bring the — er — document with you?"

"Yes," answered Van Horn.

"Ah," sighed Dick, in relief. "That really makes it very simple. Give it to me."

As he spoke, he reached in his hip pocket and drew out the revolver he had wrenched from Winthrop. He cocked it and held it playfully in his hand, pointed at Van Horn's toes. The latter grew purple at the lips. He sat perfectly motionless.

"Come," said Dick, encouragingly; "this thing might go off."

"You — you —"

"Come. Hurry, please."

Van Horn fumbled in his pocket, drew out a wallet, fumbled in that, and finally threw the check on the table.

"This is highway robbery," he choked.

"Something of the sort. But it's a darned sight more honorable than the thing you proposed."

As Dick studied the check and then tore it to little bits, Van Horn ventured to his feet. But Dick stopped him.

"Hold up your hands," he commanded. "This has been so dead simple that there was no fun in it. I now purpose to kick you three times for my own personal satisfaction. One!"

Van Horn was propelled forward three steps.

"Hands up. Two!"

Van Horn howled with rage and pain.

"Three!" concluded Dick, and brought his foot as far back as for a goal from the field, which quite took Van Horn out the door.

"And to think," said Dick, after he had quieted Winthrop and was left to explain the details to the girl, "to think your brother was ready to kill himself for such a trifle."

"But it's you who made it such a trifle! Robert could n't have made it — come out so. And the luck — you must n't forget the luck!"

Dick raised his eyes. They had been studying the soft white hand which rested upon the chair near him. It was like a petal, he thought. Now when he looked into the misty region where her soul lived his head grew dizzy. She stood very close to him and, though silent, yet seemed to be whispering something to him. Really the only thing to do, he thought, was to draw her still closer and kiss the little curls that grew just above the ears. But he stood quite motionless and turned his gaze to the open window. The night out there seemed very lonely.

"Yes," he said, finally, coming to himself, "we must remember the luck. It *was* good luck for you, was n't it?"

Then he turned quickly to go. If ever he was to go, he must go quickly.

"I shall be late in town," he explained. He smiled to himself as he recalled that the fifteen-mile walk still lay ahead of him.

But he would need that now — every mile of it.

She seemed to take his departure as a surprise. And yet, after all, of course he must go. Queer, during the last few moments it had seemed to her, unreasoning, that he was to be here forever.

"But you'll come back?" she begged, eagerly. "We owe you so much!" she added, fearing she had been overbold.

He did not know the *she* knew, deep in her heart, what coming back would mean. He thought it was his own secret, and feared that at best it was but a summer dream. So he said:

"I think I shall toss up a coin."

"And believe — believe as you did this afternoon?"

"Yes," he said, "as hard as ever I am able."

HARBORED

By ELLIOT WALKER

She has a smile in her eyes to-day,
  Dear little girl who sailed so far
Into the mists of the far-away,
  Drifting, drifting over the bar.
Now, blest be the tide which brought her back,
  Baby boat on the unknown sea,
All safe from the wave and wind and wrack,
  Creeping again to me.

Ah, the piteous cries for our aid!
  Ah, the helplessness of it all!
Poor little voyager so afraid,
  Lost and scared in the dreary pall.
There was no smile in her eyes that night,
  Nought but a look that wrung the heart;
Nothing to do but to wait and fight,
  Praying to do our part.

There is a smile in her eyes to-day,
  Eyes so merry and full of fun.
And somebody's dimples coax for play.
  Little she recks of danger run,
Tossed and spent in a perilous race;
  Nothing to her that night at sea.
But I look deep in the baby face
  Creeping again to me.

THE VOYAGEURS

By F. W. BURROWS

THEY were encamped on the banks of a swift little stream, woods to the rear and pine scrub on the farther shore — these and the mists of the early morning alone visible. Two of the voyageurs were fishing for breakfast in a deep black pool near the shore; the others, busy about the camp.

FIRST VOYAGEUR. Ed! — Sh! — Come over here! What do you make of that?

ED. It's Stick Jessup. By Jove, he's hit the long trail, and with all his duffle! What do you make of it, Joe?

JOE. That he's a wise Stick! Take a look at this. (*He unrolls a map.*) Here's the divide. This is where we started. Now do you see what that three-dollar-and-a-half-a-day guide of ours has done to us?

ED. (*after studying the map*). You don't mean to say that he has brought us down the wrong river!

JOE. That is precisely what he has done, though. This, my boy, is the noble Rochelle. We have railed it two hundred miles into the woods to a jumping-off place and then, under Mr. Jessup's masterly guidance, we have paddled our way back again.

ED. And now? —

JOE. And now, instead of being in the heart of the primeval, as we have fondly imagined, we are in our own back yards.

ED. We must lynch him! — that at least. Call the fellows. Stop him!

JOE. Hold on. They are still in paradise, and they have only half an hour more of it at best. Let them alone — in common humanity. In half an hour the mill-whistle will blow, and then it will be all over. Now they are next to nature's heart. Listen to them talk, will you?

GEORGE (*in canoe, to Harry, ditto*). Oh, I tell you this is magnificent. I can feel the ozone breezes in my lungs.

HARRY. Do be still. There's fish here. Jessup says so, and I can see 'em. They're lying over the bottom as big as hemlock logs.

GEORGE. Don't ask me to be still. I can't. It's magnificent! These unbroken forests full of wild life! They have never heard the ring of the woodman's axe or felt the impress of human feet before this day.

ED. Never! Heavens, hear them rave. They have three minutes more.

GEORGE. Give us a line of Dick Hovey! Look at those wild duck! (*A dog howls.*) Wolves! (*Branches crackle.*) Bear! Oh, this is simply great. It is the life that makes steel of men's nerves.

HARRY. It is glorious, old man, but do be still. I tell you there's fish here — monsters. Jessup says so, and I can see 'em. (*The mill-whistle blows.*) What on earth do you call that?

GEORGE (*solemnly*). I've read about it, but I never believed that it could be so perfectly tremendous. It's the call of the bull-moose!

The eaves-droppers lay on their backs roaring, howling, and holding their sides. Gently very gently, they unfolded the truth to the erring ones. An hour later there was a gloomy council. Stick Jessup's fate hung in the balance.

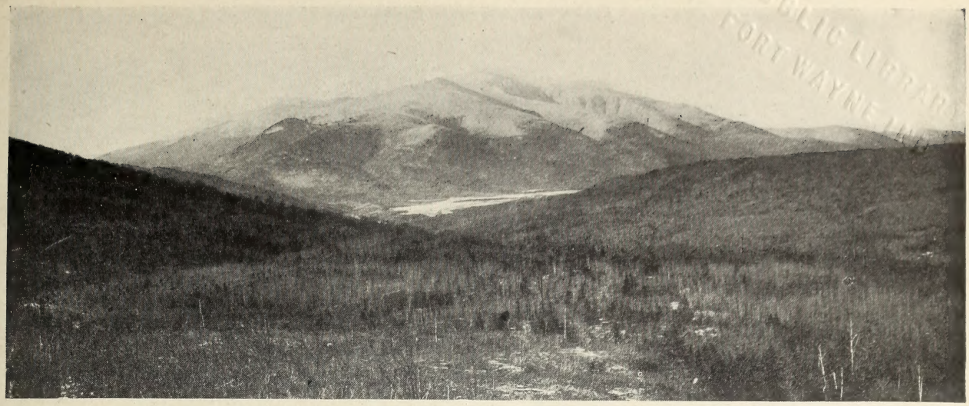
ED. Well, now I don't know. We've had our fun. I'm peeled from head to foot, and chewed by every kind of bug known and unclassified. We've eaten dirt and ashes, slept on roots and rocks, breathed smudge, and fought mosquitoes all night. If that is n't nature's heart I don't know the real thing when I see it. Besides that, we have seen the big fish in their native habitat — on the bottom of the river — heard the wolves howl and the bears prowl, and George here has listened to about the chestiest bull-moose that ever bellowed. I say Jessup is a trump.

JOE. I'm perfectly satisfied. We have successfully bluffed ourselves into a notion of the sublime.

GEORGE. I want Jessup's hair, that's what I want! There is a real wilderness, and we have been given this — this dirty gutter, swampy wood-lot, and poisonous air.

ED. Ozone breezes, my boy. And you will never hear the equal of that bull-moose again. Three cheers for Stick Jessup!

A typical slash. Three hundred acres daily, thirty-five thousand annually, are thus cut over in the White Mountain region



The Presidential Range from the valley of the Androscoggin. The hills in the foreground have been cut over and burned over

IS NEW ENGLAND'S WEALTH IN DANGER?

I. OUR VANISHING FORESTS

By PHILIP W. AYRES

Forester of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests and of the Dartmouth College Grant

WITHOUT iron and without coal and comparatively without agriculture, without mines of copper or the precious metals, New England's natural resources are her forests, her unrivaled water-power, and her quarries of granite and marble. Of these the forests and the water-power are by far the more important, because they may be made permanent through the recuperative power of the forest. Large portions of New England are non-agricultural natural forest lands.

Experts tell us that the supply of coal for the country at large is limited, that the anthracite supply may come to an end within two decades, and that the bituminous supply in sight may not last our growing population more than five decades. Whether or not these estimates are correct, electricity in more ways than one is taking the place of coal. The future is likely to be the age of electricity, from which more and more we shall get our light, heat, and power. Electricity is generated by water-power, and water-power depends upon the forests; from which we may expect that from this time on the values of water-powers are likely to increase. Hidden away, therefore, in the forest covers lie the intangible springs of energy from which are derived not only a very large part of our present well-being, but also in larger measure the well-being of the future. Owing to the high elevation at which the rivers of New England have their sources and to the granite ridges which run parallel to the seacoast, the water-powers on these rivers surpass those upon any others east of the Rocky Mountains. It would appear, then, that the commercial supremacy of New England in the nation's affairs is secure, provided this one thing is guarded,— that the forest cover is kept intact.

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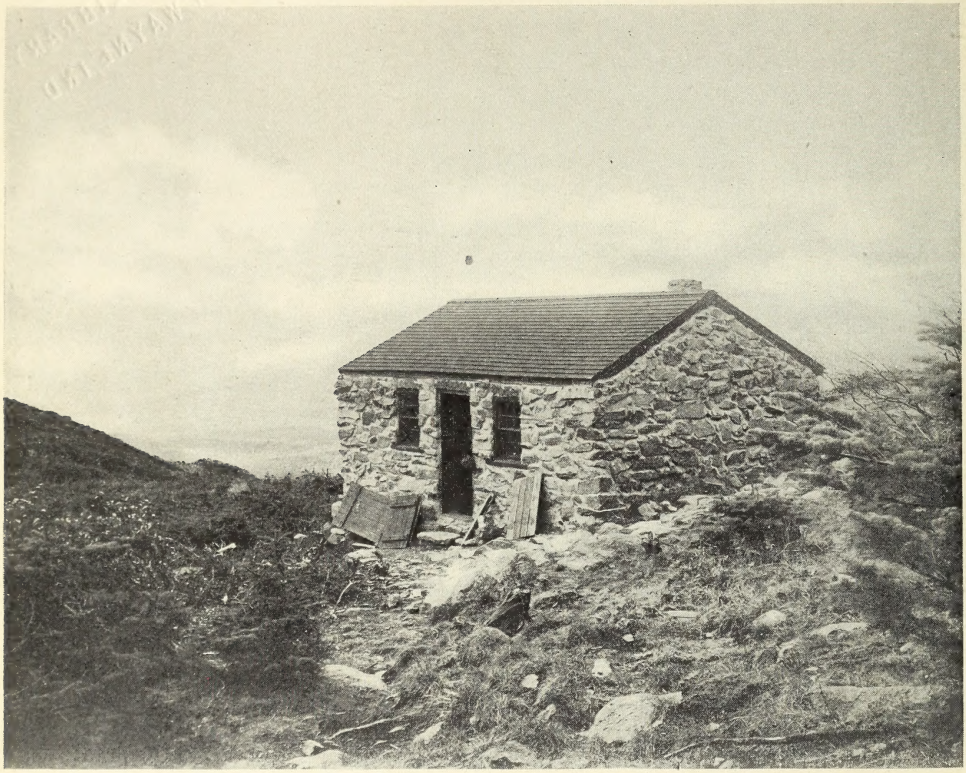
In the several New England States the extent of the forest cover is greater than half a century ago, owing to the number of abandoned farms. Fifty-two per cent of the



The Madison Spring Hut of the Appalachian Mountain Club. At the top of the "Valley-way" between Mt. Adams and Mt. Madison

State of Massachusetts is now under some form of forest cover, and nearly the same proportion holds in Connecticut. Rhode Island is said to have the largest proportional forest-covered area in the Union. In New Hampshire more than seventy per cent of the land area is in forest, one-third of the State never having been cleared. In Maine and Vermont the areas covered are proportionally only a little less than that of New Hampshire. From these statements it might be supposed that the future both of water-power and electrical development in New England is quite free from danger.

But there are three factors of very far-reaching significance which challenge thought. In the first place, the forest resources of the country at large are disappearing. The timber States that led in production in 1850 — New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio — are now far down the list. New York ranks nineteenth and Pennsylvania ninth. After their timber supremacy passed, in 1870, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota led for three decades. Now these have sunk in the scale, and Washington, Louisiana, and Arkansas head the list. We are told by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the United States Forest Service, whose estimates have been worked out with painstaking care, that we are on the verge of a timber famine, evidenced by the continued rise in price of all kinds of timber, and that this scarcity is one to which in its effects and discomforts the recent scarcity of coal is hardly a circumstance. As the timber supplies in other States disappear, the country turns for material to the Eastern mountain forests, as will be shown later on. In the second place, the character of the forest has greatly changed. When forests are cleared at the West the land is used for the most part in agriculture, but in the Eastern mountains, where it is unfit for agriculture, it has been cut in a manner which for the most part has no regard for the fu-

The top of Mt. Madison, 5,200 feet high, from the side of Mt. Adams. The cloud covers the stone hut seen in the opposite picture

ture; so that the forest area has seriously deteriorated, and especially from the point of view of future timber-supply it is now of comparatively little value. It has been facetiously said that we are in the age of bushery, not of forestry. In the third place, the steep slopes, which are by far the most important from the point of view of the equable flow of streams, are being cut off in a manner that insures an evil result both progressive and permanent. This is due to the sudden demand in the manufacture of paper pulp for spruce, a species limited in the United States to Northern New England, New York, the northern part of the Lake States, and a few other places. The pulp-makers use a total of not more than five per cent of the timber cut in the United States in a year; but because the area of spruce growth is so limited, and because it occurs for the most part on steep mountain-sides, this five per cent covers many thousands of acres in the high mountain regions of New England, the protection of which is essential to the equable flow of New England rivers. It is this protective forest that lies at the strategic point, which is vanishing, at the rate of three hundred acres daily in the White Mountains, or thirty-five thousand acres annually. And there is another consideration. In the high mountains the forest is valuable not only for the timber which it produces and for the flow of rivers which it protects, but also because it feeds the higher life and relieves the physical strain which binds men in an inexorable grasp. In the White Mountains business men and statesmen, editors and teachers, working men and women, and their little ones, to the number of many thousands, come annually for this respite from ordinary care. To these the forests are a perpetual source of inspiration.

If one walks along any one of a thousand delightful country roads in New England and observes the growth of trees he is likely

The "Valley-way," north slope of the Presidential Range. These slopes, Mt. Madison, Mt. Adams, and Mt. Jefferson, are being cut clean this winter

to gather two impressions,— the extent to which the landscape is covered with some form of forest growth, and the wasteful methods of lumbering seen in the patches of ugly slash where the timber has been removed. If in southern New England, his eye ranges far over the round hills, covered with hardwoods, intermingled with groves of pine of various ages. The younger second-growth trees very largely predominate. If in the mountain region, he sees hardwoods in the valleys mingled with spruce-trees, which form pure stands on the steeper and higher slopes, because spruce is the most shallow-rooted of trees and covers the thin soils in which others cannot find sustenance. But whether in the lower hills or in the mountains the slash patches covered with débris arrest his attention. In many places every tree is felled, whether to be used or not, in order to be out of the way for the removal of more valuable neighbors. In the mountains from one-fourth to one-half or even three-quarters of the entire stand may be left lying on the ground, discarded in getting out the commercial trees. Of primeval timber he will see very little, and of the "old-growth pines" of a generation ago none whatever, only here and there the enormous pine stumps that witness the giants of old. Of white pine the primeval growth is restricted to a few groves, a total of about thirty-five acres, in southwestern New Hampshire, not far from where that State joins Massachusetts and Vermont. These belong to an intelligent lumber man, who holds them at a very high price, and cuts one now and then when an order for large-sized material is received.

Fire twenty years ago burned away two feet and eight inches of soil

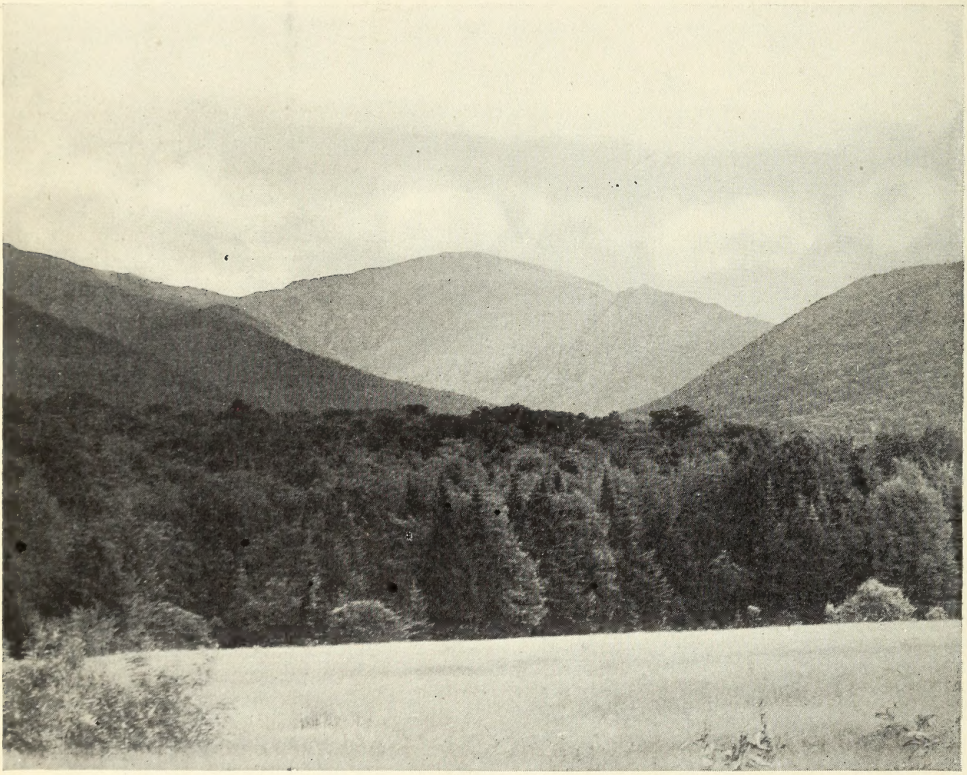
Fire and erosion have destroyed the soil entirely. No future growth possible, where once stood a heavy forest

The largest white-pine tree in New England known to the writer was cut from these groves two years ago. The picture of its stump appears on another page. It is five feet and six inches in diameter inside the bark, and the rings on the stump, two hundred and fifty-one in number, show its growth to have continued at a uniformly rapid rate up to its two hundred and first year. The rings of the last fifty years are close together, indicating very slow growth. From a commercial point of view it had reached its period of maximum accretion fifty years ago and should have given place then to a young growing tree that would have maintained the rapid rate; but from the æsthetic point of view it should have stood for at least another fifty years before its end. It was worth a long, hard pilgrimage any day. The reason that these large primeval pines have not already been cut away is their comparative inaccessibility. A swamp on one side and a mountain on the other, together with their great size, has prevented their removal, other timber in the region having been abundant until quite recently.

One does not go far through the woodlands of New England without coming upon the portable saw-mill, which has been described by one who loves the unbroken landscape as a peripatetic nuisance, but which really is a useful part of civilization from the point of view of lumber for houses, boxes, furniture, and tools. It is the wasteful method of lumbering with which we have our quarrel, not with the conversion

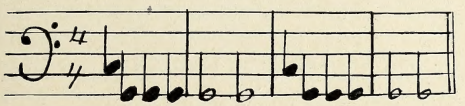
of trees into useful articles; for most trees should grow to be cut and used. It is in the places of special beauty, on lawns, in parks, along the highways and streams, around the waterfalls, and on the prominent mountainsides, that the forests should stand, as on the steep slopes for protection of streamflow. But it is true that if a forest is treated rightly, so that only the mature trees are removed, by which means alone the energy of the soil can best serve mankind, then the beauty of the forest is largely retained along with its use. In a rightly managed forest one has his cake and yet eats it too, for the energy of the soil in reclothing the landscape is wonderful, and is seldom fully realized except by those who become familiar with the habits and growth of trees.

The primeval spruce of New England is much more abundant than pine, but one must either climb the mountains to see it or go far up into northern New England at the sources of the rivers along the borderline of Canada. In these places the virgin spruce may yet be found in considerable patches even as much as a township, but areas as large as this are now very rare. In the high mountain region of New Hampshire one finds the old-growth spruce only upon the steep slopes above two thousand feet, or in difficult valleys like the Rocky Branch or the Tuckerman's Ravine. Logging railroads have been constructed very recently into Rocky Branch, into the beautiful Pemigewasset Wilderness, up the Swift River Valley beyond Passaconway village in Albany, and up Moosilauke Brook into the Lost River country. With unexampled rapacity and greed the beautiful valley of the Lost River has been cut over completely within the last three weeks, leaving a long trail of ugly slash, because the company



Mt. Jefferson and the castellated ridge. The forests on these slopes have been cut off in the last three years

that owns the land, although professing earnestly that they would save this tract, were unable to restrain their contractor, who preferred to get his money by slashing through without regard to the plainly blazed lines, although offered a fair price for the timber to let it stand. The Lost River is a charming and wonderful stream. Eight miles west of North Woodstock it disappears under a great rock, and flows for half a mile under ground, with only two short reappearances within that distance. It follows a rocky course at the bottom of a series of caverns, some twenty in number, in one of which, forty feet high, the little river falls fifteen feet in the deep, dark twilight, thumping on its anvil of stone. Of those who have penetrated this deep wilderness more than one has been struck by the unusual reverberation, forever saying,



Tim-pum, tim-pum, tum, tum. Tim-pum, tim-pum, tum, tum

But what, you ask, has this to do with the wealth of New England? How are her forest resources disappearing? What is the area cleared? Does it seriously affect the stream-flow? Are the factories on the great rivers in danger of having less horse-power to turn their tremendous paddle-wheels? To those who are statistically inclined we will give the figures later. Let me give an example of what has taken place on the north slope of the Presidential Range, on the sides of Jefferson, Adams, and Madison. This is sometimes called the Randolph forest, because at the foot of these mountains, in the valley, there is a little town of that name. Until three years ago there stood on these mountain-sides a forest, now unhappily demolished, which for ages past was probably the most majestic in New England. Twelve miles long and four miles wide, it stretched from the Israel and Peabody Rivers, through nearly a mile of elevation, to within one thousand feet of the rocky summits five thousand feet high. From the great spruce-trunks two feet through in the valley at the lower edge, it stretched up through every form of spruce and balsam fir to the little scrub on the mountain-sides, which looks like moss from the valley, but proves an impenetrable thicket of ancient trees, an impassable barrier, if one tries to cross it. You may sit down or lie down upon the tops of this old forest. Still farther up it is only ankle high, and spreads out a little low carpet of trees. For three years four hundred men, distributed in eight lumber-camps, have been cutting over this area. Vast masses of débris line the water-courses, ready to burst into flame from the match of a careless passer-by. Fire follows the lumbermen almost invariably, and often goes far beyond them with its trail of desolation. There remains of this great forest only small pieces at high elevation and the slopes adjoining the beautiful "Valley-way," a charming trail between Adams and Madison, leading up to the Madison Spring Hut of the Appalachian Mountain Club. This active, broad-gauge club (may it live long and prosper) has made accessible by paths and trails nearly every peak in the White Mountains, and one of its members, Professor Edmands, of Cambridge, who has been especially devoted to the Randolph forest, has constructed many miles of paths leading up from Randolph to the tops of each of the Presidential Range, even to the top of Mt. Washington. The lower reaches of these paths are unfortunately seriously cut over, and several miles of them are demolished. Some of them, however, have been kept open by the operating company. This whole forest has been stripped off without regard to the future, and even the Valley-way itself is being cut off this winter. The entire piece has been felled, largely by contractors who care nothing for the future yield of the forest, and whose sole object is to log as rapidly and as cheaply as possible, and to get the largest present revenue.

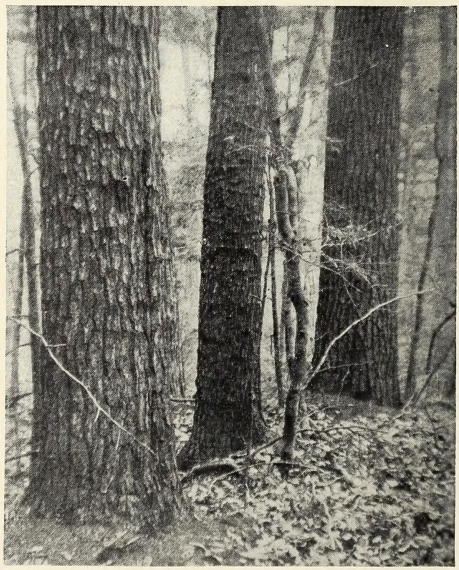
The situation in the Zealand Valley, a tract of thirty-five thousand acres lying west of the Randolph forest, is even less reassuring. This was logged by the same wasteful method twenty years ago, then burned over, then partly burned over again in the dry summer of 1903. Throughout its length and breadth almost no useful growth is found. One of the forest officers in Washington calls it "Death Valley." Large areas are like the bad lands of the West, with low, scrubby bushes in an unyielding soil; while on the steep slopes and the high ridges fire and erosion together have laid bare hun-

Interior of a spruce forest in the White Mountains

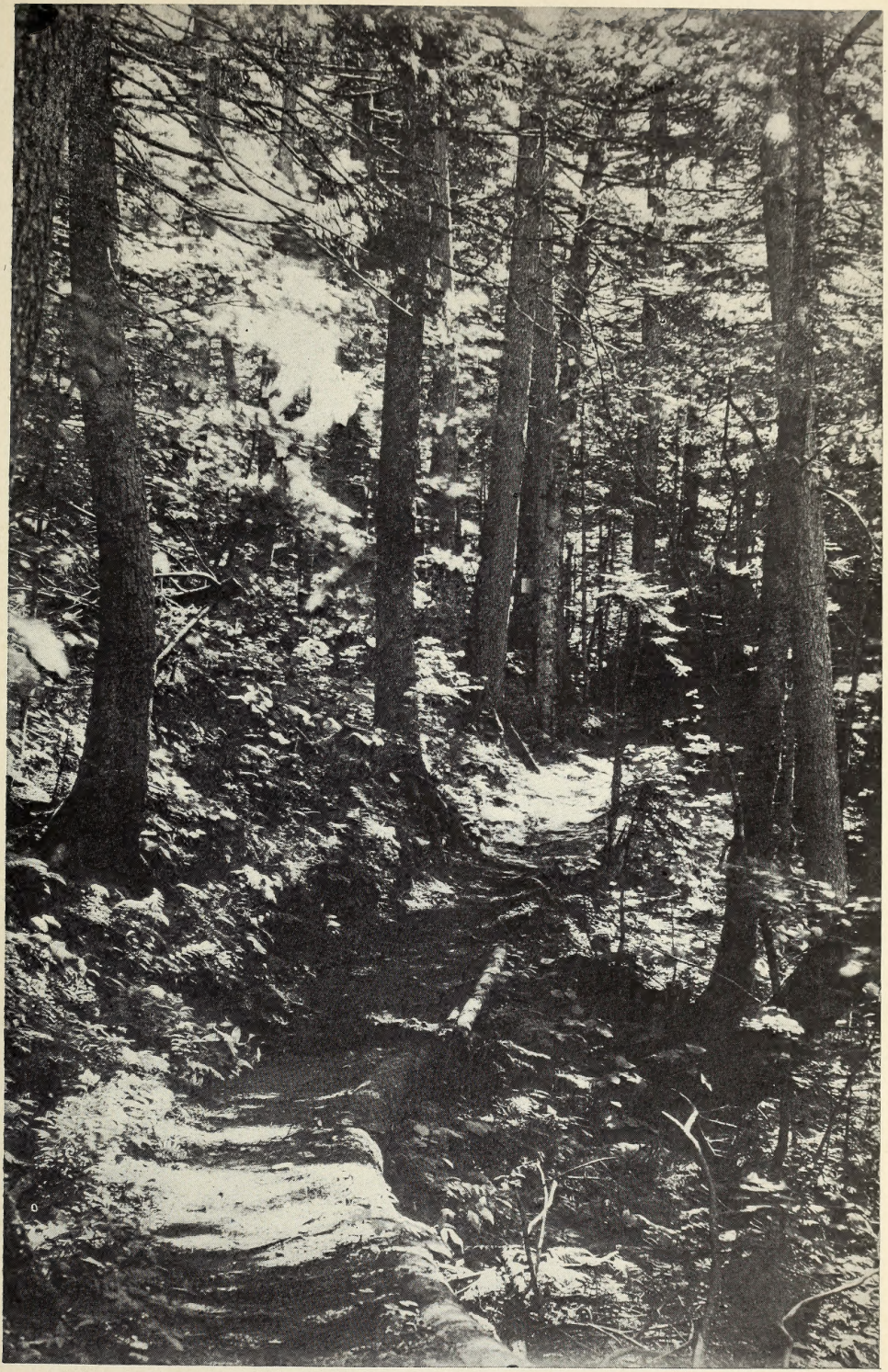
dreds of acres which once produced a merchantable crop of spruce of excellent quality. These barren slopes will remain so until another ice age shall grind up the overlying rocks and deposit the beginnings of a new fertility. In the mountains the soil itself is largely of vegetable origin, and inflammable. One of the illustrations on another page is that of a tree in this valley from whose roots the fire of twenty years ago burned away two feet and eight inches of soil. In many places the prostrate trunks of the former forest eight to sixteen inches in diameter are lying prostrate and bare in the sun on the dry rocks with no vegetation in the vicinity. A mountain soil severely burned will produce little but wild bird cherry bushes (*Prunus Pennsylvanica*) of no value whatever, except that they afford a very poor, thin cover to the meagre soil.

In the high mountains, where the summers are short and cold, tree-growth is very slow. At an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet it takes an average spruce-tree one hundred and twenty-five years to become six inches in diameter, which is the smallest commercial size now used. From two to three centuries are required for a useful forest to reappear after clean cutting of the spruce for pulp, and when the soil is burned over it usually becomes, in greater or less degree, permanently crippled. More than two hundred thousand acres in the White Mountains have been burned over, eighty-four thousand having been run over by fire in the single year 1903. There is progressive and permanent evil result which is slowly but very surely reducing the White Mountains to the same barren condition found in China and Palestine. Look at the Sugar Loaves, Mt. Oscar, Pine Mountain, Mt. Echo, Zealand Valley, the steep slopes of Mt. Webster, once covered with forests, the two-thousand-acre burn in Franconia, the eight-thousand-acre burn in Bethlehem, the nine-thousand-acre burn on the steep slopes of Lincoln last summer, the twelve-thousand-acre burn this year on the Magalloway between Maine and New Hampshire, Mt. Forest in Berlin, and the extensive fires, each covering an entire township, in Milan, Kilkenny, and Stark. How important, therefore, not only from the point of view of a continuous supply of useful timber, but also from that of the run-off of the streams, that the forests, on the steep slopes, should be intelligently managed so that the mature trees only are removed, fires are prevented, and the forest cover remains unbroken.

In the White Mountain region there are about two million acres which cover the



Primeval pines, the last groves in New England, at Winchester, New Hampshire



One of the paths on the Presidential Range. Several miles of paths like this have been demolished

Mt. Clinton before it was cut over, showing the shallow-rooted spruce on the thin soil near the mountain-top

A part of the castellated ridge of Mt. Jefferson. Slopes as steep as this are cut for pulp

water-sheds of the four great rivers whose sources lie in these hills,— the Connecticut, the Merrimac, the Saco, and the Androscoggin. It has been estimated by the Forest Service that about ten per cent of this, or two hundred thousand acres, were in 1903 virgin merchantable forest; but through the lumbering operations since, one-half of this virgin timber has already disappeared. It is estimated that one hundred and twenty thousand acres are barren and waste land, that two hundred and fifty thousand acres in the valleys are agricultural land, that twenty-five thousand acres are covered by water; the remainder, therefore, a little more than one million and a half of acres, is cut-over, or culled, land. Portions of this are still in fair condition, having been cut previous to fifteen years ago, when the only object was to secure saw-logs. During the last fifteen years twenty-nine million dollars have been invested in paper and pulp plants in the White Mountain region alone which use material down to six inches in diameter. It is this more recent cutting, therefore, that is stripping the forests clean, and it is only in the last five years, since the timber has been all taken out of the convenient valleys, that the operators have attacked the steep slopes and the high ridges.

Of the above area in the White Mountains, large lumber and pulp companies own a little less than one-half, or about nine hundred thousand acres; hotel companies own twenty-eight thousand acres; the farmers own the agricultural land for the most part, the two hundred and fifty thousand acres mentioned above; and the remainder, which is a very large one, or about eight hundred and twenty-five thousand acres, is owned by small holders of forest land. It is the policy of the large companies to protect their own land as far as possible and to buy from the small owners the standing timber, but not the land. Having no interest in the land, but only in the timber, they strip it clean.

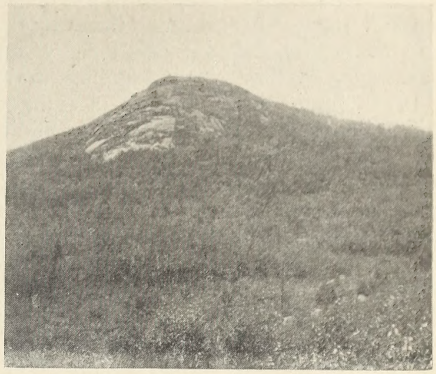
The maples in a mountain valley. A "sugar orchard"

The paper and pulp industry in New England has made a phenomenal growth. Thus in 1900 there was a total capital in the six New England States of sixty million dollars, employing eighteen thousand men, and yielding an annual product to the value of fifty million dollars. Five years later, in 1905, some of these figures had more than doubled, and all showed remarkable increase; thus the capital invested in 1905 was one hundred and seven million dollars, the men employed more than thirty thousand, and the value of the annual product seventy-three million dollars. With a business like this to support, how long will the limited areas of spruce hold out? The answer to this question is fairly definite. Operators in the spruce woods in the several States have been asked, "How long, at the present rate of consumption, will the timber last?" The replies from different localities are nearly uniform, and may be trusted as the best judgment of those who know most about the subject. These reports give for Maine fifteen years, New Hampshire twenty-eight years, Vermont thirty years, Western Massachusetts thirty-five years, and the average for New England is twenty-four years. The supply in New York is good for nineteen years, in West Virginia for twenty-three years, in Michigan twenty, and in Wisconsin thirteen; and the average for the United States is twenty-one years. As one has well said, in the life of a nation a decade is a very short period, and a century counts not more than a decade in the life of an individual. Moreover, the rate of consumption is almost certain to be increased with our ever-growing population. Meanwhile, the stripping of the mountains goes steadily forward and tends, with the constant rise in price, to go constantly higher and steeper. This picture is not fanciful, nor is it pleasant.

Limited as we know the supply of spruce to be, the supply of hardwoods is likely to be even earlier exhausted. The hardwood supplies which gave lumber and furniture

to the great West were drawn in large measure from the fertile river-bottoms of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, which regions are now devoid of timber and given over to agriculture. The situation is less pressingly marked in Michigan, Missouri, and Arkansas; but the end of the hardwood supply in these States is clearly in sight, so that students of the subject in the Forest Service at Washington name twelve years as the period when the hardwood supply will be gone. In spite of an ever-increasing demand for hardwood, the supply decreased fifteen per cent last year. It is not surprising that the country at large is turning to the mountains of the Appalachian Range for hardwoods. The increase in the amount cut last year in Maine and New Hampshire over the amount cut in 1900 was one hundred and fifty-four per cent; and the total increase in New England, comparing the same two years, was one hundred and nine per cent. Facts like these cannot fail to impress even the casual observer.

A step in the direction of saving the forests has been taken in the effort to secure in the White Mountains and in the southern Appalachian Mountains national forest reserves. The forces of New England are unanimous in requesting the Congress of the United States to appropriate the money necessary to establish these timber reserves and to protect the headwaters of the great rivers on which the manufacturing-plants of New England are located. Every Congressman from New England, every newspaper in New England, every Governor and Mayor and business corporation, is for this reserve. The Boards of Trade, the Lumbermen's Associations, clubs and societies of every sort, have petitioned Congress year after year. There is an equal unanimity from the eight Southern States whose sources of power lie in the southern Appalachians. Why has the Congress of the United States not responded? For this reason: that the numerous body of Representatives from the Middle West do not appreciate the situation. They are not accustomed to the mountains. They are unfamiliar with the problems of water-power and the need of forest preservation. Most of them have never seen the extensive destruction of soil by fire and erosion, nor have they felt the distressing effect of destructive floods. Those to whose attention the subject has been thoughtfully presented, including the Speaker of the House of Representatives, reply that the proposition is "too big." It will cost, they say, hundreds of millions of dollars, and they are unwilling to open the flood-gates of the treasury to any log-rolling scheme. They point to the river and harbor appropriation bills and the pension appropriation bills as warnings against it; to which New England and the Southern mountain States, united and determined, make this reply: Whatever the cost in appropriations, the cost to the country in diminished resources, in the high price of timber, in the uneven flow of water, injurious both to manufactures and navigation, in the tremendous destruction by flood, in farms

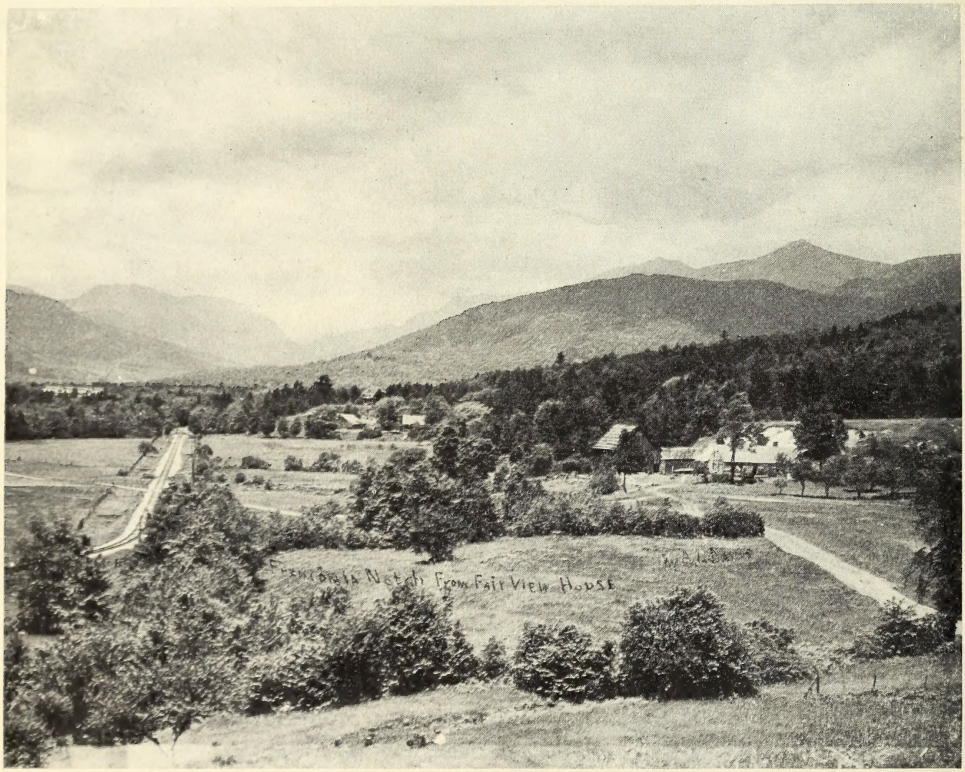


In the Zealand Valley, where fire has destroyed the greater part of 35,000 acres of soil. The knoll was once forested

Stump of the largest white pine-tree in New England, cut two years ago; six feet and five inches in diameter

overflowed and cities submerged, will be one hundred times or one thousand times greater than the most liberal appropriations by Congress. One flood in 1902 did damage in the Southern States to the amount of eighteen million dollars, and the flood in the Ohio in the vicinity of Pittsburg alone caused damage last spring estimated at ten million dollars. Moreover, the areas in the high mountains both at the North and the South are limited, as pointed out recently by the Secretary of Agriculture. When the two high mountain regions are secure, the headwaters of the interstate streams will be protected.

Every reader of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE can lend a hand. The time is now ripe for letters to members of Congress, especially letters to Congressmen from their constituents in the Middle West. Let every man and every woman who is interested in New England industries, and every lover of New England woods and hills, get letters from his friends and acquaintances, just now, to members of Congress, both Senators and Representatives.



Franconia Notch and the Pemigewasset Valley. The heaviest logging operations now going on in the White Mountains centre in this valley

THE BRIDE'S HOME-BRINGING

By MARY TALBOT CAMPBELL

Author of "The Apple of Discord," "Happy Returns," etc.

"JUNE first is my wedding-day, Mrs. Hackett, and I'd like to slick up the room some for my bride."

The aging face with its ruddy bloom had a softened, expectant look as the man smiled down at his landlady.

She paused in her dusting, hands as usual seeking rest on her bulbous hips. Robert Harland's dry humor caught fire from the fun-sparks of his twinkling eyes as he saw her blank amazement.

"You're thinking me too old, now, honest, are n't you, Mrs. Hackett?"

Her face burned red, and the desk got an extra polish as she answered:

"Well, we ain't either of us spring chickens, and I own up I ain't thought o' you as the marryin' kind. But I reckon it's all right if you ain't picked out some pretty girl like *that* to bring up!"

Her fat finger indicated the photograph of a face in the springtime of life, the questioning eyes filled with maiden dreams.

Mr. Harland, looking guilty, faced the mantel and the pictured eyes. The mounting blood stained his thin skin a brighter red as the landlady's sharp glance studied his conscious silence. Some inner emotion held him, till he blurted out:

"She — she's my daughter by my first wife," and the man cleared his throat with an apologetic little laugh; but the woman believed him not at all. He ran slender fingers through his iron-gray hair and removed his glasses, with which he had been reading the paper.

"Takin' off your specs won't bring you back to the buddin'-time o' life, where *she* stands. Why, man alive, you an' me are just yellow leaves waitin' for a extry blast o' wind from the north to flutter down an' be forgot. To be sure, Jack Frost has given you a extry touch up o' red; but the sunset ain't the dawn, no matter how bright it's painted, 'cause the shadders come and the night ends all."

"How about the stars, my friend?" asked a grave voice.

Again the duster stopped as she made answer:

"You're right; there be the stars!"

Doubled over a rocker, she rubbed away on the same place with forgetful vim. The man was seated, reminiscent eyes seeing the past, as absently he worked a loose slipper back and forth on his heel. His true age appeared, as the illumining glow of his sunny smile and alert attention fled. There was a great sadness, but underlying it a greater hope, as finally he lifted a worn old face rejuvenated by sunshine of the heart. Another pair of eyes filled with sombre memories, unlit by any glow of eager expectation, questioned his gravely:

"How old be you, sir?"

"No fair!" he protested, smiling up at her. "But I'll tell if you will!" And a quizzical look sought to tease.

"Sixty-five come April!" Sharp as a report the words rang out with all a veteran's pride over the vanquished weakness of her sex.

"Methuselah! Sixty-six next December," fibbed the courteous Mr. Harland, adding two years to his real age. Then she pronounced judgment:

"There ain't no f——"

"ool like an old one!" finished the ancient lover, gayly.

"Beg pardon if I'm rude, sir. I ain't knowed you long, but I like you, an' even if it ain't none o' my business I hate to see you make a crazy blunder! *I* married a man younger'n me, and now I ain't wife, maid, nor widow — but a bitter ol' woman workin' out her day alone an' waitin' for bedtime."

She turned her back to him, but in the mirror above the mantel he caught the pathetic working of a time-worn face from which the hardened mask had fallen. With a swelling compassion of the heart he arose to allay her fears and essay comfort, but in

the same telltale glass she saw him, and, turning, fled from utter breakdown.

Straightening into a brief erectness, before the mirror, Mr. Harland spoke to his image:

"You'll never grow old, Rob, with *her* beside you!"

Then, turning his attention to the room, the only home spot he had to offer, he decided to get flowers, candy, and fruit, as well as magazines. His face bore a pleased expectancy as he planned it all, the lines on the high, white brow smoothing out wonderfully, exorcised by the magic of his dreaming.

When a particularly easy and attractive rocker was added to her furnishings of the room, the landlady squeezed herself into it and indulged in a brief respite from work, and the pleasure of self-communion.

"That's the way with a man! Anything for a pretty young face! Us old ones kin turn our dresses, slave our lives away, and retrim our bonnets or go lackin'. But this old beau'll run out o' things to do, he's so lavish at the start. An' then he'll up an' die, leavin' her alone, the bloom o' her youth rubbed clear off by a ol' man's hand."

The door-knob turned, and the object of her thoughts beamed upon her across an armful of bundles.

"To-morrow's the day, madam! But I'm glad to see you sitting down, Mrs. Hackett. I don't believe I ever caught you at it before. Is n't that a dandy little rocker, and won't it please Right?"

"W'at you call her?"

"Maria, an old-fashioned name, though Right 's up to date; but I boiled it down to Riry, Ria, Ri, and finally Right, 'cause she's never wrong, you know."

"You'd better wait till you've wore her a spell o' twenty-five year, afore you say she's fast color an' all Right. They's apt to be tears, rough places, sickness, an' graves. An' ain't you scart you'll run out o' glad things to do if you use 'em all up on the weddin'-day? You'd orter string 'em out some. She'll need 'em!"

The old croaker paused, half regretful, as she saw the man's fingers stop in the untying of a package, a shadow creep into the pleased eyes. With shining face clouded, he resumed his attack upon the knotted string, talking as he did so:

"I reckon my love will stretch across the little span of years left me, Mrs. Hackett. But you'll understand when you know Right that there's no danger of her ever being forgotten. But are n't these mighty pretty?"

He held up a great bunch of lilies-of-the-valley, and her eyes softened at their fragrant beauty.

"I guess you won't mind, but I knew she would n't enjoy hers if you did n't have some too, so I ventured to bring these posies to you, Mrs. Hackett."

A painful delight flamed over her surprised face as the landlady started up. The rocker rose with her, bringing an easing burst of laughter as she pushed it off.

"You're a gay old schemer, Mr. Harland, bribin' me to favor the matin' o' May an' December! But all the same, I thank you!"

He was touched at the softening effect of the unusual pleasure as the woman buried a faded face in the fresh blooms.

"I ain't never had a flower give me since — baby died." The voice was held steadily to an unemotional pitch.

"Most folks wait till death comes an' then try to sweeten a thing that God himself can't make right this side o' heav —"

The word stopped short, but without a quiver, and Mr. Harland found himself alone.

. . . . . .

The wedding-day smiled sunnily, as Mrs. Hackett, behind lace curtains, watched for the coming of the bridal pair. Her lilies sweetened the air of the stiff, graceless parlor, while a tired heart throbbed with olden memories as a carriage drove up to the door.

Mr. Harland, with face like the rising sun, an evanescent youth breathing in his every motion, assisted a little gray-clad figure to alight. A curtain stirred, but the bride's sheltering veil baffled curiosity. With arm brazenly about his wife, the groom led her up the walk and into the hall.

The disappointed watcher waited for the sound of ascending steps, expecting the usual shy retreat of the newly wedded from prying eyes; but the door was flung open, and a jubilant lover said, exultantly:

"This is Right, Mrs. Hackett, and I know you'll be good to her!"

A soft voice laughed happily, and Mrs. Hackett found a pair of impulsive arms about her neck. She let the bride hide her

blushes, while rhythmically patting "the young thing's" back and smiling across the girl up into the dancing eyes of the proud husband.

Stepping back, Mrs. Harland busied herself with the knot of her veil, saying sweetly:

"I can't thank you enough for your goodness to that dear old husband of mine!"

Thinking how the adjective must hurt, the landlady replied:

"Law, child, I ain't done nothin' but what I'd oughter! But if you need any motherin' it would be a comfort to a childless ol' woman like me, an'—"

But the two women faced each other, as the bride, unveiled, drew apart in merry consternation. Mrs. Hackett's mouth hung agape. She saw a pure old face — pink with excitement and the deathless bloom God gives his rare souls, who come unspotted through many sorrows — smiling at her from its frame of gray hair, with hazel eyes of tender amusement.

"Rob, what *have* you been telling her?"

The husband in the throes of happy convulsions replied only with a jolly outburst of infectious mirth.

"Why, ma'am, he owned up to a first wife; but he said this was his weddin'-day an' the girl in the silver frame on the mantel was his bride, an'—"

"Come now, Mrs. Hackett! *Did* I say that?"

"You the same as; sayin' no an' actin' yes like a moon-struck boy! Ma'am, he tol' me she was his daughter by his first wife; but he fired up like a Fourth-of-July celebration, an' o' course I expected the girl for his bride! Now I know he was just a bustin' with laugh."

The bride sat down weakly, ripples of amusement stirring her, as her dark eyes rollicked with first one and then the other through her sparkling glasses. Strangled words bubbled into audible speech at last:

"Why, I've been a grandmother since the first of May! That's why I went to our Margaret and left this dry old joker so long, Mrs. Hackett. But I'll protect you from him in the future."

The groom, jovial and unrepentant, stood guard behind Right's chair, enfolding her with his caressing glance.

"He saved himself by the letter of the truth; for I *am* his first wife and I hope his last — if you ever can believe these men!"

The soft old face flushed up with a pretty faith, which she lifted to her husband. The maid he had won was constantly stealing back from the past to know a flitting resurrection through the eyes of his wife, the mother of his children.

"The girl on the mantel is our baby, Margaret, a mother herself now. The rest —" her voice hung hesitant, then finished gently — "are with God."

The low vibrations of her tone were rich with feeling, and Robert Harland bent, lifting her from the chair.

"Come, Right, you're tired. We'll go — home."

But the bride turned at the door, her gentle, near-sighted eyes smiling into the dimmed ones of the landlady.

"This is our wedding anniversary, Mrs. Hackett. We were married forty years ago to-day; but time can't cure Robert of his foolish lover ways. They grow and flourish with the years; I guess because he thinks I need them more now."

Her lovely spirit shone through the delicacy of her sensitive face like an illumining light through old porcelain.

With a strange throbbing of the throat, Mrs. Hackett followed the pair into the hall and watched their slow ascent. The groom made his bride rest on the landing, her erect little figure with its plump curves outlined against the red wall-paper. As they smiled down at her, Mrs. Hackett burnished the mirror in the hat-rack with her best handkerchief and called up:

"I'm sure you're welcome home, ma'am; an' if they's anythin' I kin do —"

But the groom broke in:

"She's a giddy young thing, this bride of mine, gay as a butterfly's wing, and I'm counting on you to keep her livened up when I'm away, Mrs. Hackett. And now!" — he stood poised for flight, comically shielding Right — "I give you leave with all the rice and old shoes you can muster!"

"Go 'long with you!" retorted a voice none too steady, which added in an undertone, "you everlastin' boy!"

At the closing of the bridal-chamber door Mrs. Hackett paused in her rubbing, seeing a distorted face in the mirror.

"You old fool, the blur's in you! But thank God for the sunset an' the stars!"

Patricia, her chin in her hands, surveyed him carefully

PATRICIA'S FATIGUING DAY

By EMILIA ELLIOTT

PATRICIA sat on the back fence, almost hidden by the low-spreading branches of an old apple-tree. Below her, on the grass, lay a small, curly, black dog, his brown, trustful eyes fixed confidently on Patricia.

"Really, you know," the child said, gravely, "it's a very perplexing situation. Aunt Julia need n't have been so inhospitable. Why did n't I wait until Daddy got home! Daddy's so much more — convincable. But it's no use now; Daddy never goes back on Aunt Julia."

Patricia slipped from the fence. "I rather think you and I'd better go down to the back meadow to talk things over; it's getting pretty near sewing-time."

Out in the meadow, flat on her back in the long grass, Patricia set herself to the task of solving this perplexing situation.

Half an hour earlier she had appeared back from one of her desultory rambles, accompanied by this most forlorn of all forlorn dogs, explaining that she had met him on the road, and he had followed her home.

It was no unusual occurrence; but when Patricia added that he did n't seem to belong to anybody, and she thought she would keep him, Miss Kirby promptly and firmly protested.

To Patricia's pleading, that he was poor and lame and homeless, that Cæsar, the pointer, was the only dog they had now, and he was too old to play much, Miss Kirby had proved adamant. Patricia might give her foundling a good meal, but keep him she *could not.*

Whereupon, Patricia, having given the wanderer what was in reality several meals condensed into one, had retired with him to think things over.

"It really seems as if you'd been meant for me," she told him now; "I found you. I can't see why Aunt Julia won't look at things in a proper light. I'm afraid she hurt your feelings. Aunt Julia generally means pretty well, but she's apt to speak out sort of quick. We Kirbys mostly do. I wonder what your name is?"

The dog, stretched comfortably out in the warm grass, quite as happy and contented as if he had been everything he was n't, sat up suddenly, with a short little bark, as if trying to give the desired information.

Rolling over, Patricia, her chin in her hands, surveyed him carefully. "You are n't very handsome just now; but then, I know lots of people who are n't very good looking. I don't see why that saying Aunt Julia is so fond of — about 'Handsome is as handsome does'— should n't apply to dogs as well as people. All the same, you are a very mixed numbery sort of a dog:

you've got one and three-quarters ears, three and one-half legs,— at least you don't use that front paw very much,— and half a tail; and your hair is rather — patchy. But inside, I'm sure you're all right. And you have got *beautiful* eyes; *they're* all there, too."

The dog blinked back at her soberly, wagging his abbreviated tail in apologetic fashion.

"You've simply got to have a home," Patricia went on; "and it's up to me to find you one. But I think you'll have to have a bath first, and your paw bandaged."

Jumping up, Patricia darted back to the house, and around to the side door, leading to her father's office. Presently, she reappeared with a cake of antiseptic soap, a box of salve, a roll of bandage, a pair of scissors, and a bath-towel; with these gathered up in the skirt of her frock she led the way down to the brook, followed by a most unsuspecting small dog.

Ten minutes later that same small dog — decidedly sadder and wetter, if not wiser — lay shivering on the sunny bank, while Patricia rubbed him vigorously with one of her aunt's largest bath-towels.

Then the cut paw was salved and bandaged, and the most hopelessly tangled knots of curls cut away. After which, Patricia, sitting back on her heels, studied her charge approvingly.

"If Aunt Julia could see you *now!* Why did n't I do all this first? But — well, Aunt Julia 's made up her mind; and she is n't exactly the changey kind. I wonder if you'd like it at the Millers'? They've got a lot of children, but they're ever so nice children! They've three dogs now, so one more ought n't to count — and you'd have plenty of company."

The dog, whose only present anxiety was to feel dry once more, merely rolled over on his back by way of answer.

"Oh, but you must n't!" Patricia protested. "You'll get all dirty again. I know it's horrid to feel too clean, but, you see, it's so necessary to make a good first impression! I reckon it was the first impression that made all the trouble with Aunt Julia this morning. Come on, we'll start right off; it's a pretty long walk to the Millers'."

They went 'cross-lots, stopping for more than one romp by the way, one quite as light-hearted and irresponsible as the other; though behind Patricia lay more than one neglected task, and before her companion stretched a possibly homeless future.

It was a nearly perfect June day, the blue sky overhead just flecked with soft, fleecy white clouds, and with enough breeze stirring to lift Patricia's short brown curls and fan her sun-burned cheeks.

Out on the highroad the wild roses were in bloom, and the air was full of soft summer sounds; the very birds hopping lightly about from fence to fence had a holiday air — and to Patricia there was something very friendly in the inquisitive cock of their pert little heads, as they stopped now and then to inspect her.

"Oh!" she cried, joyously, reaching up on tiptoe to gather a spray of wild roses just above her head, "are n't we having the loveliest time, Dog?"

Her companion wagged agreeingly; he was, at any rate. The hot sun on his back felt exceedingly good; he began to entertain hopes of actually feeling really and thoroughly dry again — sometime.

"That's the Millers' house — the brown one, beyond the curve," Patricia told him. And as it was the only house in sight, he had no trouble in locating it.

"I'm sure you'll be happy there," Patricia added. "It's funny there are n't any children, or dogs, about. There's Mrs. Miller."

Mrs. Miller was hanging out a wash. "Patricia Kirby!" She pushed back her sunbonnet, the better to survey the child. "Where is your hat? You're redder 'n one of my big pinies!"

Patricia put her hand up to her head. "Maybe I left it in the meadow; I'm not sure I've had it on at all this morning."

"Well!" Mrs. Miller's tone was emphatic. "The children and the dogs 've all gone off picnicking," she added. "I suppose you've come to see them?"

"N-no," Patricia answered. "I came to bring you a — present, Mrs. Miller. The nicest —"

She stopped abruptly, as Mrs. Miller rushed by her, with a shriek, waving her apron frantically.

On the grass, spread out to bleach, lay one of Mrs. Miller's best table-cloths; and in the middle of the cloth Mrs. Miller's present was rolling and twisting his damp,

dusty little self, uttering all the while short, sharp little barks of satisfaction.

But he was on his feet before any one could reach him, and with one corner of the cloth caught in his mouth, had run gaily off.

"Head that dog off, Patricia!" Mrs. Miller screamed. "What dog is it, anyway — mischievous, good-for nothing little scamp? He does n't belong about here! Ten to one, he followed you in. I never knew such a child for taking up with stray dogs!"

After several strenuous moments the cloth was rescued. "Is it hurt very much?" Patricia asked, anxiously.

Mrs. Miller held it up; one of the corners was torn and frayed rather badly, and the whole cloth was covered with grass-stains and dirt. "You can see for yourself," she said, wrathfully; "and it a *new* cloth — never used yet!"

"But it'll wash, won't it?" Patricia suggested. "And the torn part won't show when it's on the table; and it won't show when it's folded up in the drawer." She stooped to lay a restraining hand on the wrongdoer, who already had an eye on various other articles scattered about the grass. "I would n't have thought he could run so, with a lame paw, would you, Mrs. Miller?"

"The sooner he runs out of my sight, the better for him," Mrs. Miller declared, warmly. "If he don't get started mighty quick I'll help him along a bit with a broom-handle."

Patricia drew herself up. "I — I think I'll be going."

"But, Patricia," Mrs. Miller called after her, "what was that about a present? Something your aunt sent?"

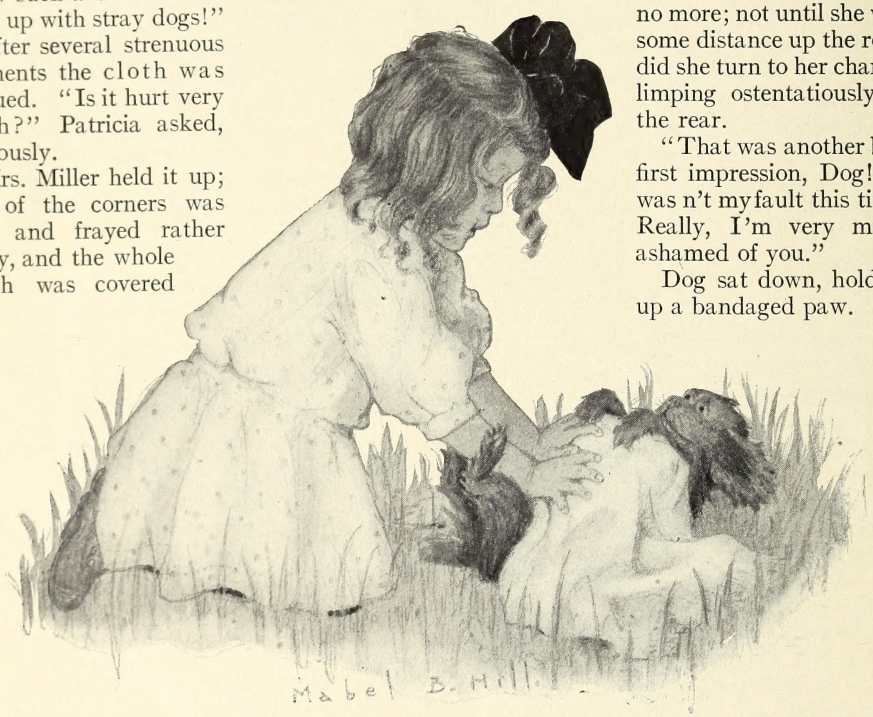
"No, Aunt Julia did n't send him. I brought you a — a dog, Mrs. Miller."

"*That* little nuisance! Well, of all —"

Patricia waited to hear no more; not until she was some distance up the road did she turn to her charge, limping ostentatiously in the rear.

"That was another bad first impression, Dog! It was n't my fault this time. Really, I'm very much ashamed of you."

Dog sat down, holding up a bandaged paw. His whole dejected little body expressed penitence of the deepest dye.



Lay shivering on the bank while Patricia rubbed him

Patricia softened. "I'm not so sure whether, after all, you would have liked it at the Millers.' I'm a good deal disappointed in Mrs. Miller, myself."

She sat down on the grass beside the road to rearrange the loosened bandage. "Puppies will be puppies, I suppose. Daddy says you must always take the intention into consideration — and I don't suppose you *intended* to be bad. It's dreadfully easy to be bad, without intending to. I certainly hope it won't be washing-day at the next

place. The idea of having Thursday for a wash-day, anyhow! Dear me, where is the next place?"

The dog crawled into her lap, trying to lick her face. He was not in the least anxious to decide upon any "next place." Sitting there in Patricia's lap, in the shade of a wide-spreading maple, seemed a very agreeable method of passing the time.

"I think," Patricia said, stroking the little black head, "we'll try Miss Jane. You don't know Miss Jane. She's awfully nice. She and her sister have n't any dog, but they've got a cat; you would n't mind that — she's a very intelligent cat; Miss Jane says so."

To reach Miss Jane's it was necessary to leave the highroad for a narrow, winding lane. A quarter of a mile further on they came to the little white house. Patricia thought it very lonely looking, but perhaps her companion might think otherwise. "And I do think," she said, gravely, "that it's very good of me to bring them such a nice dog — to keep the tramps off."

A large gray cat, sunning herself on one of the gate-posts, was the only sign of life about the house

But not for long. The next moment an exceedingly astonished, irate cat was taking an unusual amount of exercise in the prim little garden, urged cheerily on by a small, curly dog, whose three legs seemed quite as effective as most dogs' four. While down the path from the house came Miss Jane and Miss Susan, also stout, elderly, and unaddicted to overmuch exercise, anxious for their cat, anxious for their garden, most of all anxious to get this strange intruder off the premises.

"Go away, little girl, and take that horrid dog with you," Miss Jane commanded, shaking a stick she had picked up.

Patricia's eyes flashed. "I'm not '*little girl.*' I'm *Patricia Kirby!*"

"Pa-tri-cia Kir-by! Upon my word!"

Patricia's bare curls were blown and tangled; her face, hot and dusty; her blue gingham frock, fresh that morning, between water and dust was a sight to behold. She bore very little resemblance to the Patricia Kirby Miss Jane was accustomed to see in church on Sunday, or sometimes driving about with Dr. Kirby.

"Whatever are you doing alone so far from home, Patricia?" Miss Susan asked, coming up. The cat had retired to the shelter of a tall tree, from a branch of which she glared down on her pursuer, who lay hot and panting on the ground below.

Patricia pointed to the dog. "Why, I came on purpose to bring you him — for a present, you know."

Miss Jane gasped.

"He's a very nice dog," Patricia went on. "I'd love to keep him for myself; only Aunt Julia — Aunt Julia seemed to think one dog was enough. I don't think Aunt Julia is particularly — enthusiastic, about dogs. You would like him, would n't you?"

Not dust, heat, nor weariness could hide the persuasive charm of Patricia's quick upward smile.

Before that smile Miss Jane, who was very soft-hearted, wavered; but Miss Susan shook her head resolutely. "Augusta would never hear of it for one moment!"

"Is Augusta your cook?" Patricia asked. Cooks were that way sometimes; even Sarah had her moments of revolt — so far as Patricia was concerned.

"Augusta is our cat," Miss Jane explained. She felt grateful to Susan, and sorry for Patricia.

Patricia sighed; she had recognized the finality in Miss Susan's tone. "Do you know of any one who would like a dog," she asked, "a very nice dog?"

"You might try the Millers'," Miss Jane suggested.

"I — I don't believe Mrs. Miller would care for him," Patricia answered, hurriedly. She turned to go. "Why, where is he?"

"Perhaps he's waiting outside in the road for you." Miss Susan was not ordinarily so inhospitable, but the minister was coming to supper that evening; and, like Martha of old, Miss Susan was burdened with many cares.

Patricia sighed again; the road outside the low white fence seemed suddenly very long and sunny. She was tired and discouraged; above all, she was hungry.

"Before you go, Patricia," Miss Jane said, kindly, "come round to the kitchen and have a glass of cool milk and a cookie."

The kitchen door had been left open in the excited rush of a few moments before. As the three neared it now, Miss Susan darted forward, with very much the same shriek of horrified dismay as Mrs. Miller had uttered not long since.

Mounted on a chair, his feet firmly planted on the kitchen-table, was a small black dog, just finishing the contents of a large glass dish standing at the edge of the table.

"It's my custard," Miss Susan wailed, "and the minister coming to supper!"

The "very nice dog" turned round, licking his chops contentedly. It almost seemed as if he winked at Patricia.

The next instant, skilfully dodging Miss Susan, he had retired to the side yard, to finish licking his chops. Truly, it was a red-letter day for him. He wagged affably at the eloquent Miss Susan; surely he had paid her the highest compliment in his power.

"Oh, I am so sorry," Patricia declared. "He must have been very hungry — I could n't have given him nearly enough breakfast." Then she brightened. "After all, Miss Susan, I don't suppose he's ever had custard before; and I know Dr. Vail has — lots of times."

Which view of the case did not in the least appeal to the indignant maker of the custard.

Seeing which, Patricia concluded that the best thing to do was to take her charge away as quickly as possible. And in the confusion milk and cookies were quite forgotten.

"Really, you know," Patricia admonished, once they were outside the gate, "you're not behaving at all well! Tearing table-cloths, chasing cats, and eating up custards are n't at all good dog manners."

The culprit, quick to detect the disapproval in Patricia's voice, thought it time to limp again.

"Is your paw very bad?" Patricia asked.

The dog assured her that it was.

"I don't know what we're going to do next," Patricia told him. And once back on the main road, she came to a standstill. She could n't take her protégé home; even less could she desert him. She sat down by the roadside to consider the matter — to consider various other matters, as well. Even with Patricias there comes the moment of reckoning.

Aunt Julia had said that the next time she evaded sewing-lesson she must go to bed at five o'clock. Patricia stretched out her tired little legs; at the present moment that particular form of punishment did not appear very unendurable. Just now, however, it seemed doubtful if she would be at home by five o'clock.

Also, Daddy had said that the next time she broke bounds in this way he should be obliged to punish her. Patricia fanned herself with a decidedly dingy pocket-handkerchief; she wished Daddy had said — *how*.

"I'm not saying you're not a very nice dog," Patricia patted her companion, curled up on the folds of her short skirts; "still, if I had n't met you this morning —"

The dog blinked sleepily, licking her hand. Perhaps he was thinking of a poor, forlorn little animal who until that morning had been hunted and driven, half starved, never caressed.

"I wonder," Patricia said, anxiously, "if Mr. Carr would n't like you? We'll go see, at any rate."

Up the hill they trudged, to where, in his little cabin, lived old Carr, the cobbler.

He was at his bench as usual, and he paused, needle in air, at sight of his visitors.

Patricia was growing desperate; she went straight to the heart of her errand.

She and Carr were great friends, and the latter was immensely interested. Over his spectacles he surveyed the pair. Patricia's gray eyes had lost their confidence; they were almost as unconsciously pathetic as the dog's brown ones.

"Well," Carr said, slowly, "there's no denying a dog's company; and since old Sampson died —"

Patricia beamed. "Then you will take him? And you won't mind if he's rather — lively? You see, he's so very young. Maybe, I'd better tell you everything." And sitting down on one end of the workbench, Patricia made full confession of her charge's misdoings. "But I think he's sorry," she ended hopefully.

"Sure, Miss," Carr assented; "especially as to the custard — that there was n't more. What's his name, Miss?"

"I don't know. I've called him just Dog."

"I reckon he won't care what he's called, so long as you don't call him too late for dinner," Carr remarked. "How about Custard? It'd keep his sin afore him." He took a piece of rope from the floor. "I'd best tie him for a bit at first."

It was half-past four when Patricia

reached home. Sarah was up-stairs and Aunt Julia busy with callers. Making a hasty raid on the pantry, Patricia slipped quietly up the back way to her own room. Aunt Julia had said it must be bed; and there was no particular use in waiting to be sent.

She was just getting into bed, after a hurried bath, when Miss Kirby, having learned from certain unmistakable evidence that Patricia had returned, came upstairs.

"Patricia!" she exclaimed, her voice expressing almost as much relief as displeasure, "where have you been?"

Patricia moved restlessly. "I've been — everywhere!"

"Sarah has ransacked the entire neighborhood." Displeasure was fast becoming the dominant note in Miss Kirby's voice now that Patricia was safe in bed before her. "Of course you understand," she began.

Patricia raised a small, flushed face. "Please, Aunt Julia, I'm in bed — and you did n't have to send me. I've had a most *fatiguing* day; and I'm dreadfully afraid that if you start in to talk to me the 'Kirby temper' 'll make me say something back."

Miss Kirby sat down, surveying her niece in silence for a moment. Patricia had frankly stated a quite undeniable fact; and she had no desire to put the matter to the test. "Very well," she said, presently, "we will wait until to-morrow morning."

"But that would be ever so much worse," Patricia pleaded. "I do so hate waiting for things. I thought — maybe — if I went straight to bed — you'd skip the — talk part, this time. I'm very tired; finding a home for a dog takes it out of you a lot. People 'round here don't seem very anxious to have dogs. And — I went considerably beyond bounds — so I've got Daddy to settle with yet. All the same, I did find him a home, Aunt Julia — I have n't got that on my mind."

Miss Kirby rose, and going over to the bed bent and kissed the tired, wistful face. Patricia had a fashion of exciting sympathy at the wrong time, in a way that was perilous to discipline. "For this time, then, Patricia," she said. "Now I must go down-stairs."

Left to herself, Patricia suddenly remembered that there was to be strawberry shortcake for supper. Oh, dear, if only Custard had chosen any other day to drift across her path! A sent-to-bed bed-supper meant simply bread and milk. Patricia wondered if Dr. Vail would mind about not having custard as much as she did about not having strawberry shortcake. She decided that when she was grown up and had little girls of her own she'd never send them to bed early on strawberry-shortcake night.

She heard her father drive into the yard, heralded by Cæsar's deep bark. Cæsar had gone with the doctor on his day's round. Patricia knew how he was running about now, looking for her. She hoped Sarah would forget and leave the screen door open. Cæsar would be sure to come up-stairs then. She rather thought Daddy would delay his coming until after supper.

Sarah was taking in supper now; she could hear the dishes rattling. She was very hungry; that hasty raid on the pantry had not been very satisfactory. If Custard had felt that way she did n't much blame him for eating up Miss Susan's custard. Probably no one had ever taught him that it was wrong to take what did n't belong to him.

There! Sarah was bringing up her supper now!

Patricia sat up in bed; even bread and milk appeared highly desirable at that moment.

But there was more than bread and milk on the tray Sarah carried. Patricia stared at the generous square of strawberry shortcake, plentifully supplied with cream, in wondering silence.

Sarah brought a small table to the side of the bed. "Miss Julia, she done send some message 'bout this 'ere cake, Miss P'tricia; but, law o' mercy, I'se clean forgot the most 'portant word. Hit were something 'bout you-uns having had a fat-fat-"

"Fatiguing day?" Patricia suggested, taking little anticipatory pickings at the corners of the shortcake.

Sarah nodded her turbaned head. "Where's you-un been all day, Miss P'tricia?" she enquired, severely.

"If you don't mind, Sarah — I'm very hungry and tired — I won't go into that at present. I had something very important to see to."

"Humph!" Sarah grunted. "Nice do-

ings, worrying your pore aunt near to 'straction — the doctor, he ain't come home to dinner — to hear 'bout your carryings-on. What you think he's goin' say — when Miss Julia tells him?"

Patricia was absorbed in eating bread and milk. "It must be dreadful to be really starved, Sarah," she observed.

"Where you get your dinner, Miss P'tricia?"

"I did n't have any," Patricia answered.

"My sakes!" Further speech failed Sarah. She turned away.

Patricia's next visitor was old Cæsar. Standing by the bed, he asked as plainly as dog may what in the world she was doing there at that time of day? He accepted solemnly his share of the good things going, then stretched himself out on the floor beside the bed, to mount guard — but not until he had told her as forcibly as he could that the summer evening was unusually fine, and that there were several little affairs in the garden requiring their joint supervision.

"But I can't go, Cæsar," Patricia told him. She was always sure that her dumb friends understood quite well all she said to them. "There comes Daddy now."

"It does n't seem to be solitary confinement, Patricia," Dr. Kirby said, as he came in and seated himself on the side of the bed.

Patricia stretched out a welcoming hand. "It's hours and hours since I've seen you, Daddy."

Dr. Kirby took the outstretched hand gravely. "From your aunt's account, there would appear to have been hours and hours in which she did not see you, Patricia?"

"I'm afraid I was gone a long while, Daddy; but I came home just as soon as I got things straightened out."

"Suppose you give me the particulars, Patricia."

And moving so as to rest her head on her father's knee, Patricia told in detail the story of her day's experiences. She had the comforting conviction that when Daddy knew all he would not be very displeased with her.

More than once, during that recital, the doctor's mouth twitched under his mustache, and he turned rather suddenly to look out of the window.

"But, Pat," he exclaimed, as she finished, "what made it so imperative for you to find that tramp dog a home?"

Patricia's gray eyes were very earnest. "Some one had to do it, Daddy."

The doctor smoothed back the soft, thick curls. "But, Pat, I cannot have you burdening yourself with the responsibility of finding homes for all the stray dogs that cross your path."

"He was so miserable, Daddy — outside; and so really nice — inside! I don't believe he liked being a tramp dog."

The doctor stooped and kissed her; it was not easy to be severe with Patricia. "Still, dear, it must not happen again; you run too great a risk; stray dogs are not always very dependable as to temper."

"It's going to be mighty hard not to, Daddy."

"And Patricia, where are my scissors, and salve, and soap?"

"I'm afraid — down by the brook; so's the towel. I was glad I'd watched you bandage Cæsar's paw that time."

"That is all very well; but, Patricia, you are not to meddle with any of the office things again without permission. And now, about this matter of breaking bounds to-day?"

Patricia looked up quickly. "You — you'll 'take the intention into consideration,' Daddy?"

The doctor smiled. "Yes, but," his face grew grave again, "I must also take into consideration the fact that this is by no means the first time you have gone wandering off, causing your aunt a great deal of anxiety."

"I can't think why she will worry so. I always come back all right."

"That is not the point. It must be only the yard for the rest of the week, Patricia."

Patricia drew a long breath. "Well," she said, slowly, "I *am* glad it's Thursday night 'stead of Monday morning."

Patricia sat up in bed, rubbing her eyes. What had wakened her?

A second series of short, sharp little barks sent her hurrying to the window. On the path below, a bit of frayed rope dangling from his neck, stood Custard.

When the doctor came down-stairs, twenty minutes later, he found Patricia on the back steps, with Custard in her lap, busily placing a fresh bandage on the hurt paw. "Daddy," she cried, lifting her face for his morning greeting, "was n't it too

lovely of him to hunt me up. Is n't he the most grateful dog ever was?"

The doctor patted the dog's rough head, then stooped to examine Patricia's work. "Not a bad job for an eleven-year-old, Pat."

"I could do it better, only I had to make a strip from a piece I found in Aunt Julia's scrap-bag," Patricia explained.

"Patricia!" Miss Kirby exclaimed from the doorway, "your dress is only half buttoned, and your hair is — *Patricia Kirby*, have you gone and hunted up another dog!"

"It's the same one, Aunt Julia. He has improved a lot, has n't he? If you'd seen how glad he was to see me! I suppose he'll have to be sent back. Cæsar likes him pretty well; he did n't growl at him once when I introduced them to each other."

"It's a question whether *sending* back will do any good," the doctor said. He was watching the two on the steps.

Patricia stroked the bandaged paw gently. "I can't take him — I can't go out of the yard, can I, Daddy?"

"Decidedly not."

"Could n't you take him in the gig with you, Patrick?" Miss Kirby felt that she was playing a losing game.

"Going quite in the opposite direction."

"And Jim?"

"Goes with me." The doctor was still studying the two on the steps.

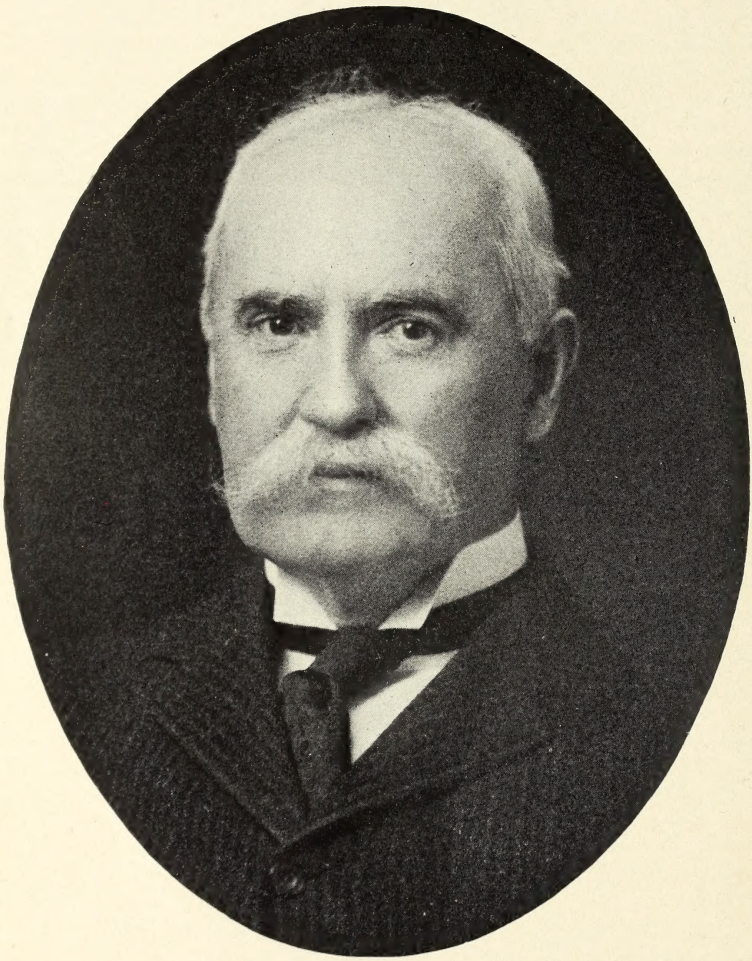
"If he stays one day we are doomed!" Miss Kirby declared.

"That only leaves you and Sarah, does n't it, Aunt Julia?" Patricia asked, cheerfully.

Miss Kirby was not without a sense of humor. "I am afraid Sarah is out of the question," she said; "and if he waits for me to take him he will stay here — altogether."

Patricia was quick to catch the longed-for concession in her aunt's voice. Dropping Custard, she ran to hug Miss Kirby. "Oh, you darling! But, Daddy," she turned anxiously, "oh, do you suppose Mr. Carr will mind *very* much?"

"I rather think he will be able to bear the disappointment," the doctor answered.



Senator Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich, Author
of the proposed Aldrich Bill

WHAT NEW ENGLAND SAYS ON PANICS AND CURRENCY REFORM

A Symposium by Henry Cabot Lodge, Jacob H. Gallinger, Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich, Frank B. Brandegee, Samuel W. McCall, John W. Weeks, David J. Foster, A. B. Capron, Joseph H. Walker, Garrett Droppers, Arthur B. Chapin, J. Bernard Ferber, Robert Luce

Introduction by DAVID S. BARRY

WASHINGTON seems to be about as uncertain as are other parts of the country as to the efficacy of the currency legislation to which Congress has given such careful consideration, to cure the present evil and prevent a repetition of it.

It seems to be as generally feared by the statesmen as by those who have more intimate knowledge of the commercial and industrial situation that while the financial stringency which brought about conditions sometimes described as a "panic" have improved, there is an industrial depression which may continue for some time to come.

Nobody seems to know definitely whether the currency legislation of Congress is to mend matters materially, although it is an encouraging sign that nobody thinks it can make them worse. The uncertainty as to the measure of relief and assistance that will be afforded is due largely to the uncertainty as to what caused the money shortage which has brought about the unsatisfactory industrial situation. Not being able to diagnose to their own satisfaction the disease, the doctors are more or less at sea in their efforts to find a remedy.

The most eminent financial authority in Washington, Senator Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich, of Rhode Island, chairman of the Finance Committee, the real author of all financial legislation of the present day, himself has his doubts. He is inclined to think that the so-called panic had no real existence, but that the business world simply felt the injurious effect of the hoarding of money by individuals and country banks through excitement following the disclosures of the speculative performances of the high financiers of Wall Street.

Senator Aldrich thinks that there will be plenty of money when those who needlessly locked it up let it out, and that legislation which he supports will act as a preventive rather than a cure of like attacks. The legislation he regards as more in the nature of a concession to sentiment than to necessity for a change in the law.

The present proposed law is not intended by its authors and sponsors to be an overhauling of the statutes relating to finance; it is simply designed to meet the present emergency of a lack of cash, and the most beneficial results are expected of its exactment. The conditions in Congress at the opening of this campaign for finance legislation are peculiar. The Banking and Currency Committee of the House, where financial legislation might be expected to originate, is so made up that no legislation can proceed from it, its chairman, Mr. Fowler, of New Jersey, being devoted to his hobby of asset currency, to which the leaders in both Houses and apparently the rank and file are unalterably opposed. To the Senate, therefore, the country turns in its predicament; and to the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, aided and assisted by the Republicans as a party, without regard to the Banking and Currency Committee, the country will be indebted for the desired legislation.

Although the Aldrich Bill is not intended to be a thorough, complete, and lasting overhauling of our financial and currency laws, the debate that was opened by the author of the bill upon its being considered

in its completed form will be more comprehensive than any that has taken place in Senate and House since the repeal of the silver-purchase clause of the Sherman Act in 1893, when Grover Cleveland was president of the United States.

Senator Aldrich is not an orator in the popular meaning of the word, but he is a financial authority, better posted, perhaps, on financial and tariff subjects than any man now in public life. When he speaks the Senate listens; and as he never discusses subjects unless he knows about them, Congress and the country derive much information from what he says. The Rhode Island Senator is averse to being interviewed for publication, believing that it is safer and better in every way for the people to derive their information as to his views on public questions from his utterances and his actions in Congress. But he was induced to allow himself to be quoted as to some statements with regard to the present bill. Mr. Aldrich said:

"When the Finance Committee came to the consideration of what form the legislation to be proposed sought to take there was scarcely any division of sentiment. Senator Hale, I believe, made the suggestion that there were two ways of providing a remedy, there being no question in the mind of any thinking man that some sort of provision ought to be made to give the country an ample supply of currency in times of great demand. One was to proceed in the simplest way, with the amendment of existing law, which would be accomplished with the least disturbance. The other was to proceed with a bill which would overturn the present system, involve us in a long discussion, and perhaps result in a measure that would be so attacked as to cause uneasiness in a business situation still fraught with some anxiety. Not a single member of the committee, Republican or Democrat, with the exception of Senator Hansbrough, who favors the central-bank plan, was in favor of going along the lines of the revision of the whole financial and currency system. I do not think there was a single member of the committee who was not seriously desirous of doing the very best thing for the country.

"All felt that there should be legislation, and it was finally decided that the bill now before the committee should be drawn. This provides that national banks should be permitted to issue in times of great demand for currency notes based on a certain percentage of the value of bonds, well known and recognized as safe investments. There has been commendation of the bill, and criticism. The criticism comes from bankers who have been engaged for years in a propaganda in favor of changing our system of currency from that based on bonds to that based on the assets of a bank, or on commercial credit.

"If it had been of vital national importance to change at this time the whole form of the currency system, if we were beginning all over again, or if the present system had actually been destroyed, then the committee might have favored a plan for a central bank. Or it might have favored some other plan. But what it desired more than anything else was to suggest a plan which would provide a means of furnishing currency when needed and that could be passed by Congress. It felt that the eyes of the world were on us, and that if we tried some complicated scheme that could not be passed, or if passed broke down, it would discredit us in the eyes of the world."

In his speech in the Senate, Mr. Aldrich, of course went into the subject more in detail, and also explained more fully the scope and effect and object of the measure which he presented as a temporary measure of relief.

Except that Senator Aldrich, a Rhode Island man and chairman of the Committee on Finance, has decided views — possibly because of this fact — New England has not taken a prominent part in the present campaign for currency and financial legislation. For many years Representative William C. Lovering, of Taunton, a member of the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures, which, contrary to a popular impression derived from its name, has little or nothing to do in currency legislation, that being dealt with almost entirely by the Committee on Banking and Currency, has talked on the general subject of finance in season and out. He has prepared many a bill about which he has consulted the authorities with characteristic industry and persistence, but which has never emerged from the Congressional files. This year Mr. Lovering seems to have abandoned the subject, and has not made reply

to the request of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for a statement in reply to the three following questions submitted to nearly all of the members of the New England delegation:

(1) Will the Aldrich Bill give the necessary relief?

(2) Should we have a central national bank?

(3) Has there been a panic in New England? If so, is it not all over?

Other members of the delegation have been no less responsive, although giving in each case a fairly good excuse for not desiring publicly to discuss the financial question at this time. Senator Crane, for instance, with his customary reticence or, rather, lack of loquacity, authorizes answers to the questions as follows:

(1) "Yes."

(2) "It's not practicable; not now, at any rate."

(3) "Yes, but things are improving now."

The senior Senator from Connecticut, Morgan G. Bulkeley, dodged the questions, although he is known to have rather strong views on all aspects of the general subject of finance. A business man of wide and important interests, he has at various times made suggestions as to what Congress in its wisdom ought to do; but now that it is about to do something, Senator Bulkeley evidently does not care to formally announce his views.

Senator Frye and Representative Littlefield of Maine frankly state that they have been unable to give this important subject such careful consideration as would be justified in expressing definite opinions and answering specific questions, and therefore they courteously decline to do so. So does Senator Dillingham of Vermont, for like reasons, and one of the most active and generally most willing talkers, ex-Senator William E. Chandler, in explaining that he cannot talk on the subject for publication because he has no positive views on it, adds with characteristic candor, "I wish I had."

There are, however, other members of the delegation, both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, who have been willing to submit their views for publication in THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE in the form of replies to the three questions above set forth, and their statements follow:

"OPPOSITION TO A CENTRAL BANK"

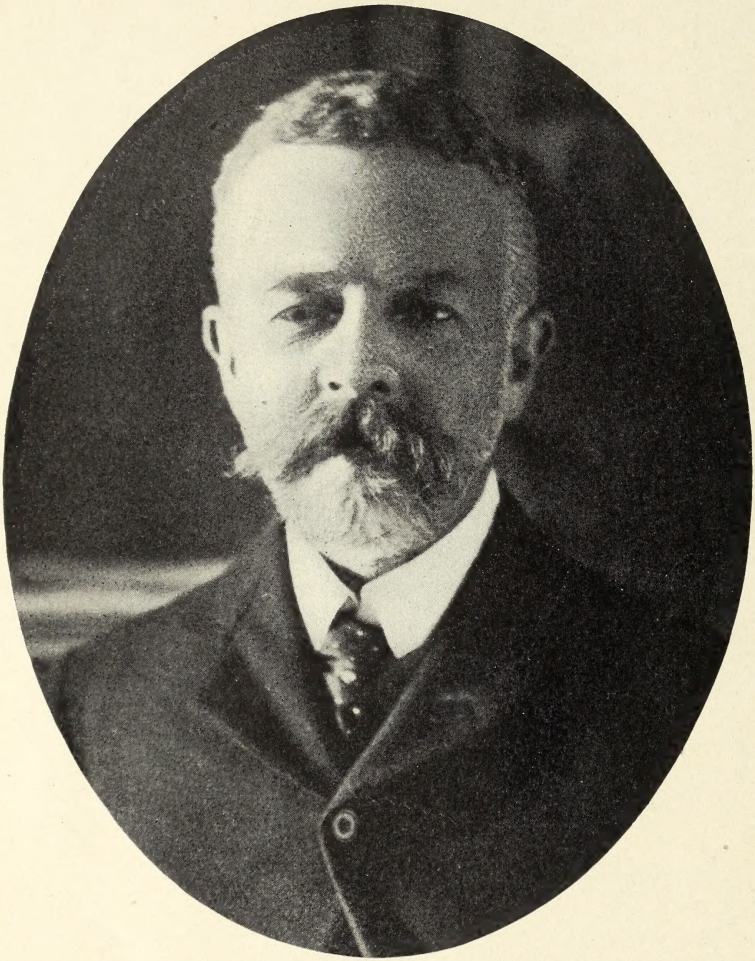
Senator HENRY CABOT LODGE, *of Massachusetts*

I think the Aldrich Bill will prove a most beneficial measure. It must be remembered that in legislation of this kind it is very frequently out of the question to get the best possible arrangement. Personally, I believe that all national-bank currency should be based on a gold reserve, as is done in the Bank of England and the Bank of France. I also believe that our bank system should be organized with a central bank; but neither of these plans can be carried out, because there is an opposition in Congress strong enough to defeat them. We must, therefore, do the best that is possible under the circumstances.

I do not think the English system of raising the rate of discount and, if necessary, suspending the Bank Act, which is equivalent to a suspension of specie payments, is a good system at all. It is rigid and violent. I much prefer the German system of a currency to be issued in excess of the normal amount, and taxed so that it will come out when needed and be retired when the need ceases because it is no longer profitable. It is the German plan which has been adopted in the Aldrich Bill.

As for the basis of circulation, we have taken that to which we have been accustomed for the last forty years, and have simply enlarged it by permitting the basis to be not only government bonds, but bonds of States, counties, and municipalities, and certain railroad securities. It seems to be forgotten that these identical forms of securities for circulation were urged by the financial interests of the country as security for government deposits; and when they issued those, deposits increased, and they are now used in accordance with the law for that purpose.

I repeat that I do not think bonds the

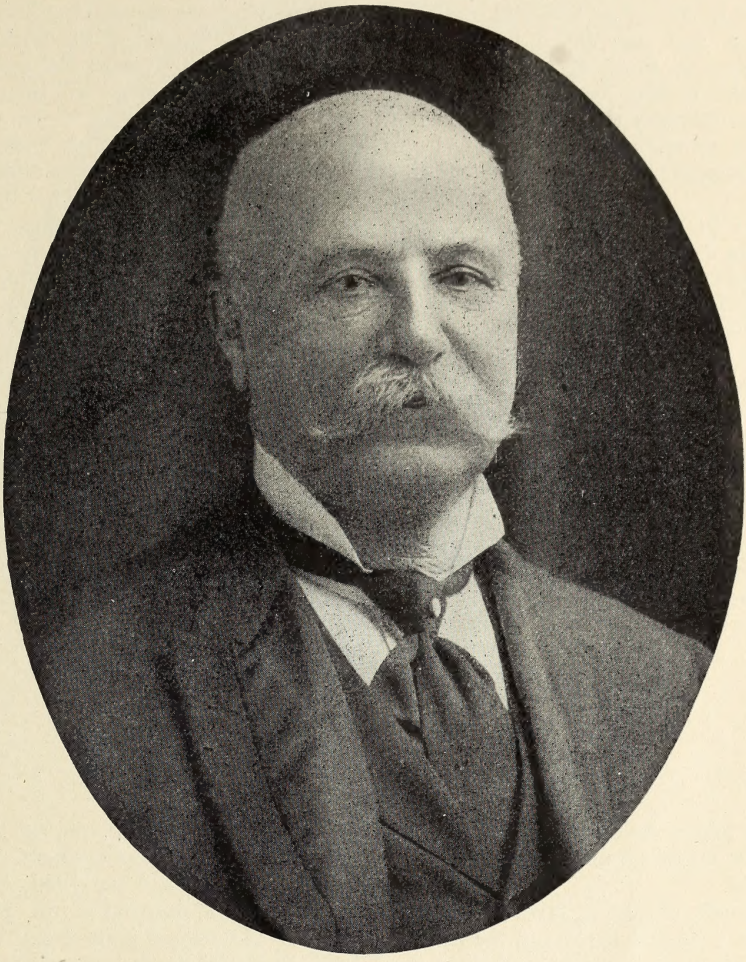


Senator Henry Cabot Lodge

best basis for currency, but it is the best obtainable, and the one to which we are accustomed.

The Aldrich Bill will, therefore, give us an easy method of getting additional currency in times of stringency, which is guarded against inflation by the tax when high rates disappear.

There has been no especial panic in New England. We have felt there, as all the country has felt, the depression of last autumn and the consequent currency stringency, but all the trust companies and banks in Massachusetts stood firm, and there was only one large industrial failure in the State. It seems to me that the panic, if one chooses to call it so, is over, and we are returning to normal and steady business conditions.



Senator Jacob H. Gallinger

"WE NEED ELASTICITY IN OUR CURRENCY"

Senator JACOB H. GALLINGER, *of New Hampshire*

With a larger *per capita* circulation than has ever been known in the history of the country, it would seem that there should be no occasion for a financial stringency such as we have recently experienced, and the conclusion is inevitable that either those at the head of our large banking institutions have been improvident and reckless in their management, or else that the people of the country lost confidence in our financial in-

stitutions and resorted to the policy of withdrawing their funds from the banks and hoarding them. Very likely both conditions contributed to the recent financial troubles; but however that may be, it has become manifest that in times of financial stringency we should have some system of elasticity in our currency that would enable the government to increaset he currency issue and thus temporarily bridge over the deficiency.

It seems to me that the Aldrich Bill, when it has been perfected, offers as reasonable and safe a solution of the problem as we can hope to reach during the present Congress. If a law along the lines of the Aldrich Bill had been on the statute-books a few months ago it can readily be seen that relief measures could have been adopted that would have relieved the situation in the beginning, and prevented the development of what proved to be a very troublesome situation. Even assuming that the bill is not as complete and comprehensive a measure as it should be, it is certainly a step in the right direction, and will serve a very useful purpose while other measures are taking shape in the minds of those who are best qualified to advise on the subject.

I have never believed that the establishment of a central national bank would meet the varying demands of the business interests of the country, and I feel quite certain that no such experiment will be tried in the near future.

I assume that there has been in New England a condition of things that may well be called a panic, and I do not believe that the trouble is over by any means. When the railroads and other great industrial enterprises are borrowing money as high as 10% it is manifest that the financial situation is not as satisfactory as is desirable. It is also a well-known fact that in the cotton-mills of the New England States there has been a curtailment of employment, and that all business enterprises are practising the most rigid economy. The probabilities are that so far as the banks are concerned the condition of things is better than it was a little time ago, but there is still much anxiety felt lest the production of the factories shall continue to be curtailed, resulting in a lessening demand for labor.

"NOT A REAL PANIC IN NEW ENGLAND"

Senator NELSON WILMARTH ALDRICH, *of Rhode Island*

(1) The first question is answered so far as it can be answered now by what I have already said.

(2) I should, of course, favor the establishment of a central bank; but the plan is impracticable because, if for no other reason, Congress would not agree to it.

(3) There has not been, I think, a real panic in New England, but the stringency has been felt there as elsewhere. The danger to New England lay chiefly in the fear of what would happen to the New York banks. If they had gone down they would have, of course, carried many New England banks with them, and then there would have been a panic or worse.

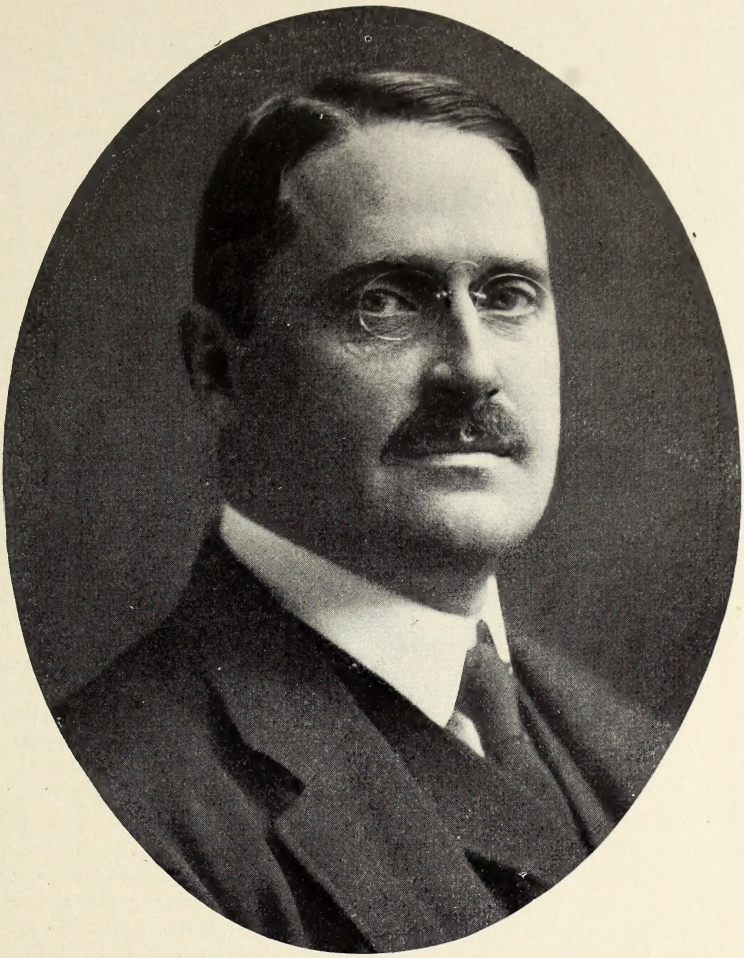
"THE ALDRICH BILL WILL LOOK TO THE FUTURE"

Senator FRANK B. BRANDEGEE, *of Connecticut*

I do not think that anybody can answer with certainty your questions, and I am sure that I can say all that I ought to say about them in a very few words.

Your first question is, "Will the Aldrich Bill give the necessary relief?"

Replying to this, I would say that very few people expect that the Aldrich Bill as it was introduced will become law. It has already been amended in several important particulars in committee, and will doubtless be further amended in each branch of Congress; and if a bill known as the Aldrich Bill shall finally become a law, it will



Senator Frank B. Brandegee

be the product of a compromise by a conference committee of the two Houses. Whether that result will furnish the necessary relief or not is a matter of prophecy, which I am not sufficiently qualified to deal with.

As to what is past in the financial difficulties, of course, nothing can relieve. As to the present situation, I do not think any financial legislation by Congress is desirable. I think it is better, safer, and wiser to allow the present situation to work itself out under existing law. The banks and financial men of the country understand the laws governing the finances of the country, as they stand now, and I think in the present unsettled condition of business any attempt to change our financial laws and regulations would add to the confusion.

There is no consensus of opinion in the country as to what ought to be done. The leading business sections of the country differ among themselves, and, indeed, leading financiers and experts of the same

sections are far from agreed as to what, if anything, should be done. In my opinion, therefore, it is better for the country, until public opinion clarifies itself, that Congress should not attempt to do anything with a view of affording relief to the present situation. The Aldrich Bill, as finally passed, will look to the future entirely. It does not pretend to be a general revision or change in our currency system. It provides simply for the expansion of the bank-note issue of the country in the future, to tide over an emergency which may or may not arise.

If the next panic shall not appear to be imminent for several years it is perfectly impossible for anybody to say now with any certainty how that or any other measure designed to operate in the future would work. Personally, I feel that our financial system and our tariff system — defective as they may be in particulars — are so fundamentally connected with (and indeed almost the basis of) our commercial life that they should be changed only with the most extreme conservatism.

Your second question is, "Should we have a central national bank?"

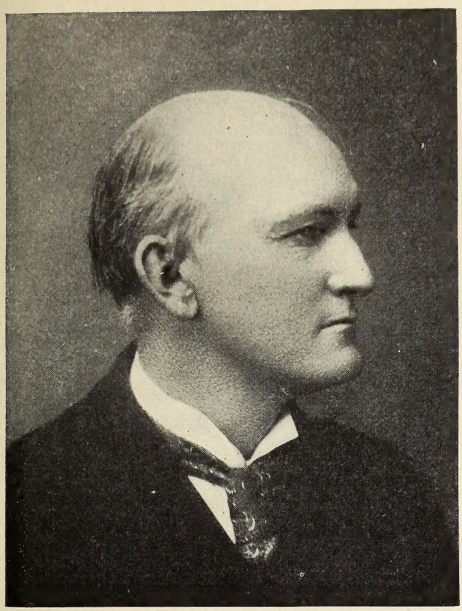
I do not regard this question as important, so far as any immediate prospect is concerned. My belief is that if we had some such great central and controlling institution as the Bank of England or the Imperial Bank of Germany the supply of our circulating medium of exchange would be much better and more scientifically regulated than it is at present. I think that over-extension of credit would be less liable to occur, and that that great central institution, being in close touch with every section of the country, would be in position to see clearer and act wiser than the many banks at present scattered all over the country. For the present, I regard this as an academic proposition. I do not believe that there is any possibility that Congress at present would authorize the creation of such a bank.

Your third question is, "Has there been a panic in New England? If so, is it not all over?"

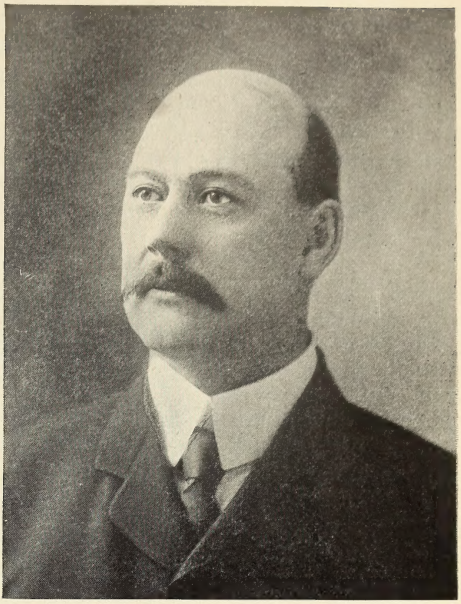
I do not feel that I can answer this question technically as a banker or business man; for I am neither. From all that I know as a lawyer and as a public man in touch with my constituents, I should say that there has been no panic in the State of Connecticut. I do not recall that any banks there have suspended or that there has been any great calling of loans by the financial institutions. Money has been tight there, and the banks, in order to hold themselves in readiness for whatever might occur, have been conservative about making new loans; but I do not know of a single instance in which there has been a run upon a bank or an instance in which any bank in Connecticut has had to be helped by other interests in order to sustain itself during the last year. Business has fallen off in Connecticut, and there have been some failures by manufacturing concerns which had become overextended; but so far as my State is concerned I should not say that there has been any panic, and so far as I am informed, I think that has been and is the situation generally throughout New England. I do not anticipate that business will regain its former prosperous condition for some time. I think the recovery from depressed business conditions will be slow, but I think there will be such a recovery shortly and that it will be a normal and wholesome one.

If I may be allowed to express an opinion not strictly in answer to either of your three questions, but in a degree pertinent thereto, I would say that in my opinion it is the duty of every business man and especially of every legislator, both state and national, and of every man of influence throughout the country, in such times as the present and under such conditions as prevail, to so order and shape both his speech and his conduct as to suppress hysteria and demagogery; to quiet the apprehensions of the people; to allay feuds and antagonisms between labor and capital, and between the poor and the well-to-do.

This country can never permanently prosper by setting one group of men on top of another, or by the success of the propaganda of hatred and discord. Labor can never be well paid except as capital is made productive; and capital can never be made productive until the men who have it can safely see far enough into the future to be assured that tranquillity, conservatism, and common sense are liable to prevail before they risk their money in the construction, maintenance, or extension of the mammoth instrumentalities of production, transportation, and distribution which are necessary in the commercial world of to-day.



Representative Samuel W. McCall



Representative John W. Weeks

"CENTRAL BANK WOULD GET INTO POLITICS"

Representative SAMUEL W. MCCALL, *of Massachusetts, a Member of the Committee on Ways and Means*

I really have not studied the Aldrich Bill, and I could give no opinion concerning it that would be of any value to the readers of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

As to the central national bank, an institution of that character such as they have in England and France would be a good thing, except for the danger that it would inevitably get into politics. When it grew into a very powerful and efficient institution it would become very popular for statesmen in need of votes to bang it. Political objection is the chief one I see.

As to the panic in New England, I think that the general suspension of the banks for about as long a period as occurred in 1893, and the very great difficulty in getting money, would indicate that there had been a serious crisis, if not indeed what might be called a panic. Whether it is over or not I do not know.

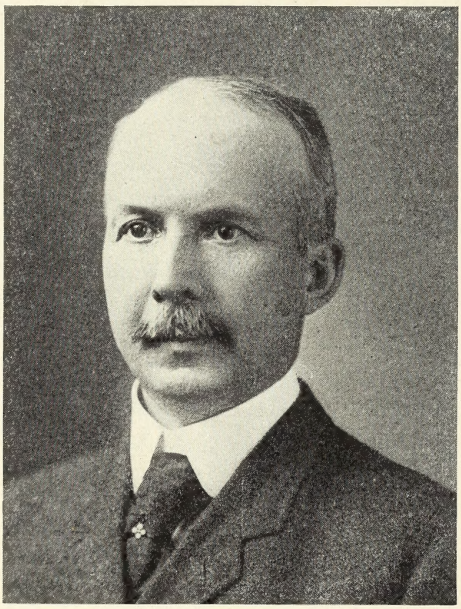
In '93 the farms of the West were heavily mortgaged and that section of the country was poor. To-day it is rich, from a succession of great crops. If it were poor, as in the former period, I believe the industrial drag following the acute financial symptoms would be long continued. But the Western banks are now able to loan money to New England manufacturers. If the government does nothing to disturb confidence I believe we shall soon again see good times.

"FICTITIOUS PRICES FOR SECURITIES"

Representative JOHN W. WEEKS, *of Massachusetts, a Member of the Committee on Banking and Currency*

First. The Aldrich Bill would doubtless provide a safe currency. I am inclined to disapprove of the railroad bond as security, but have no doubt that, with proper safeguards, any bond referred to in the bill would furnish a safe basis; but it is not a

technically sound proposition any more than is our national-bond-secured circulation. It is inelastic, and it assumes that national banks will own other bonds than government bonds, or that they will purchase them when the emergency arises. If the bank owns the bonds as a permanent investment that amount of money will not be available for commercial business; and as all of a national bank's funds should be available for commercial purposes, I hesitate to approve that part of the propositon. If it has to purchase the bonds, when the emergency arises it will naturally make a fictitious price for securities of the necessary character, and would be likely to make losses when the emergency had passed; and it would create a tendency on the part of banks to speculate in municipal and other similar bonds — a course to be discouraged.



Representative David J. Foster

Second. The wisest thing, taking every view-point into consideration, would be to establish a large central bank; but, in my judgment, the country is not prepared for such a change. It would almost certainly be opposed by one party — and a very large section of the present dominant party. Therefore, I do not consider it advisable to urge central-bank legislation at this time.

Third. There has been a panic in New England, but the New England banks were in better shape to meet it than banks in any other part of the country. Very many leading men in New England had felt that it was time for conservative action many months before the collapse came, last October. When it did come, therefore, to a large extent the banks were prepared; and it is noticeable that no government money was sent to New England during the panic, and comparatively little gold was brought from foreign countries. The panic is over, as far as currency difficulties are concerned, but it will take many months to get back to normal conditions. I cannot see any possibility of good business conditions until after the presidential election.

"WE NEED A MORE STRICT REGARD FOR LAW"

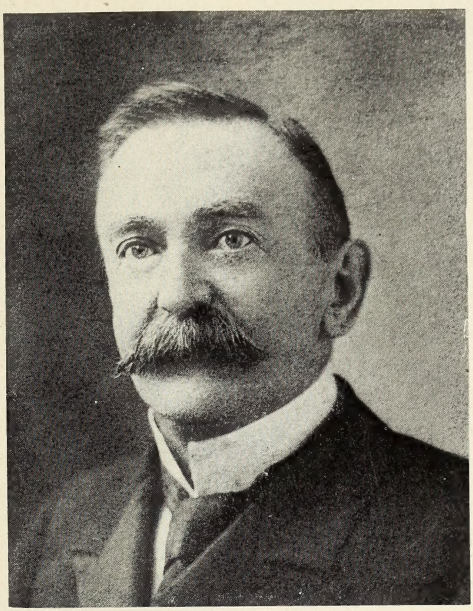
Representative DAVID J. FOSTER, *of Vermont*

The Aldrich Bill is now pending in Congress, and will doubtless come before the House for consideration in the near future. It should be stated at the outset, therefore, that whatever is here stated should not be understood as indicating my attitude toward the bill. It may be desirable to enact the bill into law although one may be doubtful as to whether it will accomplish its purpose.

In reply to the question, "Will the Aldrich Bill give the necessary relief?" I reply that I fear not. In the first place, we should go back of the disease and seek a preventive rather than a remedy. The one preventive of conditions through which we have just passed is found in a wise, conservative, law-abiding administration of our banks. The fact that money is so plenty to-day where it was not to be had a few weeks ago, taken in connection with the conditions revealed in some of the great banks and trust companies of New York, plainly demonstrates

that the real trouble was not the scarcity of money. People who had their money on deposit in those banks and trust companies became justly alarmed. And in their fright they did what people will always do in that condition, — they withdrew their money from the banks and from circulation. We need, therefore, first of all, a more strict regard for the law in the administration of our trust companies. Honesty and conservatism and sound judgment in connection with these banking institutions will go far to prevent a panic at critical times.

But as a remedy the Aldrich Bill, it seems to me, cannot accomplish what it would. It would doubtless be helpful, and particularly in the East. But it must be remembered that the currency proposed by the bill would have to be prepared by the government after the crisis had been reached. It is hardly to be supposed that the government would keep it on hand ready for distribution. This would require time. Then, too, while the Eastern banks are generally in a position to secure the necessary bonds, this is not true of the Western banks. As a rule, it will be found that those banks do not have on hand either the bonds required by this bill or the assets which can be promptly exchanged for such bonds.



Representative A. B. Capron

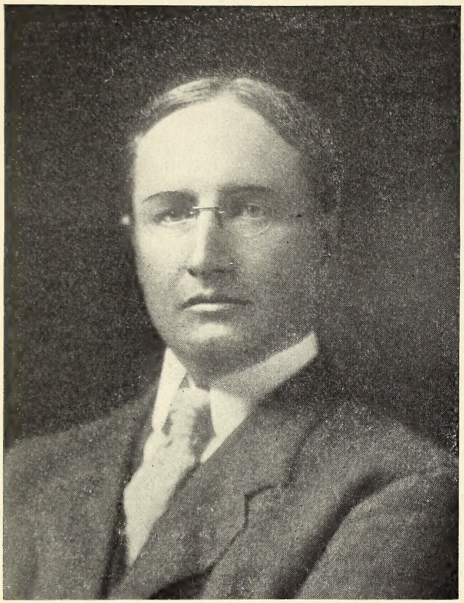
I would answer the second question, "Should we have a central national bank?" in the affirmative. But this is a comparatively new proposition to our people, and it is useless to expect such a bank in the near future. The scheme requires much care and study, and public opinion must be crystallized in its favor before the necessary legislation can be had.

To the third question, "Has there been a panic in New England?" I reply, "Yes." And to the query, "Is it not all over?" I answer, "Yes." That is to say, we have had throughout New England a financial panic, and owing to the soundness and conservatism of our banking institutions the people whose money was deposited in them never lost faith in them and comparatively little inconvenience was experienced by them. I believe, however, that we have seen the worst, and that in a few months we shall see prosperous conditions in the industrial and business circles of New England.

"ALDRICH BILL IMPERATIVE AS TEMPORARY EXPEDIENT"

Representative A. B. Capron, *of Rhode Island*

(1) The recent financial flurry, which at the time portended a panic, served to emphasize the utterly unelastic conditions which surround our present currency system, based, as it is, entirely upon United States bonds, which conditions are sought to be corrected by the Aldrich Bill. The circulating notes secured by bonds or other interest-bearing obligations of states and cities, the Panama Canal bonds, and the first mortgage bonds of railroads, surrounded by the necessary safeguards, would fur-



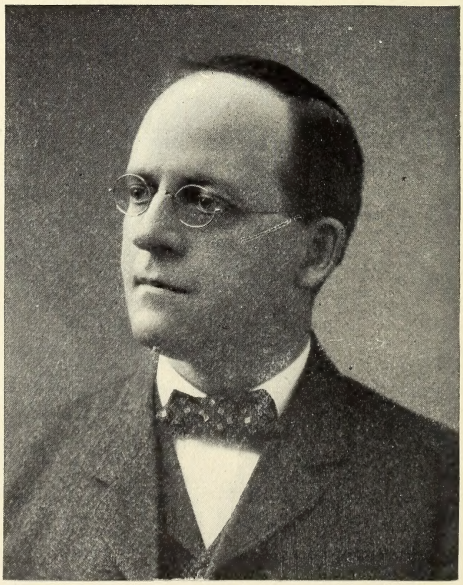
Representative Joseph H. Walker

nish an emergency circulation of notes, the stability and security of which would never be questioned and would prevent the recurrence of the monetary stringency which tends to check the annual normal movement of the great crops and to paralyze business.

Therefore, I feel certain that the enactment of the Aldrich Bill into law will go a long way towards giving necessary temporary relief. The possible dangers which have been held up as a menace to the absolute safety of the currency so secured and issued will vanish when the limitations and safeguards provided in the bill are fully understood. The absurdity of the contention that the Aldrich Bill would work solely in the interest of Wall Street is revealed when we consider that the securities upon which the proposed circulating notes are based are those a country bank in every State remote from Wall Street would be likely to hold, and which are more frequently issued by states and cities of the South and West. The need of those sections for currency with which to move the great crops of cotton and grain annually proves that it is not the money centre of the country which most needs the currency thus provided. No one will deny that had the Aldrich Bill been in force the recent panicky conditions would not have occurred.

(2) From such study of the question of the establishment of a central national bank as I have been able to give, I believe that if a law could be so drafted as to keep the institution wholly out of politics, and have its control vested in a managing board elected by the banks of all the States, controlled something after the manner in which the Bank of England is managed, thus taking the government out of the banking business and leaving the fiscal control of all the vast matters pertaining to banking in the hands of a competent agency, it might be in the direction of an ideal scheme in the solution of the great problem. As the question is of such vast proportions, it should be evolved with great care and deliberation. There would be no chance for an enactment of such measure by this Congress, thus the need of the passage of the Aldrich Bill as a temporary expedient becomes the more imperative.

(3) My first sentence in reply to the first question would imply that I do not consider that there has been a panic. Certainly there has been none in New England. When only one bank in the city of Providence has



Representative Robert Luce

suspended; when no industrial establishment has shut down, and every one has returned to full time, with no diminution of wages, and money is plentiful at normal rates of interest, surely all the elements of a panic are absent. The healthy present condition in manufacturing and financial enterprises proves that the flurry has resulted in giving a normal tone in all trade relations.

"NOW THE TIME FOR SOUND, PERMANENT LEGISLATION"

Representative JOSEPH H. WALKER, *Massachusetts Legislature*

I do not believe that the Aldrich Bill will prevent future panics and work the necessary reform in the currency. The recent currency stringency is passing, if not passed. Now is the time for sound permanent legislation and not for temporary expedients. A sound system of currency would make this country the recognized financial centre of the world, and would help out trade and business.

There is but one sound system of currency; viz., an asset currency, amply secured, with proper and adequate provisions for prompt current redemption and a guaranty fund. The issue of currency is a proper function of a bank. Banks receive deposits which are merely demand obligations upon them. Bank notes are merely the evidences of demand obligations upon the banks issuing them, and differ in no essential respect from deposits. They, like deposits, must be promptly paid, and for this purpose adequate reserves are necessary.

In order that bank notes may circulate as money without reference to the particular bank which issues them, and because those who hold them have not consciously trusted any particular bank, it is necessary that they be guaranteed by a fund raised from all the banks. Gold, and gold alone, must be the ultimate foundation of our currency. The gold basis must be ample, but under a sound system of currency less gold would be required than under the present system.

A sound system would result in an automatic expansion and contraction of currency to meet the exact needs of commerce month by month and year by year. This law of supply and demand would work quietly and inexorably. An emergency currency, which requires a blast of trumpets to scare everybody, when it is about to be issued, would be a potent influence to bring on and intensify an impending panic. Let us have a sound system, and let us have it now. We must inevitably come to such a system in the end, and no step should be taken by Congress which is not plainly a step in advance.

A central bank would be unpopular and is unnecessary. It would be fruitless to attempt it at this time, even if it were desirable. A sound currency can be had without it.

Was there a panic in New England recently? If so, is it over?

There was a sharp currency stringency in New England, as elsewhere. It did not reach the point of a popular panic here, but we barely escaped it. Confidence was shaken all over the country, and we are face to face with a business depression. The acute phase is now over, but if we are to escape hard times confidence must be restored.

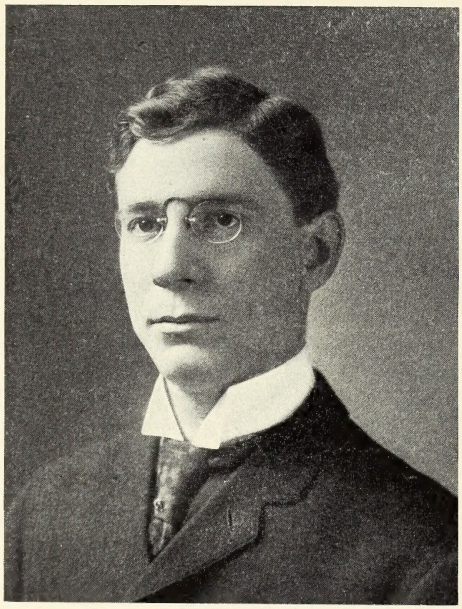
No one thing would tend more surely to restore confidence than the prompt passage by Congress of a currency law which should be, not a temporary expedient, but a real solution of the problem,— a guaranty against currency stringency and currency panics in the future.

"THE CURRENCY QUESTION FOR THE NOVICE"

Representative ROBERT LUCE, *House Chairman Committee on Ways and Means, Massachusetts Legislature*

Although a novice in finance cannot hope to say anything on the currency question that will aid its solution, perhaps he can help other novices to grapple with it by detailing how he has himself thought it out, homely and crude though his method be.

Imagine three persons: Uncle Sam, a borrower; Nephew Henry, with $100,000 in gold or its equivalent; Henry's Brother Jonathan, needing currency in his business. Nephew Henry lends to Uncle Sam $62,500 of his gold or its equivalent and gets a note — called a "bond" — which he returns to Uncle Sam for safe keeping (and security for the next transaction), and on which Uncle Sam pays Henry two per cent interest. Then Henry gives to Brother Jonathan $62,500 in bank notes of small denominations, in return for gold or its equivalent, on which no interest is paid. Result: Uncle Sam has the use of $62,500; Nephew Henry is just where he was at the start, but draws two per cent interest on $62,500 for his trouble; Brother Jonathan has $62,500 in currency with which to do business — just as useful for his purposes as was the gold or its equivalent that he gave up.



Representative J. Bernard Ferber

Of course Uncle Sam is the government; Nephew Henry, the national bank; Brother Jonathan, the public.

Trouble comes when Brother Jonathan either has use for more than $62,500 in currency or does not need it all. If he has too little, business is hampered; if too much, he goes to speculating with the excess. How shall his supply be adapted to his need at the moment?

Mr. Aldrich says: "Let Nephew Henry, the banker, at times when more currency is needed, lend some of that $37,500 difference between what he lent Uncle Sam and his total capital to another man, say the treasurer of a State or city, and on the strength of the municipal or other bond he gets for it, deposited with Uncle Sam for security, issue more bank notes when they are needed." That is the gist of the "asset-currency" solution.

Details do not affect the principles involved. If a government can best regulate the volume of its currency through the medium of bankers, the Aldrich plan may be the wisest course. If the credit of a government, expressed in large denominations, is to be converted into small denominations by passing it through the machinery of banks, there would seem to be no reason why the credit of States and municipalities, or even quasi-public corporations, might not safely be put through the same pulverizing process, to make it available for use in the transactions of trade and industry, assuming proper protection and guaranty.

It might also be efficacious to have a central bank, as a sort of governor on the pulverizing engine, although public sentiment is so strong against such an institution that as a practical matter it is probably not worth while now to discuss it.

In my judgment the currency is but a single factor, and a relatively unimportant factor at that, in the making of commercial depressions. It has more share in producing those spasms of commercial depression which we call panics. An adequately elastic currency would mitigate the losses of panics, not prevent them.

Finance is not a science; it is a state of mind. A financial crisis is a popular mood. Commerce has not the lymphatic temperament. The fever of speculation is inevitably followed by the depression of reaction. That depression seems to be our state today. The worst of it is past. How long it will take to get back to the normal is the

merest guesswork. In the past recovery has usually been slow, but it has usually been after a drop concurrent with bad crops, war, or some other value-destroying episode. This time no such hindrances to convalescence appear. There is lack of the usual danger symptoms,— big failures, starving hordes in the cities, terror behind every counter. So we may hope for speedy recovery of the sick man. One thing is sure, — he has a disease peculiarly adapted to the healing processes exemplified by Christian Science. He can surely aid his own cure by his own mental processes. The important thing, therefore, is to convince him that he has no organic disease. So let everybody preach optimism.

"ANOTHER PIECE OF PATCHWORK"

Representative J. Bernard Ferber, *Chairman House Committee on Banks and Banking, Massachusetts Legislature*

"Will the Aldrich Bill prevent future panics, and work the necessary reform in the currency?" you ask. The man who is wise enough to construct by legislation anything that will guarantee freedom from future panics is a wiser man than any the world yet knows of. That the Aldrich Bill, or any other system to be used in an emergency that will give us more currency in time of need, will have a tendency to avert panics which are caused, as was the last, by a money famine is not to be gainsaid. But as part of a permanent financial system, as a measure that will "work the necessary reform in the currency," it is a mere makeshift. It is merely another piece of patchwork upon a badly constructed building which the owner has n't the courage to rebuild.

It has serious defects even beyond those inherent in the present inelastic bond-secured currency system, without the redeeming feature which was the moving cause in the establishment of our present currency system; viz., the necessity of creating a market for the government bonds during the war. The Aldrich plan, which will permit the issue of currency against State, municipal, and railroad bonds, will create a market and thereby aid in the promotion of loans which in many cases ought to be discouraged rather than encouraged. The prevailing tendencies in municipal extravagance, so well illustrated in Boston in recent times at least, ought not to be encouraged by low interest rates on municipal bonds because of their desirability for currency use. And permitting railroad securities to be used for such purposes opens the door (considering some recent disclosures in railroad financiering) to serious abuses both in the creation of unnecessary or inflated securities and in bringing pressure to bear upon government officials to accept them as security for currency issue in order to enhance their market value.

The chief argument urged for the Aldrich Bill is that it is the only currency measure that can be gotten through Congress; and although nearly all the leading banking men and treasury officials, present and recent, who have given much study to our currency problem are agreed that our present currency system is unscientific, antiquated, and inadequate, yet they are willing to take the Aldrich Bill, which merely amplifies the present system (with some added defects), for emergency purposes, because they say it is politically impossible to secure a real reform of the currency upon a scientific basis.

This brings us to the second question: "Should we have a 'central bank'?" Though leading financiers have advanced all kinds of schemes for reform, some of much merit, nearly all students of the problem are more nearly together upon the suggestion of a central bank than upon any other system. Its successful operation in all important European governments is an additional argument for its adoption.

Yet this system, more than any other, is dismissed from consideration by those who discuss it because they say, "The people are opposed to it." If that is true it is of course sufficient reason for its dismissal. But if true it is a sad commentary upon our people, who, rich in educational facilities, have supported other great reforms which

made for national prosperity, when they were shown the need for them. I do not believe it is true. No popular prejudice which may exist temporarily, if it exists at all, and which is based erroneously, as this is, upon a suspicion, directed against our leading bankers, that they would use a central bank in their own interest and against the interest of the people, will long survive against right principles after a vigorous campaign of education is inaugurated.

Such a bank must have the confidence of the people and the support of the government. The latter would, indeed, exercise an effective control in it. The managers of such a bank would be interested in earning the confidence and support of the people, as otherwise it would fail. In other words, patriotism and business go hand in hand. The magnificent conduct of the great financial institutions in New York in our recent panic in aiding weaker ones is excellent evidence of this. A people which after a campaign of education, grasped and decided rightly, in spite of demagogic appeals, the "silver question" can be counted upon to decide again, correctly, what the financial interests of the country require.

But they require leadership, and further education upon this problem. Such leadership and education they have not had. The great bankers themselves are at fault here. They are not themselves united upon any system. While none of them deny the efficiency of a central bank, they have n't had the courage to fight for it, but have been and are supinely willing to accept — indeed they offer — weak and inefficient alternatives. Two great associations like the New York Bankers' Association and the New York Chamber of Commerce, united as closely as are the interests of these organizations, propose different plans, though they agree on general principles. Let them get together and agree on something that is right, and then prosecute a vigorous campaign of education for it, and what is "right" will and must become "politically expedient" or else popular government must be admitted a failure.

Your third question is, "Was there a panic in New England recently, and if there was is it over?"

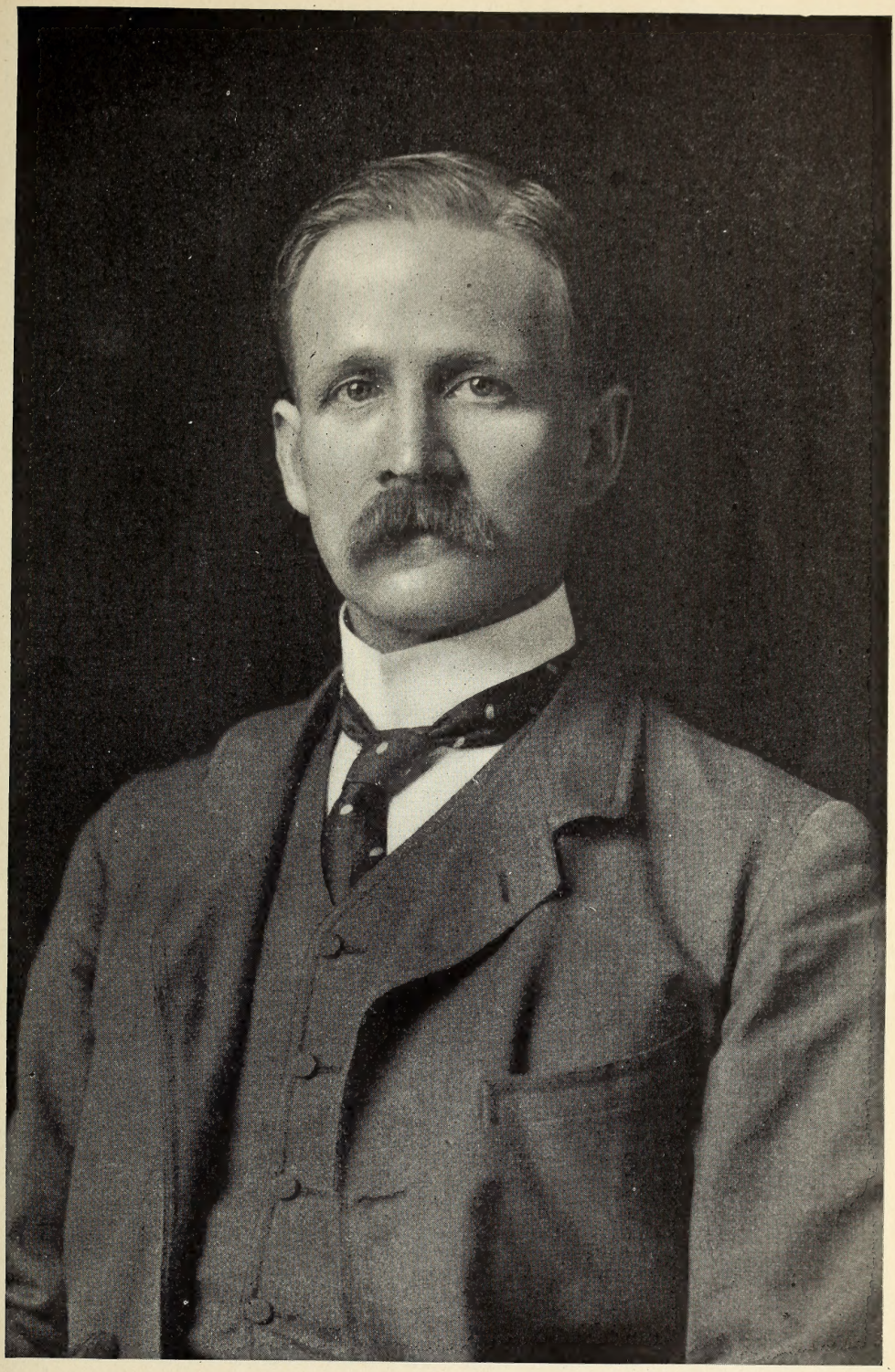
Possibly recent occurrences might not be correctly described technically as a "panic." It has been called a "financial flurry," and "the late unpleasantness." "Financial stringency," I should say, would better express it. But by whatever name it is called, there is no doubt New England had a serious and very uncomfortable few months. Clearing-house certificates are generally incidents of panic. Deposit checks for pay-envelopes; sky-high interest-rates for money; banks giving their own checks for $100 in exchange for $1,000 in currency; the smallest gain in Savings-bank deposits since 1878, chiefly owing to large withdrawals; depleted reserves; and other occurrences of like character, are all evidences of our recent very uncomfortable situation.

Is it over? The money stringency is pretty well over. Clearing-house certificates have all been retired, reserves have increased, and interest-rates have fallen. Loans, though not plentiful and probably not to be had for speculation, can be had upon good collateral. But the returns of the effects of the recent situation are not all in yet, and other struggling sufferers from the recent disease will yet have to perish commercially in the liquidation that will follow.

"THE ALDRICH BILL AND BANK REFORM"

Professor GARRETT DROPPERS

Under present conditions of conducting industry and promoting what is called prosperity, reactions in the business situation are almost inevitable. But to confuse such a reaction with a total suspension of our banking and credit system is to miss the point entirely. Under an efficient banking organization these alternations of prosperity and depressions could be adjusted with comparatively little loss of confidence or of property. Under an inadequate system we are bound to suffer from the extremes of both, panics and disasters following inevitably in the wake of a period of prosperity. The adequacy of the banking system is, therefore, the key to the situation. The



Professor Garrett Droppers

recent panic has taught us this lesson conclusively.

We all agree, at least, on the negative point that the American national banking system fails at the point where it should be effective. Precisely when loss of confidence is imminent the banks are obliged by law to curtail their loans and refuse assistance to even the most legitimate demands. The national-bank law is explicit on this point. It states that whenever the reserves of a bank fall below the required limit the bank must refuse to make loans until the legal proportion is restored. As the notes of the national banks are based on an issue of government bonds, which are held at monopoly prices, it is impossible for the banks to extend their note issues and, therefore, accommodate the demands of their customers. The law provides a rigid rule which forces every bank to look out for itself at the expense of the community. It is only those banks which see that compliance with the law spells ruin, not merely to the industrial and commercial interests, but, in the end, to their own interests as well, that help to relieve the situation. It is questionable whether the issue of clearing-house certificates and the assistance lent by the Secretary of the Treasury are within the provisions of the law. Strictly interpreted, these are illegal acts made necessary by the rigid provisions of the National Bank Act.

The Aldrich Bill proposes to provide for an additional issue of bank notes whenever an emergency exists. Its chief provisions are:

(1) A possible addition of $500,000,000 of bank notes to the existing currency, whenever an emergency arises.

(2) The security for these notes to be certain Federal, State, municipal, railroad, and other bonds, the soundness of which is guaranteed by certain provisions.

(3) This issue to be under the supervision of the Comptroller of the Currency.

(4) This issue of emergency notes to be restricted to 75% of the par value of the bonds. A small tax of one-half of one per cent per month on the amount of notes in circulation to be paid into the division of the redemption of the treasury, and to be credited to the reserve fund held for the redemption of these notes.

The Aldrich Bill is so essentially defective that it has been generally criticized, not only by business men, but by the very bankers who are supposed to be most benefited by it. It can hardly, under the most favorable circumstances, secure the necessary amount of elasticity, and, in addition, it will create independent evils which in many cases must be worse than the disease itself. For instance, for every seventy-five dollars of new bank notes a national bank must invest one hundred dollars in bonds. It is true that a bank may have some of these bonds in its possession, but in most cases a bank would have either to borrow or purchase the bonds which are to serve as security for the note issue. Bondholders would naturally hold these securities for higher prices, and in this way place obstacles in the path of the banks desiring to give relief to the situation. Speculators in bonds would thus be benefited when, as a matter of fact, we have too much speculation already. Furthermore, the note issue would have no relation whatever to the demands of legitimate business, but, rather, to the condition of the bond market. The system is so cumbrous that a panic might occur before the notes could be issued to meet the emergency; and, finally, the issue of these notes would be universally interpreted as a forerunner of panic.

For all these reasons it is doubtful whether the Aldrich Bill would have any influence whatever, either in delaying the coming of a panic or in diminishing its severity.

At present, the National Bank Act provides that whenever the reserves fall below twenty-five per cent of the liabilities in the central reserve cities the banks must cease making loans until that reserve is restored. Under our present system this provision is necessary, for otherwise a bank could expand its loans until the reserve was practically exhausted. In effect, the Aldrich Bill nullifies these provisions and permits, therefore, an indefinite inflation of the credits of the bank without any limitation or restriction.

The countries of the civilized world, excepting Canada and the United States, have agreed upon a system that has demonstrated its power to meet any reasonable emergency. This is the Central or Federal bank system, the best-known example of which is the Imperial Bank of Germany — the so-

Honorable Arthur B. Chapin

called Reichsbank. [Such a bank, if established in the United States, would have at least eventually a monopoly of the bank-note issues. These notes would be legal tender as between all other banks, and, therefore, would be part of the reserves of all other banks. This Federal bank should have at all times a large amount of metallic reserve in proportion to its liabilities, say 40% or perhaps even 50%. Beyond a certain amount of what is called the fiduciary circulation it might require gold for notes, as does the bank of Germany to-day — provided, however, that it could always issue in excess of this requirement on condition that it pay a tax of six per cent on such additional circulation.

Such a bank would have power to tide over emergencies by lending liberally to banks whenever the need arose, but at the same time checking excessive expansion by raising its rate of interest. If the penalty for all excess issues were a six per cent tax there could not be much inducement to issue notes for any long period of time.

A Federal bank, under a united and responsible management, and under the constant scrutiny of public opinion, could regulate its rate of interest with much more certainty than under any other system; and at the same time, there could be no collapse of credit as at present, for the entire industrial community would know that the government stood behind the issuing bank. The function of banking, so far as the issue of notes is concerned, is closely allied to the functions of government in general. Government is primarily a protective institution, and such a bank would in its essence exist for the purpose of protecting the industrial credit and the commerce of the country.

It would be a most useful institution in connection with a postal savings project — a measure likely to be brought up for discussion in the present Congress. It would be a government depository, and as an agent for the government through all its branches it would come in close touch with other banks and the community at large. Such an institution, organized under definite restrictions, would serve as a great balance-wheel in our entire financial system, and would give to the United States what it cannot have under any other system,— perfect security, and elasticity in its note circulation.

"ALDRICH BILL GOOD AS FAR AS IT GOES"

ARTHUR B. CHAPIN, *Treasurer and Receiver-General of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts*

The Aldrich Bill will in the main allow national banks to issue an extra amount of money at special times, and under special conditions.

It is, however, a financial tonic when the money situation becomes run down from the decrease in the normal money supply caused either from the large demand for money or the withdrawal of it from the banks, its customary reservoirs, and the hoarding of it. Such a bill, while good as far as it goes, will not prevent panics when the people are frightened and the confidence of the public is shaken, for the banks themselves share in the lack of confidence when the general public are suffering from the disease.

The great bulk of business must be done on credit, and credit requires confidence, which means "trust in" anything; for example, the deposits in the national banks and trust companies of Boston are about four hundred million dollars, but there is only about forty million dollars in gold and silver currency, so if every one who has money on deposit in Boston should on the same day ask for the amount of their deposit in legal currency they could only receive about ten cents on the dollar in actual money. This condition, of course, would never happen; but when a large amount of money above the normal is drawn from the banks people begin to become frightened, lose confidence, and draw out more money, which makes the situation worse, and the money supply has to be increased from somewhere.

The Aldrich Bill enables the banks to temporarily increase their supply, but does not increase public confidence. The clearing-house certificates increased the money supply, in one sense, by allowing the differ-

ent banks who form a clearing-house to do their business among themselves without actual currency; but a clearing-house is only local, and the different clearing-houses are not properly affiliated, as was shown last November.

The State of Massachusetts, for example, owed to certain New York institutions, for money borrowed, two million dollars, and had issued its notes for it. These notes came due in November, and in ordinary times would have been given to the banks in New York to collect; but these New York institutions would not take checks on Boston banks, owing to the discount by the New York banks of two dollars a thousand charged for Boston checks. They demanded payment from the State of Massachusetts either in New York drafts or gold or silver. The Boston banks where the State money was on deposit did not want to send that amount of gold or silver to New York, so they furnished New York drafts.

The Aldrich Bill will not remedy this lack of confidence between the groups of banks of different cities.

This can be done, however, by some central bank in which all the banks have confidence.

This central bank should have the United States Government back of it in a way similar to the government banks of other countries. It could serve as an equalizer of the money supply by sending it where it was especially needed at certain seasons of the year.

New England, as well as the rest of the country, has been suffering from a panic or business crisis, which apparently reached its height about November. It has taken the form of a slowing down of business, and there will not be such high speed reached again for some time.

My own idea is that there will be still more slowing down before we get back to normal again—and that does not mean the extravagant, feverish pace at which we have been going of late.

Many people must study again in their business dealings the exact meaning of honesty, efficiency, and economy; and this applies as well to the working man as to the banker, as well to the employee as to the employer.

AT THE FERRY

By RUTH STERRY

Restless, eager, human tide,
  Off to toil with the day begun,
Dreaming the things which are to be,
  Deeds to be wrought ere set of sun —

I pray thee strength when the crisis waits.
When Error knocks at thy sacred gates
I pray thee sight, that thine eyes may see
Far as the brink of eternity.

Weary, hopeless, heartless tide,
  Trudging home through the darkness late;
Dreams all shattered, hopes deferred,
  Crushed in the throng at Mammon's gate—

I pray thee peace, for the day is done;
And whether the battle be lost or won,
Coming up by a crimson way
Is To-morrow, the glorious promised day!

LETTERS OF A WELLESLEY GIRL

By H. B. ADAMS

XIII

VIRUMQUE CANO

"I thought I saw a kangaroo
A-striding down the hill.
I looked again and saw it was
A picturesque *jeune fille*."
— *Legenda MCMVI.*

SING of men this time, O learned Daddles; it would hardly do to say "of arms and the man." "Arms and the man!" Mercy! how that would shock Miss Bolles of the Math Department. She's the one who said she did not like those rustling silk skirts some of the girls wear, they are so suggestive of underclothes! Is n't she the coy one?

The regulations here concerning men callers are quite strict, and still very liberal, too. You can receive them any time during the day, or go riding with them, only you must not be out at night.

And you must n't have any caller on Sunday, unless he happens to be your fiancé. If you'll say you're engaged to be married to the male in question he may come.

One Freshie here asked permission to have a man call Sunday, and was asked if she were engaged to him.

She hesitated a little, and then replied: "No, not exactly. But I think I will be Sunday, if you let him call."

There are all sorts of beaux who hang around here. Of course we don't see much of them, unless we chance to be the interested party, and the girls don't mention such things much; but naturally the subject is one of deep and perennial interest.

There's one girl here, Alice Jaynes, who has a sweetheart whose father is a big-bug Britisher and lives in Ottawa. He was in the diplomatic corps at Washington for some years, and during that time sent his son to a prep school somewhere in New York. Here the young man fell in love with Alice, who is the daughter of the headmaster of the school.

He took it very hard, and was for getting married right away, although he was eighteen and she seventeen. The parents interfered, however, and sent the youth to Harvard and the damosel to Wellesley. His father is frightfully rich and has strings of titles and all that, and I suppose he did n't take kindly to his son tying up with a Yankee schoolmaster's daughter; although Alice told me he was very nice about it, called on her father, and was very refined and courteous and everything that an Englishnobleman should be.

The tide of true love continued to flow, none the less. The boy has whole heaps of spending-money, and insists on loading her with every conceivable thing she can or cannot want. He has furnished her room elegantly, and takes her riding in the most adorable of automobiles, and lives up to the limit of all the privileges that student government will allow him. He swears he'll marry her anyhow when she gets through college, and I hope he will, for he's a dear — such a boyish looking, ruddy-faced Englishman, full of spirits and sunshine.

Then there is a teacher of German in a private school somewhere in the vicinity who comes to see Edith Jeffers. He is the limit looking, but awfully clever; that is, he knows a great deal, though he stammers so he can't tell it. She used to go to school to him when he taught in Providence. He fell in love with her and she with him. When she graduates I suppose they'll marry.

Some of us girls overheard them talking the other night. He was speaking baby talk to her, and it would have made a horse laugh. When you mix broken German English and baby talk and stuttering all up together — you see the infinite possibilities!

Another of the romances on at present is that of an old man of seventy who is about to marry one of the young graduates who is instructor in the Botany Department. He's rich as Crœsus. She says she loves him for himself alone (she's twenty-five)

and cares nothing for his money. Would you believe her, if you were I? I would n't if I were you.

We had piles of fun the other day at a picnic, with a lot of Harvard men. Each girl invited a fellow. We got boats and went down the lake and had a spread on the grass under the trees. Just as we arrived there we discovered we had forgotten the root beer and ginger ale, which we had left at Stone Hall. So my man and I rowed back after it; that is, he rowed and I sat in the boat and watched him. We went up to Stone and got the liquid and brought it down to the boat. We started back for the picnic-ground, when the man (it was Ed Fifer) said to me:

"What's the matter with having some of that root beer? I'm dry as a lime-kiln."

He must have been, too, poor fellow, for it was a hot day, and the sweat was just pouring off his face.

"Good," said I. "I'm thirsty, too."

We tried to open a bottle, but as we had no corkscrew we could not.

"Here; let me have it," I suggested. "I'll just tap it on the row-lock and crack the neck. I've read of people doing that with bottles."

It was a brilliant thought, as the sequel proved.

I gave it a gentle tap or two. Nothing doing. Then I gave it quite a smart rap.

It came, all right, then. The top of the bottle, with a report like a cannon, blew off, and the root beer, which had been heated by the sun and was good and lively, spurted ten feet.

To make matters worse, we happened to be, right then, just alongside a boat containing one of the primmest of the Faculty, who was to be our chaperone. She gave a jump when she heard the explosion, and then when she got a discharge of root beer in the face she made another lunge, her boat upset, and over she went into the waters of Lake Waban.

She made a terrific splash, and I was so startled by it, and by my own amazing triumph in "cracking the neck of a bottle," that I came near losing my balance and going over, too. But I did n't.

Ed moved our boat around with a stroke of his oar and grabbed her as she came to the surface, blowing and sputtering. Then of course we had to take her back to College Hall. By the time we had rowed once more to the picnic-grounds Ed must have been pretty tired, though he did n't complain.

He was rather inclined to blame himself (though of course he was not at fault at all), but the girls told him to cheer up, as they always drowned a chaperone or two when they had a picnic.

We had a most elegant feast, and then we all got in the boats, and fastened them together, and floated on the water, toward evening when we had cooled off a little, and sang songs. Oh, the singing and the mandolins and the guitars sounded divine on the water!

But I had to laugh every time I would think of that poor Faculty being pulled into the boat and looking like a sick muskrat.

The boys gave us a funny parody on our yell. Our yell properly is:

"Tra-la-la, tra-la-la
La-la-la, la-la-la,
W-e-l-l-e-s-l-e-y,
Wellesley!"

The parody consisted in running in the names of the stations in the railroad between here and Boston, just before getting to Wellesley:

"Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
La-la-la, la-la-la,
Riverside, Wellesley Farms, Wellesley Hills,
Wellesley!"

Good-night, Babbo, I'm sleepy, and don't know much about men anyhow, except that there are none of 'em as nice as my daddy, which same I analyze and adore and war ship.

"What does 'war ship' mean?" said the German to the American girl he was trying to court.

"War ship? Why, that's a man-of-war, a ship with guns and cannon on it, and all that sort of thing."

"Ach, no! War ship, war ship! You don't understand. When I say, for instance, 'I war ship you.'"

"Oh, yes; that's different."

Good-night. I war ship you.

Your daughter,

EDNA.

XIV

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

"O have you seen young Lochinvar,
A-coming from the West?
He was in an automobile,
And had on a spotted vest.
I prithee if thou seest him
To tell him this from me:
If he asks me I'll go with him
To his ain coun-tree."
— *Literary Hash, Eesh.*

I'm down here at Springfield, Mass., at Kitten's house for over Sunday. You remember Kitten is the girl you saw when you were here, and you asked me, "Who is that clean girl?" That's all over the college now, and Kitten is known as the "clean" girl. And she is, too; her skin is so fresh and pinky-white looking, and her mouth is so lovely!

But I'm not going to tell you about her now — perhaps I may another time describe her home here at Springfield, but just now I must tell you about Young Lochinvar. We have dubbed him that because he did not "come out of the west" (*lucus a non lucendo*), and because his passing at Wellesley was altogether about the most romantic thing that has happened since I've been here.

Some time ago Clarice and I went in to Boston with Helen Barton to see the Copley Art Exhibit. Helen graduated at Wellesley two years ago, and is back now taking some sort of a postgraduate art course with Miss Fendore. And oh, she's the grandest girl, so sensible and fine, and so awfully sweet! She's just too dear for anything. Everybody just adores her.

She's had quite a romance. Last year she was abroad with her mother and met an Italian artist with whom she proceeded to fall desperately in love. He ditto. They got along swimmingly until her mother saw what was going on and put her foot down upon it; for it has always been a sort of a family understanding that Helen was to marry Will Meagher, who has oodles of money and is playing at practising law in New York. Mrs. Barton declared the dago to be impossible. He was poor. That was bad enough. But worse even, if there be any worse, he was Italian; and Mrs. Barton was firm in her opinion that no Frenchman or Italian is fit to be a husband.

So they broke it off. But Helen loved him. Because she told Clarice and me so one night, and told us how perfectly grand he was, so noble looking, and such beautiful eyes, and so gentle and high-minded, and so gifted, too. She knew he would be a famous artist some day. Michelangelo and Leonardo and all those old ones would look like thirty cents when Alessandro (that's Lochinvar's name) settled down to business and began painting and sculping for good. And sing? Why, she said his voice was something to dream about.

Well, we looked around at the exhibit and were very much interested. They were copies of the old masters, some of them very clever. There was a Mona Lisa and a Carpaccio, "St. George and the Dragon," which were wonderfully good. Also Joseph Lindon Smith had some water-color copies of Botticelli frescoes that were fine. And lots and lots of Velasquez — I should say forty — ugly things like Philip IV. and Maria Teresa with the hoop-skirt — something fierce. I cannot conceive of the why-fore of his popularity. But you don't want my half-baked art criticisms.

Well, as we came out Helen grasped our arms and hurried us along down the street, and she was evidently laboring under great excitement. When we turned the corner she let go of us and leaned against the wall and gasped for breath.

"What is it?" we asked.

"What in the world is the matter?"

"It's he!" she panted.

"He? Who?"

"Alessandro!"

"No!"

"Yes. I saw him just as we were coming out."

Great excitement and buzzing by all three.

We had to hurry to the train, and all the way out to Wellesley we talked it over. Why was he here? What did it mean? And so on, and so on. Helen could not explain it. When she had parted with him in Rome she had told him that she could never see him more, and gave her reasons. She said that he made no answer, except to throw back his shoulders and look very grand and say: "Very well; I shall not disturb the peace of your family, but I shall marry you, just the same," and straightway he left her.

It had now been almost a year since that time.

When we got to Wellesley Helen insisted on my staying all night with her. She boarded at a house in the village. We had gotten into bed, and lay there talking, when we heard music. A harp began to thrum right under our window, which was open a little. And then there rose upon the still air the clearest, most caressing, tenor voice I ever heard in or out of grand opera. It sang the tower song from the Troubadour. And oh, as the words rang out so limpid and sad and deliciously melancholy, "*Non ti scordar di mi*," it seemed that all my blood was congealed, and I just lay there trembling. I could n't think of anything but how beautiful and divine and sad it was.

When it was over I touched Helen's hand, and found it cold as ice.

"Helen," I cried, "it is —"

"Yes," she said, catching her breath, "it is he."

"Oh, was n't it angelic!" I exclaimed.

And then we both cried.

"O Helen," I said, "I'd be the happiest person in the world if some one loved me like that." (Think of it, Daddles, and I meant it, too. But don't you care! There's no danger of 'em twanging the light guitar and lum-ti-tum-tumming about your li'l button-nosed one.)

"But I'm not happy at all," she moaned.

"Why?"

"'Cause I'm going to marry Will Meagher."

"Why? If you don't love him why do you marry him?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's something dreadful. How do I know what to do and why I do it. Everybody talks about a girl doing this way or that way, if it's right, or if she truly loves, and all that, when half the time she don't know what right is, and don't know whether she loves or not."

"But you know whether you love Alessandro or Will, don't you?"

"Well, Will's very nice. He's good, and all that. And he's American. But Alessandro stirs me terribly! Maybe that's just foolish nonsense, though. How in the world is any one going to tell?"

And so we discussed it in all its pros and cons, and in the morning were no nearer a solution than when we began, as is usual with discussions, male and female.

Well, things went along, and I heard no more of Alessandro for awhile. Whether Helen did or not I can't say, but rather imagine that she was receiving some communication — at least she knew something secret that I could n't worm out of her. Finally it was arranged that an engagement-dinner was to be given for her and Will at Will's uncle's, said uncle residing at Worcester. Helen did n't seem to me to be very happy; but when I broached the subject to her, she said:

"Don't worry, dearie. I've thought it all over and settled it. So we won't open the subject again."

The day of the engagement-dinner, to which I was not invited, as only relatives were to be there, I went to Boston to see about getting my pink dress, and whom should I meet right in front of the Touraine but the little Baron von Steinwitz, whom you remember we knew so well, and whom you liked so well, in Berlin. He threw six polite fits upon seeing me, and nothing would do but I must go in the hotel and see his mother, which I did, as I always liked the old lady. While we were talking there in the library the baron said:

"You must meet my friend, Prince Alessandro Boni, who is here with us."

I pricked up my ears at the "Alessandro."

"Marvellous chap!" went on the baron. "So accomplished! Paints, rides, fences, sings, is a linguist and an archæologist, and is very rich, also."

"Bring him in!" I exclaimed. "He's just the one I was looking for."

The baron laughed till his little bald head grew red. Then he jumped up.

"Ah, here he is now!" he cried.

A tall, distinguished, foreign-looking man came in, with olive dark face and charming moustaches and jet black hair. He smiled as he saw my companions, and showed a row of exquisite teeth. As he came closer I saw his eyes, and then I knew I was gazing upon no other than Helen's Alessandro, prince or no prince. Another pair of eyes such as those could not exist.

We talked awhile, and I was threshing my brains to see how I could introduce the subject of Helen. All the meddling blood of my ancestors was aroused. I thought of that engagement-dinner and of Helen there, so forcedly calm and so inwardly unhappy.

Well, fortune favored the butt-inskies, and pretty soon the baron and his mother

were called away to see some one and I was left alone with Br'er Lochinvar. Just as soon as they were out of the room I leaned over to him and said:

"Do you know Helen Barton?"

The blood left his cheeks, and he asked, "Why? — Er — yes."

"Do you know that to-night her engagement to Mr. Meagher will be announced?"

"What? I do not understand. Where is this?"

"At Worcester, at a dinner at his uncle's."

"You do not mean this. Tell me."

I told him all I knew — and more, of course.

His eyes snapped. He stood up, and said:

"Where is this — Worcester?"

"It is about forty miles from here."

"Is there a train?"

"I don't know. We can ask at the desk."

We went to the office and discovered that there was no train that would get him there before eleven.

He excused himself and left me hurriedly.

Then the Steinwitzes came back. I asked them about Prince Boni. They told me that by the death of his two brothers he had been left sole heir to one of those vast estates near Florence, that he had also an elegant house in Rome and a villa on Lake Maggiore, and that he had been elected to the Parliament and was altogether a grandee. Then I told them Helen's story, and how she had thought him to be poor. They laughed and said that was like him, he hated ostentation and liked to masquerade as a poor artist.

While we were talking in came his High Illustriousness again, this time with a green coat on and other automobile toggery.

"Miss Brown," he said, "do you like automobiling?"

"I worship it."

"Would you be willing, upon the assurance of my entire respectability by these mutual friends, to accompany me for a little jaunt — say to Worcester?"

"To Worcester? Why, that's forty miles and more! I — why —"

Then the old baroness broke in. She sees things quickly, and is the most alive of any woman of sixty I ever knew.

"Of course she will, Prince. And if you will get a big car, Hans and I will go, too."

"I have an immense machine out here. It will hold us all. It's a Napier."

So — hurried preparations, and off we packed.

We worried somewhat carefully along out of the city, but once the road was clear we simply flew. Oh! it was simply glorious! Alessandro sat in front with the chauffeur, who was also an Italian, and kept urging him on, "Presto! Presto!"

We skimmed up the hills and whizzed by lakes and barely touched the bridges. Was n't it great, Babbo? And all going to rescue a fair maiden, too! Young Lochinvar in an automobile! I was in the seventh heaven.

Alessandro had explained to me, I forgot to say (for I fear as a novelist I don't get events in their proper order), that he wanted me along, as it might be necessary to have some one to vouch for him.

It was dark when we reached Worcester. We all went to a hotel which the chauffeur showed us and removed the stains of travel, and then, taking a little boy to show us the way, we rode up to the house. It was an imposing-looking stone residence, and all lit up.

The maid let us in, thinking doubtless that we were expected guests. Before we knew it, almost, we were right in the drawing-room, where sat the family in council. They looked surprised to see these strangers, and Helen, seeing Alessandro, went white as death. They all stood up, and then before any one else could speak, out steps la Sua Vossignora Mister Alessandro, and thus to them:

"You will pardon me for this intrusion, and I ask your pardon for my friends who have come at my instance. I have no apologies to make, except that, in order to save people from unhappiness, from something they may ever regret, from some fatal step, it is sometimes necessary to break the conventions of society.

"Possibly, however, I may not detain you long. It all depends upon Miss Barton."

Then he looked right at Helen and said, slowly:

"She must decide now. Will she take the poor artist, or — not."

Mrs. Barton spoke up, with some heat. "You have no right to ask such a question here. You are —"

"Wait, Mother," interrupted Helen. "He would not ask this, I am sure, to make trouble. He is right. I must decide."

"You have decided," exclaimed her mother.

"Yes, I have. But it is not yet too late to undo it, if it is wrong."

"But"— commenced her mother. This time Will Meagher restrained her.

"Just a minute!" he said. "I think, Mrs. Barton, that this is a matter for the young lady — and me — to decide. And I want you to let Helen alone. If she loves some one else she ought not to marry me. Let her speak from her own heart. I am perhaps as much interested in this thing as anybody, and I say that whatever she decides I shall defend her in it, and approve it."

"Thank you, Will," she said. "I am sure I am placed in a very delicate position. I do not want to do you wrong. I do not want to offend my mother. I do not want to make a mistake in my own life. I have not deceived you, Will. You know I have told you all about my Roman experience. I —" and then she grew silent.

"Miss Barton has only to speak," said Alessandro, in a low voice, "and I will go away."

"No," she answered. "Do not." And she held out her hands to him. "I think I must follow my heart, and my own womanly convictions. Forgive me, Mother, Will, all of you, but I must take the poor artist."

Alessandro bent and kissed the tips of her fingers.

Then I could n't hold in any longer, but just clapped my hands and cried out:

"Goody! Goody! And he is n't poor at all, Mrs. Barton. He's rich, and he's a prince, and he's just perfectly grand!"

Everybody looked at me as if I were crazy. Will shook hands with Lochinvar and said:

"It's all right, sir. All I can say is, you have the finest woman in the world. It hits me pretty hard, but I suppose I'll get over it. Anyhow, I'll look pleasant and take my medicine."

And then there were introductions and explanations all around, and it all came out in true story-book fashion.

Helen is to be married next month.

Was n't that strenuous and gorgeous, though, Daddles?

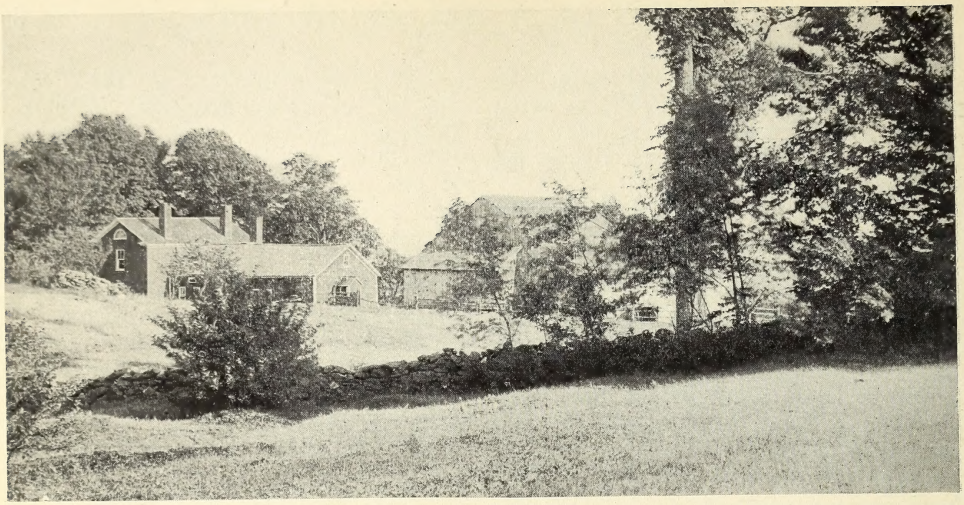
Good-by!

EDNA.

BARABBAS

By MARGARET ASHMUN

And they released Barabbas, and he went
Forth from his dungeon, joying in the grace
Of life regained; yet, as he passed, a face
Shone out from the dim corridor, and bent
Its gaze upon him; questioning, intent.
He knew that brow where anguish had its place,
Those lips prophetic, sealed now for a space,
Those eyes, deep-welled with awful, still content.
The robber paused to marvel at the Man
Whose death should serve for his; nor spoke aloud
The foul jest in his throat. He stayed to scan
Once more that visage calm; then, trembling, bowed
With fear and harsh, soul-harrowing grief, he ran
And hid himself, sick-hearted, in the crowd.



HER STANDING OFFER

By SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS

JONAS stood at the line fence and looked approvingly over his neighbor's broad fields. The last load of hay had just gone to the barn, and Jonas felt almost as pleased as he did when his own haying was finished. As he looked he could see Rachel now and then, as she led the horse that was operating the hay-fork. As he looked at her, the owner and manager of the productive acres next his own, there was an expression of anticipatory proprietorship in his eye; for Rachel had only to say the word — one short, simple word — to become Mrs. Jonas Leeds.

Jonas turned away, at length, with a smile on his face. It was time to be looking after the chores, for he was going to call on Rachel that evening, and he liked to start early, as he invariably took his departure at nine o'clock.

Rachel graciously received his congratulations on getting in her hay. She told him how many tons she thought she had, and the probability as to there being a good second crop. She discussed the merits of her new horse hay-fork, and advised him to put one in his own barn. She talked persistently on agricultural subjects, as they sat in her pleasant sitting-room. The door was open into the kitchen, and they could see Mrs. Culver, Rachel's housekeeper, reading at the table.

At nine Jonas rose from his chair and looked down at Rachel from his lank six feet of height. Rachel stood up also, and braced herself to receive his semi-weekly proposal. He varied the formula a little each time, and on this occasion he said:

"You do not forget, I trust, that you have only to say the word at any time, Miss Rachel, and we will join forces. Our two farms, as well as our two hearts, will then be one."

He smiled down at her. Rachel sometimes thought that she might possibly accept him if only he would not smile; but that made it impossible. It was a very wide smile, and his teeth were very large and strong, and somehow it made her think of hunger and ferocity.

"Do not forget, dear lady," he said, tenderly, "that this is a standing offer, and at any time that you are ready, I am." He let her fingers go reluctantly, and went out of the room, pausing in the kitchen a moment to speak kindly and somewhat patronizingly to Mrs. Culver. The outside door closed behind him, and his footsteps could be heard on the gravel walk.

Rachel sat motionless till the clock struck the half hour; till Mrs. Culver folded her

newspaper, took her light, and went up-stairs; till she had ceased to move about up there and the house became still. Then Rachel left her chair and began pacing slowly back and forth. She was a woman of about thirty, with a pleasing face, brown from her out-of-door life, and lighted up by a pair of very fine blue-gray eyes. As she walked she began to speak softly to herself.

"I wonder if I shall marry him, in time?" she said. "I don't like him; I dread having him call here; but sometimes I have a feeling that in the end I shall marry him. He is very persistent, and there is a great deal in getting used to a man and seeing much of him. At times I hate him and fear him. I suppose that is nerves. And again I feel as if it would be the best thing for me to do, to marry him. I wonder if that is common sense? I like my independence, in a way, but once in a while I feel so tired of it all, and as if I'd like to be rid of the responsibility and the having to act a man's part. And Jonas Leeds is a good manager — better than I am."

She was silent as she quickened her steps a little. Suddenly she dropped her face in her hands on the high back of a chair, and sobbed, like one unaccustomed to tears, "O Philip, Philip! Why did you go away? I loved and trusted you perfectly — perfectly. We would have been happy together."

She cried silently a little longer, then raised her head and brushed away her tears, defiantly. "I won't go through that again. I've been over it a hundred times, and it does no good. I know he loved me for a time; but what ended it I don't know. How I have missed him!" Her lip trembled, but she set her teeth upon it sternly and began her walking again.

"Anyway, judging from my observation, very few married people are happy. They just get along and make the best of things. And after all, if a man is good to a woman and loves her in his selfish, limited way, I suppose it is as much as she can expect. I wonder if Jonas really loves me?" She walked the length of the room several times in silence. Then she took her lamp and went up-stairs to her room. "I'll find out," she said, a queer, half cynical, half humorous smile on her face.

When next Jonas called at Rachel's Mrs. Culver met him at the door with a sad countenance. "She's sick," she whispered, "but you can see her. She has n't taken to her bed yet, but she will soon, poor thing. Her mother before her went the same way, I've been told."

Jonas went on tiptoe into the next room. Rachel lay among pillows in a big chair, and it seemed to him that already she was pitifully wasted and pale. She coughed, as he opened the door, and pressed her handkerchief to her lips. "Good-evening, Jonas," she said, weakly, holding out her hand. He took it gingerly and then sat down awkwardly. "I — I had n't heard about your being sick," he said.

"I shall be better in a few days," she said, coughing some more.

Jonas shook his head commiseratingly. Her being so hopeful he felt sure was a bad sign.

There was a long, uncomfortable pause; then Rachel spoke, in a voice that shook a little. "About that standing offer of yours, Jonas," she said. "I've been thinking it over some as I lay here. And really it does seem as if it would be nice to have some one to look after my interests. I feel sure you'd manage things better than I do. I've hated to admit it, but I have n't made as much money as some folks think, and this year I've lost money on the farm. So I'm thinking more about your offer than I did."

Jonas looked scared. He did not know it, but while the light was dim on her face it was quite bright on his own. "Don't worry about business matters till you feel better," he said, nervously. "You are tired to-night."

"Yes," she sighed; "I'm so tired."

He started up with alacrity. "I'd better go home then, so you'll have a chance to rest." He went out of the room without seeing her outstretched hand.

"Good-night," he said at the door, and she answered faintly.

When the sound of his hurried footsteps had died away Rachel sat up very straight, with flashing eyes and an indignant color in her cheeks. Then suddenly she sank back weakly, and laughed long and silently. "Well," she said, "I've found out, and now I'll get well as soon as I can without disturbing Mrs. Culver's ideas too much."

It was the next afternoon, and Rachel sat at the window among her pillows, reading. It was raining dismally, but she looked

peaceful and happy, though now and then she cast a scornful glance across the wet fields toward the roofs of Jonas Leeds's buildings.

At length she laid down her magazine to rest her arm, for her reclining position made it hard to hold anything for long at a time. As she did so she became aware of a low-toned conversation going on in the front hall. Mrs. Culver was talking to a man.

Rachel listened intently. Could it be Jonas? No; it was a far more agreeable voice than his. She tried to think whose it was, but before she could decide the door opened and a man came in.

As she recognized him, she said but one word: "Philip!"

"I have just heard," he said, sitting down near her, and looking at her with great gentleness and sympathy.

Rachel's heart was beating fast, and she had hard work to keep the tears out of her eyes. "How did you hear?" she asked, more to gain time than because she cared.

"It was by the merest chance. I was coming home from the city and had to wait at the junction. Jonas Leeds was waiting there for the train to the city, and he told me. His train came before he had time to tell me any details. It seems he is off for quite a long business trip. So then I came here instead of going home."

"What did he tell you?" she asked, curiously.

Philip hesitated. "Why, he told of your broken health, and he said that you were in financial difficulties about your farming."

Rachel was silent, her eyes cast down. Philip moved his chair nearer. "I'm so sorry," he said.

"Never mind my affairs," said Rachel. "I want to hear about yours."

"And I want to tell you," he said, quickly. "For five years I have been superintendent at Mr. Sylvester's farm. It is a very responsible position, and he has paid me a large salary. I've worked very hard and I've not spent a cent foolishly, so that I have nearly all my earnings saved and invested."

"Mr. Sylvester's is only five miles away," Rachel said, "and I have never seen you."

"No," he answered. "I have kept away on purpose."

Rachel's eyebrows lifted.

"Yes, on purpose," he repeated. "You must know why."

She shook her head.

"I thought you'd understand," he said. He got up and went across the room and shut the door into the kitchen.

"Rachel," he said when he came back, "while your uncle was alive and you were living here with him, a poor girl, I was free to ask you to be my wife; and if you were willing, as I hoped you would be, I could work and support you as best I could. But when your uncle died, leaving you this splendid farm, you became at once a rich woman, and what right had I, a poor man with only my two hands as capital, to ask you to share my lot? So I worked and saved, hoping the time would come when I could offer myself to you. Your misfortunes have brought that time sooner than I had expected. Rachel, I have loved you and wanted you all these long years. Can you give me the answer I have come for?" He held out his hands, and Rachel laid hers in them, while tears slowly filled her eyes.

"I have wanted you, Philip, too, so many times," she said, as he kissed her.

"Poor little woman," he said, gently. "Every one has told me how prosperous you were, and how happy, and I never imagined you were wearing yourself out with work that is too hard for you."

"But, you," Rachel protested. "It is not right for you to be burdened with an invalid wife."

He laid his finger on her lips. "I shall have to give Sylvester a month's notice, but after that I shall take you to some warmer climate and you will regain your health." He smiled hopefully, but his eyes were anxious. "You don't know what a good nurse I am.— I must go, now," he said, rising. He arranged her pillows with gentle hands, moved her chair so she had a different view from the window, and put a hassock under her feet. "I shall be back in the morning with the minister," he said. "In the meantime get all the rest you can and don't worry." He smoothed back a lock of her hair, stooped and kissed her, and a moment later had gone.

Rachel lay quiet till she heard the outer door close; then she started up suddenly as if to call to him, but after a moment's thought she settled back again, with a tremulous smile on her lips.

. . . . . .

Philip had gone out to see the minister

start on his way home, and now he came back into the house.

"You must not tire yourself," he protested, as Rachel came quickly to meet him.

"Philip," she said, "I have a confession to make. I have married you under false pretences. Your wife has deceived you."

Philip looked puzzled, and a little anxious. "I don't understand you at all," he said; "but I wish you would not excite yourself."

Rachel laughed. "Look at me," she said. "Can't you see that I am in perfect health?"

He looked at her with startled eyes. Her head was thrown back, her eyes were bright, her lips red, and there was upon her face the beauty which only love imparts.

"Why, you do look well," he said, slowly and wonderingly.

Then she told him of her plan to test the affection of Jonas Leeds.

"But I don't understand," said Philip. "He said you looked terribly."

"And so I did," smiled Rachel. "I put on an old magenta dress that had been in the family for years and that made me look like a fright. I sat in shadow, and Jonas's imagination did the rest — I really have quite a respect for his imagination. Mrs. Culver helped out the illusion, too. You see I had a little cold in my throat from working on the hay. I was tired, too, and a few days' rest was just what I needed; so everything worked together for my plan."

It took some few minutes for Philip to really comprehend the situation; then his face lighted up joyously. "Oh, my dear, my dear!" he cried. "I am perfectly happy now. I am going to take care of you just the same, though, and we will get the farm to paying again."

Rachel laughed softly. "The farm never paid better than it is doing now."

"But — but — Jonas said —"

"What did he say?"

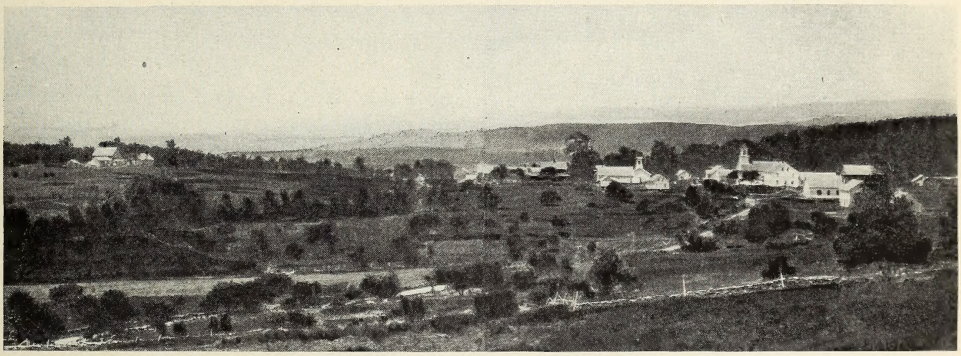
"Why, that you had lost money on your farm this year."

"That is just what I told him, Philip — and it was true. You see, a few weeks ago, one day, I had a little small change in my pocket. There was a hole, and the money fell out somewhere about the place. Is n't that losing money on the farm?"

"Ye-s," said Philip, slowly, and then they both laughed.

"Why did n't you tell me this yesterday?" he asked.

Rachel laid her head on his shoulder and said, very low, "I started to, but — you see, dear, I wanted to make sure of you first."



THE PARASITE

By FREEMAN PUTNEY, JR.

THE Parasite pulled up his fish-line, swung over his head the three-pound harbor polluck that it brought, and slammed the fish on the wharf, the blow at once depriving it of life and freeing it of the hook. Rebaiting with part of a clam, the Parasite again cast the line into the dock, took his seat on an overturned trawl-tub, and leaned back comfortably against the fish-shed, occasionally puffing his short, amber-stemmed, silver-mounted pipe.

It was ideal fishing — or as nearly ideal as salt-water fishing ever is. The air was warm and the lazy western breeze from the mainland brought a faint hint of the June wild roses. The old building shielded the Parasite's head from the rays of the afternoon sun, which here and there brazened the slope of a wave. Up in the inner harbor a dory crept from the side of a schooner and, with four fishermen at ease on her thwarts, plugged toward shore. The Parasite shook his head.

"Everything has an engine in it nowadays," he murmured, sorrowfully. "Everything! This is a commercial and sordid age. All the poetry is going out of life. No wonder people will not buy books of verse!"

He thought regretfully of the eight hundred and fifty-odd copies of "Sea Kelp and Foam Thoughts," original edition one thousand, that lay stacked in the garret up at the house. This book of his poems was still on sale at the local stores, but three years had not quickened the demand and the Parasite's father, Joshua Fenn, who had financed its publication, had long since given up hope of seeing his money back. Joshua Fenn at that moment was wheeling a barrow down the next wharf, and as his tall, spare, stooped figure came within range, a slight frown puckered the Parasite's forehead. The painful lack of gentility in Mr. Fenn's occupation as foreman for the Ocean Fish Company had troubled the Parasite ever since he had been old enough to distinguish the difference between his father's everyday appearance and his own. This afternoon the old man's reddened boots, discolored overalls, soiled shirt, and shapeless hat certainly did contrast unfavorably with the son's neat tan shoes, flannel suit, and white duck cap. But if the father had worn all the clothes his money had paid for he would have had to put on the flannels and the duck cap and the tan shoes, while the Parasite would have stood naked before Neptune, all of which would have been too ridiculous.

The line twitched as a fish nibbled; the Parasite quickly jerked it, and then, as the cotton sagged, he let it drift again. The tobacco bubbled in his pipe, and he was rapping out the dottel on the spile-head, preparatory to a fresh charge, when a woman's voice interrupted him:

"If you're Willie Fenn, and a boy up the w'arf says you are, I'm the new girl your pa's hired. S'posin' you come up t' the house an' let me in an' show me w'ere some things are. I s'pose there's an awful mess o' dishes and such t' clean up, after two men folks livin' by theirselves for two weeks."

The elided "h's" told the Parasite that the girl was from one of the provinces — probably Nova Scotia. As he looked up, he involuntarily straightened on the trawl-tub and, directly against his will, half raised his cap. In years he had not thus saluted the old housekeeper whose long term of service for him and his father had ended a fortnight before. But this maid did not answer to the mental description he had framed of the new "hired girl" his father had engaged at the employment-agency over in town. There was nothing in her appearance either of the unkempt, worn-faced drudge, or of the over-laced, over-dressed, "stylish" type. Perhaps twenty-five years old, she had a face showing both tan and color, a forehead as serenely smooth as a young girl's, under its mass of neatly dressed dark hair, and a chin decidedly firm but not unpleasantly square.

For a woman she was tall, though not strikingly so, and her figure, even in the poorly fitting home-made dress she wore, showed well nourished and well exercised.

The Parasite had not reached the age of twenty-nine years without having made love to an occasional woman, nor, being a poet as well as an unusually handsome man, with his plump red cheeks, dark eyes, and heavy black mustache, had he escaped the experience of being made love to. Never having reached a materialistic, self-supporting stage, he had not allowed any of these entanglements to progress to the point of permanent enthralment, but had trained himself to regard women as creatures ideally superior to himself, but practically created for the harmless entertainment of his most idle and gracious hours. His mother, who had died when he was a half-grown boy, and an older sister, now living in the far West, had both petted and spoiled him. Other women had continued the treatment. But he raised his cap to this newly arrived servant, who greeted him on the old wharf by his first name.

'You're Willie Fenn, ain't you?" she asked, as he failed to speak.

The Parasite frowned. That diminutive of his first name annoyed him, but somehow he had never been able to outgrow it, and he was still "Willie" to his friends and neighbors of Hardyport. Only the girls and old ladies at the summer boarding-houses on the "Neck" called him Mr. Fenn when they wanted a rocking-chair or a fan. This young woman must be taught.

"I'm Mr. Fenn," he replied, stiffly. "You may call me Mr. William, if you please."

"Oh!" she returned. "Then, Mr. Willie-um, would you please come up an' open the house? My trunk is on th' steps. Or, if you like, you can lend me your key till I have one o' my own."

"I'll come," he decided, and reeled up his line while she waited. Then, as he started to walk up the wharf, she demanded:

"Ain't you goin' to take your fish?"

"Why, no, I had n't thought of it."

"To-morrow's Friday," she insisted. "Those cunners'll make a good fry for breakfast. You better bring 'em."

"But I have n't anything to put them in," he objected.

"Can't you string 'em on the line?"

"I could, but I don't care to carry a string of fish through the streets."

"All right. Then I will. Give me the line."

"But, you — you know —" he feebly protested.

The girl held out her hand and he passed the line to her.

"If you insist on it," he faltered. "I — I guess I won't wait. I'll go ahead up to the house and — and see about things. That trunk ought not to be left on the steps alone, you know."

"All right, Mr. Willie-um," was the quiet reply.

The Parasite gazed at her suspiciously for a moment. He did not just like that three-syllabled pronunciation of his name. The girl's face was perfectly placid, however, as she picked up one of the small fish and thrust the end of the line through its gills.

"You won't need the pollock," he directed. "They're not good this time of year."

For answer, she picked up the three-pound fish, and, with an easy sweep of her arm, sent it flying far out into the dock. Then the Parasite made his way home.

To both the Parasite and his father it was a great relief to have a woman like Maggie at the helm of the household. Beyond question, she was at times somewhat masterful, especially on wash-days, but such little inconveniences are as nothing to a man when compared with the horror of washing his own dishes. Of the elder Mr. Fenn's comfort she took particular care, and although not an old man, he welcomed her little attentions, her care for his slippers, his glasses, and his paper, with the eagerness of one who had missed such things during the long years since his wife had gone.

Of the Parasite she was tolerant, but she utilized him. Always addressing him respectfully as "Mr. Willie-um," she made him bring up her coal and chop her kindlings, both of which tasks the old housekeeper had been obliged to accomplish for herself. When cold weather came, and a fire was started in the hot-air furnace, Maggie suggested that he sift the ashes.

The Parasite protested.

"It's sinful waste," she assured him, "to throw out good coal. You try it now, reg-

ular, and it won't tire your back when you get used to it."

She smiled at him, and the Parasite sulkily sifted the ashes, until one day he shovelled them unsifted into the waste-barrel. Maggie detected him at this trick in less than three days, and, throwing a shawl over her head to keep the dust from her hair, descended to the cellar and stood over him while he cleaned up the entire accumulation. Then, after he had wrathfully tossed the sieve into a corner and she was preceding him to the stairs, he yielded to a sudden impulse, caught her by the shoulders, turned the supple figure in his arms, and kissed her squarely upon the mouth.

She freed herself easily, wiped her face with a corner of her apron, and stood for a minute eying him.

"You've no business to do that," she protested, finally, but without excitement. "I'll leave this day week."

There was a tone of finality in the words which convinced the Parasite that she meant them. For a day he reviewed the matter. At first he wondered why he had made such a fool of himself. Then, as he considered the girl's face and figure, he told himself that it was evident that she "exercised considerable fascination" over him. She was of a good down-east family. The most brilliant plan to prevent her leaving would be for him to marry her. They could never get a better housekeeper, and then there was the item of wages which might be saved. As usual, selfishness was the mother of finance in a mind unaccustomed to even small financiering.

That evening he broached the matter to his father. For years Mr. Fenn had been patiently waiting for the Parasite to achieve with his brains the success which he never would carve out with his hands. Somehow, the great career had always lain just beyond the horizon. Ever since the graduation from the academy the father had learned to lean less and less upon the son who should have been the staff of his right hand. Patiently he had waited, not understanding, knowing his own ignorance, worried by the youngster's dreaming indolence, but ever hoping that he would finally make good. Even now, although the boy had passed well into manhood, Mr. Fenn waited wearily, yet still hoping. But as this new idea was broached, he looked troubled.

"I'd like Maggie ter stay, Willie, but how can ye support a mate? Ye ain't arnin' much, ye know."

"I think I can get some more engagements to read my poems out of town," began the Parasite, hopefully. "If I can only average three or four nights a week at five dollars a night, it will keep us going — as long as we live here. And then you know I do get some verse accepted occasionally. Just as soon as my name gets well known—"

"Yes, I know. But ye ain't had only one engagement ter read for three months. An' five dollars in three months don't go very far toward provisionin' a craft fur two, even supposin' ye don't ship a baby or so. But I ain't got nothin' ter say. Ye'll do ez ye please, and I cal'late I'm supportin' both o' ye now, ez 't is."

That Saturday night Maggie sat at the table in the "settin'-room," busy at some mending. As the Parasite lay on the sofa, the lamplight, which was kind to her, rendered her face almost beautiful as he studied it. The Parasite's heart beat faster, and he cleared his throat several times.

"Maggie," he blurted out, finally, "do you think you could marry me?"

The girl dropped her work, turned, and looked at him in apparent surprise.

"No," she replied, calmly, "I don't think I could."

"Why not?" demanded the Parasite, sitting up in astonishment.

Maggie considered. "Well," she replied, finally, "I don't see how you could take care of a woman, when you can't take care o' yourself."

"I can," he declared, indignantly.

"But you don't," she insisted. "You're costin' your father money right along, and you must owe him a lot on printin' that book."

"The books are there," he defended. "When they're sold father'll get his money and a good profit, too."

"W'en they're sold!" She smiled.

"Do you mean they can't be sold?" he demanded, nettled at her tone.

"The stores don't seem t' get rid o' them," she returned.

"That's because they don't push them. I could sell them."

"Then, w'y don't you?" she taunted.

"I will!" he exclaimed, smiting the table theatrically. "I'll not have those books

flung in my face again! I'll go out to-morrow and begin selling them. Other great authors have done the same thing."

"Mr. Willie-um, if you'll sell enough of those books to pay back to your father the four hundred dollars you owe him I'll believe you more of a man than I do now. And w'en that four hundred dollars is paid, then, perhaps, you can talk about marryin'. But not before!"

The next Monday morning the Parasite left his bed at an unusually early hour, for the enthusiasm of the new idea was still bright. But the rough places in the road of the book-canvasser were hard to his unaccustomed feet, and at eleven o'clock he was back at the house, discouraged and whining. Maggie listened to his story, left her wash-bench, dried her arms, went up-stairs, and in a few minutes reappeared in a fresh dress.

"Where are you going?" asked the Parasite, from his seat by the stove, as she put on her hat.

"Going out t' show you how t' sell books."

"But you've never sold books, have you?" he objected, aghast.

"No, but I'm goin' t' try till I find out how," she declared. "You git on your coat."

"I'll go," he faintly assured her. "You need n't come. I guess I can keep on trying if you can."

He did not return until seven o'clock that night, and then reported having sold two books. The next day he started out again, and through the winter he kept on with the work with varying success. The poems were mostly on local subjects, and sold, on the whole, very well, but it was late in March when, one evening, he brought a little roll of bills and showed it to her.

"That's the final payment," he said. "I'm mighty glad of it, because I think I've been to every possible purchaser in town. It's a rather pleasant, if novel, experience, though, to have cleared that debt."

The girl nodded at him and smiled.

"W'at you goin' to do now?" she asked.

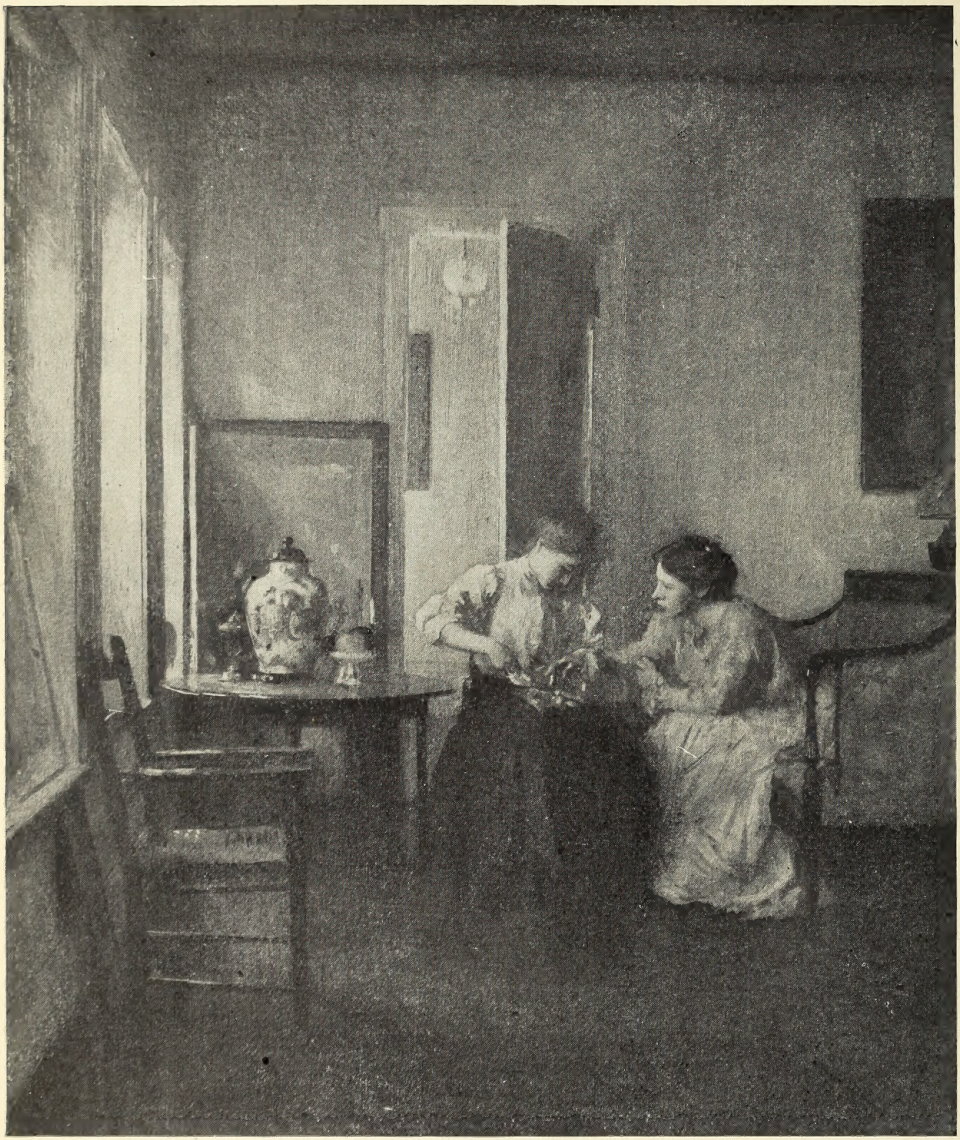
"I've hardly considered. I've had time for little writing lately, but some good thoughts for poems have come to me. It seems as if there was something I intended to do, though, as soon as I got through being a book-agent. By Jupiter!" he exclaimed, in confusion, "I was — I — I forgot I —"

"Willie," she broke in, a little maliciously, "you don't want to write any more poems. I've been talking to the Ocean Fish Company people and they need a clerk in their office. If you want to take the job they will pay you fourteen dollars a week and there's a good chance to rise. Will you do it?"

The Parasite nodded and started to speak, but she stopped him with a gesture.

"And now about that—that other matter you spoke of a w'ile ago, and have 'most forgotten since. Your father an' me have been talking it over, and we've reasoned it out that what you need ain't a wife, but a mother. So I've promised your pa to be a mother to you — Mr. William!"

Famous New England Artists Series



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I. "A New England Interior"

By EDMUND C. TARBELL, Member of Ten American Painters

The canvas is owned by Miss Catherine A. Codman

MR. TARBELL'S "NEW ENGLAND INTERIOR"

By FREDERICK W. COBURN

EDMUND C. TARBELL regards the "New England Interior" as one of his most successful works up to this time. By the critics it has generally been hailed as a thoroughly worthy member of a remarkable series which has included among many others: "The Girl with the Horse," shown at Chicago in 1893 and for many years on exhibition at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; "The Opal," which created a sensation at the first "two-man exhibition" of Messrs. Tarbell and Benson in Boston; "The Venetian Blind," now in the Worcester Art Museum; "The Blue Veil;" the "Girl with a Dog;" "A Girl Crocheting," acclaimed generally as the extraordinary canvas of the art season of 1905, and by many enthusiasts as the most admirable genre-picture yet painted in the United States.

The "New England Interior" was shown unfinished at the 1906–1907 exhibitions of Ten American Painters in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other cities. Mr. Tarbell has since repainted portions of the work.

As a picture, the "New England Interior" shows the influence which study of Vermeer, Pieter de Hoogh, and others of the Dutch painters has had upon Mr. Tarbell's production, directing his profound knowledge of the technique of painting and his appreciation of beauties of line and color toward a result that is at once naturalistic and decorative.

Such art has popular as well as professional appeal, so that Mr. Tarbell at the age of forty-five has a national and international reputation surpassed certainly by no other New England painter. He has never stopped growing, and his following, long fanatically zealous in his praise, becomes bolder in its eulogia each year. It is nowadays frequently asked what artist in any country is painting better than this Bostonian, whose achievements in art in the twentieth century seem destined to take rank in critical and popular estimation with those of the great New England writers of the nineteenth century.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly. Founded 1758

RHEY T. SNODGRASS, *Editor*

Why a New England Magazine?

A MAN who would be useful to himself and to others must throughout his life occasionally pause, look himself squarely in the mirror, and ask this searching question:

What for?

As with himself, so is it also with the many and varied institutions which man creates — including a magazine. This magazine is no exception. To have a definite purpose and to labor earnestly and intelligently toward its fulfilment we must first determine just what that purpose is. We must ask ourselves that straightforward question:

What for?

We cannot answer by borrowing glory or incentive from the past. Our heritage of history can be at best only the foundation for the future. On it we must build our modern structure by modern plans to satisfy modern needs. The needs, we feel sure, exist. Our plans, we are equally sure, will satisfy the needs. Hence our succession to this time-honored and time-approved magazine. Hence also our inspiration as we take up the task of making THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE a more influential factor in the life of New England than it has ever been before.

From the very beginning New England has been a self-contained community. Always loyal to the country of which it has been a part, always ready to lend its influence and its hearty aid to neighbors near and distant, it has still preserved an integrity distinct and distinctive. The causes which joined to make this so are in the historian's province. We are now concerned with the simple fact that it has been so.

To-day New England is a community hardly less distinct than of old. People move from Pennsylvania into Ohio, or from Maryland into Virginia, scarcely noting that they have passed from one group of States into another. But when folks go into or go out from our New England States they cross a well-defined line. They pass from one community into another. Other sections of the country are knit together by local influences and interests, but in no other section are these local interests so exactly bounded by State borders as here. For example, the tariff. Its effects on all New England, and our relation to it, differ from the relationship everywhere else. Just now, also, the conservation of forests is more vital to us than to other sections, because of our great water-power, because of the vast mills which are grinding our trees to pulp, and because the forests are yet in a state where prompt and wise action will save them.

New England also enjoys the distinction of having contributed to the country at large a long line of illustrious men, whose combined influence without doubt exceeds that contributed by any similar group of States. This naturally fosters a wholesome and well-justified home-pride, a community of interest.

Again, a very considerable portion of the material contributed to magazines published *out* of New England is furnished by writers *in* New England. Of this matter a good share interests our people more keenly than the people elsewhere. There is also unmeasured volume of latent material yet to be written, upon themes furnished by our romantic history and our active present. There should logically be a medium for gathering this wealth of matter, and presenting it in its richness to the very people whom it most concerns, the people whose moral right to it consists in their deepest appreciation of it.

Scattered over this whole country are increasing thousands of New Englanders, car-

ried thence by circumstances. Loyal to their native soil as the Britisher is to his Old England, these born-and-bred New Englanders look back with eager eyes to the scenes of their bringing up. They keep always alive their delight in all that concerns the old home and the friends of yore. Their affiliation is never broken. To these an active, progressive, cheerful exponent of the things and people of New England cannot fail to be a welcome courier of dear associations.

Broadly, then, in answer to the question "What for?" our purpose is to fill the very definite need for a live exponent of New England for New Englanders, and pretty largely *by* New Englanders. (We make no mention of ex-New Englanders — there are no such.) We shall not fight anybody's battles, or wilfully further any selfish cause. We shall aim to give each month a generous portion of such matter as will make for cheerful, wholesome, useful life in New England.

1758 to 1908

Number 1.

THE
New-England
Magazine
For *Auguſt* 1758.

To be continued Monthly. Price *Eight Pence.*

By *Urbanus- Filter.*

Boſton: Printed and Sold by Benjamin Mecom, at The *New* Printing Office, *near the Court-Houſe.*

In these pages and elsewhere much has been printed relating to the historic early issues of this magazine. It is sufficient here to say that its founder saw a definite purpose for the magazine, which it fulfilled. Reflecting to the folks of pre-Revolutionary days the "new and entertaining and useful Remarks" of their own contemporaries, it serves us to-day by adding valuable and entertaining details to our records of colonial life in New England. Apparently the early purpose, like ours, was to furnish an avenue of expression for the overflowing thought of the times. Indeed, in proclaiming the objects of the magazine, the editor wrote:

"Various subjects are almost endless, and new Writers in the present and in following Ages may still find sufficient Follies, Weaknesses and Dangers among Mankind, to be represented in such a Manner as to guard Youth against them."

History is not wanting to show that there were follies enough to fill more than one magazine, and THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE of August, 1758, and succeeding issue show that the material was used and used well. Playful indeed, yet keen, was the writing of this —

"I believe that I shall believe that the Clergy are more pious than other Men, when I see good Reason to believe it."

Thus, mingling satire with quaint humor, the editors set themselves to their ambitious labors as guardians of youth, "Undermining the Interests of Ignorance, Vice and Folly." Apparently this "undermining" was completely accomplished, for there comes a lapse in which nothing is seen of the fight for youth — or of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. In the absence of facts, let us assume that the editors fully achieved their good purpose, and that youth was amply safeguarded; that when their next time of introspection came round and they asked "What for?" the answer came to them, "No good reason, therefore not," and that thus THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE was suspended.

When it came to light again it by no means took up its career where it had left off. It was resumed with a character fully abreast of its time, if indeed it was not in advance.— But you have read the details in these pages.

Poring over the later issues, our greed for good reading and fascinating history could revel and be satisfied. But what will best serve us — and you — in this practical hour is the past's contribution to our future progress. Three important facts we note, which gave power to the magazine in years past:

(1) Its spirit was hopeful, helpful, cheerful.

(2) Its policy was ever constructive.

(3) It helped to make young writers.

That former editors presented a deal of history is not so noteworthy; for this was a most obvious course in a country where the very trees bristled with history. But the three canons already numbered indicate a carefully planned and very positive policy. That policy is a heritage worth while.

No worthier tribute can be paid to the past than to acknowledge this magazine's relation to Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson — and Dr. Hale. Whether the magazine developed them more than they developed it is of little consequence, since both grew together and both prospered. In opening the way for many less noted but successful writers, in moulding the thought of thoughtful New Englanders, in furthering the historical classes in Old South, in stimulating admiration for New England institutions and men, this magazine has built a foundation on which we may well boast and build.

The Future

As times and manners and people change, so must a magazine of the people change apace. Fortunate we shall be if we can fuse the power of our historic past to the modern forces of our future. We stand almost bewildered amid the abundant sources of material for a twentieth-century NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

We have scarcely glanced up from our three canons carried over from the past when, behold! all around us is a theme both broad and inspiring. "Beautiful New England!" — a region rich in its Creator's choicest gifts. Where is there found within an equal area such varied wealth of natural grandeur? Not its rugged mountains alone, but its rolling hills, its shores, its bays, its forests, its mountain streams, its fields, its birds, its flowers, — to describe them justly has busied our most inspired poets. People come long journeys to see and draw inspiration from beautiful New England. Others are born and grow up in this glorious environment, and later are called to other parts, there to appreciate even more dearly the scenes of their former days. Success beckons some here, some there. Home anywhere is a tender memory. But throughout the land, the home-call which touches the most hearts the most deeply is the call of home in beautiful New England.

Still others there are who remain to grow rich in the increasing enjoyment of their native surroundings. They know and love the picturesque open country — it is their paradise.

In picturing beautiful New England we shall not be confined to views of natural scenery. Not by any means! We shall have at our disposal a truly remarkable complement of well-planned towns and cities, parks, gardens, historic landmarks, and exceptional specimens of fine architecture in public buildings and private homes. New England abounds in all of these. The arts have been generously employed to make the more closely populated spots only less picturesque than the open landscapes.

Thus is offered to us — and you — a never-failing gallery of pictures — pictures that will couple with their own beauty the associations of home and the romance of history.

We shall publish many pictures — more than have been published in the past. Our selection will be from the best photographs made by artists of known merit. We shall employ the highest available mechanical skill, that they may be faithfully presented, in their full artistic value.

By written word also we shall present the beauties of New England — articles by authors well qualified to appreciate and interpret those elements which delight the æsthetic sense and lend color and refinement to human life.

Outdoor life, too, deserves its just share of attention. The Maine Woods! The mere name makes hearts beat faster and eyes twinkle with delight. Where is there a playground to compare with Maine? Whether to fish or hunt, or paddle, or sail, or just to camp and tramp, men come hundreds of miles and in a few days or weeks gather exhilaration for a whole year. All New England is picturesque. And the scenery is as varied as human caprice. So we shall show, in text and picture, the beauties of New England in glimpses which cannot fail to enrapture those who have seen them, and to inspire desire in those who have not.

Rufus Choate once remarked with some lament that our literature and art were too completely fabricated and depended too little upon history for their foundation. Rufus was right. His lament, less true of our own time, is still a beckoning beacon to writers of romance, bidding them come and dip into the boundless wealth of history for theme, inspiration, and fact. Writers who ignore this supply of material wilfully throw away one of their best assets, for it takes but a thought to note that most of the world's

greatest writings in prose and verse have at least a historical basis. Such writings it is our purpose to encourage and to publish.

Already in contemplation is a series of articles on prominent New England families and their homes, to be prepared with especial eagerness for those factors which have contributed culture and character to the individuals. Home life is beyond question the one most potent influence for refinement, and home and family are nowhere more firmly founded than here in New England. So these articles, while affording interesting facts, will also, we hope, furnish examples of that most refining of all influences — family life.

Keep Your Boys at Home

But there are two well-defined thoughts of which these others are but details — two thoughts of service to New England that are with us day and night. New Englander! Mill-owner, merchant, doctor, lawyer, farmer, clerk — keep your boys at home in New England. Boards-of-trade, patriotic societies, wives, mothers — *keep your boys at home in New England.* Self-interest, local interest, State interest — all demand that you use every means in your power to check the drain upon the youth and energy of New England that results from mistaken ideas of the golden opportunities of far-away. Opportunity! Is not New England full of opportunities?

In manufacture is not New England first? And have we not streams as yet undammed? If we manufacture, must we not sell? Have we not harbors and shipping? Are we awake to the possibilities of foreign export? Our farms — unprofitable some have called them — has not the European who has seized upon what we have deserted put us to shame and shown us new possibilities in intensive agriculture? Dearth of opportunity! No, rather a dearth of young men to seize and to develop opportunities that lie all around us. THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is now looking for the right man to present this momentous subject to New England.

Come Back Home

The second consuming thought concerns the message of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE to those hundreds of thousands of New Englanders who have trekked beyond our borders, or whose fathers have trekked before them. To such may our each and every issue say, softly but insistently, "*Come Back to New England*" — New England, land of our fathers, land of our boyhood, land of beauty, land of opportunity, of culture, of rest — *home.*

All this and more we have in definite plan. Rather ambitious, you say? Right, indeed! But not impossible; surely not, when coupled with zealous and untiring labor. And as we progress, shall we not be building what we have planned — a modern NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for modern New Englanders?

Your Part

We cannot build a magazine for the people without the people. You must be with us, else we fail. You must help. We earnestly seek your suggestions or views on any and every detail of the magazine or its policy. Criticism will be as welcome as commendation — perhaps more so. A little later we shall devote a few pages in each issue to letters from the people. We shall plan other means for giving you an active part in this magazine — and plans for us to serve you, entirely apart from the magazine itself. Meantime it will be our constant purpose and constant labor to deliver each month a genuine living magazine of New England for New Englanders.

As we go to press with this number, we are moving into larger quarters in the "Old South" Building, where our friends are cordially invited to call upon us.

Rodin's "Ceres," Museum of Fine Arts

SCULPTURE

By PROFESSOR GEORGE SANTAYANA

I COME only as a non-sculptor to non-sculptors; so that our discussion together must turn on what the common man can feel and learn in the presence of sculpture, rather than on its technical processes, its development, or its peculiar demands upon the artist. For this reason, too, I must absolve myself from dealing with sculpture in so far as it is a purely formal, a non-representative art. Yet that is perhaps what sculpture is at bottom. The impulse to mould, like the impulse to kick or to dance, is inherent in our infant natures. It marks a certain exuberance in animal life, and it yields the singular pleasure of seeing matter, essentially something so alien and obdurate, yield to our influence, take on new forms through our agency, and move in sympathy with the movement of our fancy. That is a most beatific experience of power and of inner kinship with the world; and no one who has ever loved mud-pies or sand-castles need be told what it is.

Non-representative or formal sculpture has another elementary charm of which I will not speak: it is decorative. Architecture itself, in so far as it is controlled by æsthetic considerations, is a sort of decorative sculpture on a large scale; and all the mouldings and carvings with which it is diversified, by which its surfaces are varied in value and richness, are sculptures when taken by themselves. Even representative sculpture may be used for this purpose. Battle-scenes with the centaurs alternate in the Parthenon with the conventional triglyph; and the jutting edge of the cornice terminates at the angle in a most spirited lion's head. All this is arranged, we may presume, with an architectural purpose, in order to vary the light and shade, to vivify the structural lines, and to secure a perfect combination of clearness with richness; of making the whole at once solemn and delightful. It is the privilege of good things, as of good people, to have many adventitious uses; and so a work of sculpture which is interesting as a representation may besides be placed to advantage, so that, by the way, it may make a good spot in a larger composition. Thus stone statues and Hermæ set along the walks of a park lose nothing of whatever beauty they may have individually by marking at the same time rhythmic divisions in the landscape, and adding a note of mossy gray to the general greenness. Such effects, however, should be left for the landscape gardener and for the architect to study — persons who know very well that they may call on the sculptor to carry out a part of their design, and to set his jewels, as it were, in the midst of their filigree.

The aspect of sculpture which remains, then, and to which I will ask you to confine your attention, is the value which it may honestly have as a representative art, and for the community at large. And I wish to emphasize the word *honestly;* for here, more if possible than in other matters, we need to remember Dr. Johnson's maxim and "Clear our minds of cant." We may be obliged to speak conventionally and tell white lies for the sake of civility; we may even be carried down this dreadful current of irrational life, unable to resist custom and tradition in our actions; but nothing obliges us to *think* absurdly; in reflection, at least, we may face the facts, and be sincere with ourselves in our silent allegiances. Now, what function does sculpture really perform among us? In what way are we happier because there are statues and fragments in museums, statuettes in houses, or monuments in public places? That we are, or might be, the happier for such things is, I believe, a fact: otherwise it would be better to turn these ghostly marbles into honest lime, these bronzes into useful plumbing, and, if the same thing were true of painting, to make a bonfire of all the easel-pictures in the world and celebrate thereby the advent of moral and intellectual freedom. There is one commanding fact about modern civil-

ization which we must keep constantly in mind, I think, in dealing with all our higher or ideal activities, whether education, art, philosophy, or religion. Modern civilization is an alien thing, something superposed and imported; not the natural growth or expression of practical life grown refined and ideal, but, on the contrary, a set of lessons inflicted and of adopted ornaments, accepted by races and nations ashamed of their nakedness and not divining, or not trusting, their own ideal capacities and vocation. The result is that we are in danger of being either artificial or barbarous, either dupes or sceptics; either condemned for half our lives to study dead and foreign languages, or else incapable of saying anything well in our own. It is therefore a very delicate and dangerous task that is now imposed on the critic and on the teacher: for if he is the defender of tradition he seems to wish to fasten an alien tyranny on the life of the world; while if he throws tradition off he seems to be lending a hand to brutishness and anarchy. The solution, as it seems to me, lies in accepting tradition provisionally and merely as a good example: as a prototype to fix our eye upon in working out our own design. We may use it as a crutch for a sprained ankle, to be discarded on convalescence; not as a wooden leg, to be preferred all our life long to a real one. And we *have* real legs to stand on, if we only learn how. Life can never be mutilated: when cut down, it springs up again on new soil and generates a different ideal. Our borrowed civilization is merely a rehearsal; we must learn all we can of it, but only that we may do better in the play.

Now no element in this alien pedagogic civilization of ours is more obviously alien than the art of sculpture. This age offers no natural models for such work, no natural occasions for producing it, no natural function for it when produced; and what is more, it is very doubtful whether we possess unimpaired that playful technical impulse which, were model, occasion, and function all present, might produce that sort of work again. I know very well that there is interesting sculpture in our own day — sometimes decorative, sometimes poetical, more often merely academic. Instincts are mechanically rooted in our natures and do not perish when the opportunity for exercising them is withdrawn — that is one of the agonies of existence; and I dare say in heaven, where there are no bodies, some of us will still try to be sculptors atavistically. And besides, to explain the persistence of sculpture, there is the prodigious inertia of human society in all that relates to the expression of consecrated emotions. In respect to honoring the dead, in cemeteries or elsewhere, it always seems safer to do the conventional thing: and as some put on mourning, and others say prayers, and others send flowers, so still others must command funeral monuments of the sculptor, or, if it comes to that, even equestrian statues. But who who might be, otherwise, forgotten is now remembered on account of a monument? And what shade cares to be flattered and honored in such a way? In these days, if such monuments arrest our attention, we think of their style, not of their motive; and if they declare the glory of anybody it is that of the sculptor, not of the person commemorated. There is indeed one sort of figure, other than dolls, which has a real function in our society: the images which are placed in Catholic churches; sculpture, in this department, ought to be a living art. And it has actually responded, perhaps more than academic sculpture, to the changing spirit of the age; but the result proves very clearly how little the age can express in sculpture. The use of images is itself, I venture to think, merely a tradition; it is no longer a spiritual necessity. Once the whole culture of the time could throw itself into these compositions; they were studied in the flesh and addressed to the spirit, they breathed the devotion they were called upon to stimulate; to-day they look for the most part like painted sugar.

In other words, sculpture has become an unnecessary art, subsisting by force of social inertia and the illusions of individuals; it is no longer an appropriate nor a successful means of expressing what we have to say. But we must not suppose for a moment that such was the case when those works were produced which the Greeks, or even the Middle Ages and Renaissance, have left us. What we collect and display in museums, what we conscientiously seek to enjoy, what we go to hear lectures about, lest inadvertently we should miss some recondite claim which it has to our interest, — all this was once something natural. It was

produced quite simply in the workshop, for the ordinary market. There were no *Salons* nor exhibitions in those days; the public relations and business of life required such objects, and an honest workman's guild was formed to supply them. When the manufactured objects got old they were replaced by new and better ones — for each period, while the art was alive, had the well-grounded assurance that its work was better, and expressed current feeling better, than that of an earlier time. They were produced and appreciated like the words of a living language, because they came from the fulness of the heart, and everybody understood and took them for granted. How natural it was for the Greeks to make statues is too well known to need repetition; not only were they in love with the body, but they had an almost superstitious craving for giving everything a plastic embodiment; their temples could not be without a visible god, and they could not go home happy after a victory unless they first erected a trophy on the battle-field. In a different fashion, some Christian ages have also lent themselves to visible expression, and demanded it, in a way quite impossible to us, with our drab indistinction and shrinking neutrality of soul. The Renaissance was an age when every man humored his humor: how should people with a sensitive eye, or any manual dexterity, have avoided reproducing the loud pose, the arrogant gesture, the unembarrassed personality, the vivid sensuous unmasking of everybody around them? The result is that their works, the inevitable expression and mirror of their time, remain its memorial. They are not only splendid and moving in themselves, but full of various instruction for us.

Statues speak by gesture; and we must be silent to understand. We must let them speak to us directly, without literary or second-hand interpretations coming between them and us. I don't know how psychology should explain the mechanism of this silent communication; but experience attests that the communication occurs. As we feel elective affinities in the presence of living people, and are able to fall in love, so we feel currents of influence, sympathetic reactions, in the presence of images. Doubtless the stimulus in this case loses in intensity—for a statue has less animal magnetism in it than a man. But it gains correspondingly in persistence — for a statue is always in the same mood, and however slight the contagion of feeling which we undergo in its presence, it is a cumulative impression; the next moment does not show us our magnetic friend doing something inconsistent with his original character, and giving us another idea of himself. In time, therefore, the companionship of a plastic form can become a positive and appreciable influence; it can exercise a hypnotic power over our organs and bid them operate under its control; we shall imitate and render it over, as we do the way of smiling and of walking of the people we live among. We shall reproduce in ourselves by this means the very physiological process, and generate the very mood, which filled the artist in the quick moment of creation, when, chisel in hand, after a last happy touch, he stepped back from his work and cried, "That's it at last; it is finished!"

Gesture is the first language and the most moving; perhaps it would still suffice for communication if we needed to know men only and not things, friends only and not strangers, present events only and not those occurring elsewhere or in distant times. Animals, in influencing and understanding one another, are satisfied with action, or with that incipient action which we call attitude; and man reverts to the same, abandoning the artifice of language, whenever he has his whole self to express, and is too full of feeling to know or to care whether he is expressing anything. Gesture is intelligible even beyond the limits of the human species; we know how it would feel to fly like the eagle, or sing like the lark, or swim like the porpoise. *Vice versa*, a dog will understand his master's mind — the mood and intent of it — though not those verbal perspectives there which are sometimes dignified with the name of reason. Even if our bodies be not descended from animals, it is plain that our souls are extensions of theirs. They and we have the same rudimentary needs, the same essential ideal direction. Life seems to possess a greater vagueness, a greater universality, than its organs, so that we can have premonitions of other sorts of motion and feeling than are possible to our particular bodies.

Here, then, is an advantage which plastic arts enjoy over literature: they express

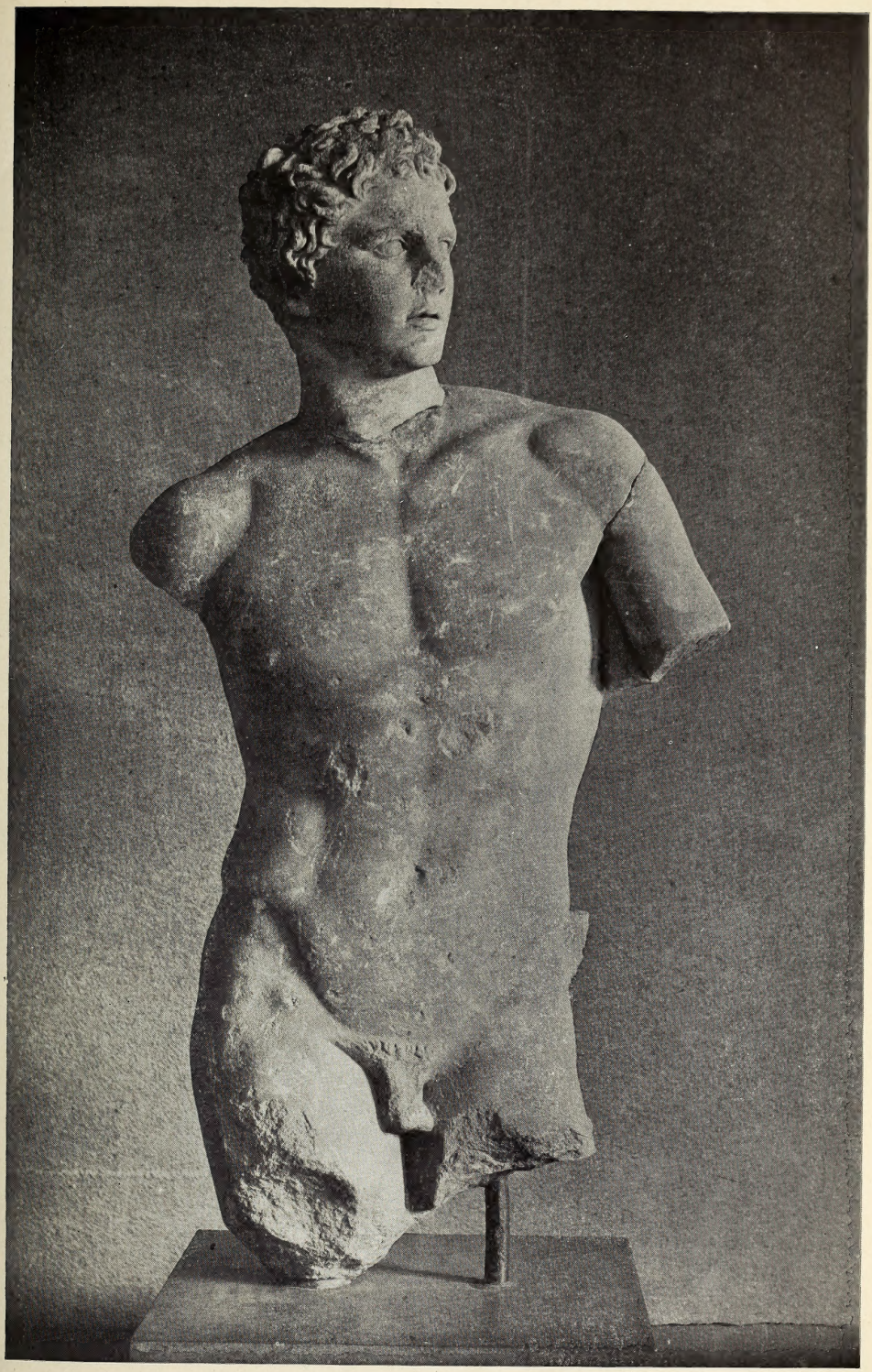
something profounder, more elemental, and they express it all at once, by a sort of vital contagion which they emit. Moreover, that round-about mode of expression which we call speech is necessarily intermittent; the most voluble and feminine of us cannot be talking all the time; the most polite, the most lecture-loving, cannot be listening to discourses during the whole twenty-four hours. Plastic expression, on the contrary, is perpetual; it costs no effort; it makes no noise; it does not fatigue either the agent or the beholder; and it continues to exert its force, perhaps it exerts its force most efficaciously, when it works unawares. As even when we are asleep the substance of our bodies continues to have material weight and, according to the law of gravity, makes its presence felt throughout the universe, so by another law which yet awaits some Newton to formulate it scientifically, the mere form or movement of bodies seems to exercise a magic suasion upon all surrounding things. This suasion sometimes prompts to actual imitation, sometimes to a mere complementary response or adjustment; but there is no form that does not subtly give to other forms a somehow corresponding twist. Of this influence we find an extreme and important instance in the human capacity to imitate literally, and to perceive. The constant radiation of forms is often imperceptible, like the light of the stars by day; yet it works on even then, and modifies the stronger forces by which it is obscured. When we are in brutal contact with objects we do not notice their æsthetic expression; but if we had time to discriminate what we undergo, if we were more thoroughly conscious, we should be aware that things in this world are all like the heroes in Homer, who assault each other with their eloquence before they strike their blow. And the eloquence of dumb things is unceasing; being an emanation of their structure, it lasts as long as they do; it works by perpetually undermining and reorganizing the structure of what it penetrates into. Even without giving attention we are subject to ambient influences from every quarter, and are made over into the likeness, or at least into the record, of the company we keep.

This fact has two important consequences, on which the dignity of the sculpture hangs: first, that form and attitude express vital habit; and second, that they do so by tending to melt and recast in us our own *ethics*, our own possible actions, our own vital habit. Sculpture is thus a most veracious historical document; it introduces us, without requiring other equipment on our part than sensitiveness, to the inner moral life and disposition of past ages.

And it does this by doing us at the same time another wonderful service: I mean, by renewing our own inner moral life and disposition. For it is the sense of this renewal within us, of this impulse and budding capacity to be stronger, straighter, simpler, calmer, and bolder than we ordinarily are, that reveals to us what the statue expresses; for those qualities might have existed to any extent in the model or in the artist's intention, and we should never know it unless the work succeeded in the first place in communicating those qualities, or some beginnings of them, to us.

In this way sculpture, which is apparently the most stolid and material of the arts, turns out to be deeply and directly moral. It does not operate by filling us in the first instance with ready-made ideas. Ready-made ideas are things which, being the surface products or the bubbles of mind, are quite ineffectual in changing its depths. Instead of bringing ready-made ideas, sculpture affects the sub-soil of ideas within us; it modifies, by a sort of invisible irrigation, the ideas we are henceforth able to breed, to love, or to adopt.

A consequence of this is that details and accessories are not important in sculpture; they are rather dangerous and disturbing. Even virtuosity, what is sometimes called *realism*, I mean skill in measuring and copying the surfaces of models, cannot help the sculptor to escape being empty and trivial; while, on the other hand, want of these accomplishments will not destroy the force of sculpture when it is backed by a noble *ethos*, by a steady habit of life and an uncrossed artistic tradition. Egyptian sculpture, for instance, is in a sense very rude; it is conventional, monotonous, stiff, and childish; yet it is sublime; nay, it is sweet, friendly, and delightful; it fills us with a sense of security; it seems to gaze upon us with a religious calm which passes into our spirits, or at least refreshes them; it reveals to us the possibility of patience; it reminds us that there may be gods, or stead-



Meleager, in Fogg Museum, Cambridge

fast mortals, that sit, placid and ironical, in the midst of a drifting world. On the other hand, many figures that diversify contemporary exhibitions contain evidence of long study with random masters, keen observation of random models, ingenious illustration of random ideas; taking note of these facts, we decree the artist a medal; and, having paid him for his work, we relegate it to some museum, or some public square, where many will pass it by and few will stop to look at it. Why should anybody stop? He would find nothing beautiful there, nothing important. There is no *ethos* in such a work, no trained bearing, no moral firmness. Neither the artist nor his contemporaries are at home in their bodies, or masters of them. The only structure, and therefore the only *ethos*, which a sculptor can render is that which he finds, either materially in his model, or generally in his world and in his technical tradition; but his technical traditions are now broken and conflicting, his world has an artificial culture and masquerades; and as for his models, they are the street-boys of Naples or the street-girls of Paris, and the *ethos* of these interesting creatures remains just what it was, after he bids them turn up their eyes and calls them angels, or fold their hands and calls them madonnas. No, sculpture is not a matter of surfaces; it is not enough to reproduce nicely a mechanical straining of the muscles. Those muscles must first have been taught to relax or to strain themselves to some purpose, so that when their expression is caught and fixed by the artist it may continue to mean something to the beholder, and may refresh him with that fine quality of life which it implies. To establish his correspondence of life with form there must be a long education in the race, generations of consecutive living and single-mindedness; only then can figures and attitudes have character enough to interest, or force to chasten, or charm to last. But then they will have these powers in an eminent degree; for the soul, as Aristotle taught, is itself an expression or function of the body, an inner register of instant readiness and potential action; and just this potential action, just this readiness, just this soul, is what the sculptor seizes in its material ground, through which it can be reproduced and recovered at pleasure.

Here let me dwell for a moment on a point which may have its importance for some of us if, in walking through a gallery of sculpture, particularly if it be sculpture of a single period, with a uniform style and generic choice of subject, we receive a somewhat meagre impression. Everything is white, everything is smooth, a set of bare figures, standing each alone, one foot before the other, and one hand held out in the hope of being graceful. Now this *jejeune* effect of many statues together is partly due to there being many. We should see more richness, more meaning, if we saw but one at a time; this is one of the evils of collections. Sculpture is in this respect a little like philosophy. When many systems of philosophy are surveyed one after the other they come to seem thin, verbal, artificial; yet very likely each system alone, if understood in its implications and allowed to deliver its message undisturbed, might seem infinitely pregnant, the richest of possible presences. The reason is that both philosophy and sculpture are synthetic; they pass from the many to the one, from the multifarious to the essential, from manifestations to their principle. Hence if the anagram is not deciphered, if the work of sculpture or philosophy is not pondered and fathomed, if it is taken for one more surface, no more significant than any other, then it will perforce seem poverty-stricken, monotonous, cold. It is a seed, rather than a flower; to understand it we must let it sink into us, unfold itself in us; we must give it time to start all the tendencies to ordered motion which it epitomizes; and then, in its familiar presence, we shall feel the whole world opening out again before us, but now, in consequence of the single and central attitude we shall have learned to assume, that world will wear a new order, a marvellous harmony: it will seem, in fact, to consist of sheer contributions to this one image, to this consummate symbol. Thus the statue that had no color will glow with all the colors in the world; what had no motion will vibrate with many possible passions; yes, the latent tears of a whole mysterious universe will seem to be gathered here, welling up in the presence of this patient expectancy, of this eternal memory. Time runs so fast that we can never live largely save in reflection; and just because everything real is ambiguous and imperfect in its actuality we must appeal to representation to render it clear and whole.

The level of representation is the level of memory, of reason, and of humanity; art, in rising to this level, lifts us from the flux of existence to some ideal which the flux would gladly embody, if it could only stop long enough to embody anything. The fulness of life, in order to gather itself together, must put on the form of eternity. That is why sculpture is so still, and so great.

What happens in sculpture is the reverse of what, in this respect, happens in most of the other arts. A playwright or novelist, for instance, may begin with an idea, with the conception of some culminating act or situation, or perhaps with the general feeling, the moral complexion, of some character. From this starting-point his work will proceed to develop that pregnant entity into apt incidents and speeches. He will devise means of bringing out his central idea in as many scenes as possible. Similarly, a lyric poet deploys and elaborates his emotion; what came to him as a single pang he utters in a long flux of words and images. He passes, if you will, from the one to the many, from a dumb feeling to many details that make that feeling articulate, and reproduce that experience in a symbolic and communicable form. To be sure, the spectator at the play, or the reader of poetry, if he is to *understand* what is put before him, must bring that detail together again in his mind, and let it reproduce there the integral idea, the supreme sentiment, which the discursive work started with and was meant to express. This labor of synthesis, left in most arts for the public apprehension to do, because the parts remain distinct, is done for us in sculpture by the artist. In sculpture the parts work, or ought to work, only in the whole. The sculptor meets us, as it were, at the journey's end; he gives us, through a form and attitude which enlist our involuntary sympathy, a single impression, as direct and poignant as a smell. Out of this one impression we must pass to its submerged justification: to the acts, the words, the endless situations, in which such a sentiment might be manifested in real life. And evidently we can draw such justification only from our own quickened imagination. Unless the given presence attach itself to a fund of experience and of potential life in ourselves it will remain insignificant. It will seem the photograph of an incident, the fixing of a chance grimace, at best a graceful composition of lines and surfaces. And while such an effect is of course legitimate enough, and may be very beautiful, it is not what gives sculpture its special potency, its ideal burden.

Aphrodite, Bartlett Collection, Museum of Fine Arts

The ideal burden of sculpture, however, is immense; sculpture is wonderfully pregnant. Yet to read this latent meaning is easy, because the significance of sculpture is like that of natural bodies: it is communicated to us not by words or other indirect symbols, but by physical contagion, so that it grows up in us of itself. To direct this spontaneous growth into specific feelings, however, the work of sculpture must be boldly posed and delicately treated — not a wrong or ambiguous stroke anywhere, not a detail too much. Otherwise it will not define our own reaction unequivocally; it will not give a perceptible and specific twist

to our life; in a word, it will not *mean* anything. Looseness in the other arts is not fatal to effect. Obscure speech, drifting music, hybrid architecture, vague painting, may all interest through the beauty of their parts or the volume of them. Where the medium is very rich, or where adventitious associations are easy to pick out, the essential meaning of a form is not all that the work depends upon. We may find it delightful in sundry ways without exacting perfect unity, or that suspended animation, infinite potency, and eternal charm of which I was speaking. But sculpture, unless it has this supreme quality, has very little to offer.

Its material must indeed be fine; but the importance of material in sculpture is not for the sake of its independent effect, but that it may render form with enough subtlety and elasticity. If casts are unsatisfactory it is not chiefly because their color is ordinarily so ugly and glaring; it is because chalk will not render delicate tensions; nor plaster, delicate surfaces. The general shape of the original is reproduced, as the shell reproduces the general shape of a chestnut, but, it must be confessed, without much of its substance or of its flavor. And marble, no matter how pure, will not go far towards making a statue beautiful, as it might a building, neither will malachite nor gold. Nor can the literary value of sculpture, the story it tells, the associations it has, raise it for more than a moment above insignificance; for if the story or the emotion were better rendered, as it easily might be, in another medium, the sculpture would cease to interest us at all or would have to interest us for its proper plastic or decorative function.

The answer, then, which I am able to give to the general question, "What has the community to gain by attention to sculpture?" is the following: We are able to gain two things: moral stimulation and historical insight. Sculpture makes a double appeal to us: first, in that it recasts us inwardly and gives us the sense of a more perfect possible temper and life; and secondly, in that, by so doing, it offers us a key to the temper and life of the ages that produced it, enabling us to interpret imaginatively and truly the cold facts of history. The force of sculpture is primarily *moral;* for while of course it gives, at certain moments, a sensuous or æsthetic pleasure, this pleasure is deep, steady, and recurrent only in so far as it accompanies a sort of rejuvenation and chastening of our vital attitude; a new birth of simplicity and vigor in our souls. The sight of what human nature might be in its purity and freedom thaws us, as it were, and causes the genuine ideal to stir again within, straining the swaddling-clothes in which convention has wrapped it. But this moral renewal has, incidentally, an intellectual function, when the freedom and simplicity expressed in sculpture are the record of what a less encumbered civilization may have allowed men to approach in some past age. Then the plastic works they have bequeathed to us throw us, by force of physical contagion, literally into the attitudes which their purer genius prompted them to assume. Both these services rendered by sculpture are, I venture to think, particularly opportune and useful in our contemporary self-education. We are all eager for historical insight. We feel that the events of the past, even when they are vividly recorded in literature, covered a fascinating, irrecoverable life. We would fain feel whatever men have sincerely felt, and build our wisdom on the sum of their experience. If any device can help us to put ourselves in their place, we welcome it heartily. We wish to know how they talked and dressed; and where theatrical representations, for instance, touch our imagination in no other way, they sometimes succeed in touching it by offering us a picturesque copy of the externals of another age. But these reproductions are our own work; whatever archæological accuracy they may possess, they have not the accent and truth of an actual survival. Sculpture, on the other hand, is a genuine heirloom; it is an unintentional, and therefore a quite sincere, betrayal of the spirit that created it. And, furthermore, it does not touch externals, but the very heart and inmost disposition of its authors. It puts us, if we are docile to its influence, in a position really to understand the past.

And again, we in these days are exceptionally hungry for beauty. The multiplicity of pretty things, of incompatible styles of evanescent sunsets and moonbeams and half-understood music, play at best on a latent capacity in us to pass, in one direction or another, to *something better* than our

ordinary neutral state. Those sentimental and sensuous beauties are like whiffs from a garden, or bird-notes in wood, caught for a moment and then lost again, leaving us stirred but not strengthened, arresting our attention as if they had something pertinent to say, but cheating that attention, as if they spoke a foreign language and came from another quite irrational, non-practical world, into which we could never pass, at least not if we hoped to carry our waking minds and our essential interests with us. Yet the fact that such mystic or insignificant beauties attract and delight us for a moment shows that we have a capacity to grow, that our senses are capable of more harmonious and congenial reactions than ordinary objects arouse, that our imagination is ready to fall into new and more beautiful pictures, if only a better world supported our idealizing effort, rendering it applicable and steady. The soul, if I may say so, is always waiting for good news. Now a suggestion or hint of such good news comes in what we call sensuous beauty; in intellectual beauty the same good news is rendered clear and articulate; for we call beauty intellectual when we not only feel its mysterious charm, but understand that what charms us is some intelligible excellence — some harmony, utility, force, or significance in what we see. The good news that great sculpture brings us is that man is perfectible; that the animal in him can be the instrument, not the foe, of the spirit; that what is truly natural in him is not his vice or confusion, but that clear organic energy that fights against vice and confusion, and by contrast with which vice and confusion are first seen. The mere sight of a beautiful form quickens the sense for this so natural ideal and, as Plato puts it, causes the wings of the soul to begin aching and sprouting; but when this beautiful form is the token of some past triumph of spirit, the causes and circumstances of which history can describe, then our excitement becomes understanding and that moment of inspiration a positive lesson in wisdom; for it helps us to discriminate good from bad tendencies, successes from failures, in the history of mankind. Here, then, is a study fruitful in pleasures — in pleasures which are the sign of a moral quickening and improvement in those who sincerely enjoy them. Here is a means of recovering our true selves, and at the same time penetrating to civilizations which, though remote perhaps in time and place, are possibly the most congenial to us essentially. What a privilege this is that falls to the lover of sculpture! He is fascinated by what chastens him, and, in the familiar presence of antiquity, he is liberated and encouraged to be himself.

OF FRINGES

By ESTHER MATSON

That tempting range of relevances. — *George Eliot.*

FRINGE, like the fragrance of a flower, serves as a go-between twixt the tangible and the intangible, the material and the spiritual, worlds. When I plead guilty to an inordinate love of fringes it is partly, I confess, for no reason well definable and partly because of that very hint they give of something other than themselves.

I am aware that a hem is a much properer thing. There is righteousness in hems. At least there is if I am to believe my sister Susan — the sister whom nobody ever presumes to nickname; the sister who is always the pink of propriety, in dress and manner and moral sageness.

Susan says a fringe is a nuisance, and she instances our two precious and unique Persian rugs that have fringed ends. To be sure, those ends do occasionally get into a great unwarrantable tangle and trip me up at the very times when I am most in a hurry to arrive somewhither. Nevertheless, I hold that even at such times those would-be kindly rugs are but telling me in their own way that haste makes waste. They are but making another plea for the quiet life that is now so sadly out of date.

And pray what, indeed, would those selfsame rugs be without their delightful fringed ends? Where, too, would one half the charm of many an old Oriental or colonial fabric be without its fringe? Those lovely East India embroidered shawls,— the sort your grandmother knew so precisely how to drape around her shoulders,— surely they would lack the better part of their inimitable grace if bereft of their waving borders of knotted silk.

There is a sense of finish, of perfection to a degree, about a fringed material. It is as though the artist or the craftsman had joyed in his work to such an extent that when all was done he must needs, out of the sheer bounty of his heart, give extra measure of beauty.

Look, too, how nature, that greatest craftsman of all, when to all practical purposes she seems to have finished many of her creations, throws herself with utter abandon into what appears to us, at least, mere decorative effect. Note how marvellous is her fringed gentian. See what myriad colored threads she weaves about each separate eye of the peacock's tail.

I go back to it — my contention that of all material, man-made objects a fringe is the most poetic. It serves as a symbol for that subtle, ineffable quality, the same quality which in landscape-painting Corot of all artists best knew how to interpret for us. Those tone pictures of his are akin to the happy word-picturings of another artist, a craftsman of words, who has sung to us of "the fringed osiers by the river's bank."

How impossible it would be to paraphrase that line and yet keep the indescribable feeling of it! Surely it is not to be denied that certain words, certain phrases, have association belonging to them, making a very part of them, and yet not a part, even as an invisible but none the less real fringe.

So the Bible and Shakespeare are rich in fringed words, and suggestive phrases, vividly contrasting with the commonplace pieces of every-day writing that is made up of words, phrases (and ideas, alas! also), that are merely definite, detached, uninteresting.

I know of a certain man, no less than a Dean as to conventional rank, and straitlaced enough as to behavior and all the usual tenets of the law, who yet mentally journeys very far abroad. Certain tours of his I daresay venture close to the forbidden lands of heresy, to the near confines of which the "fringes of thought," waving like acacia boughs, do sometimes lead him. He it was first drew attention for me to the superior allurements of such thought fringes — to their peculiar magic as compared with the dulness of solid Gradgrind facts.

How often, said he once — and surely

all must have felt so — does the real value of a book come from the borderland of thought and feeling suggested by it rather than from any definite matters which it avowedly set out to portray.

How often have I, for my part, thought that in regard to the still discussed college training it is not at all the learning won from either the text-books or the professors, but rather the habits suggested and the distinct atmosphere, the fringes as it were, of the college culture that really count.

Somebody, speaking of that fascinating subject, gardens, divided them into two kinds,— one, the kind made to look into; the other, the kind made to look out from. Now the garden of the human mind is not so different. The difference, however, between people in this particular is actually appalling. Some characters there are which insist upon your looking into them. They are unhappy unless topics of conversation have direct personal bearing upon themselves. They are the rigid, hemmed-about characters, and, you have to confess, they have none of the never-failing charm of those other personalities that are fringed about, that have sympathies "catching at all things," that bid you look, not in but out,— the personalities that inspire.

Yes, she may still urge her orthodox hems, may my sister Susan. For my part, they come too closely under the rule of thumb; there is too much of the T-square about them, albeit I grant they do possess a praiseworthy simplicity and reserve. Priscilla, I mind me, could wear a starched and hemstitched collar with trying cuffs to match, and yet preserve a witchery of her own. Some rare persons — and sects also, it may be — are able to make a generous allowance on their hems.

Nevertheless, do I prefer to stake my welfare on a fringed faith, and to laud the fringe *per se;* for has it not the beauty of flexibility and the utility of being adaptable? Has it not proved, beyond all peradventure of doubt, that it possesses the superior quality of suggestiveness? Best of all, has it not the power to relate isolated and solid facts to all the universe?

THE LAST CHARGE OF THE FREE LANCE

By MELVILLE CHATER

A FREE LANCE he had lived: sole, impregnable, sufficient, had he thought his thoughts, fought his fights, sinned his sins. Now, beaten to the last trench, he nailed his pennon to the shattered staff: a Free Lance he would die!

Before him lay the street flooded with the prodigality of color and life which marks an exhibernating city; the Square was a bower of waving green. The Free Lance lounged against the hotel portal, the warm spring sunshine on his face, and planned his last charge.

Reporters who had consulted the hotel register found that the Free Lance hailed from Quartz, Col. He was known for a big mine-owner, a millionaire — and, indeed, just then Quartz City was a synonym for wealth. They also found a name which was duly printed under new arrivals. They might have substituted "—— ———" with equal truth, and so we prefer to call him the Free Lance. Moreover, though the city was strange to him, he was not quite a stranger to the city; he still cherished boyish recollections of life on the upper West Side when there were fewer houses than now and more vacant lots for ball-playing. Nor had he always been a Free Lance; time had been when he was an enthusiastic undergraduate in a class whose motto ran, "One for All — All for One." He had stood high in that class — too high, perhaps. If at its dispersion he could but have steeled himself to the ladder's bottom rung he might now have been a model of salaried respectability. As it was, he had striven alone and failed; had drifted and sunk, year by year, the derelict of a thousand ventures, until one morning in Quartz he had awakened to find himself forty and penniless, the undisputed half-owner in one barren gold-mine, and — such was his boast — a Free Lance.

"Well, good-by, Carmack," he had told his partner in his most graceful, gentleman-bankrupt fashion. "The jig's up. Accept my share in the 'Reciprocity;' perhaps it'll pan out yet — as real-estate. You might sell it for a cemetery. Think I'll drift eastward on the chance of a fatted calf. You know, cattle's the one thing I have n't tried."

And thereupon Carmack had eyed him curiously, searchingly, and had spoken, as became the Scriptural context, in parable.

"Partner," he had said, "my recollection is that Prodigal did n't quit until he was down to hog-feed. You've got something left in the pocket o' your jeans an' don't know it — it's a college education. Now, supposin' I state the 'Reciprocity' is O.K.; that all she needs is — what'll we call it? — reorganization! Supposin' you've got photographs, reports, maps, an' specimens to prove it? I stay West, you know, in touch with the properties; you go East. in touch with fy-nance. I'm the Board o' Directors, with all the handsome names you please, in entire harmony with myself; you're the president, living at a swell hotel an' engaged in negotiatin' what we'll refer to hereinafter as an increase of capital stock. That's where your college education — which includes rich friends — helps us out. Speakin' strongly, I know mines; you know men. It's a good combination. What do you say?"

What the Free Lance had then said he now reiterated to himself as he lounged against the hotel portal in the sunshine that warm spring afternoon. It was, in effect, that such things had been done before and would be done again; that if he risked no one, dishonored no one, but himself, whose business was it but his own? And drawing forth a packet of gilded, embossed parchments, each flourishingly headed "Certificate of Stock," he lingered with artistic satisfaction over the authoritative lilt of their engraved clauses.

As he glanced up, his eye was caught by

a headline in a proffered newspaper. He bought a copy from the boy and read the article — a summary of an intercollegiate track-team meet which was to be held uptown that afternoon. It struck him that here was an excellent opportunity for renewing old and valuable acquaintanceships. He consulted his watch, then hurried down Twenty-third Street, up the elevated steps, and into a northbound train.

He seated himself and gazed curiously out of the window. He was not yet reaccustomed to the city; it still gave him a strange sensation which he compared to that of looking upon some changed, once familiar face. At Fiftieth Street there entered a group of men in whom he realized with a queer shock the truth of his comparison. He rose, followed them into the next car, and there, seating himself somewhat aloof, scanned them covertly. As he watched, long-forgotten mannerisms of pose and gesture flashed forth, identifying forcibly their matured faces. He recognized his university's colors on the button that showed in each lapel, and reflected that here were but a few of the men upon whom he was privileged to draw drafts of old friendship. And yet he had sometimes doubted the advantages of a college education! He stirred with the opening words of his campaign on his tongue, then sank back for a final reconsideration.

Soon enough — say within a year — the crash was bound to come. By then he would be safely out of reach. There would be much talk and print, of course, but who would care? The delicate point of honor he had settled comfortably with himself, and who else between earth and sky was there? No wife, no child, no friend. He had expended his last dregs of conscience in careful, disinterested search: he was, he thanked Heaven, a law exclusively unto himself!

But already the train was far uptown and had grown more crowded at each stop. The Free Lance chafed to find his friends surrounded by a swarm of youths whose loud, authoritative talk of amateur records, expert forecasts, and weather conditions caused him to sigh wearily. How could grown men find food for such interminable discussion in some athlete's let-down tendon? Still, he felt sorry for the fellow; a let-down tendon, he knew, was no joke.

The train came to a final stop; the Free Lance was swallowed in a multitude of enthusiasts who edged feverishly down-stairs on each other's heels and, dashing across the street, skirted some high boardings over which rose a grand-stand presenting a rear view of wedged humanity. Along the kerb stretched a file of men who, planted with forests of flags, orange, blue, and crimson, shouted hoarsely, "Here y'are, all the colors! Buy yer colors before enterin'!" The Free Lance, pressing after his friends, turned up a long, board-walled alley and fell into line some distance behind them; he was combatting an odd reluctance to make himself known. Presently a great roar resounded within, whereat callow youths, greenbacks in hand, shuffled impatiently, craning towards the box-office. Again the roar resounded, again and again; the Free Lance felt his blood creep queerly, and his fingers twitched as he counted his change. Inside there followed another stampede to the grand-stand. This boyish impetuosity, during which he quite lost sight of his men, irritated the Free Lance; he lounged after the ruck, took an isolated seat, and gazed about him with peevish deliberation.

The great green oval was framed on three sides by tier upon tier of shimmering life, and on the fourth the high boardings swarmed with a desperate barnacle growth. Against this sober background there flared fluttering splotches of orange, blue, and crimson. The distant clubhouse was a very ant-hill of egress and regress; knots of men spattered the green; kodakers lined the smooth track; loosely robed youths strolled apart in pairs; one tiny figure ran from point to point, hurling huge, reverberating facts through a megaphone. The Free Lance perceived that the games were well advanced; the hammer-throwing contestants had dwindled to three, and the group about the distant, gallows-like erections held but a few white-clad survivors.

The hurdles, low and high, were set up and the final heats run in quick succession. The Free Lance refused to rise with the crowd, but picked his favorites, and as each victoriously breasted the tape he augmented the gale of applause with a meagre handful of approbation. A juvenile group near-by exasperated him with green, unqualified enthusiasms: he withdrew and

strolled moodily up and down behind the benches. He experienced the sensation of being the one solitary, unaccompanied spectator, and retaliated by denying sternly the gala spirit of the multitude.

Mixing with a more mature stratum of audience, he recognized his friends gesticulating wildly in a sea of orange. About them crowded many faces he know, or thought he knew. There was Pierce, prince of meerschaum-colorers; and "Bull" Edwards, who made the one glorious touchdown in the game of '85; and old "Sleek" Miller, who stole the tombstone on Hallowe'en! Yet he looked again and they were stout, middle-aged strangers. Was it that the Free Lance had been overeager to incarnate the army of ghosts that had suddenly sprung up from some forgotten corner of his brain? Then something happened on the track, and his blood leaped afresh to find that the men he watched were, after all, but riotous, overgrown boys. One tall, eye-glassed person, extending a provocative arm towards a distant rival contingent, as though urging it to fall upon him, was shouting hoarsely:

"Won by a yard, I tell you! Saw it myself! We can lick those fellows any time," he announced. "We've licked 'em before; we can always lick 'em!"

He adjusted his glasses and set his teeth for more. With piston arm and strident tone he urged lagging runners to "Come on!" When the broad jumper fell backwards he caught his breath and squirmed. He watched the pole-vaulter clear the bar, with an anxious groan, supplementing his applause with "We've licked 'em before; we can always lick 'em!" eager alike for approbation or contradiction. But he was only one of many; save for the Free Lance, no one noticed him.

A great voice, coming out of the air, recounted the points scored by each university, and named the mile-run as a deciding factor. A knot of bath-robed youths issued from the club-house and tiptoed up the track. Fluttering splotches of color rose at their passing, and strange choruses reverberated snappily, each ending with a threefold cry of some champion's name. The Free Lance leaned forward and watched the nearing figures; this time he rose with the crowd, somewhat flushed, his jaw twitching, his hands clenched.

"Burney!
We see you, we're a-watching,
We've got our eyes upon you;
'Noughty-One is counting on you,
'Noughty-One is confident;
Confident and counting on you —
Burney! Burney! Burney!"

The crowd sank. The Free Lance sat down mechanically; he found himself asking his neighbor, in a stunned, wandering way:

"Was n't that Burney? What — what do they mean? Who's Burney?"

The other indicated a runner, a slim, boyish youth blushing through his self-possession.

"But that cry . . . Noughty-One!" The Free Lance seemed quite dazed.

"Oh, that's a revival. His name is Burns, but they've nicknamed him after Burney, the old-timer, class of '86. The men yelled that at Burney fifteen years ago; he was a great runner, and we've never quite forgotten him, you see."

"I — I see," said the Free Lance. "Yes, yes!" His voice trembled foolishly.

A puff of smoke spurted above the row of bent athletes, and they leaped forth. At the quarter a Crimson and a Blue had detached themselves; a line of figures straggled through thirty yards amid which came two Orangemen. At the half, the pair ahead had increased their lead, the Crimson in advance, the Blue dogging his heels. The distant column began to contract ominously, men passing and repassing amid storms of applause. At the third quarter the Orangemen were seen to steal slowly along the line and burst into the open. Spurting alternately, they crept inch by inch upon the leading pair; but in a desperate struggle with the lagging Blue, for right of way, one fell weakly back; the other, plunging past, wore down the intervening space with great strides. Then it was that the Crimson judged her man secure; then it was that the Orange and Black judged her man's struggle heroic but too late. It was a crucial ordeal of yards and seconds: those seconds when a crowd forgets that it is jumping, gesticulating, hurling hysterical incoherences; when a runner's face sets in grotesque contortion and he sees, feels, knows nothing of life save one far, fluttering white streak.

The pursuer, at his antagonist's heels,

wavered, his head swaying limply, when across the roar there rang:

"Burney!
We see you, we're a-watching,
We've got our eyes upon you;
'Noughty-One is counting on you,
'Noughty-One is confident;
Confident and counting on you —
Burney! Burney! Burney!"

The fainting runner stiffened, and gritted his teeth on all that was left in him; then, as though galvanized with sudden, irresistible force, he flung himself to the fore, burst the tape, staggered ten yards, and fell headlong.

All was drowned in a great rush and roar. Below, the revived runner rose head and shoulders in air over a swarm of men; on every side the stands were emptying in a stampede towards the centre of the field.

The Free Lance perceived that his throat was sore and that he trembled from head to foot. He was eager for some answering face, some clutching hand, to throw him into boisterous laughter or a silly sob, he knew not which. Alone he strolled aimlessly about the thronged oval. Athletes were holding court amid circles of hand-shakers; regiments of youths marched afield, glutting themselves on wild, complicated chants; everywhere figures were encountering with a hearty hand-grip and an exchange of reminiscences. Conservative business men were paying bets and wagering recklessly on the future; a group of staid middle-agers followed a youthful champion, shouting, "He's little, but oh, my!" The spectacled gentleman, atop of a bench, kept defiantly inquiring what the matter was with the class of '79. Every one seemed brimful of uproarious congratulation. Amid this vast carnival of brotherhood the Free Lance slouched moodily, like one who had forgotten the password of admittance.

Suddenly he straightened into action, as though shaking himself free of somewhat, and turned his back upon the scene. Within the gate he encountered a group of familiar faces, lit with hilarious fellowship. Now or never! He drew forth the packet of parchments and fingered them busily, as if to fix his unstable mood; then he stepped forth, rehearsing a phrase of hesitant recognition. Shoulder to shoulder, swept by a swift impulse, he passed on and out.

No, no, not here! He would see them singly in their offices down-town, amid the prosaic routine of rumblings, tickings, clangings; where men forgot their hearts and talked dry business; where nobody cared, no wife, no child, no friend; where he was a Free Lance.

They were just behind him; he could hear them reminiscing among themselves:

"We see you, we're a-watching,
We've got our eyes upon you;
'Eighty-six is counting on you,
'Eighty-six is confident —"

Of a sudden the Free Lance shredded his papers, then turned impetuously with outstretched hands.

"Boys," he said, gulping unexpectedly, "don't you know me?"

ABOUT OLD LADIES

By BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

IN most communities there seems to exist a prejudice in favor of young people, a kind of civilized Minotaur with a preference for youths and maidens. Poets sing the praises of bright eyes and golden ringlets, story-tellers vie with physiologues in mapping the anatomy of hearts at all stages of immaturity, and common people look to the list of their young acquaintance in a perennial hope of finding literature ready-made by nature. But what novel, even of the bastard problem brood, chooses its heroines from the ranks of old ladies? What poet descants on the charms of the nonogenarian?

Wordsworth has some moralizing to do about an ancient huntsman and about a leech-gatherer,

> "Not all alive, nor dead,
> Nor all asleep — in his extreme old age."

Holmes paints a grandsire in guise of a withered leaf. The pictures are not enticing. Perhaps the poets have hobnobbed so long with love that they too are become blind. Or it may be their experience with old ladies has been limited. If so, they are to be commiserated, not condemned, and their words on the subject frankly ticketed as being infested with a fallacy. Technically, it is known as the fallacy resulting from too-hasty generalization.

Not being a poet, and only to be convicted of verse-making in odd moments, I feel no obligation either to honor or to practise the traditions of the guild. Therefore I am free to confess myself in love with old ladies.

I like to look at an old lady. It is not a casual glance that contents me, a general survey of the old lady and her books, her Watts' Hymnbook, her Bible, her Barnes' Notes, her pictures, Washington standing by the pillar in close proximity to the family homestead shaded by its century-old elms; her claw-foot tables and chairs that have "Story" written all over them. Neither do I advocate a stare. To stare is to confess yourself a backward scholar in the advanced mathematics of ways and means. But to sit down in leisurely fashion and look at an old lady without seeming to watch her — have you ever tried the diversion? It is harmless and warranted not to keep you awake o' nights, though if you have never done so before the old lady may dwell on it when she lies and thinks in the small dark hours or in the early dawn.

You will not have to search far afield to find a pretty old lady. Seldom will you meet with one who is not pleasant to gaze upon. Her hair is white and silky and generally parted in the middle, with stray wisps creeping out from beneath the ruffles of her cap. Color, delicate as a girl's, flushes into her face when you come. Her cheek as she turns it to your lips, if you are a favorite of hers, brushes yours with the soft touch of rose-petals; you linger over her hands as over pale flowers. Her eyes may not see as well as they did once, but they are more tender than when they were brighter. There clings about her a kind of delicate sweetness, the fragrance of beautiful living, distilled from countless thoughts and deeds, frail kindnesses she has forgotten long ago.

Have you ever watched a La France rose wither? Its head droops a little on its stem; its firm velvety petals grow softer, cling together gently; tiny wrinkles crisscross its smooth pinkness; its fragrance takes on a far-away, lingering quality. Old ladies are human La France roses. They fade, with nothing dry or hard or brittle in the process. Their wrinkles are the fine mint-marks brave living and pure thinking have stamped upon their faces. They nominate the worth of the gold. I should not know my old ladies if their wrinkles were erased. Death sometimes does it, turning back with gentle hand the pages of the years, but I love them better with their wrinkles. Babies are smooth, blank-faced little creatures. If they knot their countenances it is only by way of expostulation or inquiry. In general

they are as like as beans in a pot. Not until they grow old enough to get a few lines in their faces does looking at them amount to much more than gazing at the blank pieces of a Chinese puzzle.

Old ladies play the andante movement in the human concerto; their key-note is rest. Young girls are all excitement, all straining forward, all eagerness — theirs is the allegro vivace. The allegro sets your feet to dancing, the andante quiets. A calm-eyed old lady is a mender of frayed nerves not to be surpassed by the best-selling "tonic" in Quackdom. With her low-toned voice, her gentle touch, she is the soul's masseuse, a magician who creates an atmosphere of quiet and of peace.

If I could do but one, and had to choose between looking at an old lady and talking with an old lady I would decide to talk with her. It is like dipping into a girl's faded diary. Now and again I come upon pages pasted together, and those I may not read. A delicate old-time flavor of romance, even of adventure, steals from between the shut leaves. Perhaps some day they will be unsealed to me.

You have a taste for the historical novel? You enjoy getting the feel of days that are gone? Put down your story and go to see the oldest old lady you know. If you do not know any, make the acquaintance of one quickly. You have no time to lose. She has books not to be equalled by those in your library, and well worth the reading. They are all books of remembrance, these volumes that crowd the old lady's shelves, folios more precious than any to be found in the old bookstore you frequent, first editions of a date so dim that each year renders them more priceless. The time is not far distant when no love may buy a peep within their yellowed pages.

Books, typed and leaded, are elusive things. They look to be the frankest creatures in the world, to take all humanity into their confidence, to stand ready to tell their secrets to any eye. A book lying on its back unfolds itself in the most ingenuous fashion; it seems by its very attitude to call hospitably to the possible reader and say,

"Al open am I, pas in and sped the faste!"

At heart every book worth reading is an aristocrat. Not to the casual reader does *a b c* prove a password that will admit to the inner chambers. They have a gentle fashion of withdrawing themselves, have the books, a courteous way of refusing intimacy to the overcurious. The mere intellectual gymnast accounts himself satisfied and says lightly, "I have performed a new literary stunt: I have read another book." His understanding is darkened by his own shadow, and he does not know that to him has been denied the freedom of a high fellowship. Yet despite disappointments books thrill at the touch of a new hand. It may be but a stranger's; the alien reads and passes on forever. Or it may prove a friend's, a lover's, and for such an one the welcome is shadowed by no delicate reservations. So it is with the volumes in the old lady's library. Only the hand of love may turn their pages, only the eye of sympathy may read their secrets.

There is little fiction here. In the old lady's youth novels were accounted perilously akin to devil's bait. These books tell of life and of living as the old lady knew them. They are histories, biographies, annotated with quaint notes that run along the margins in fine old-style handwriting. This is a volume of autobiography. Take it down reverently and read. It speaks of the old lady's youth. It tells you how as a child she drove to church with her brothers and sisters of a cold New England winter Sabbath and with only her footstove for warmth sat through two sermons that invariably ran into the nineteenthlies and twentiethlies. It recounts Thanksgiving in the square farmhouse: the gigantic bakings in the great brick oven; the bountiful feast that in its plenty never forgot the poor and possibly dinnerless; the waning of the afternoon with the big brothers at watch for the moment of the sun's setting that no fraction of time might be lost from the evening's frolic in the wide kitchen when puss-in-the-corner and blind-man's-buff made the raftered room ring with young laughter. Turn the pages and read how the old lady, a prim miss in her teens, rode on the first railway-train that ran in New England. Here is a description of her first — and last — night at the theatre: when the time arrived for the ballet, and she saw the famous Clara Fisher, scantily attired in flesh-pink tights and microscopic skirts and carrying a little broom in her hand, dance on the stage, singing "Buy a broom, buy a broom," she

was so shocked that she fled from the box. Being followed up and questioned by the kindly but sophisticated old gentleman who had invited her to the play, she begged him to let her wait while he should return to the performance — she would not wish to interfere with his pleasure.

She likes to hear your laugh ring out as, her cheeks pink with excitement, she sits straighter in her chair and with graphic gesture describes the interlude between the strait-laced little country girl and the gallant old Boston beau. You are laughing with, not at, her.

Books written nowadays often leave out what you most want to know. They are not infrequently desultory imaginings. The would-be artist forms a mosaic of odd little stones, shells, curiosities, drawn, one here, another there, from the mantelpiece collections in the front parlors of the early nineteenth century. He fits them together in a frame of fancy, rivets it securely with a real personage or two, dashes over the whole a wash compounded of well-known facts to give the effect of authentic history, and calls it a novel of eighteen-twenty or of eighteen-thirty, as the case may be. At best it leaves much to be desired.

The old lady's volume seldom fails like the book in cloth covers. She takes you out into the pantries and lets you nibble at will from the well-stocked shelves. If you think of him at all, you think with pity of the person who knows no old lady. The stones in the front parlor make cold eating. The old lady has a chapter on dressmaking. "I make a two-breadth skirt for my little sister while my mother is away," she heads it. Another on spinning and weaving. Turn to the table of contents and glance through it. Indian Relics; The Wigwam; Old Letters; An Old-time Dancing-School; Kitchen Frolics; Training-Day; Revolutionary Heroes — she knew them herself, three ancient captains from Washington's army. Her father was a fighter. With the eye of memory she sees again the two "pontoons" that stood in honored rustiness behind the parlor door.

The next to the last chapter is one of bedtime stories — tales her mother, her aunt, her grandmother, once told her of the still more distant past they knew. After the last she has not yet written *finis*. It is still unfinished, for it is a chapter of dreams. In them she is now a child, as once when a child she saw herself a woman. Age has made the foreshadowing finger to slip backward. If you look in on her of a morning she will tell you how last night the fire in the great kitchen went out, how her brother could not kindle it by striking a spark from the flint and she was sent to the nearest neighbor's for a live coal; or how through dewy June ways between fields where bobolinks lilted rollickingly from bobbing yellow buttercups she rode to the village sitting astride the big white horse, two more children clinging on behind her, and a third slipping off the tail.

There was one — did I call her old? Eternal youth had set its spring within her mind. She drew her life from many sources; to do this is not to levy on the years for age. I verily believe she was older in the second decade of the century than at its close. The longer I knew her the younger she grew, the sweeter, the prettier. It was on her lap I sat, a tiny girl, and delightedly picked out familiar-looking the's and a's and ever longer words from the old Bible. You remember how you learned to read yourself from the first chapter of Genesis? Or was it the first of John?

"In the beginning was the Word."

There is a small brown book that looms large on my childhood's horizon. From it this dearest old lady of them all taught me geometry, a medley of queer definitions over which it is to be feared I exercised my "forgetter" far more actively than my "remember-er." Mixed with points, angles, cones, quadrilaterals, come trooping diagrams of flowers and of leaves, curious black-and-white spectres about which I conversed glibly but which I never by any chance connected with the jaunty dandelions and nodding daisies out-of-doors. There was a "Logick," too, but over that oblivion has drawn its shadowy curtain. I fear I had no abiding love for learning. I very much preferred our Sunday evening diversion when, the family away at church, we two sat together in the lamplight and dug for nuggets in the old hymn-book. There was a new hymn-book, but the light of common day shone too whitely through it. "Golden words" we were after, words with the glint and glamour of something unseen and wonderful about them, whose very letters hinted

at the shimmering walls of the New Jerusalem and whose sound held the rustle of angels' wings.

All that was years ago. More lately I have often come upon her sitting by her window with a parti-colored silken drift of patchwork pieces in her lap, her flowers and books around her. We have talked, and from her store she has brought forth things new and old. The mind's reach largely determines its grasp; the heart's love, its activity. There are young in years as well as old who live atrophied lives, half their natures dead or sleeping the sleep that seldom knows awakening. Her thoughts embraced the world, and there was little done upon the earth that did not hold for her a vivid interest. To approve strongly or as strongly to disapprove was her wont. Powerful minds approach an opinion through no winding avenues; they cut across the vacant lots of indecision. Alive to the slenderest tendril of her nature, she was therefore a life-giver. Dull wits were brought to her to sharpen, worried hearts to be infused with courage. A physician to the weak, an inspiration to the strong, she never quite learned how to conjugate the verb *to serve* in its passive form.

There were two others with whom she loved to visit when life gave her opportunity. One was tall and straight and dowered by inheritance with that ingrained Scottish passion for doing that lets go hardly of the busy world. Up with the birds, she held life strongly in her two deft hands. The years stretched behind her, clean and fair and active, and she never saw the day when she felt life had no more to yield her than the heart-hunger of idleness. The other was a piquant little lady with a wit as finely wrought as a violin-bow. From the strings of ordinary living she evolved melodies so quaint, so delicately humorous, so full of old-time pleasantry, woven of lingering holds, high final fifths, hurried staccatos, that it would seem some ancient spinnet, long dust-covered, were being retouched to sound by hands that once drew from it forgotten favorites.

The three slipped away within a year or two of each other, the little lady last, tiptoeing not without gladness over the threshold of the Great Unseen. That world had grown to her a more friendly place than this.

They are not all actors in a play that is past, these old ladies I love. I am thinking of the Genius. When I look at her I see the moon shining stilly on bare waters; a quiet fragrance drifts to me as from cloistered gardens; I hear the gentle twitter of birds that wing their way through night's shadowy tree-coverts. Beauty is a fairy circle. A single sound, an odor, the turn of a phrase, the curve of a cheek, may draw you into the magic ring, far-stretching in its delights. Could the Genius, I wonder, ever have had more potency to set this fairyland unfolding in a heart than she has now? Could she have been more beautiful when she was young? Comparisons are cheap things. They are the bargains set out on brain-counters to lure one-sided minds. The Genius was the morning once, warm, golden, strong. Now she is cool-colored evening, silvery-white, yet with the flush of afterglow in her soft cheeks. And who shall say which is better when both have been pronounced good?

The Genius has written romances; she still writes poems that are songs. You may turn the pages of a great monthly and come upon one to-day, a lyric struck warm and sweet and palpitating from a heart that has not forgotten to gather roses while it has learned how to pluck rue. Far and wide are scattered the men and women who know and love her through her works. But the Genius is more wonderful than her books. Her poems are the records of her thoughts; some indeed have passed and left no trace, others out of type have fashioned for themselves memorials. Yet whether speaking or silent, remembered or forgotten, they *live* upon her face. You may read there the substance of all that she has published, of much that is unpublished, of somewhat to which in her gentle modesty she makes no claim. After all, to be a woman is greater than to be a poet.

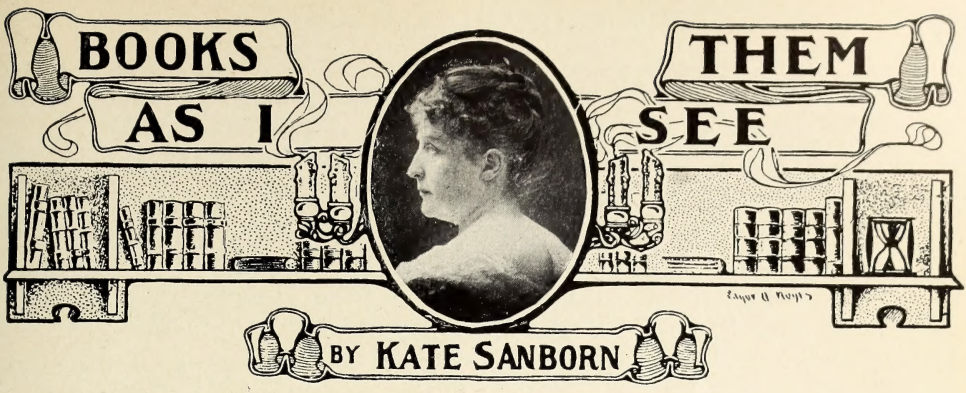
The Genius I admire from a distance. It is not given to many mortals to speak often with the muses. In the main I am content with looking at her. For more intimate pleasures I turn to another old lady.

She too is food for the eyes. I remember seeing her once with violets on her breast. She was wearing a soft black gown with rare white lace at neck and wrists and a snowy bit on her rippling hair. The violets were not more tender than her loveliness; their fragrance was not sweeter than her

welcome. She is a violet herself, delicate, fragile, bearing about in her heart perpetual spring. Time was when she laughed in the full sunshine. Now she walks or sits resting, half in sunshine, half in shadow. Good cheer may not be stranger to a sunless twilight if the twilight is the strongest radiance you have ever known. A Laplander would blink in the brightness of a clear New York morning. But to have grown wonted to the full glory and then to see the sunshine slip away and still to smile is the true test of courage. There are saints in the world who wear no aureole, heroes whose names are written large in no Hall of Fame. Not that she will let me call her either saint or heroine. The violet does not know its own sweetness.

Wherever she goes she carries with her what artists in marbles, in pigments, in words, call "atmosphere." Young girls, like new countries, rarely have this intangible personal possession. It comes only from living and from much living. You go to Europe or to the Orient for scenery etched against the background of a thousand history-crowned years. You must go to old ladies for life with its sharp outlines softened and blurred into picturesque perspective. This old lady is essentially a home-maker. Turmoil of woman's rights, bustle of woman's clubs, flurry of woman's grasp at manhood, does not disturb her gentle calm. She is finely old-fashioned. Whether or not you have ever felt it before, when you come into contact with her you gain a sense of being at home in the world. If you are glad she gives to your happiness the touch of an abiding joy; if you are sad she does not let you go from her presence without a stirrup-cup. She has brewed it herself from bitter herbs and sweet, mingling rue and heartsease, wormwood and sage, and at the last she has added a sprig of rosemary. Did you desire to forget? You drink and go away to remember, with saner lips to taste of what was bitter and to know it has been transmuted into sweet.

Now and again when I tap at her door I find her locking away her memories. For me she sometimes brings them out again — boyish pranks, gay girl-mischiefs, young spring romances, laid away long ago with sprigs of lavender scattered between their folds. Often she turns them over with the touch of tender thoughts. It was once when I had come upon her thus that she said to me, with the far-away look in her eyes, "My dear, we old people are often lonely. The sadness lies in that it is not always necessary. The loneliness that knows itself unfriended is not so hard to bear as the loneliness that knows itself unneeded. To be of no use in the world and yet to live on — ah, that is bitter! For we have something to give, something that you young ones need and we are glad, so glad to give — if you will but come to us and take."



IT is difficult to know which of us are wholly sane — especially if others are coveting our possessions!

A wealthy Massachusetts farmer has recently been committed to an asylum because he protected stray cats instead of leaving them to starve to death as do many owners of fine homes by the sea. He also kept some cows which had outlived their usefulness: because he loved them.

But, worse than all, he had constructed on the north side of his house a large funnel with its mouth towards New Hampshire. He said that the only pure air in the world came from New Hampshire, and he wanted to get all he could of it. This may have been a bit of subconscious suggestion, or possibly an inspired hint of a new wonder on the way to realization! No air can be purer, or more stimulating, than that circulating around the snow-clad mountains of the Granite State. And would it be more of a marvel, more seemingly miraculous, to be able to press a button and so fill a room with this unsullied oxygen than to talk across an ocean by wireless?

We may yet be able to easily ventilate a stuffy, overheated hall where the audience sit, almost narcotized by the vile, dangerous, used-up atmosphere, with refreshing breezes from Mount Washington or Monadnock.

All honor to this man's devotion to his native State — another victim of the commonplace dullards who adjudge a new or unusual idea a sure proof of lunacy.

This story is apropos of the intention of the editor to give more space to strictly New England themes and books by New England authors — not that New Englanders are not interested in every good thing, everywhere, but to try to infuse a special New England flavor into this department. Occasionally it will be agreeable and worth while to look back and realize how much has been achieved in our group of six States in literature, art, music, travel, philanthropy, agriculture, forestry, and the profitable entertainment of visitors who come to us as tourists or seeking a permanent summer home.

Ex-Governor Rollins, in starting the "Old Home Week," has accomplished untold good, bringing back successful exiles to wake up and cheer up the sleepy old hill towns with a reviving blend of sentiment and generous donations.

But to the true New Englander every week is "Home Week," wherever he may be, and he is always glad to hear good news from his native State.

Nothing could be more fitting to begin with than Miss Katharine M. Abbott's second volume, "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border," a companion to her popular "Old Paths and Legends of New England." This book, enriched with 165 illustrations (six colored) and a route map, will be found invaluable by one who desires intimate acquaintance with the famous beauty-spots of Connecticut, Deerfield, and Berkshire. So far above the average books of this class that it is a guidebook *de luxe*, the further interpretation of the subject has been done by artists, "each of whom has deeply breathed the air of this, his native heath." The poets whose verses are quoted also "sprang full-armed from this rocky land spied out by their forefathers."

As you read, you unconsciously are gaining new knowledge of the westward path trodden by our ancestors, and of the experiences, peaceful or tragic, of our colonists.

And the capital anecdotes she introduces

are mostly new to me, and all deserve a resurrection.

Here are two about persons in Saybrook, Connecticut: "In the days of cottage prayer-meetings at 'The Point,' one hundred years ago, a lady directed her servant to go to each neighbor and say that Mrs. Bowles will have the prayer-meeting here to-night. She carried out instructions to the letter: 'Mrs. Bowles says the prayer-meeting will be here to-night,' and each lady arranged her chairs, put on her best gown, and made ready for the coming of the parson. In consequence, there was no meeting at all."

In the church built on the Green in 1680 a Connecticut Synod adopted the celebrated "Saybrook Platform" of 1708. Some years ago a fisherman met a farmer driving a wagon-load of white-fish for his rye and potato fields: "Say, Cap, what is this 'Saybrook Platform' they talk about?"

"'Saybrook Platform,' Squire? Why, I guess it's that old platform down yonder, they used to clean fish on."

In Lyme, Connecticut, they still have the McCurdy House where Washington and Lafayette were both entertained, and it was at an inn not far from Lyme that Franklin ordered a peck of oysters for his horse. Some one has said that Franklin anticipated most of the discoveries and inventions that were exploited later. It is interesting to know that he also founded the first circulating library and the first fire-insurance company in America.

Pigs do not often figure in historic annals, but Miss Abbott gives us two instances. Our ardent, romantic, and ever-faithful friend Lafayette adorned his home with many souvenirs of America, as was to be expected, but he was devoted to us in the smallest matters. In displaying his farm, Lafayette related that an English nobleman had observed, concerning a certain superior pig, that the general could boast of having the finest one England could produce.

"Excuse me," said the general, "I must inform you it came from Baltimore."

When it was almost time for pig-killing on Shelter Island the British chose that spot for a foraging expedition. The burning question was, How could the pigs be concealed? for pigs will squeal, and the ladies had before seen pigs strung at the yard-arm. A witty dame concocted the brilliant idea of ripping up the feather-beds and sewing in the pigs, and these went comfortably to sleep while the troops searched the house, thus preserving the winter's bacon.

When New Haven was invaded, in 1779, ex-President Daggett of Yale was too fearless and lost his life. "He peppered away solus at the British, near Milford Hill. An English officer, surprised at the curious independence of the old gentleman, cried out, 'What are you doing, you old fool, firing on his Majesty's troops?'

"'Exercising the rights of war,' said President Daggett.

"'If I let you go, you old rascal, will you ever do it again?'

"'Nothing more likely,' he answered. He was dragged out from his cover and injured fatally."

The chapter on the history, noted inhabitants, and various attractions of Guilford, Connecticut, furnishes some peculiarly Yankeeish anecdotes, as the keen retort to Master Samuel Johnson, a famous teacher and fierce Federalist, who believed the country to be going over "to demons, demagogues, Democrats, and devils." His favorite pupil was Fitz-Greene Halleck, to whom he presented Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." Johnson was unusually thin, and being much bothered by a persistent tin peddler to buy, finally said, "Have you a pair of tin boots?"

"Yes, just to fit you," and he brought out a pair of tin candle-moulds.

Deerfield, Massachusetts (Pocumtuck), is an interesting village to study and visit, whether you look up the story of the cruel massacres by the French and Indians, or are satisfied to wander down the old street with its glorious trees, whether you go there to work or to admire and purchase the work of others, or to get inspiration from the brainy men and women who abide there.

Honorable George Sheldon is the Grand Old Man of the place, and he never seems to be weary of showing strangers the treasures of the past which he has collected at Memorial Hall — from the oak door with a tomahawked hole through which the bullets sped to kill, to a tiny shoe of a little girl carried into captivity or the small "chunki stones" found by those who turned up the soil, their use never positively known. Mr. Sheldon is the historian of Deerfield and has done lasting service by giving honor to

those colonial heroes who otherwise might have been forgotten and by preparing several histories and monographs regarding those exciting times.

It has been a Paradise of peace for artists, as Fuller and Champney and several women authors have found pleasant homes there in the well-preserved houses of the bygone times when carpenters built "on honor."

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney has written Eunice Williams's strange adventures (for children) in "Great Grandmother's Girls in New France."

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman has dramatized a bit of the fearful crisis in "Silence," Silence Hoit being her heroine.

Madeleine Yale Wynne tells an unforgetable, ghost story of the mysterious "Little Room" at the Manse where she now resides. The village has also a house devoted to "Arts and Crafts;" another is occupied by two sisters who are well known by their skilled photography; another is devoted to the exquisite "blue-and-white" reproductions of old stitches, dyes, coverlets, and embroidered linen.

The women of Deerfield have not allowed their old town to go to sleep satisfied with its past. It is thoroughly awake to-day: full of activity, success, and artistic paying results.

Here are a few anecdotes which could only come from New England:

"Deerfield's Tory minister, Mr. Ashley, had spoken of the doom of those Americans fallen at Lexington as being fearful in the next world. A week later he found his pulpit door spiked up. Turning to Deacon A., a blacksmith, he requested him to undo the fastening, who, with a very proper gravity, replied that he did not use his hammer on the Sabbath. Finally an axe was procured.

"Another day an incensed patriot neighbor jostled him. Mr. Ashley queried why this rude treatment, saying, 'You should not rebuke an elder.' He replied, 'An elder, an elder! — if you had not said you was an elder I should have thought you was a poison sumach.'"

At Shelburne Falls — formerly Northwest Deerfield — some one remarked that the water in the river was very low. "Yaas," drawled a bystander. "It lacks a quart of being any water in it."

I notice an odd use of a word in a letter of instruction to Captain Lyman in 1755. "You must deliver up the person *captivated*, or scalps of those you kill."

I must quote a droll hit at a man who was "a leetle nigh." So penurious, it was said, that whenever he went to work down in the meadow he would stop his clock from running, thinking it would last longer.

Northampton, Stockbridge, and the Berkshire region are more familiar to many of us; but the younger generation will enjoy reading of Catherine Sedgwick, and her friends Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Kemble, and the famous Field Brothers. Longfellow was told on a drive to Stockbridge that the very grasshoppers of the valley chirped, "Sedgwick, Sedgwick."

This volume and the one which preceded it show infinite research, rare discrimination in selection of material, a graceful, easy style which conceals the hard work of preparation, and a well-balanced appreciation of the humorous as well as the serious side of early New England life.

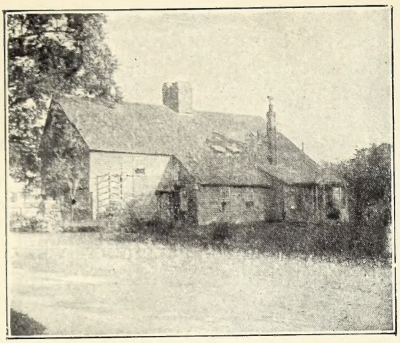
Those who read the first book will soon own this; and no one can become acquainted with the second without promptly ordering the first.

G. P. Putnam's Sons are the publishers of both; price of each, boxed, $3.75.

Miss Crawford's "Little Pilgrimages Among Old New England Inns" follows most naturally. We all know the good work of Mary Caroline Crawford as critic, essayist, biographer, and pilgrim, a success in each, besides having the wonderful art of being a welcome and desirable interviewer.

She devotes seventeen chapters to her theme, and the book is profusely illustrated. She tells us that in colonial days every department of public life was bound up with the church; for instance, public-houses were licensed for the express purpose of promoting the worship of God, and the ordinary was often next door to the meeting-house — quite a contrast to the present laws. The half-frozen churchgoers found the inn "a cheerful place in which to thaw out between the cold drive and the chilly service." The reciprocal benefit was during the noon rest for refreshment. They were sure to sell many a mug of the potent flip "invaluable for raising spirits which had been depressed by dreary discourses on Hell."

A tavern was sometimes used as a meet-



Whipple House, Ipswich

ing-house, and a meeting-house was occasionally turned into a tavern.

Excessive drinking was punished by the stocks, and in extreme cases the sinner was "disfranchizd" and forced to wear, "*and outwards*," a big red *D* about his neck.

Madame Knight, who travelled alone from Boston to New York in 1704, kept a diary of daily happenings and her own sharp comments.

"New York impressed Madame Knight as a less desirable place of residence than Boston, for she found that its inhabitants were not so strict in keeping the Sabbath. At this time Boston had a population of ten thousand as against New York's five thousand.

"Auctions of human beings and public whippings were other occasions at the New England tavern. Paupers were also bid off, and only eight years ago, in Pennsylvania, signs were posted, 'A Woman for Sale,' and Mrs. Elmira Quick, seventy-seven years old, was put up at a hotel to be sold to the lowest bidder for keep for a year."

Among the inns of old Boston was the "Blew Anchor," which stood on the ground now occupied by the *Globe* newspaper. From a bill of an election banquet we find that 204 diners consumed 72 bottles of Madeira, 28 of Lisbon, 17 of port, 10 of claret, 18 of porter, and 50 "double-bowls" of punch, in addition to cider.

At the Bunch of Grapes the guests were called to a two o'clock dinner, by the ringing of a bell in the street; a dinner varied and abundant as to fish, fowl, and other meat; each had his pint of Madeira set before him; each carved for himself, and after a delicious pudding had but five shillings per day to pay for such excellent fare.

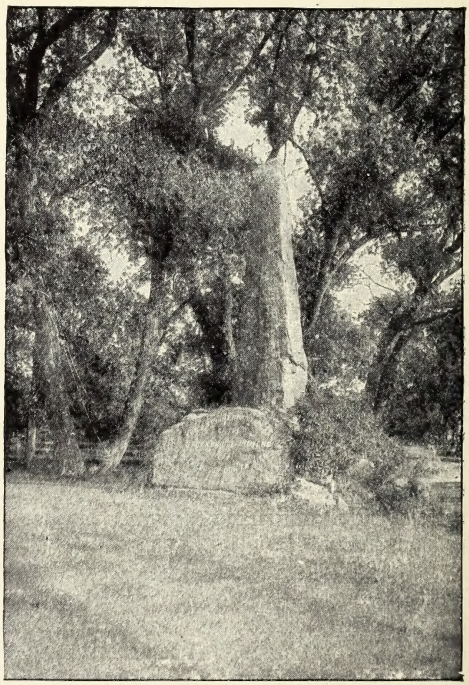
The tavern was the breeding-place *par excellence* of the Revolution. A lot of men sitting by a blazing fire and discussing their wrongs drinking flip, and then and again more flip, would soon exclaim, "Let us rebel."

No doubt the Greenville Tavern, Smithfield, Rhode Island, was a representative hostelry as regards the drinks served.

An ancient rhyme gives a graphic picture of a jolly time:

"Landlord, to thy bar room skip,
Make it a foaming mug of flip —
Make it of our country's staple,
Rum, New England sugar maple,
Beer that's brewed from hops and Pumpkins
Grateful to the thirsty Bumpkins.
Hark! I hear the poker sizzle
And o'er the mug the liquor drizzle,
And against the earthen mug
I hear the wooden spoon's cheerful dub.
I see thee, landlord, taste the flip;
And fling thy cud from under lip,
Then pour more rum, the bottle stopping,
Stir it again and say it's topping;
Come, quickly bring the humming liquor,
Richer than ale of British vicar."

An extraordinary wedding-custom in those days in many of the colonies was



Monument to the Housatonic Indians, "the Friends of our Fathers."

the "shift marriage," where a widow was married "stark naked save only her shift," to escape all debts of her late husband (who, I presume, was often shiftless!).

The taverns where Washington was entertained are mentioned, also the Wayside Inn at South Sudbury, where Lafayette slept on his way to Boston in 1824.

Mr. Lemon, the present owner, having a great enthusiasm for old houses and their interiors, has made this "most fascinating of all old taverns" a delightful place to dine, or sleep, or spend a week. And the patronage he receives shows that his labors are appreciated.

On my first visit to the Wayside I became puzzled as to the right road. I asked an old farmer, who with his wife was jogging along, this foolish question, "Can you please tell me how the Wayside Inn looks?" He stared; then said, "Jest as it allers has," and drove on.

There must have been a deal of heavy drinking both at home and abroad in those times. I remember hearing my father say that when the minister called, he, a little fellow, was always sent cross-lots for a quart of New England rum. And I know of some severe and dignified teachers and deacons who went under (literally) from too much rum and hard cider.

It was at the Eagle Tavern, East Poultney, Vermont, that Captain Williams delivered his famous toast: "The enemies of our country,— may they have cobweb breeches, a porcupine saddle, a hard trotting horse, and an eternal journey."

You must see, even from these most superficial snatches, that Miss Crawford's story of Old New England Inns is crammed with interesting reading from first to last. It is published by L. C. Page, Boston. Price, $2.00.

In "Walled In," Mrs. Phelps-Ward (a New England woman of the grandest stock) has created a dramatic novel as strong and engrossing as anything she has ever done. There is always a tragic element in her work, but the ending is usually happy, as in this case.

As in "The Fruit of the Tree," by Mrs. Wharton, the principal characters are a man, his wife, and a trained nurse; in both stories the marriage proved unhappy, and in both the nurse becomes the second wife. The plots are absolutely unlike, but it is not

From "Walled In"
Copyright, 1907, by Harper & Brothers

fair to reveal what you will prefer to get as you read. As always, you find that this hyper-sensitive artistic genius can describe nature so that you read and reread what she depicts; her characters must be real to her or she could not make them live and suffer or rejoice as she does, and her epigrams are never too generously given. Here are two quotations which are no more striking than many others.

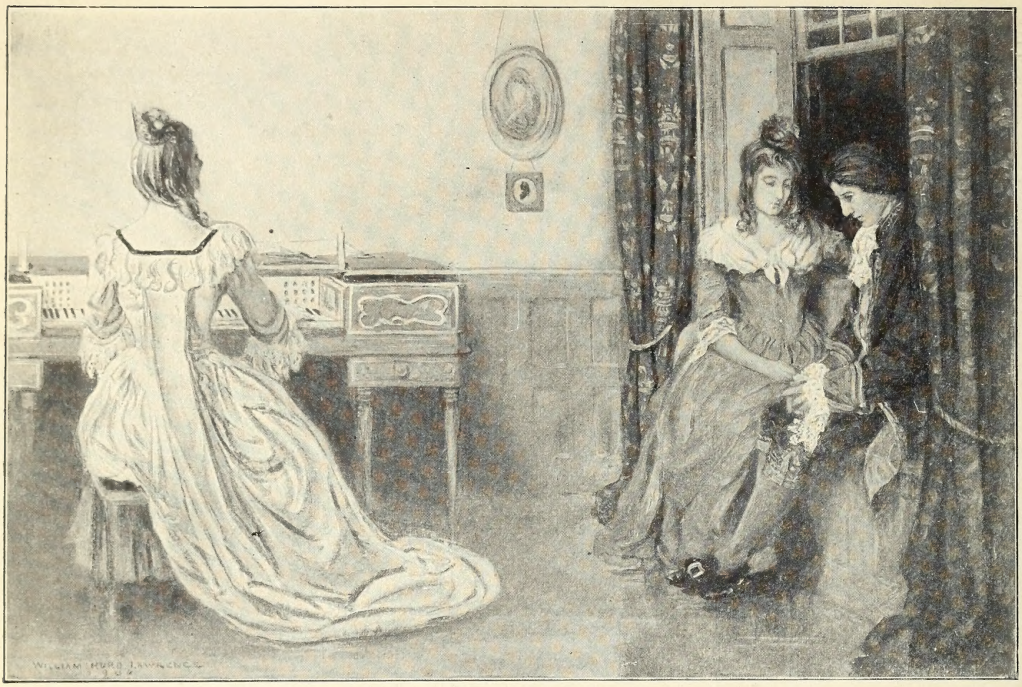
"It is one of the overlooked conclusions in human experience that heaven requires two, but hell needs only one."

This paragraph closes the story: "Ferris and Honoria stand between the Doric pillars and listen to the song — he with his blurring memories, she with her indomitable hope. For love is either memory or hope. If it fail of the alternative, it ceases to be. Joy is a royal guest, but love is a divine host, and pain is the servant that waits on both."

The book is published by Harper and Brothers. Price, $1.50.

Have you noticed how plots and titles have a run of similarity, all unconsciously to the several authors?

Not long since the preposition "of" was a catchword: The Visits of; The Misdemeanors of; Rejuvenation of, and a dozen more. Then every other seller was a



From "The Fair Lavinia" and Others. Copyright, 1906, by Harper & Brothers.

"Call:" of the Wild, or of the Blood, and so on. Next the Road: "Long," "Open," "Unbroken," "Country," and "Beaten." The trained nurse and the automobile have done valiant duty. There is a class of dainty and refined stories which to the average reviewer always suggest Cranford, old lace, pressed roses, and never omit lavender.

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's latest collection of stories, "The Fair Lavinia and Others," is thus labelled: "These well-nigh faultless stories have the perfume of lavender and rosemary; each has its special charm."

I heartily endorse the last charm, and could give higher praise if Mrs. Freeman's stories needed any praise, but that permeating odor eludes me.

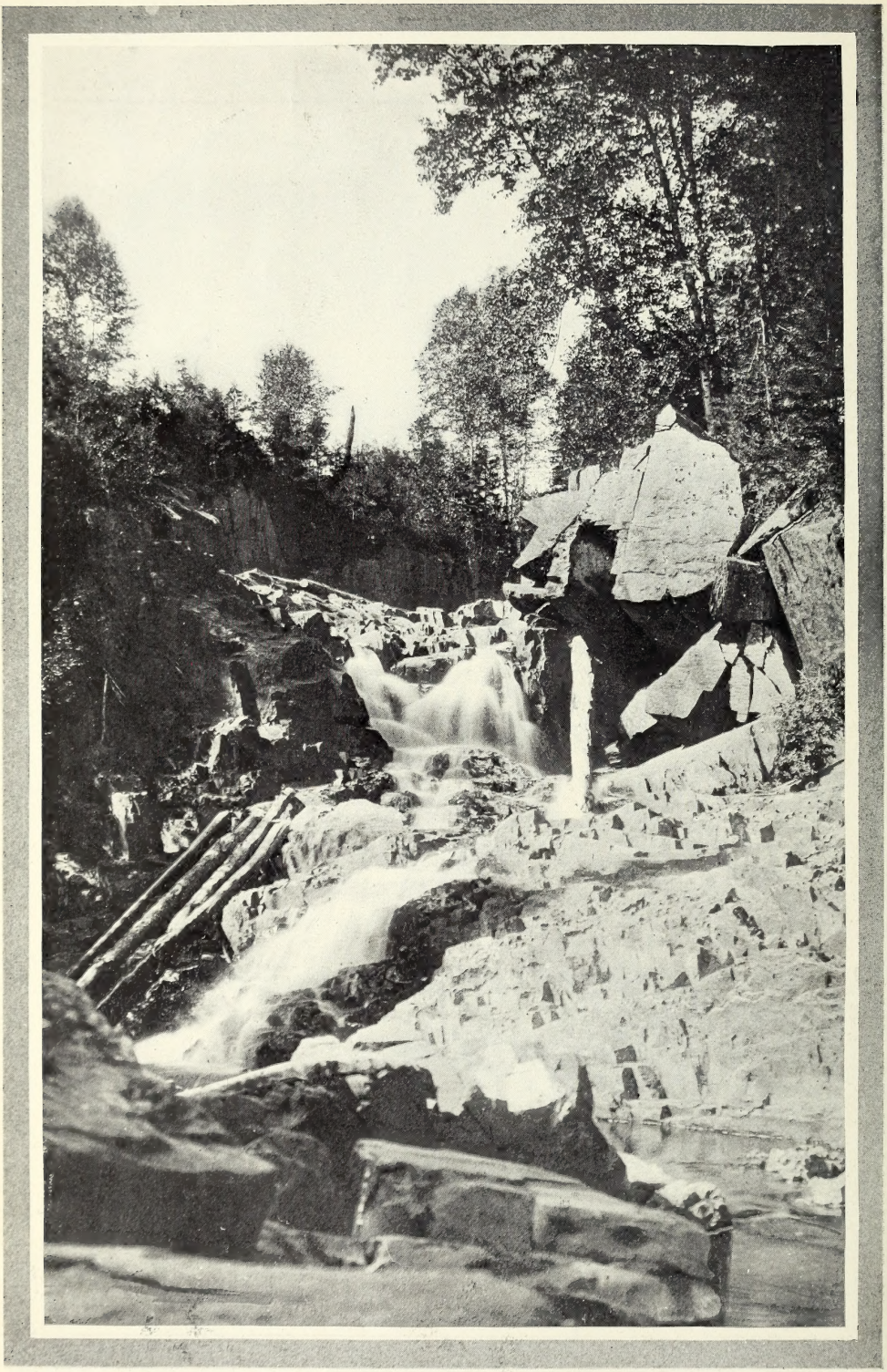
Harper and Brothers now publish all her books. I prefer this to some of her recent efforts. Price, $1.25.

By the way, what a long and brilliant list could be made of our New England story-tellers, men and women! Too many by far to enumerate at the close of a book-chat, but that would be a good theme for later on. But just now, while looking at a clipping regarding the revision of his earlier work by Henry James, I notice on the other side a most depressing criticism of New Hampshire people of the present day. The writer declares that childless marriages, divorces, drunkenness, decadence in literary work, and a general deterioration are alarmingly frequent! The Church is losing its power and is a waning influence in the life of the majority. The congregations are small, interest in church work meagre, and the outside looks with scorn upon the church.

If this be true, the optimist must fall back on the mountains, which nothing can spoil; the trees, which wise men are doing their best to save; and that gloriously pure air which can never be polluted.

At any rate, it gives us something to think about.

Beautiful New England



Baker Falls,
Upper Kennebec Valley

Photo by L. F Cutter

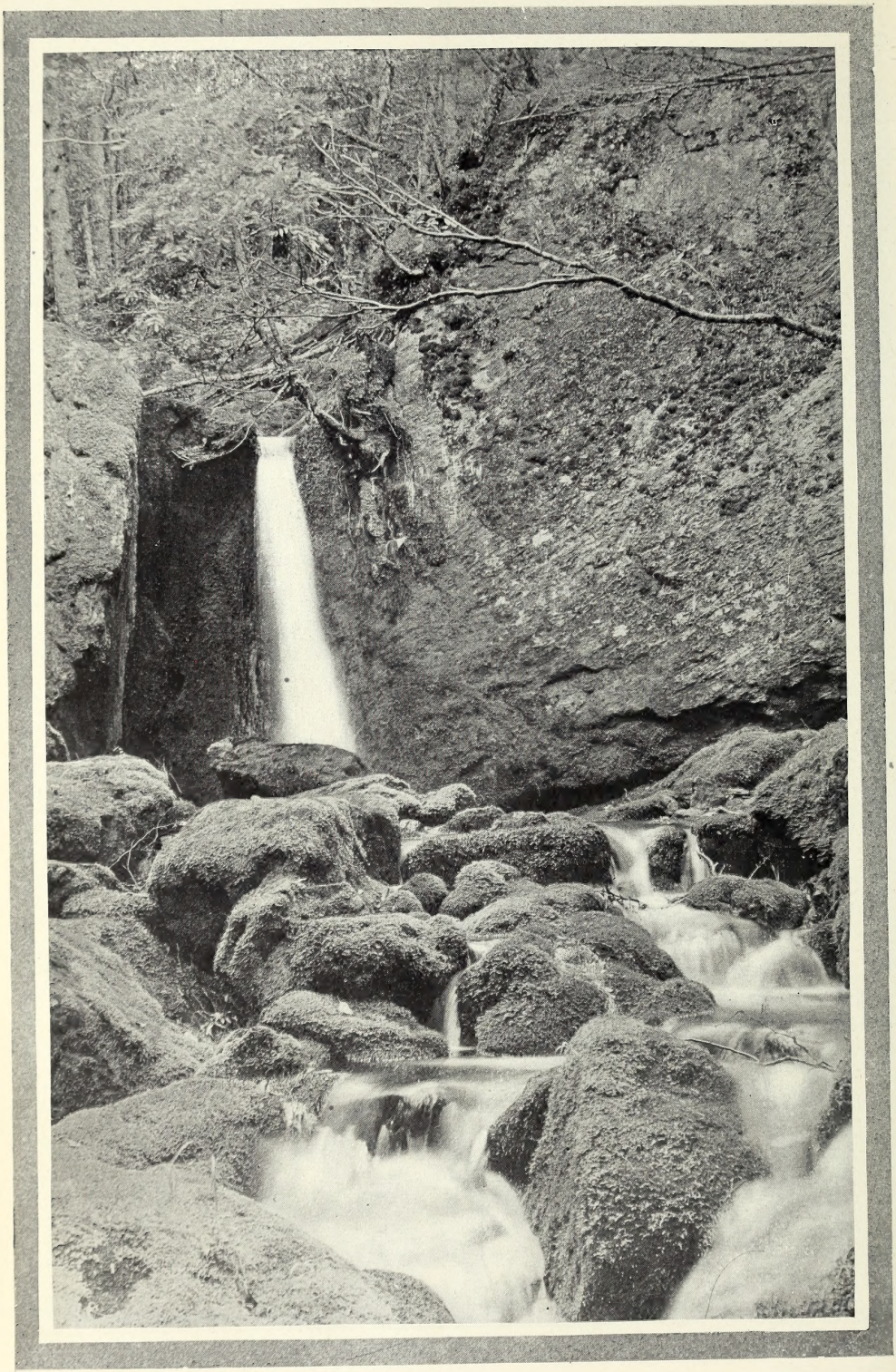
A "River Mœander" in Maine

Photo by L. F. Cutter

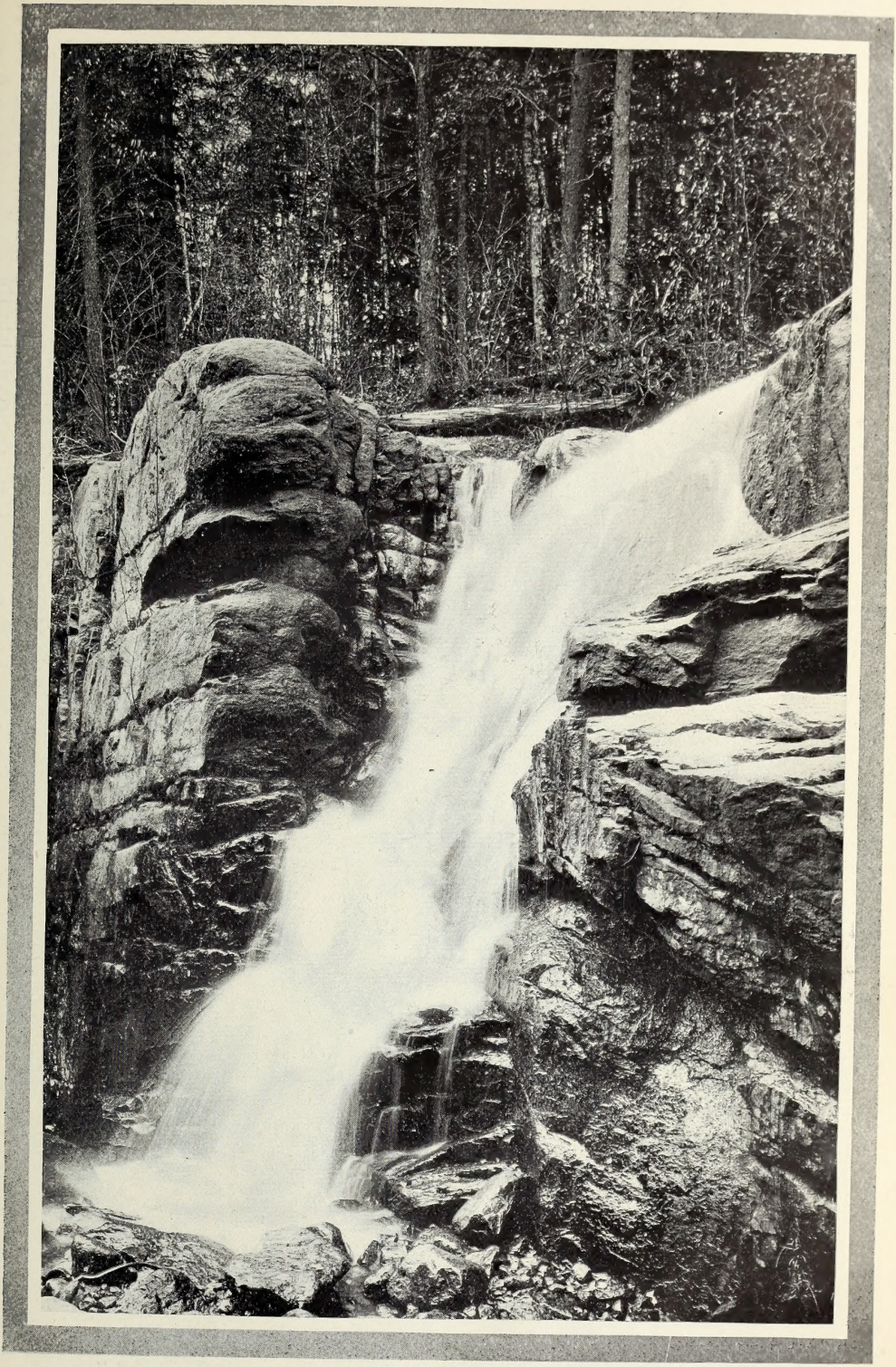
A Source of Power
in the Mountains

Photo by L. F. Cutter

Cold Brook, in the Presidential Range



Always Cool,
Always Refreshing



Cascade above
the Flume

The Sargent estate in Brookline, Mass., with poet's narcissus naturalized in the foreground

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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THE MOST INSPIRING ESTATE IN NEW ENGLAND

The First of a Series of Articles on "The Gentleman Farmer in New England," Wherein Are Pointed Out the Right and Wrong Tendencies in Country and Suburban Living

By NATHANIEL COIT GREENE

THE most inspiring estate in New England, and indeed in the United States, is that of Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, at Brookline, Mass. Yet it has no specialty; it has nothing for show; it has no complete collection of anything; and I doubt if it has ever taken any important prize for cattle, fruits, or plants of any kind. On the other hand, it is the best specimen of landscape-gardening in America, because every department of country life is here represented in due proportion, without extravagance or faddism, and all are blended into a beautiful and useful picture which is nothing short of exquisite. The place is great because it mirrors a life which represents the highest ideal any American country gentleman can have. And, in particular, it has a stirring message for the rising generation that has inherited wealth.

It is not my ideal of life to make a fortune in business and have the best stock farm in New England. I have no quarrel with the business life or with the owning of several abiding-places, but I maintain that it is only by devoting one's life to pure science or to humanity that a man can develop the highest reaches of his nature. The only man whose life I can compare with that of Professor Sargent is Charles Darwin. Darwin used his inherited wealth for nothing that Americans seem to care for. His fortune and his working hours were devoted to pure science. He never aimed at revolutionizing thought. The fact that his discoveries have been of great practical value was wholly incidental. So, too, with Professor Sargent. His life-work is "The Silva of North America," which nobody but libraries and millionaires can afford, for it costs $350 a set. Yet it is fundamental to the study of forestry, for it describes and pictures every kind of tree that grows wild north of Mexico.

Forty summer homes, costing more than a quarter of a million each, they tell me, were built in the Berkshire Hills within a period of fourteen years. Yet twenty years from now, if I live, I expect to see most of them in a melancholy condition. I would not shoulder a gun to protect a $900,000 house at Lenox, Newport, or Tuxedo, no matter how perfect an example of architectural art it may be, if I felt that it personified ill-gotten wealth and tendencies subversive of our republic; but I would gladly give my life, if necessary, to help save what the Sargent estate stands for. The grandchildren of the present owners of most American estates will probably not have money enough to keep them up, and the next crop of millionaires will not want to live on them either. It is more "fun" to make your own home. A man wants to live his own life. And everybody feels instinctively that these palatial summer homes

Cattle grazing peacefully in the midst of a city of one million souls

as a class are not the "real thing," as the Sargent estate is.

There are two reasons why the children who inherit great American estates do not, as a rule, love them: they run too exclusively to specialties, and the spirit which animates them is SHOW. But no one can see the Sargent estate without feeling that here is a priceless treasure that ought to belong to the people forever, as a perpetual source of inspiration to painters, poets, and landscape designers; as a rural park for the refreshment of those who are ground down by a great city; and as a memorial of a man who has done much to make the metropolitan park system of Massachusetts the best in the world.

We shall get right to the heart of this matter by examining the picture on page 138. The important thing is not the house, the lake, or the flowers; it is the great stretch of lawn, of which we here get only a tantalizing glimpse. There are at least three great open spaces which are, roughly speaking, as long as one or two city blocks and twice as wide. There are no trees scattered in these meadows, but on every side they are bounded by masses of woods that completely shut out the world. Cattle graze peacefully here within the limits of a city which, with its suburbs, harbors a million souls. It is not the bigness of these vistas or the high price per square foot that is significant. The lesson for us is that the restfullest scene on earth for a city man is a stretch of green grass bordered by trees. This means more to the average person than rocks, water, mountains, or seashore, because it epitomizes the farm life of the millions. It suggests the whole thing,— freedom, youth, those who are gone, the hope of the future.

There is nothing showy about a lawn or meadow — only peacefulness. No wonder our newly rich find it slow! They prefer formal gardens, pergolas, Italian well-curbs, marble fountains, geometrical flower-buds full of intense color, or twenty miles of fancy white fencing, with a Crimson Rambler and a hydrangea at each alternate post. But you have only to visit such places to see that their owners do not know what life is. Their mansions, their armies of dependents, the vast structures in which they breed prize-winning horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, and poultry — it is too much like business, too much like the city. A city man needs for the refreshment of his soul something as different as possible from the city. That thing is an ample rural scene, and the essence of that is a broad, open stretch of grass bounded by shrubbery and trees.

This idea is in fact the fundamental principle of landscape gardening, and it is as true of the 25 x 100 foot city lot as of the country gentleman's estate. Yet the beginner almost invariably spoils his place by scattering trees and shrubs over his front lawn. His first idea is to make his home grounds look as different as possible from the wild, and the nurseryman or cheap botcher who calls himself a landscape-gardener encourages him to fill his yard with cut-leaved, weeping, and variegated plants such as never appear upon the face of nature — Tea's weeping mulberry, Wier's cut-leaved maple, purple beech, and golden elder. These things are not wrong in themselves. Neither is spice. But a place composed largely of them is as ridiculous as the appendix to "Lord" Timothy Dexter's book, which, you remember, was composed wholly of punctuation-marks!

To a botanist Professor Sargent's place is of extraordinary interest because of its great variety of rare species. But if you were to drive casually through the place you might never suspect its botanical value. The rare things are in the background, or used only when needed to enliven a scene. Everywhere the native vegetation is dominant. I do not believe there is a conspicuous "double" flower or a solitary gaudy althea on the estate. Professor Sargent wants nothing on his place that is not harmonious with a New England landscape. Frederick Law Olmsted and Charles Sprague Sargent impressed that idea upon the people of Boston in connection with their parks, and that is why the Boston park system is the best in the world,— because its spirit is restfulness, not show; a reproduction of a New England landscape, not a tropical landscape or a conventional scene composed of cosmopolitan elements. The other parks, with a few notable exceptions, tend to look alike, because they use chiefly tender bedding-plants which are costly, ephemeral, loud, garish — not the simple, homely, permanent trees and shrubs that grow in the neighborhood.

The newly rich alway want to change

The pond in rhododendron season

the face of nature. There is a Pittsburg son on Long Island who is spending a fortune destroying all the natural contours that make his place distinctive and lovable, in order to get the biggest level field in the neighborhood. Contrast the water picture on page 136. Professor Sargent made that pond, but you would never know it. Nature suggested it, for there was a wet, low place there. Anybody can transform such a menace to health into a beauty-spot by excavating it and using the muck fertilizer. But "anybody" prefers a cement basin with its rim sticking up a foot above the ground; water higher than the earth-level; dying gladiators spouting forth a fountain; a Japanese tea-house; or forty kinds of water-lilies with a large label standing up above each.

"Wild gardening" suggests to the business man only a border of wild-flowers without a background, an idea which naturally does not excite him. It is the spirit of wildness that is important; whether the plants are native or exotic is of no consequence, provided they are permanent, cheap, interesting, and planted in such a way that they look like wild flowers. Those flowers beside the lake (pages 136 and 138) are the poet's narcissus, which are naturalized in the grass and increase without care. Every May their fragrant white flowers appear in myriads, so that Wordsworth's vision of the daffodils is here realized, albeit in white instead of yellow.

> "Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
> Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."

And what do such pictures cost as compared with formal gardens? These bulbs you can buy for only five dollars a thousand! By the time you want to mow the long grass you can do so without harming the bulbs, for their foliage has ripened and fallen prone upon the ground. I stood last summer at Tuxedo's famous sunken garden, where I saw every kind of vivid bedding-plant blended in a color-scheme and geometrical design of the utmost brilliance and complexity. The only thoughts aroused were sordid or sad,— the cost of it and the folly of it, for the soul of the thing was show. But in nature-like surrounding, like those of the Sargent estate,

> "The meanest flower that blows can stir
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"

Formal gardening is necessary about a great house, but the moment it spreads over the landscape and becomes dominant or pretentious it ministers to pride and begins to starve the spirit. "If I had but two loaves of bread in the world," said Mohammed, "I would sell one and buy narcissi to feed my soul."

I do not think specializing is wrong. It is the spirit of the age, and Americans seem to have a genius for it. I would not discourage any one who wants an Italian garden where it fits, or an establishment to produce certified milk, or a farm for breeding trotting-horses or anything that he likes. But remember this, ye builders of country homes, your children will not preserve them unless they are lovable, and they will not be lovable unless they have that vague something I alluded to — that spirit we vainly try to set forth by talking of "balance," "proportion," "harmony," and the like.

Nor do I make a demigod of Sargent. Some botanists do not like his system of nomenclature. Many gardeners believe he has helped to cripple the Massachusetts Horticultural Society by giving it an inefficient and inappropriate building. A street-car conductor once told me he was a traction magnate and the "boss" of Brookline. I know nothing about such things, but this I do know: everything about his place rings true. If I need to see him, I do not look for him in the market, for I am reasonably sure of finding him at the Arnold Arboretum, peacefully picking a flower to pieces under a magnifying-glass and writing a book on shrubs for the people, like his "Manual of Trees," which pictures every kind that grows wild in North America. I have no doubt he is a good citizen,— his park record shows me that,— but I know his mind is not on public office. He would rather be looking for a hardy persimmon in the backwoods of China, where he found a peach that extended the range of peach-culture several hundred miles northward in America. On his grounds you may see the first specimen of the Japanese barberry ever planted in America, yet I do not believe he touched a dollar of the fortunes that have been made in distributing this and other trees and shrubs from Japan — a country that has probably enriched our gardens with per-

Mowing whiteweed on one of the wilder parts of the Sargent estate

Showing the open meadow, or lawn, bordered by trees, which is the fundamental conception of landscape gardening, because it insures restfulness

manent plants more than all the rest of the world put together. He would rather write a book on the trees of Japan, which you never heard of and only scientists will buy.

I know I have n't given you any idea of what the Sargent estate is like. But who can? Life is greater and more interesting than any account of it. I want you to see the Sargent estate for yourself. Watch the newspapers in late May, or when azaleas are about to bloom. Perhaps the estate will be open again this year on one or two Sundays. It is worth a trip from the farthest corners of New England to see his rhododendrons in bloom. But even if the papers are silent, go anyhow to Jamaica Plain, when the lilacs or viburnums are in bloom, and see the Arnold Arboretum, for that will give you the spirit of Professor Sargent and of his estate. It will illustrate all that I am contending for better than any book of pictures. You are sure to see many beautiful trees and shrubs you never dreamed of, and their names are there, if you want them. And, no matter what your fortune, or style of living, you can find something there worth bringing into your life.

[EDITOR'S NOTE. *The next article will show what a wonderful transformation can be wrought in the wooded hill country of New England by anybody who can afford to put even as little as $1,500 into a summer home, house and all. It will contain a practicable scheme for week-end commutation, showing how to take an abandoned farm of ten-dollar-an-acre land and make it the basis of a delightful, new type of country living.*]

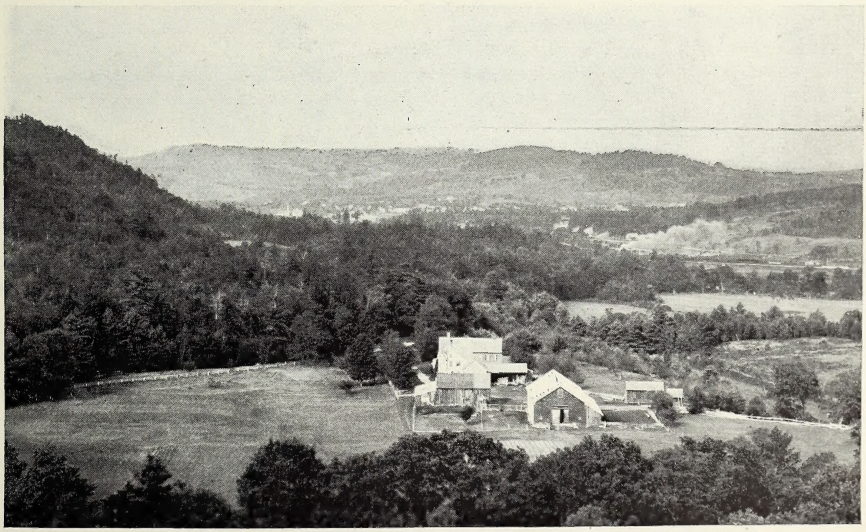


Photo by L. F. Cutter

A stream on the north slope of the Presidential Range, hitherto steady. With the removal of the forest, the past winter, it will become alternately a torrent and a dry bed

IS NEW ENGLAND'S WEALTH IN DANGER?

II. OUR WATER-POWERS

By PHILIP W. AYRES

Forester of the Society for the Protection of the New Hampshire Forests and of the Dartmouth College Grant

"The hills whence cometh our strength"

THE water-powers of New England are the centre of her life and influence. Whether considered commercially or historically, the harnessing of New England's rivers has proven the source of her strength. At a conservative estimate two hundred and fifty millions of dollars have been expended in the construction of dams and factories on the rivers that flow from the White Mountain region alone, and nearly two millions of people are dependent upon these factories as wage-earners or in tilling the farms which supply food to the wage-earning population. The commerce of New England finds its basis in her manufactures. It is not too much to say, therefore, that the whole social structure rests primarily upon the power that comes down from the mountains. The water-powers of New England are by far her most important natural resource.

Steam-power in the United States has marched forward with the strides that characterize our American growth. Great as it is to-day, to-morrow it is many times greater, and the figures march away faster than the mind can follow them. We live in an age of steam-power, dependent upon coal. But New England is far from the coal-fields, and derives her power primarily from another source, which is the conserving power of the mountain forests, from which flow the streams that make the rivers that turn the wheels and produce the goods. Water-power is cheaper than steam-power, and because of this New England has maintained her commercial importance, though far from the cotton belt, far from the wheat-

fields, without mines or other natural resources, save her forests and her quarries, and having, besides, a vigorous climate.

The White Mountains are the great watershed of New England. On the mountain-slopes the forest shades the soil, keeps it moist and ready to absorb the falling rain, and holds back into May and even into June the collection of winter snows. This freeze at all. This accounts for the almost tropical growth that one finds in the undergrowth of mountain forests in very early summer. The mosses, ferns, and trailing vines are ready to spring into active life almost at a single day's notice. The soft earth, not having been frozen, absorbs the rain and snow, which find their way slowly through it into the springs and streams. The

Photo by H. K. Barrows

Third Lake, covered with logs to be floated down the Connecticut in the spring

is not possible in those rapidly increasing areas that are stripped clean. Here the sun dries out the soil, fire consumes it,— for the mountain-soils are largely of vegetable origin and therefore inflammable,— and erosion carries it off to fill up the rivers and harbors and make big bills for Congressmen to work for. When the forest is stripped off, leaving the ground unprotected, it freezes so that when the rain falls or the snow melts, the water runs off quickly instead of sinking into the ground. On the other hand, in the dense forest, even at high elevations, the soil is protected until the deep snow covers it so that it does not

striking contrast between the virgin forests and the cleared areas in this respect may be seen by any one who climbs the mountains in March. He finds the snow still two or three feet deep in the woods, and bare ground where the sun has melted the snow, that runs off in torrents.

The streams from the mountains are the basis of navigation as well as the source of power. Each of the rivers rising in the White Mountain region is navigable at its mouth, the Connecticut for fifty miles. Upon these rivers, as upon others throughout the country, Congress has expended large sums of money in the River and Har-

bor bills. For navigation on the New England rivers the sums thus spent are more than two millions and a half of dollars — partly to clear out the sand and silt that comes down from denuded mountain-slopes, for it is in the mountains that erosion is greatest. There are, besides, cities, like Lawrence in Massachusetts, which get not only the power that runs the mills, but also drinking-water, from the river. When Lawrence sent to Washington a delegation made up of its most prominent citizens to urge upon Congress the national forest reserve in the White Mountains the president of the Board of Trade said to the Congressional Committee, "Gentlemen, we merely ask of you our existence."

Four of the great rivers of New England rise in the White Mountain region,— the Connecticut, the Merrimac, the Saco, and the Androscoggin. A fifth river, the Kennebec, is so intimately associated in its sources with the Androscoggin in the heavily forested hills of Northwestern Maine that it may properly be included in the White Mountain group, and has been so classified by the government foresters in their surveys for the proposed national forest. The whole region is a wild one. Beyond the high mountains of the Presidential and Franconia ranges and the country about the Rangeley Lakes the vast woods are unbroken for the most part by highways, save the rough lumber-roads leading down to the streams whence the logs are floated out, and a series of scattered trails across the mountain-ridges which are used by log-drivers in going from one stream to another, and by the more adventurous spirits in the mountains who love the wilderness. Mountain succeeds mountain in long ranges against the sky, unnamed, except as their local characteristics appeal to the lumbermen — such as Black Mountain, of which there are many, Crystal Mountain, Halfmoon Mountain, Windy Hill, and the like, the last named pronounced with a long *i* because the mountain winds down Long Valley. The whole region includes, by the government survey, 2,157,000 acres. Seventy-four peaks reach a height of over three thousand feet, and of these eleven are over

Photo by L. F. Cutter

The Presidential Range from the Pond of Safety. The source of the Upper or Wild Ammonoosuc

Photo by L. F. Cutter

The Carter-Moriah Range from Mt. Madison, showing the watershed of the Peabody River. The forests have been heavily cut away in the last five years

five thousand feet. The bill now before Congress proposes to include in the forest reserve 668,000 acres, which cover the steepest slopes and most important watersheds. Few regions are more copiously watered, for the rainfall, forty-five inches annually, is one of the heaviest in the United States, surpassed only in the Southern Appalachian Mountains and on portions of the Pacific coast. Owing to the granite foundation and the sandy soil, the streams have that limpid clearness and purity that makes every little rill a source of charm. The general elevation of the region is two thousand feet, and the top edge of the watershed in each case stretches away for many miles at an elevation ranging from three to more than four thousand feet. At five thousand feet, almost a mile above the sea, a little evergreen spring flows out from under the summit of Mt. Lafayette. Its waters join those of other high springs in five small lakes varying in altitude from two thousand, which is the lowest one, to four thousand, which is the highest one, and these together make the headwaters of the Pemigewasset River, which later joins the Winnepesaukee stream at Franklin, forming the Merrimac River. Scarcely one hundred feet away from the high spring on Mt. Lafayette one finds the sources of Lafayette Brook, which flows into the Gale River, a branch of the lower Ammonoosuc, which flows into the Connecticut River at Woodsville.

A similar continuity of source occurs on the north slopes of the Presidential Range. The Madison Spring, also five thousand feet high, flows through Moose River into the Androscoggin. During the three or four miles that this stream is known as Snyder Brook it dashes over a series of falls, quite steady hitherto in its downward course through the unbroken forest, which this winter is being swept off under the axes of a contractor and sixty men. Not far from the Madison Spring, in the crevices of the Great King's Ravine, where snow lingers

even in midsummer, Cold Brook gathers itself together before dashing down the mountain, also into Moose River. The dramatic forest at the mouth of King's Ravine, where, in the high, rare atmosphere, every tree-trunk had a personality, has now been swept away. The path is obliterated, and the mouth of the Ravine is choked with débris. A deserted lumber-camp tells the story. Near to these, high up on the Presidential Range, are the sources of Cascade Brook, which fall over seven precipices in two miles, forming the falls of the Seven Sisters. This brook empties into Israel's River, that joins the Connecticut. Israel's River and John's River, the latter draining Mt. Jefferson and the Waumbeck Range, are named from Israel and John Glines, brothers, who in early days had hunting-camps upon them. The region of the Cascade Brook, up to the falls, and entirely covering its junction with the Castles Brook, has been completely cut over. On several hundred acres an impenetrable mass of tops and branches are drying in the sun, ready for the match of a careless fisherman to set the whole mountain-side ablaze, and prevent a useful forest growth for two or three centuries. After repeated fires the productive power of the soil is gone forever.

In the mountain valleys beaver were formerly abundant. In many a flat meadow their work is still visible. These were the first to erect their "works" upon the streams, sometimes diverting their course to prevent an overflow from carrying out their dams and huts in a manner not unlike that of the modern engineer. The little animals are still found very rarely in the farthest wilderness. In the summer of 1906 a pair built their nest in the bank of the Magalloway River on the Dartmouth tract, and cut down by their teeth a few poplar-trees, in order to feed on the bark; but in the following winter a trapper in that vicinity illegally captured them, and sold their

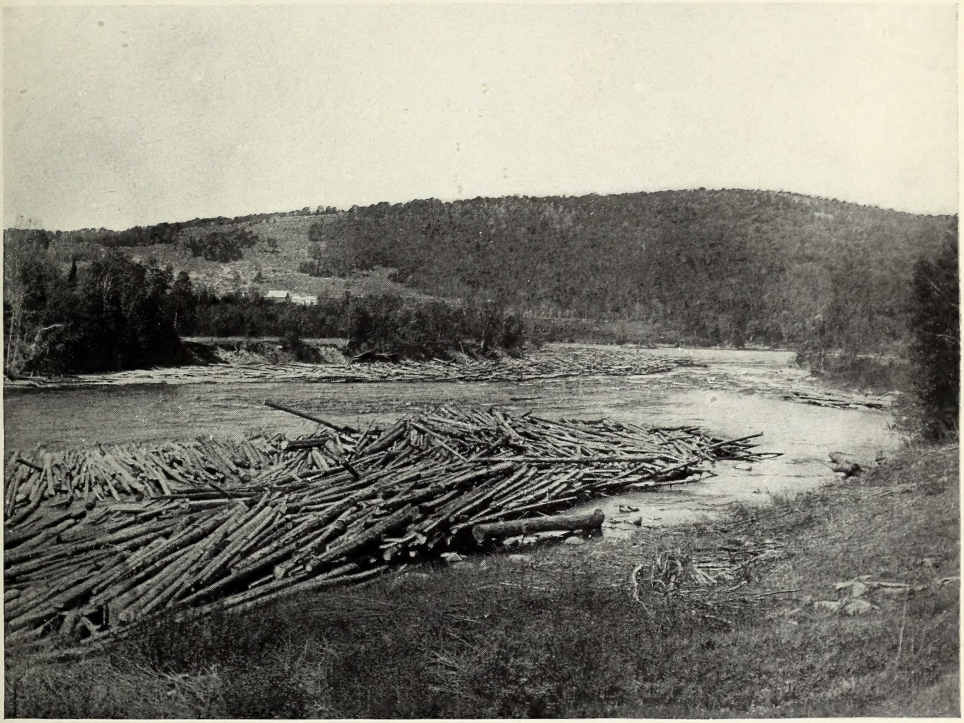


Photo by H. K. Barrows

Logs on the upper Connecticut gathered on the sand-bars

pelts. Because he was alone when the animals were taken, his guilt could not be proven.

A picturesque feature of the mountain streams is the life of the log-drivers. Hardy, quiet men, combining agility with judgment in their work,— for a slip means a cold bath, if not a permanent one,— these men begin their work at two in the morning, and continue until five in the afternoon. They work all day with feet in the rushing water, shoving the logs into the current, jumping from one log to another, and blasting out the log jambs; yet so active is their life in the open air that they are seldom ill. From April until June, while the "head" of water is strong at the upper dams, a thousand young men in Northern New England put the short nails, "caulks," points downward, in the soles of their shoes, to help them to walk on logs floating in the water, and with pipe in hand, they keep the annual timber-crop moving down stream. These men are above the average in trustworthiness and capability. On the Connecticut and the Androscoggin some sixty million feet of timber on either stream have been floated out every spring for many years. Across the Rangeley Lakes the rafts of logs are towed by steamers, and driven by the men down the Androscoggin to the paper-mills and saw-mills at Berlin Falls and Rumford Falls.

Descending from the high mountains, three of the five rivers named above — the Merrimac, the Androscoggin, and the Kennebec — spread out in large lakes which serve as vast storage-reservoirs of water. Dams have been constructed at the outlets of these lakes, so that the water may be permitted to flow out when most needed at the mills. This adds much to the value of the rivers for manufacturing purposes by helping to overcome the evil effects of low water; for a modern mill may be so constructed as to suffer very little from floods, but nothing can overcome the evil effects of an absence of water. The mill-wheels must then cease, or run by steam-power at great expense both in constructing the plant and in bringing coal from distant States. And with the best construction freshets sometimes

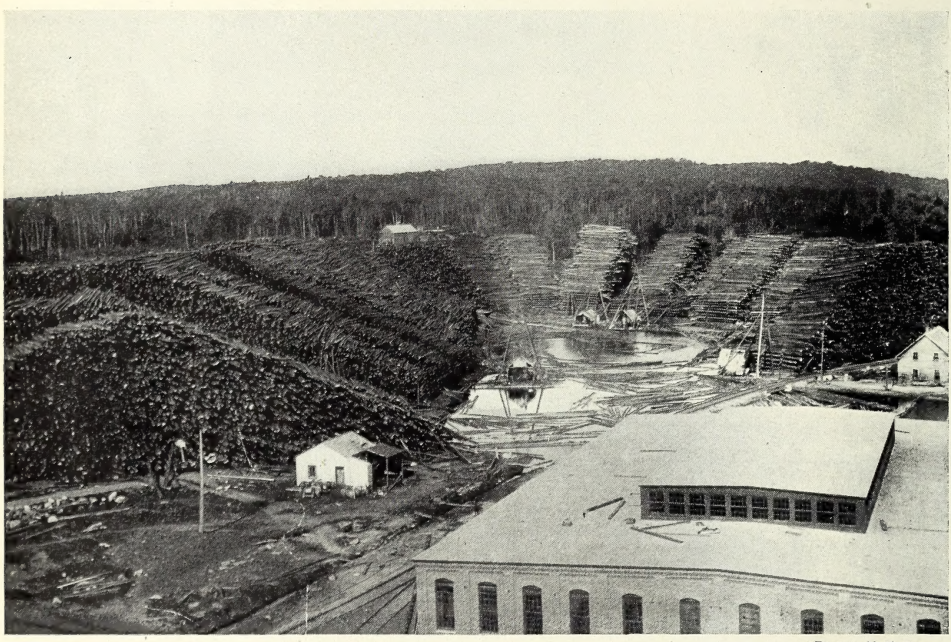
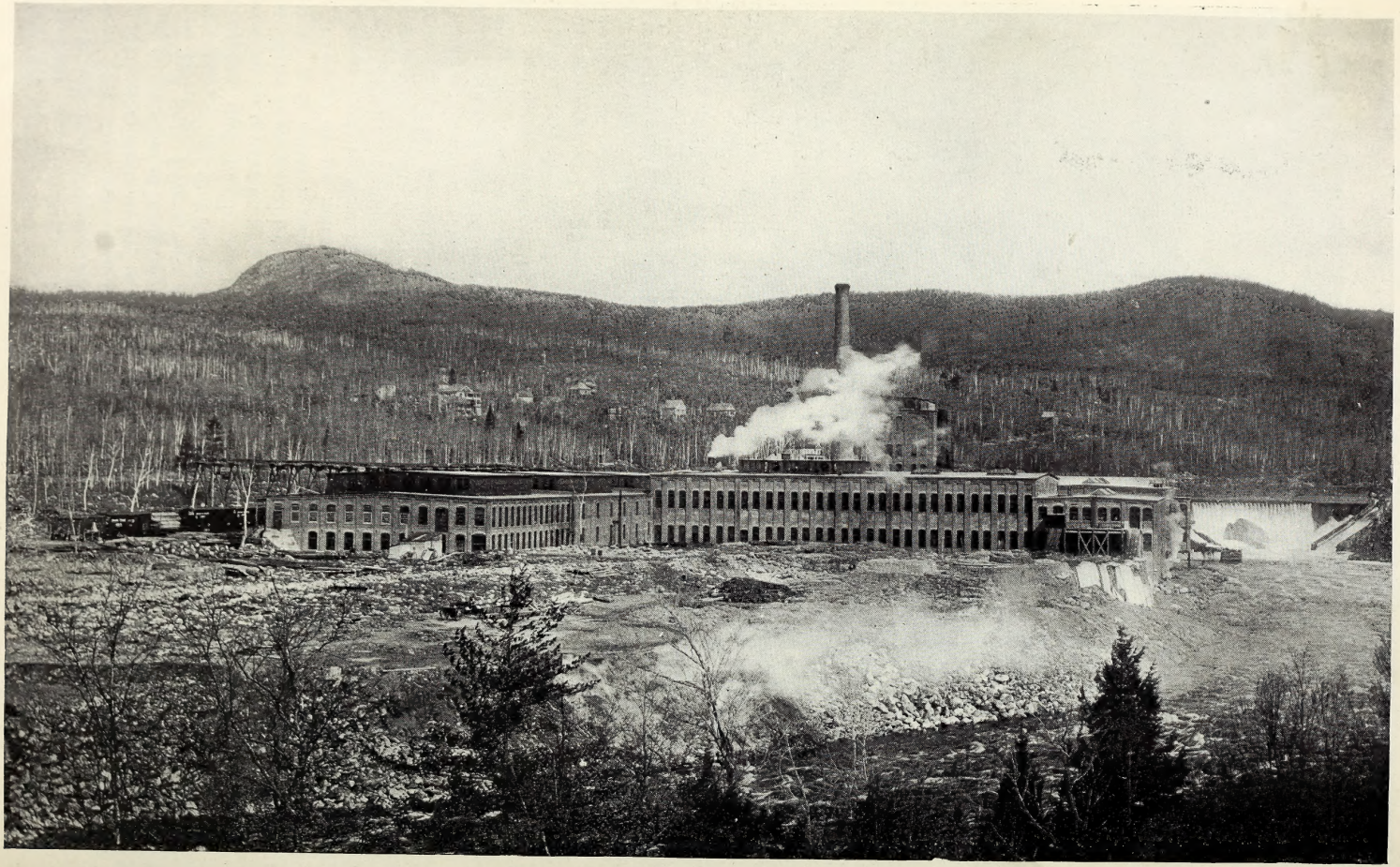


Photo by H. K. Barrows

One winter's supply of pulp-logs at Milinoket — 21,000,000 feet of timber. Two hundred and ten thousand logs are in the piles. Three thousand acres were culled, or stripped, to secure them



A paper-mill using the power of the Androscoggin. The forest has been cut over for spruce and the upper portion made barren by fire

do an extraordinary damage, the Amoskeag Company at Manchester, N. H., alone having lost from freshets in two years between $400,000 and $500,000,— a sum more than enough to put a smaller company entirely out of business. The Connecticut and Saco Rivers have no large lake reservoirs, except that the waters of Ossipee Lake find their way by a separate channel into the Saco near its mouth. The Kennebec River is regulated by Moosehead Lake, whose wide expanse includes one hundred and twenty square miles, the largest body of fresh water in New England. Dams at the east and west outlets of this lake, which empties into both the Kennebec and the Penobscot, have raised its level or given an available "head" of seven and a half feet. Think what power in one hundred and twenty square miles of water, seven and a half feet deep, that can be drawn off at will! Of this the log-drivers use half in early spring, and the remainder is used by the manufacturers when low water threatens to stop the mills.

The Rangeley Lakes, including Umbagog, which is thought by many to be the most attractive of them all, steady the flow of the Androscoggin. One-seventeenth of the entire watershed of this river is lake surface. Its general elevation also is the highest among New England rivers, the Rangeleys averaging about two thousand feet. Consequently, its water-powers are the best in New England, its available horse-power being 160,000, or double that of the Merrimac. Winnepesaukee, said to be the Indian equivalent for "smiling water," and Squam and Newfound Lakes steady the flow of the Merrimac. All these lakes are of utmost consequence to the mills on the rivers below. While they have little effect in preventing floods, they greatly lessen the paralyzing effect of low water. At least they lessen this effect — they cannot prevent it, for it takes vast quantities of water to supply the even flow of a great river. Only the forests, whose storage capacity is many times greater than the largest lakes, and greater than all of the lakes combined, can do this. It has been estimated that the humus under the forest on the mountain-sides holds five times its weight of water. Disaster appears to follow any disturbance of the balance of nature.

On the Rocky Rips above Lake Chesuncook, in Maine

Photo from U. S. Forest Service

River-drivers rafting logs on the Penobscot

Their rarely beautiful setting among the mountains has attracted to the shores of these lakes the camps and summer cottages

of a large summer population. And now there is war in a thousand camps, for when the water companies drain the lakes in summer below their normal low water gauge, channels become too shallow for boats to pass through, rocks and sand-bars appear, wharves, built at much expense, are rendered useless, mail-boats cease to land, and supplies are difficult to bring in. On every large lake in New England there has been trouble of this kind, resulting in

Photo by H. K. Barrows

The power at Holyoke runs forty factories, employing fifteen thousand wage-earners

several instances in lawsuits, which in New Hampshire have compelled the companies to observe nature's levels. In Maine concessions were sought by the water companies through the State Legislature, last winter, in one of the most strongly contested events of the session, aimed chiefly at the Rangeley Lakes; but the cottagers, with the aid of the hotel people, came out ahead.

On the rivers in New England the great water-powers are near the sea. The reason for this is that long granite ridges occur in New England, bounding the coastal plain, running nearly parallel to the sea. The rivers, having gathered force from wide extending watersheds and having grown steady and calm after their descent from the high hills, flow over these granite ridges, causing a large body of water to descend rapidly within a short distance. On no other streams in the country is this equally true, except at Niagara. When the descent is gradual, or when the fall is spread over a mile or two, as on many Southern rivers, instead of over only a few hundred feet, it becomes far more difficult to use the power. The granite ledges afford also excellent foundation for solid dams, far different from the soft banks of other streams. Certainly in the character of waterfalls New England manufacturers have great advantage.

Let us examine some of these falls. Take, for instance, the Connecticut River, called, a century ago by Timothy Dwight, in his "Travels in New England," the Beautiful River. Few streams are more delightfully picturesque in their origin. A little pool

known as Fourth Lake, because fourth from the settlements below, lies 2,550 feet high on the south side of Mt. Prospect, that divides New Hampshire from Quebec. It is only a few square acres in extent, hidden in the forest. The rivulet that flows from it, gathering many like itself, falls one thousand feet in ten miles, including in its course Third, Second, and First Lakes, upon which it is difficult not to linger. Then in fifteen miles more it falls another five hundred feet to the Vermont boundary, the Upper and Lower Ammonoosuc Rivers from the tops of the steep mountain-slopes in New Hampshire. All of these and the main stream have extensive undeveloped powers not used hitherto on a large scale, partly because the proximity of the mountains makes the flow more variable than at the falls lower down, but more because the great powers below have proved sufficient for the needs, and have the advantage of being developed at points to which the railways are convenient. The Valley of the

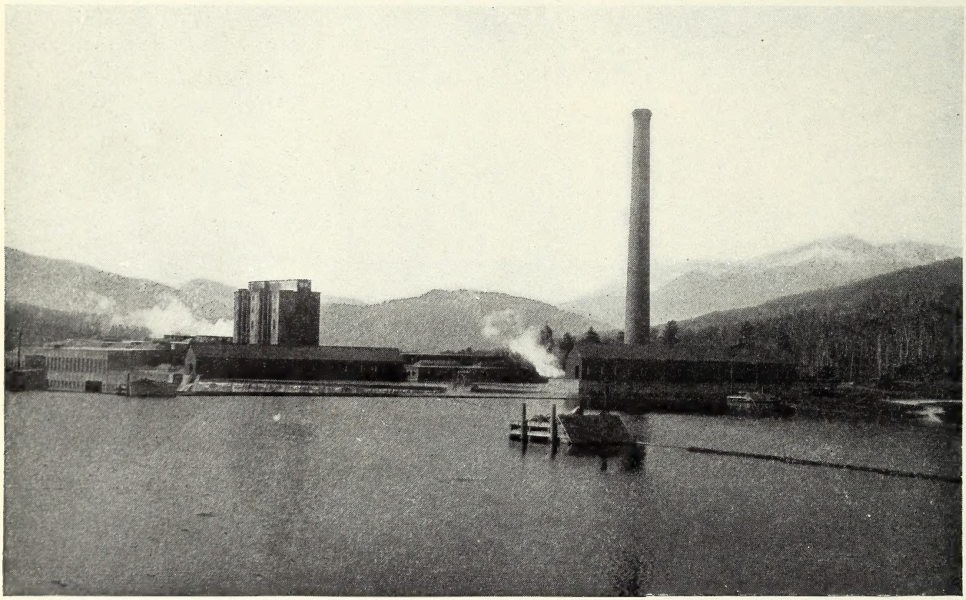


Photo by H. K. Barrows

A two-million-dollar paper-mill just completed at Berlin, N. H. Presidential Range at the right

where at one thousand feet elevation it turns into its southward course, and ceases to be a torrent. Dams at the several towns in the next sixty miles along the river make power available for many local manufacturing enterprises, saw-mills, grist-mills, and small factories. There is much unused power in the Fifteen-Mile Falls below Lancaster, so named because for nearly twenty miles the river flows over a rocky spur of the Dalton Mountain range. In this stretch of the river, known as the Upper Coos, said to mean "crooked stream," important tributaries flow in from both sides, — the Passumpsic River in Vermont, and Upper or Wild Ammonoosuc is too little known. It is traversed in part by the Grand Trunk Railway, and from some of its towns, as at Stark, a thousand feet above the sea, views of the Pilot Range entice the mountain-climber. Littleton, a thriving and charming town, on the Lower Ammonoosuc, uses the water-power for a dozen manufacturing establishments. But it is not until the Connecticut reaches McIndoe's Falls, just above Wells River, more than one hundred miles from its source and two hundred from its mouth, that the great powers begin. Here the river flows over ledges of the Gardner Mountains.

Photo by H. K. Barrows

A logging-camp on the Presidential Range, cutting to feed the mill shown in the opposite picture

At seven points from the mouth of Wells River to the sea the otherwise smooth course of the Connecticut is broken by sharp falls. As the river gains in volume these falls gain in power, and while the dams that have been constructed do not utilize the full power of the water, yet so great is the power utilized, and so extensive and varied are the plants, that the mind can hardly realize what this one river does for New England. The falls at Wilder, just north of White River in Vermont, yield an average of seven thousand horse-power, used by a great pulp and paper plant. At Bellows Falls, seventeen thousand horse-power are used in factories of many kinds; at Turner's Falls, in Massachusetts, thirty-one thousand horse-power; at Holyoke, thirty-five thousand; and at Windsor Locks, in Connecticut, twenty-one thousand. Are these figures meaningless? Here is the translation: At Holyoke alone there are one hundred and seventy-nine factories of one kind or another, in which more than thirty-seven million dollars are invested. These employ nearly fifteen thousand wage-earners, who receive upwards of six million dollars annually in wages, and turn out an annual product valued at thirty million dollars. Four of these factories, with a capital of nearly seven million dollars invested, are devoted to the manufacture of cotton goods; four others, with a capital of nearly two millions, to woollen goods; fourteen establishments, with a capital of three millions, turn out foundry and machine-shop products; and nineteen mills, with seventeen millions invested, produce paper and wood pulp. The basis on which this business has been built up is the water-power of the river, which has not only made Holyoke, but also developed the farms and lesser towns, besides forming the basis of much prosperity in Springfield, ten miles away.

What does it mean to have the water coming down from the sources of the Connecticut disturbed in its even flow? Aside

Photo by Dr. W. F. Libby

Lake Winnepesaukee, a storage reservoir for the Merrimac. The timber on Rattlesnake Island was saved by the Society for the Protection of Forests

from all the other rivers, if there were no powers on the Merrimac, Androscoggin, or Kennebec, this question for the Connecticut alone would be supremely important for all New England. Take Holyoke again for instance. The canals that bring water to the mills are at three different levels. At low water the power of these canals varies from that at high water. To some companies power is sold guaranteeing a minimum horse-power throughout the year; to others it is sold subject to the flow of water. To these latter a long-continued drought means either closing the mills throwing many out of employment, or the substitution of steam-power, with its attendant expenses. There are heavy losses in either case. Agents of the water company controlling the canals at Holyoke watch the Connecticut in its upper courses with the utmost care and telephone all changes immediately to the central office, in order that every factor may be taken into account before the power is denied to the contracting manufacturers. In forest preservation we have a question more vital than the tariff, and one for the very proper consideration of the Home Market Club.

The story of Holyoke is typical. Besides the other towns on the Connecticut, there are larger cities like Lowell and Lawrence on the Merrimac. Twelve cities have gathered about the falls of the Merrimac, from Laconia to the sea, and at Manchester one finds the largest cotton-mills in the world,— those of the Amoskeag Company, which run five hundred thousand cotton spindles, thirty-five thousand worsted spindles, and employs about twenty-five thousand wage-earners. As an officer of the company has said recently, with one hundred and ten acres of floor-space, and only ten or twelve years' supply of hardwood in sight for the whole country, "it is a serious question where we are going to get the wood for floorings alone in our mills!" In Maine, the State of unsurpassed water-powers, where great forests and great cities are in close proximity, one can but name some of the larger manufacturing centres created by the falls on four noble rivers. Lewiston, on the Androscoggin, has eleven million dollars invested in manufactures, of which eight million are in five cotton-factories; Biddeford, on the Saco, with seven million dollars invested ranks second. Madison, Skowhegan, Waterville, and Augusta, on the Kennebec, and Oldtown, Orino, and Webster, on the Penobscot,— these are but synonyms for prosperity. As long as these great natural powers are preserved, the future of Maine is beyond question secure.

Exceeding anything thus far mentioned the paper and pulp business in Northern New England has gone beyond all others. The plants are located in many places, always using the powers of the streams, but the three largest ones are at Millinocket and Rumford Falls, in Maine, and at Berlin Falls, in New Hampshire. These cities have sprung into being in the last fifteen years like mining-towns in the gold-fields. Millinocket, on the upper waters of the Penobscot which has the largest paper-mill in the world, enjoys a fall of water one hundred and ten feet high, obtained by running a canal one mile up the river. Its full force of twenty-thousand horse-power is never fully utilized by the mills, and the gates, having a flow of eleven thousand cubic feet per second, are never fully open. At Rumford Falls the city has grown like magic, and so has Berlin, in New Hampshire. Banks and libraries, hotels and theatres, clubs and business, all appear to be admirably housed. There is an air of energy and enthusiasm, together with a fresh contact with the woods, about these growing places, not unlike the rushing waters in the turbulent streams that produced them. Maine and New Hampshire together now have invested in forty-one paper and pulp plants upwards of seventy million dollars,— a little less than two million dollars each,— a capital that has doubled in the last five years. It uses almost entirely spruce and fir timber from the mountains. Sticks down to six inches in diameter are used. This leads to clean cutting, and as the valleys are already partially exhausted the rapid sweep of some thousands of axemen quickly denudes the mountains one after another. On the high slopes of the White Mountains the years that the forest will last can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Add to this the annual cut of timber for building, and all other purposes, and to this that the hardwood supply in the country at large is very limited, so that heavy inroads are suddenly making in the mountains in this direction also which the pulp men have not taken hitherto, and the re-

Photo by H. K. Barrows

Falls on the Kennebec at Lewiston. Upon falls like this Maine's prosperity chiefly depends

sult on the forest and on the flow of streams does not require a vivid imagination in order to be seen.

The largest mills in New England have supplemented the water-power by steam plants at enormous expense. These are put into operation when the river fails. The distance from the coal-fields makes steam operation cost high, as the result of which one set of mills a few years ago removed from New England to the South, and several others run branch establishments in the South in order to meet the sharp competition arising from mills established within the cotton belt. Here, then, we are face to face with one of the great problems that concerns New England's wealth. With competition from the mills that are nearer to the cotton-fields and the coal-mines, the cost of production in New England is rendered greater by the uneven flow of the great power-giving streams. Is this flow likely to be more uneven, requiring the longer continued use of the steam plants or the longer shutting down of these plants which depend upon water alone? It is not surprising that in this matter of stream flow which strikes at the very centre of New England's life some of her most prominent business men are interested, and that the governors of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, as well as those of the Northern New England States, have sent strong delegations to Washington to urge the establishment of a national forest reserve. The strongest commercial bodies in the several States have taken similar action. The removal of the forests from the mountains is more far-reaching in its consequences than might at first be supposed.

In one noteworthy respect the future of New England water-powers may be much greater than their past. By means of electricity it is no longer necessary to locate the factory at the waterfall; the power can be taken many miles, even hundreds of miles

Falls on the Kennebec at Lewiston. In the several factories 6,000 wage-earners are employed

away, and can be distributed into all sorts of minor powers for the running of large and small machines, for the creation of heat and the creation of light. If it is true that the coal supplies of the United States are limited, and that in a few years, perhaps even a half a century, our great coal supplies will be near their end, then the future of electricity, which can be converted into light or heat or power at will, must become a very great factor in our life, depending in turn upon the water-powers and the forests. Already a number of important plants for the development of electric power have been established, yielding in Maine eighteen thousand horse-power, and supplying light and street-car service to Bangor and other large cities; and in all New England more than one hundred and twenty thousand horse-power, a vast and growing source of energy. Its increase in five years has been more than one hundred and seventy-five per cent. The president of an electric power company using one of the falls of the Merrimac has recently said:

"There is no question in my mind that the removal of the forests in the mountain region, especially when followed by burning over the ground, has a most harmful effect. The economic value of water-power depends primarily upon maintaining the average low-water flow. Anything which reduces this minimum correspondingly diminishes the value of the power, with the result that the value of the investment in hydraulic works is to a large extent reduced.

"It is obvious that a water-power electric station can carry only the business which it can accommodate at its lowest capacity. The water flowing at other times is valueless without expensive steam relays, which are becoming more and more expensive to operate as prices of coal advance. Our companies thus find themselves between two fires,— on the one hand, the diminished supply of water, and, on the other, the increasing price of coal. The preservation of our water supply is the only solution of our difficulties."

All of the rivers rising in the White Moun-

tain region are navigable from ten to fifty miles at their mouths. On each the commerce is of great value to the cities affected, especially on the Kennebec and the Connecticut. On each Congress has spent large sums to clean out the silt washed down from above. Erosion is greatest, of course, on the steepest slopes. The following telling statement, made before a Congressional Committee by Mr. C. C. Goodrich, for more than thirty years manager of the Hartford and New York Transportation Company, will serve as an example of the situation on the other rivers:

"In my first experience the vast forests on the mountains in the New Hampshire region were dense with evergreen. They were damp and cool and full of springs, full of lichen and full of moss. The snow lay unmelted in those forests until the last of May and oftentimes into June. We had a steady feed from the melting of this snow far into the summer. Years went by and the lumbering of the first growth commenced. The large timber was swept from this great section, and we thought that with the disappearance of that our suffering, which had been quite severe, had ceased. But within a very short time the paper-pulp industry followed, and the smaller timber, which had at this time begun to reclothe the mountains and to give shelter and shade and a chance for the moisture, began to be taken away. That was followed by forest fires, which took away the original great roots that had then become dry; and when these forest fires swept over any portion of the mountains they burned not only all that was on top of the soil, but burned deep into the soil. They destroyed everything beyond the possibility of ever reproducing a crop again.

"When this effect was felt we were obliged to stop our steamers. The steamer leaving Hartford on Sunday evening was obliged to be shifted until Monday evening. The great Holyoke dam, which had always before been full along in June, July, and August, became full by the first of May. The vast accumulation of snow had disappeared; it had gone a month earlier. The sponge and lichens and moss were all gone, and by the time June, July, and August came there was a great dearth of water."

From every point of view, therefore, our consideration leads back to the forest.

The bill for national forest reserves in the White Mountains and in the Southern Appalachian Mountains is now pending before two committees of the House of Representatives at Washington, the Judiciary Committee and the Committee on Agriculture. Both have given public hearings at which some of the strongest men from the North and the South, appointed by the Governors of the several States, presented ably the economic necessity for this measure. Favorable reports are expected from both committees when the measure will come before the House for action. In a previous Congress the same measure, having passed the Senate, and having been favorably reported to the House, was not permitted to come to a vote, owing to the opposition of the Speaker. The slightest indication of approval on his part would have established these reserves two years ago! Mr. Cannon has now been nominated by the forces in his State as a candidate for the presidency of the United States. New England respectfully appeals to Illinois to urge her favorite son to examine more closely this measure before it is again postponed, either by himself or the committees through which he controls legislation. The forests are disappearing very rapidly, and the damage wrought is irreparable.

Every reader of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is asked to help by writing to his Congressmen, both Senators and Representatives, asking that this bill be passed without further delay.

STEUBENTOWN DIPLOMACY

By F. W. BURROWS

IT was half after five of an April day and the sun looked mistily down through bare branches, lighting without warming the umber carpet of Uncle Peter's fields — unable even to moisten the edges of the broad patches of snow that would defiantly hold their own for many days to come.

Still, there were signs of spring abroad. The bluebirds had seen and believed, and were pouring out their delight, while old Towser, frantic with the press of business occasioned by the reappearance of the woodchucks and the chipmunks, was doing his best, with the assistance of his tail, to be everywhere at once. In spite of the frost, an imperceptible moisture in the air drew forth and filled the air with rich, woodsy odors.

Uncle Peter raised himself on one elbow and glanced toward the window. Earth and sky had signed a covenant that it should be a fine day. The air was athrob with the call of the grouse-cocks. The woodshed door creaked heavily and Adam appeared, staggering kitchenward with a monstrous armful of stovewood. It was time to "git up."

Uncle Peter sighed, rubbed his grizzled old chin with his knuckles, and blinked at the window. Inch by inch he pulled himself out of the deep hollow in the feather bed where he had passed the night for all the world like a rabbit in its form. Slowly and awkwardly he wriggled himself into his heavy blue woollen shirt and drawers and drew on his socks. These were followed by his best pantaloons and a clean and starchy shirt, and Uncle Peter gave his suspenders an extra hitch that lifted the bottom of his trousers at least two inches from the floor and made him so short-waisted that he looked like some great, grotesque pair of tongs. Then he reseated himself on the edge of the bed and reached for his cow-hide boots.

"By cracky," he muttered, "Adam must 'a' done it." There they stood side by side at stiff attention, as if proud of the unwonted coat of polish which had been so liberally applied. The old man grinned broadly and even chuckled a little as he tugged at the straps and wiggled his toes into place.

His toilet advanced to this stage of completion, Uncle Peter sought the hospitable warmth of the kitchen, negotiating the stairway cautiously and bending his joints slowly and tentatively, as one lifts the lid of a time-worn casket with an eye to the hinges.

"Makes me feel like Sunday mornin', Sarah," he grinned, displaying to his housekeeper the clean shirt and polished boots.

"Well," snapped that faithful lady, "see that you tuck your napkin up under your chin. 'T ain't no joke a-doin' up of them shirts," and she squinted her eye a moment at a lump of lard to see if it was "the size of a walnut" before dropping it into the hot skillet. There it sputtered like a mad-house, successfully driving Uncle Peter from the stove to the sink, where he paid his sacrifice to cleanliness. Soon he reappeared with his long hair combed back in parallel streaks as the wet comb had furrowed through it.

"Haow 's the city boarders?" inquired Adam, with a grin.

"I hain't hed the latest advices yit, but I reckin they're some smarter now than they will be bimeby.

"It was raal sort er kind of 'em to come so fur, with the roads all a-breakin' up, jest to enjoy the sight of their uncle's longjevity," he added.

Adam continued to grin, and Mrs. Markham snorted, impatiently. "Ef you want to know my opinion about them two precious old humbugs ez calls themselves your nephews, I'll tell you."

"There, there, Sarah!"

"Well, I'll tell you, anyhow. They're sizin' up their chances, and tryin' to improve 'em a mite."

"Now, now, Sarah, you allus was a leetle hard."

Adam pulled a shining silver quarter from his breeches pocket and held it up.

"That's fur shinin' up their shoes for 'em after they'd stuck 'em outside the door."

"That's haow mine come to git a extry turn?"

Adam nodded. "Hed to do somethin' to work out the time. Bige told me he soaked 'em seventy-five cents apiece fur stagin' 'em over."

Uncle Peter chuckled. "They hev lots of money, so they say."

"So *they* say," ejaculated Aunt Sarah, "but I reckin they're willin' to take a leetle more if it comes handy. They want to know how long Uncle Peter's goin' to live and haow much he's got, and to show him their great affecshun. Thet's my opinion."

"There, there, Sarah!"

Half an hour later they were all gathered about the mountain of buckwheat-cakes that Aunt Sarah had so deftly piled on the big blue platter, and for a few minutes only the scraping of knives and the odor of melting butter and hot maple-syrup told of what was in progress. The two visitors were the first to reach their limit, and leaned back watching Adam and Uncle Peter, who were still attacking the platter with steady persistency. The visitors glanced at one another. There were no signs of imminent decay in Uncle Peter's appetite.

"Purty busy season down your way, I expec'?" at last ventured Uncle Peter.

"Oh, very, very," replied Mr. William Sutton. "I hardly knew how to leave my desk; but I said to myself, 'It is n't right. I must see Uncle Peter once more.' Orders are piling up so the boys hardly know what to do with them."

"I want to know! You must hev to hev a deal of help."

"Most a hundred men, I cal'late," interpolated Adam, eying the remaining buckwheats meditatively.

"Alomost that, young man," said Mr. Sutton, condescendingly, and smilingly as if at the rural simplicity which confronted him.

"Must make a heap of money, I reckin."

"Well, son, they probably would call it going some up here in the woods. What do you say, Cousin Will?"

"I am sorry you brought up the matter of business, Eben. I like to leave its cares behind me when I come up into the beautiful simplicity and honesty of these noble solitudes. I am here to see Uncle Peter, regardless of my business interests."

"It's very kind of you both," said Uncle Peter, "and I'm sorry I hev a urrund that'll take me an' Adam away from your company for a leetle while. I'm hopin' you won't think it ain't perlite."

"Why, Uncle Peter! Don't let us interfere with you. We will find enough about the dear old place to interest us for days, if we could only stay so long."

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, now, I'm hopin' you'll make yourselves to hum. If you hev any writin' to do there's a old desk in the settin'-room. Thought maybe you might want to write some letters. Hep yourselves to anything you need. Only be kind er keerful of thet top drawer. It's got a few papers of my own in it that I don't like to hev disturbed. Just a old man's papers, you know, an' I kind er like to keep 'em private. Some memorandums abaout my will, an' sich like, as would n't interest you nohow."

"Surely, Uncle Peter, you don't imagine we would disturb any private papers."

"Sut'nly not! Not if you knew they was there. That's why I told you. You can use anything else in the desk that you need. Adam, I reckin we better be goin'. You can't swaller them buckwheats a-lookin' at 'em. By the way, I'd be pleased if one of you gentlemen would step daown to the corner with this letter. Thought you'd want a leetle walk, most likely."

"Certainly, Uncle Peter, Cousin Eben will go. I have an unaccountably lame foot this morning."

"Thank you, Eben, I won't fergit it."

"Oh, don't mention it, Uncle William," said his nephew, glancing sarcastically at Mr. William Sutton. "I rather think," he added, under his breath, as the old man turned away, "that we tackle that desk together. Do you understand?"

When Uncle Peter and Adam returned, in the course of an hour or two, they were met at the door by Mrs. Markham, her excitement visible from a considerable distance.

"They've gone! Both on 'em, and suddint-like! They comes on me in the kitchen with their overcoats and hats on and their grips in their hands, and they sez I was to tell you thet they wished to be very affecshunately remembered to you, but they had

to go to once, and right away at that. 'Most took my breath out er my body."

"They did, hey? Pressin' bizniss?"

"So they sez."

"Orders comin' in too fast, most likely. Come in, Adam, and cast your eye over this 'ere. I writ it last night. It's my last will and testermunt — or it reads like it was. I hope you won't mind any personal reflections on yourself, considerin' thet it 's got us clean shet on 'em."

Adam read the document which Uncle Peter held forth.

"Hevin' no worldly goods to leave in this ere vale of tears, I, Peter Wilkinson, deceased, bein' in my right mind, do will, devise, and bequeath the care of my imbecile nephew Adam Wilkinson to my most affectionate nephews William Sutton and Eben Bartlett, they to pay off the mortgage and intrust on the old farm and to care tenderly fer him all the days of his nateral life out of the great wealth thet Providence hez guv to them."

"I reckin they did n't tech it, you know. They would n't disturb a old man's papers, an' it hurt 'em fer me to mention it, turrible! Throw it in the fire when you're done grinnin' at it, Adam. You say they left kind er sudden-like, Sarah?"

"They sez they hed been summoned."

"I reckin maybe they was summoned. But the old man hain't been — not yit, not yit! I reckin, Adam, bein' ez I ain't deceased and the farm and anything else I've got is as good as yours, as hez worked as hard fur it as I hev myself, maybe you'd better go down to the lot and take a look at them sheep. It's purty near to lambin'-time. Hope you did n't throw out them buckwheats, Sarah. I could n't seem to enjoy my breakfast until I got shet on 'em."

LOVE'S DAY

By ANNE P. L. FIELD

Love sang a song at morning,—
  Young Love, with lips aflame,—
Draining Joy's golden chalice,
  Playing Mirth's merry game.

Love sang a song at noonday,—
  Brave Love, with tireless feet,—
Bearing another's burden,
  Finding Life's service sweet.

Love sang a song at evening,—
  Pale Love, with ebbing breath,—
Lo! Heav'n was filled with music,
  For Love had conquered death!

MARINERS THREE

By GILBERT P. COLEMAN

'TWAS in the bleak fall of 1755 that mariners three and a cask of rum were blown ashore at Sankoty, off the east coast of Nantucket, whiles the good ship *Sister Anne* was churned to splinters against the treacherous sands. A fair cask, indeed, full from head to head, stout, and nobly hooped, and sound so that not a drop of brine penetrated and mingled with its contents, precious beyond gold and gems. No wonder, therefore, that the lusty mariner with the massive beard, standing wet and shaking on the meagre cliff that o'erlooked the sea, felt his soul grow warm within him and that he gave frank utterance in gratitude for the tender mercies of a mysterious Providence.

"Ahoy, ahoy, and well-away, me mates!" says he, merrily, as he broached the cask with a touch gentle as that of a wench. "Here's to the cooper, the brave, bonny cooper, that hath fashioned this cask as a man should do!" And they drank.

And he of the quaint pigtail quoth blithely:

"Belay and stand by, me hearties! Here's to the ship that hath borne the cask in safety o'er the sea!" And they drank.

"Heave ho and avast!" quoth he of the beaked nose, and yet of the piercing eye. "Here's to the sea that hath borne the ship that hath brought the cask in safety to these shores!" And they drank.

A tempestuous night grew on apace, and the mariners three sealed up their cask and rolled it o'er the sward before them, they seeking shelter in the quaint and tranquil town of Nantucket, lying to the westward two leagues and a half.

Now, 't was in Nantucket that Ananias Tobey, a stout friend with a humble heart, walked in the paths of righteousness and virtue, setting good examples with great clearness, having put off all human infirmities; — and also where he moved about diligently with a brassy bell, he being town-crier, and sonorously shattered the silence of that tranquil town by vociferating to the peaceful inhabitants thereof the latest intelligence. True, indeed, that friend Tobey's pronouncements usually took the form and effect following, to wit:

"'T is Tuesday night, with a fair breeze from the windward, and God prospering the morrow will be Wednesday." For sure it was no fault of his that the news was scant, since the isle of Nantucket was in fact a quiet isle, lying peaceful and undisturbed at the edge of Ocean Stream.

But this very eve, as friend Tobey ascended the seven-foot hill whereon rested the ancient mill that ground the grain for winter fodder, and scanned the circular horizon, perchance to view some incoming whaler, he observed, faintly limned against the sad gray moors, a shadowy three, toiling like Sisyphus with some unknown cylindrical substance, and ever and anon disporting themselves in an unseemly and unchurchly fashion; for they seized hands and danced round said substance in a manner that was of evil consequence, well calculated to draw away the mind from heavenly things. For which reason, as friend Tobey well knew, all persons godly disposed should shun such practices as engines of Satan.

Therefore, having offended his eyes for a space sufficient to satisfy his soul's abhorrence and curiosity, friend Tobey laid heavy grip on his bell, and made haste back to the town, fraught and important with these tidings of moment.

"'T is Tuesday!" he sang loud to the tune of the bell — "the third day — and three sinful strangers approach in the offing, bearing east, northeast, one point south. Strangers are come, possessed of the Evil One. Let all beware!"

'T was at Moor's End, at the edge of the town, that the mariners three made pause, and further broached their cask before seeking the solace of strange entertainment.

"Heave plucky, me hearties," says he of the massive beard. "Here's to the cooper that fashioned the cask!" And they drank.

And he of the quaint pigtail quoth blithely:

"Steady, oh, steady, me messmates! And here's to the ship that bore the cask in safety o'er the sea!" And they drank.

"Luff, luff to the loo'ard, me laddies!" quoth he of the beaked nose, and yet of the piercing eye. "Here 's to the sea that bore the ship that hath brought the cask to this island on the lee!" And they drank.

"Whoopee!" cried they all, in fraternal accord, with rising inflections and accents boisterous.

The wind howled and the snow had begun to sweep athwart the horizon when the mariners three and their cask of rum attained the centre of the village square. Knotty souls were they, and thirsty, as they sat by their cask. And they were encircled by friends of the tranquil isle, who had been shorn of their early repose by these rude sounds of riotous glee.

'T was he of the massive beard who stood on the cask of rum and would make sweet speech with these upright men of the quaint little isle; but friend Jepthro Swayne, Selectman and worker in the paths of righteousness, with heavy spectacles bridging his nose, read by the light of a lanthorn as follows from the archives of the town to those evil men of the sea:

"Be it known that Drink is the Soul of the Devil, that it leadeth to an evil Life and Conversation, and that as a Benefit and Warning to all great Lovers of Wine and strong Liquors —"

"Whoopee!" cried the mariners three.

"As a Benefit and Warning to all great Lovers of Wine and strong Liquors it hath been declared that all Wines, Liquors, heavy Draughts, Hollands, Grog, Rum and evil Waters of whatever sort be eschewed —"

"Whoopee!" cried the mariners three.

"Be eschewed, banished, forbidden, exorcised, and forever exiled from the Island of Nantucket, and that any Persons who shall introduce any of said strong Waters to said Island shall be deemed Miscreants and evil Persons, moved by the Voice of the Devil, and shall forthwith be incarcerated in the Town Gaol by the strong Arm of the Law, and said strong Waters shall be confiscated. Blessed be the Virtuous, and they that strive for Rectitude."

Whereupon, in the exercise of the strong arm of the law, there followed a blithe and soul-easing contest between those mariners three and the cask of rum as parties of the first part, and those sober friends of the isle as parties of the second part. There was much bickering and scuffling, aye, and even sundry crackings of craniums; but the mariners three, though valiant, were weak as to numbers and had perforce to contend also against the enfeebling effects of divers devoted libations of rum, which, as the kind friend had truly said, is the soul of the Devil and does grievous hurt to all that imbibe thereof to excess.

Thus it was that the mariners three were haled to the county gaol — a modest structure, forsooth, that had fallen into some disrepair through lack of employment; — it being recorded that it had last been used to accommodate a minister of a different faith, as having no visible means of support, and therefore a godless miscreant and vagrant. And the gaol stood on the bleak edge of the moor. And Ananias Tobey, town-crier, county gaoler, auctioneer, ringer of curfew, and custodian of confiscated goods, brought up the rear with the cask of rum.

Now, 't is no rare hardship for buffeted seamen who have rolled a full cask of rum two leagues against the wind and made zestful brawl with sturdy burgesses to sleep on a hard bed in tempestuous weather. Nor did these mariners three make moan when they were shown to couches of uncovered boards. Nay, soon they were buried deep in restful slumber, which comes at times alike to the ungodly and eke to those who walk in the strait path of the righteous. Yet they had not recked of the sheep.

'T was indeed a turbulent night, and the sheep that nibbled the scant pastures by day, fleeing before the restless blasts that ever swept o'er the sandy moors, sought shelter in that spot which appeared to them most convenient, most hospitable, and most humane. What wonder, then, that, spying this friendly gaol from afar, they filed gently through its open door, and disposed themselves in crowded comfort, free from the piercing blasts that blew tireless in from the sea?

But 't was long since he of the massive beard had slept on a windy moor in an open gaol, overwhelmed with curious sheep, and in good season he awoke and peered about in the grateful gleam of the lanthorn that

had been placed on the cask of rum by Ananias Tobey, town-crier. And when he perceived the nature of this billowy, fleecy sea by which he was sore hard pressed, he rose from his bed of board in stalwart rage.

"Avast and belay, me messmates!" he shouted with raucous vigor. "Avast and belay yet once again!" And there awoke also he of the quaint pigtail, and he of the beaked nose, and yet of the piercing eye, and looked about them, and were amazed.

'T was he of the massive beard who advanced to the corner where Ananias Tobey, town-crier, county gaoler, and custodian of confiscated goods, was seated on the floor, his head reclining at a fond angle against the cask of rum.

He of the massive beard thrust his boot generously into the sides of the gaoler and caused him thereby to sway pendulously for a moment, and then to sink gently to the floor, his arms falling tenderly in a posture of affection about the base of the cask of rum.

"Well, shiver me toplights!" quoth he of the massive beard.

"Heave ho and avast!" cried he of the quaint pigtail.

"Blow me and blast me!" said he of the beaked nose, and yet of the piercing eye.

Whereupon these mariners three rushed out to the tempestuous moors and back into the placid town; and they roared right lustily — yea, they did shatter that holy calm as it had ne'er been shattered before, by town-crier, auctioneer, or clangorous bell that rang curfew in tower of Old South Church.

"Ahoy!" they shouted with vast good will, and abundantly well together.

"Ahoy, ahoy, and yet again, ahoy!"

Nor was it long ere lights shone in the sundry windows of these domiciles of tranquillity, for truly the evocations were dreadful to hear; and presently there appeared in the square, equipped with lanthorns and armed with muskets, against these horrid bodements, Jepthro Swayne, Selectman and worker in the paths of righteousness, together with divers and sundry of the God-fearing natives of the tranquil isle.

There was no utterance from the mariners three and them of the isle until they had reached the county gaol, whither all were led by him of the massive beard. Thereupon he spake, whiles they of the isle glanced down at the sheep, and also at him who yet embraced the cask of rum.

"A gaol!" quoth he, with a weight of scorn in his voice; "a gaol, a pretty gaol, forsooth! And a gaoler — a pretty gaoler, forsooth! Behold now, thy gaoler,— he of the lanthorn and the brassy bell, who snores athwart our cask of rum!"

They looked, and they saw, and they marvelled much to see.

And then he of the massive beard made speech in thunderous tones, so that they of the isle who stood there in the shadowy lights of their lanthorns quaked fearfully to hear.

"Blast me, blow me, shiver me, and avast! And do ye imagine this a gaol? We be mariners three, and we have roamed and buffeted the main, and travelled wide in distant climes. Aye, and we have lodged in many a gaol, but never in such an one as this. Shiver me! Blow me! We will not bide in thy gaol, an ye do not fasten the door and keep out the sheep!"

'T was in faltering tones that Jepthro Swayne spoke when he of the massive beard had done.

"We have had peace and satisfaction in our gaol," he said, "for it hath afforded a comfort and refuge for the sheep in the night season. But thou sayest truly 't is right that we should fasten the door;" and here he looked with puzzled mien at him who grasped the cask of rum, and presently continued, in sorrow and amaze: "It appeareth that our worthy town-crier hath fallen from grace and hath sold himself to the Prince of Darkness. 'T is proper, then, that he also should be confined in the gaol."

There was a nodding of heads by the friends of the isle, and a hum of approval, for they plainly saw that the sin of the town-crier was great, and merited due penalty.

"Yet," pursued Jepthro Swayne, as he again glanced in much perplexity at him who lay caressing the cask of rum, "yet it surpasseth my wit how we may safely incarcerate him, for, be it known, our county gaoler, whom we would with justice deprive of his liberty, hath the key of the gaol in his sagathy breeches!"

And here it was that a buzzing of sympathy passed around among those bearded friends of the isle, but he of the massive beard smote the gaoler athwart the thick of

the thigh so that the sound cracked forth very like unto the harsh snapping of a faggot in the flame.

"What ho, thou shameless dullard!" quoth the mariner, "what ho, and yet again, what ho! Wouldst deprive us of a hard-earned repose, aye, and thyself also, by slumbering on the key? Come, come," he said, "what of the key, man; what of the key?"

And he who cherished the cask even as a woman cherishes her child opened a slit in his eyes and, smiling with the content of the ever-blessed, made languid utterance:

"Whoopee!"

A mighty oath tore from the lips of him of the massive beard, and he pounced upon that gaoler and seized the key from the dark depths of his sagathy breeches.

"There, in God's sooth," he said, tendering the key to Jepthro Swayne, "there is the key. Now, out with the sheep, and lock us up that we may have repose."

Saying the which, he reclined again upon his board of pine, as did likewise he of the quaint pigtail, and he of the beaked nose, and yet of the piercing eye. And ere the last sheep had been ousted from the county gaol those mariners three slept, and snored — aye, and eke snortled in rich union and harmony.

But they of the tranquil isle tarried yet a while and stood about in a circle and looked with the eye of pity tinctured with scorn upon the figure of him who fondled close that cask of rum. 'T was Jepthro Swayne who spake at length in words of sapience:

"Thou hast erred grievously, Ananias, in that thou hast seen fit to tamper with the Engine of the Devil. Behold, thou art overtaken and arrested in the grim Territories of Drunkenness, which is a sin beyond all. And thou hast brought Shame upon us, Ananias, in that thou hast openly embraced a cask of Rum."

Here, however, friend Jepthro paused, and a new light of doubt and hope shone through his heavy spectacles:

"And yet, brethren," he added, "I misgive me much that friend Ananias should trifle with this horrid enemy of the soul; — 't were not his custom; mayhap this is not, indeed, rum, of which he hath partaken. Mayhap 't is some innocent liquor, and he be overcome with excess of zeal to duty.

"Friends and brothers," he continued, turning to those who surrounded him eagerly in the murky light of the lanthorns, "I have a great concern and exercise on my mind to taste of the cask and see verily whether this be rum, and whether or no we have vainly and arrogantly maligned our dear brother Ananias."

And from all that circle of hearers there was not one word of dissent.

Gently disengaging a pannikin from the feeble grasp of the gaoler, friend Jepthro tipped over the cask and drew for himself a modicum of the contents thereof. This modicum he held to his lips and swallowed with a gurgle of righteousness, while the circle of bearded friends of the tranquil isle gazed on with a painful anxiety. And they saw a heavenly light steal into the eyes of Jepthro Swayne behind the heavy spectacles that bridged his nose.

"It hath," he said, "somewhat of the taste of rum, yet as I have but imperfect knowledge of this matter I shall ask Brother Hoffin to try if it be really rum or no."

So Brother Hoffin tasted, and in an agony of doubt passed on the burden to Brother Bolger. And Brother Bolger tasted; and Brother Cardner tasted; and they all tasted; but such was the innocence and unwisdom of those men of the isle that though they tried and they tried, in humble endeavor, never were they quite able to quiet their souls whether or no 't was a cask of rum.

'T was he of the massive beard who first awoke when the sad gray dawn made its way through the generous chinks in the easterly wall of the county gaol. And as he cast his wary eye about he rubbed it in keen amaze and stared yet once again, the whiles he gave soft utterance to words that appertain to a life on the sea. And then he prodded him of the quaint pigtail, and likewise him of the beaked nose, and yet of the piercing eye. And they also did look, and stare, and swear with sweet accord.

Peradventure 't were meet they did, for there, still in a circle surrounding that cask of rum, were they of the tranquil isle; but no longer erect and scornful, and full of righteous wrath against the vessels of iniquity, but low and humble, reclining in divers and sundry poses on the barren floor of that gaol. And all of those virtuous friends were wrapped in the slumber of the

innocent,— some soundless, some snoring, some wheezing, some gasping catchily, some groaning, some sighing even as the wind soughed and sighed through the generous chinks in the easterly wall.

"Shiver me!" softly crooned he of the massive beard.

"Blast me!" whispered he of the quaint pigtail.

"Alas and ahoy," murmured he of the beaked nose, and yet of the piercing eye.

And again 't was he of the massive beard that crept with cunning stealth to where Jepthro Swayne lay nigh the cask of rum — aye, even nigher than he of the brassy bell — and, removing the key from his hand, made progress back to his mates of the sea, pushing the cask before him with tender solicitude.

"'T is a Christian act we do," he quoth, as he gently oped the door and again laid the cask on the freedom of the moor. "I wot not of the habits of sheep,— their incomings and outgoings,— but 't is only a deed of charity to lock the door of the gaol against them, that these worthy brethren of the isle be not disturbed in their slumber."

Whereupon, having carefully locked the door, he and his mariner mates made off through the dawning day toward the harbor, ever rolling before them the faithful companion of their adventures, that well-hooped cask of rum.

In a staunch whaleboat it was that they embarked, setting a fair good sail, and with a favoring breeze and a restful sea 't was soon that they could gaze o'er the stern and observe the spires of the quaint old town rise nobly above the roofs, while o'er the lea, on the bleak edge of the moor, could still be discerned the modest lines of the county gaol, wherein slumbered and snored, and gurgled and groaned, the humble, the chaste, the upright sons of the tranquil isle.

And still again 't was he of the massive beard who broached the cask and cried:

"Ahoy, ahoy, and well away, me mates! We'll drink to the cooper, the brave, bonny cooper, that hath fashioned this cask as a man should do!"

And he of the quaint pigtail quoth blithely:

"Belay and stand by, me hearties! We'll drink to the ship that hath borne the cask safely o'er the sea!"

"Heave ho and avast!" quoth he of the beaked nose, and yet of the piercing eye. "We'll drink to the sea that hath borne the ship that hath brought this cask in safety to yon hospitable shore!"

Thereupon it was that they up-ended that cask, and tilted it, and moved it from side to side, and shook it, and pressed it, and squeezed it, and spoke to it in terms of hearty rage. But not a drop issued therefrom.

"Shiver me toplights!" quoth he of the massive beard.

"Blast me forehatches!" quoth he of the quaint pigtail.

"Alas, alas, and yet again alas!" quoth he of the beaked nose, and yet of the piercing eye.

And they drank not.

So these mariners three sailed o'er the sea, with an empty cask of rum.

DOWN IN MAINE

By CHARLES EVERETT BEANE
The Sportsman Lecturer

I. NEW YORK INNOCENTS IN THE MAINE WILDS

Mr. Beane in his "den"

OVER there in the corner of the lounging-room of the West End, a Portland angler and two visiting brethren from the far West are swapping yarns, producing pictures in proof of their contentions, and waxing hot and eager in their metamorphosis of a modicum of fact into a mountain of fiction, to the apparent amusement of the seasoned veterans who do there daily congregate.

In the embrace of a big couch to one side of the office, the portly figure of "The Sage of Moxie Lake" is enthroned. He appears at times inert, again alert, but *all* the time his half-shrouded eyes, with an altogether too innocent guilelessness to fool an old acquaintance, take in all that transpires.

George, at the desk, endeavors to appear entirely taken up with multifarious duties to the utter exclusion of the wonderful

Plenty of good fly-fishing just here

scaley stories that come swimming in his direction; but a queer little smile that won't come off denotes his appreciation of the scientific processes brought to bear as the fishing cranks get busy.

Here is the familiar group of our politicians, oracles of wisdom, mulling over the latest sidelights on local celebrities and regulating the world's affairs to a nicety in accordance with the Maine point of view. A coterie of "angels of the road" eagerly listens with mirthful comment: first to the wise man with hand-made fly-rod as he lands tremendous fish so often he really believes himself, then to the poetically inclined master of oil-paints, who clinches his argument, digresses to deliriously recite "The clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy brings down the hall," and switches to a consideration of the local baseball problems.

"Natty" has a number of railroad men roaring as he tells the latest on "the Major" and harks back to the good old days of conductor rivalry on the Western Division.

Jack hears without listening while moodily turning four close-written letter-sheets of liberal size, and he thoughtfully scans an envelope bearing the "Big Town" postmark of several days ago, wondering with a far-away look, "What next?"

His has been a precipitous return from the magnificent displays of New Hampshire's up-tumbled mountain ranges, where he would have been willing almost to swear that he had seen the skyward-mounting summits sprout and reach their limit. Only this very noon a period has been put to a busy business program by the transcription of an electric flash to a piece of yellow paper that read, "Meet Jim and me — Union Station to-night. Clyde."

This is Jack's first warning that his glowing descriptions of the grand life close to nature at New York smoke-talks have precipitated the coming of two untrained adventurers within the mystic portals separating the *real life* from the *unreal*, and disconcerting enough is this to induce indifference to all surroundings and work his brain overtime in the attempt to meet the requirements of the case.

Two would-be-sportsmen, well attuned to the ways of Broadway and the Bowery, Wall Street and Chinatown, but honestly ignorant regarding all things woodsy and piscatorial, will soon be *en route* with him for two weeks' sojourn among the sighing pines.

If, in your anxiety to create a sensation, you should be painfully conscious that you have "drawn the long bow" occasionally, and now must stand in imminent danger of getting "called" and ordered to "make good" by two young men who have heard you, only half believing that you are safely outside "the Ananias Club," how would *you* feel? A series of clever pictures alone has stood between him and the "in bad" people, "the nature fakirs," and Jack faces the present crisis with shivers of apprehension lest the Fates be unkind.

Before the mind's eye he sees a natty, tow-headed, everlastingly "kidding" Clyde, an expert A. P. telegraph operator on a metropolitan daily, ready-witted and original in his utterances, whose last words at the Grand Central were, "I will squeeze your Adam's apple until you taste cider if you don't take time off and go into the woods with Jim and me this year." Another figure is that of a slight-built, four-eyed financier in the office of a leading New York broker, who takes the world seriously, enjoys a joke when it is on the *other* fellow rather more than when the point is turned *his* way, a royal entertainer with romantic notions enough to set the clock back thirty minutes on an express-train. A talented but very odd individual is Jim, and as brunette as Clyde is blonde.

Jack wonders if he really knows them well enough to warrant taking chances with them in the big woods. What shall the harvest be after two weeks of life in the open have scrubbed off the veneer and laid bare the true timbre of their character?

You know *your* friend — perhaps — if you have summered and wintered him, sung and wept with him, sported and toiled with him; but, *final* test of all, have you tented and tramped with him far from the centres of business activity, where the paddle and canoe are the locomotive and Pullman, your own bare hands replace chef and waiter, and the hoot of the owl sounds afar instead of the peal of the curfew? No room for pretense and frills in that life, for there true values find their level, known for what they are, as all worship at nature's shrine.

Contrasting pleasant hospitalities without limit in Manhattan, our friend is beset with anxieties touching the question of location in the midst of the "standing-room only" season, August in the State of Maine. Conning the conditions in camp after camp, not one of them can take three men at short notice. He must locate his friends near good fishing. What then?

Speculation is rudely interrupted by a yell and a jolt,— both familiar,— his cap is torn from his head, sent spinning across the room, and a hearty "Hello, old scout" brings Jack back to earth with both arms in danger of dislocation from the tremendous twisting and pumping only two live New Yorkers understand how to cut loose.

"You look good to me — right down good," declares Clyde, and Jim adds, "None better."

"In Maine at last, eh? You are more than welcome; but why so late? Can't you Knickerbockers ever learn to get in on time?"

"Grease on the rail — wheels turned the wrong way — went back two feet for every one ahead till we turned the train end for end and finally arrived," says Clyde, with a grimace. "Hungry — I could eat a copy of the prohibition law if I had it now; and you want to go slow on that welcome business, for I opine you will soon be climbing the tallest timber to escape the questions we have ready to fire. What we *don't* know about roughing it is enormous, but we *know* we *don't* know, and that will help some. It's entirely up to you."

"Cut it — you have stirred this particular puddle long enough for a curtain-raiser, and we'll eat."

After an especially satisfying sit-down to a good meal, the party is lost to the world for a time in one of those heart-to-heart smoke-talks such as only men can have who sit in easy-chairs with feet on a mantel and unload for each other's benefit the accumulated spice of many days.

"Where are your rod-cases?" asks Jack.

"Not born — everything we have is in those two suit-cases."

"I suppose you received my letter regarding proper outfit?"

"Yep; too late, though. We had the whole thing before we heard from you — sporting-goods man on 25th Street told us what we needed. All there,— hook, bob, line, sinker — and corkscrew."

Out comes the kit from each grip. Such truck! Rods in short sections, good enough for trolling, but worthless for fly-casting; reels up to date a hundred years ago; line good for perch or sucker fishing only; flies — unheard of things no one could ever use; an entire rigging unfit, its purchase-money worse than burned.

"How in the name of the Statue of Liberty would we have known the difference even if we had your letter?" demanded Clyde.

"I don't know a Parmacheenee Belle from a Matabooloo chief or a Skowhegan clam," chimes in Jim.

They stood a vast amount of chaffing that night, and the next day with the best grace possible bought new rigging, while swearing vengeance on the man who had sold them a gold brick. Five-ounce rods, multiplying-reels, enamelled line, landing-nets, and flies were of the very best in the market, for nothing is ever saved in cheap tackle and the money left by the two young fellows in Portland stores was very respectable. As they took their seats in the Pullman bound for the Rangeleys they hove a sigh of relief and expressed their satisfaction with life in no uncertain terms.

"Where do we light?"

"Ask me something easier; for to tell the simple truth and lie not, I have n't the slightest idea where I'll stow you cherubs, but we are on our way to Cupsuptic and Billy Soule's."

"Sounds good to me," says Clyde. "Sure you have the name straight, or is that one of your grand inventions?"

Jack's assertion that he would take no greater license with the truth than would Ed Grant arouses a suspicion that it will be as well if they do not pry too closely into the matter, and they heroically resign themselves to the inevitable.

Several sportsmen two seats away are telling stories that have fins and tails, each member of the party endeavoring to outdo the other; and as yarn after yarn is matched and discounted, smiles grow broader, nudges of elbows more frequent and vigorous, until the irrepressible Clyde remarks to the Pullman conductor, "This is decidedly refreshing to me, sir. Now I know I *am* in the State Jack hails from, and near

Where no care lingers

good fishing, for I have heard all those tales from him." With an air of utter abandon he assumes the rôle of a martyr to a good cause, pulls his soft hat over his eyes, and breathes with long sighs.

"After five hours and twenty-five minutes' battle I landed that salmon, and he weighed just thirty-five pounds — not so bad for a Labrador fish," relates one of the sportsmen. Jim softly murmurs, "Me too, Clyde," and in a state of green envy they wonder if there is a possibility that "All men are liars."

So it runs until out of one eye a glimpse of striking scenery sets them up with a jerk, and from that time throughout the ride to Rumford Falls they never tire of expressing their delight in their surroundings, declaring they have gone far enough and would be contented to stop at any of the beautiful little towns along the line for their vacation-period.

"Can you beat it?" The Androscoggin flows beside the track.

"By a thousand miles. You fellows just stay on earth and keep your feet down until the real thing gets along. This river is the outlet of the Rangeley chain of lakes; wait to get a peek at the head-waters."

The train crawls up the grade past Summit, and the boys are too intent upon the changing environment to do much talking. Wilder and wilder appear the distant hills, and from the train very few marks of the steady encroachment upon forest treasures can be noted.

"Here is Bemis, where the first camps in this section were located, and Captain Barker is still catering to the public, with increasing popularity from year to year. How is that for a bunch of wetness? You are fifteen hundred feet above sea-level, as high as the notch of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and through those opening vistas you are looking across Mooselookmaguntic Lake."

"By the jumping Gasooks of Hoboken, what a dream!" With this exclamation attention is given most flatteringly to a word-picture drawn of the far-reaching expanse of gleaming silver.

Mooselookmaguntic accepts contributions

from Seven Ponds, Kennebago Lakes both little and big, that come to it through the Kennebago River and Cupsuptic stream and lake, and, plunging through the gates at Upper Dam, circles the famous pool there located. With volume still further augmented by the waters from Richardson's Pond, Molechunkemunk welcomes its visitor. They unite in Welokennebacook's flood, that goes tearing through Middle Dam near Angler's Retreat, and, between heavily wooded banks, emerge at Sunday Cove and join hands with Umbagog in turning myriad wheels along the Androscoggin River, before the final long, smooth glide with unruffled bosom into a welcoming embrace in wedlock with the restless waves of the mighty deep.

All along the way of the waters, kaleidoscope changes dazzle the eye with sublime scenery, hard to rival and impossible to surpass, go where you will.

There is never enough of any peculiar phase of the general beauty to tire one with its continuity. The general setting of emerald about crystal is always present, but broken everywhere, except where the heights afar are so blended by their great distance from the eye as to present a perspective of perfect oneness.

In the nearer view, the shore-line breaks sharply where the waters, raised when their onward flow was retarded by engineering science, lave the roots of the marginal timber that spreads back upon the eminences forming the sides of giant bowls of irregular shapes, while in the distance along the water-level broken forest-lines denote the passages from one lake to another, which in several places — Haine's Landing, Upper Dam, and Middle Dam — are negotiated by stage or buckboard overland.

Why not try a cast?

Cupsuptic and Mooselookmaguntic, Molechunkemunk, and Welokennebacook (Upper and Lower Richardson) are merged into one body by the dams below them. Rushing torrents from the other connecting links are navigable with canoe if one is willing to make a short carry.

Good hotels or camps are everywhere, and from long experience their proprietors cater most acceptably to the pleasure of their patrons.

"Fine, fine. How much do you get to boost this territory?" demands Clyde. "Come back to Bemis — what's on this side?"

Passing South Rangeley, the softened rays of the fast-declining sun gold-tint the outline of the encircling shores of Oquossoc Lake, and arrival at the station of the same name is greeted by a large number of people who manifest deep interest in all who enter this Eden.

A short ride to Mountain View, and by dint of close calculation a rearrangement of help's quarters provides accommodation "for one night only."

Up Cupsuptic to see the first, last, and only Billy Soule, at Pleasant Island Camps, introduces the New Yorkers to a prince of good fellows, who mourns that "there is no room at all unless you can sleep out-of-doors."

With mutual regrets, Pleasant Island fades from view as the puffing little launch returns the party to Haine's Landing, passing *en route* the spot from which was taken the record square-tail trout of the world,— eleven and three-quarters pounds' weight.

Bald Mountain Camps can make no better proposition than Billy's.

"Hard luck, pals; the phone for ours." For a half-hour, with monotonous regularity, discouraging answers are returned, until even the most buoyant of spirits begin to droop.

The perfect amazement of Clyde and Jim at this unwelcome corroboration of Jack's stories regarding the popularity of the Rangeleys knocks all spirit of chaffing to the four winds, and they are very docile.

"Chirk up before you take the train home — one more try."

"Hello, Kennebago. Got any room there for three husky men for two weeks?"

"Not an inch. H-e-l-l-o! Wait a minute. What did you say, sir?" (The man on the Kennebago end of the line is carrying on a conversation with a party in his own camp.)

For five minutes Jack, at the Oquossoc end, hears a babel of voices talking over some issue, and with bated breath awaits the verdict. Finally it comes. "One of our guests has just received an important letter calling him back to Philadelphia, and you can have his cabin."

Jim delivers a straight left that sends Clyde up against the wall, and he retaliates by rolling Jim over the office floor. Both, rising, joyously wring Jack's hand until he commands, "Quit your monkey-shines, get your traps in a hurry, and we will try and catch the buckboard at Rangeley and get into Kennebago to-night."

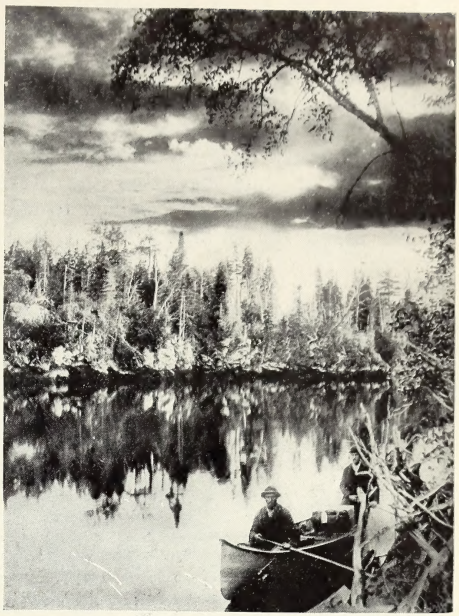
Their good genius is faithful, and by a great piece of driving they arrive at the cross-road before the "buck," and then continue into the village nestling at the head of the big lake, with time sufficient to get a line on the place and a wash-up at the Rangeley Lake House, which they find crowded to capacity.

Several people, who are there waiting for an opening in camps further along in the forest, envy the good fortune of the party, and the actual start for the woods finds two very happy chaps serenely bobbing on the back seat of a real buckboard, waving their caps in farewell to starched linen and polished boots.

"Now for the wild woods, free life, and free air," sings Clyde.

"Not so fast — I reckon there's a sign of civilization, and all to the good for you, boy," laughs Jim.

The team had halted on the highway while the driver secured a strap in the harness, when a "just plain drunk" uncertainly rose to his feet and staggered toward the party. He was much the worse for wear, and as he approached, Clyde groaned, "He'll pick me out of the bunch and bore me to death — they always do. If there is a 'souse' within a mile he gets me sure, just as these fish liars up here have me cornered. It's always *to me.* I must look like a 'josh.'" The team is off on a sharp trot, leaving a disappointed man "saying things" as he sees a beaming face, grinning over the back of the seat, rapidly disappear in the distance.



Kennebago stream borders fairyland

"Thought that was an impossibility in this State."

"Some New Yorker must have dropped a quart," chuckles the driver.

As good progress is made over the very fair road into Loon Lake, many comments are heard upon its condition, until in one place several large rocks directly in the wheel-rut shake up the party.

"Too bad," says Jack; "the street commissioner must have overlooked that place in the run of summer business. I hope he fixes it before we come back."

"Oh, that's not bad at all," returns Jim. "I never thought to find so good a road here in the wilderness."

The driver chokes and coughs unnoticed.

Several other rough spots arouse new protests against the dereliction of the absent commissioner, but he always finds an able champion in Jim, who is tacitly given to understand that present conditions prevail the entire ten miles.

After passing Loon Lake the road rapidly assumes its roughest aspect. Boulder upon boulder, washout after washout, and stretches of corduroy appear unexpectedly, over which persons must pass in a buckboard amid great discomfort, even at the

best, unless the knack is acquired of permitting the body to sway easily with every jolt and swing.

The first sure-enough *bad* place burst upon Jim without warning, and he stiffened up and held on with grim resolution depicted in every feature, making heavy weather of it, but expecting the storm would soon pass, and determined to stick by his friend the commissioner. As the moments flew and smooth waters never returned, his good ship was well-nigh wrecked, and he blurted out, "I like liars, but some folks suit me too well."

When Jack tore a branch from the foliage above his head and, holding it in his hand, said he did it to ascertain when the road was rough enough to shake the leaves, the limit was reached and Jim thundered, "Street commissioner! The blazes! If I ever get to a spot where I can let go one handhold I will take a fall out of you, Jack, if I get the licking of my life. Paste that in your hat."

"A deer just crossed here."

By the side of a living spring Jack stands waiting for them to come up. They look about, but see nothing other than the prospect of a refreshing drink.

"That doe got out of sight mighty quick."

"Gee whiz, what an atmosphere this is for the imagination! That might go in New York, but you've got to show us here."

Their attention is called to places where the animal has stood and pawed the earth, fed and drank; and two delighted fellows fairly rave over the first tangible sign that they are really in touch with the children of the woods.

"I would give a fiver to see that deer running wild," ejaculates Jim, but refuses to promise that money for each glimpse he may have coming to him.

When we had neighbors, they, too, caught fish

Clyde makes an abortive attempt to play a game of jolly for Jim's benefit by declaring he knows a bear is somewhere near, but collapsed when his pal dryly remarks, "S'pose you smell one, eh? You've been doing that in your dreams for the last three weeks, ever since we decided to come east."

"No," retorts his friend, "but I heard him blow his nose when you lit that bum cheroot you're smoking."

Jack decides they have had enough buckboard for one day, tells the driver to go along, joints up his fly-rod, and electrifies his charges by the announcement, "I am going to whip a small pond not a hundred miles from this trail. Want to come along?"

"*Do* we? Would a duck swim? Lead us to it. Do we take our rods?"

"Surest thing you ever knew."

Cupsuptic just at daybreak

"You're a tenderfoot," contemptuously answers Jim. "It will be many years before you can smoke a man's cigar."

"Just as I thought — that one you are smoking must have been left for a 'swipe' a long time ago by *some* strong man. Smells like a cabbage to me."

"If you don't like this room go up on the next floor with the other children and play mud-pies."

Regarding his companions thoughtfully, With eagerness born of long anticipation of the moment, they overhaul their outfit, bend leader and three flies. Carefully watching to see if they have well learned the lesson of the previous evening in the proper adjustment of the lures, Jack is gratified to see selections made with a good combination of color, and they are off through a narrow trail that fifty out of a hundred at least would pass unnoticed.

Pushing aside the bushes that line the

road, and plunging through the undergrowth, a plain path lies before them after they have traversed about fifty yards, and Clyde declares some one must have taken the pains to hide all traces of its existence.

"Right you are. There is no question about the painstaking, and very few people hereabouts know of the place I am going to show you. I stumbled upon it by accident one day when I turned aside at the drumming of a partridge. I think you will say it was a lucky find."

Very soon the small body of water is seen among the trees, covering not more than a half-acre, and all around where they stand is poplar growth.

"Some cheap woodsman did that cutting," says Jim. "I can't swing an axe any too well, but if I could n't beat *that* I 'd never try again."

"You *can't* beat that, Jim, nor can any one, for the woodsman does n't live who is equipped with such tools. That work was done by beaver, and down there you will see their dam. Notice how clever these wonderful animals are. Here is a tree that fell the wrong way when they had cut around it, and you will see the amount of work it must have taken to do all that gnawing, as it is over eight inches in diameter. Because it fell away from the pond they abandoned it and cut this one right beside it, which fell as they had planned, and parts of it are now in that dam, sunk very cleverly into place at the bottom."

"Mighty clever work. Let's keep quiet and we may see one," suggests Jim.

"No danger of that, after all the noise we have made coming in. Catch on here and give me a lift! To the surprise of both his charges, Jack pulls aside some trees, reveals a small canoe, well hidden from casual gaze, and in a minute more it is resting on the water.

"Right here I want to remark that you are both under orders. I am captain of this ship, and don't care to take a wetting so soon. Get in, Clyde; you weigh next to me, and I want you in the bow. Steady there! Don't grab the sides when she rocks or you are in it for fair. Sit still right in the middle, and on the bottom — not on that cross-stick. Now *you*, Jim. Careful, old chap; this is n't a ferryboat. We are off." And with a powerful shove Jack sends the light craft well out from the shore.

Nervously the boys reach for their rods, but Jack says, "Wait until we get to the other end. No use casting with the sun behind you out here in the open and no wind to ruffle the surface. I'll have the shadows working the other way and give them a try. Better wait till you catch the idea of getting out line."

Slowly paddling to the upper end of the little pond, Jack turns back, sets the canoe across the outlet of the small stream that feeds the body, and carefully starts his cast.

Once, twice, with no results; the flies settle each time a few yards further away from the canoe. A third try — a boil in the water near those pads. Back come the flies with nothing doing.

"I'll have him this time, sure."

Out go the flies again in a straight line over the place that showed signs of life. They drop on the surface at exactly the right spot and start back with a skip.

Splash! A sharp snap of the wrist and forearm, and there is a lot of life at the other end of the line.

"You've got him, by thunder!" and in a moment a very pretty trout is making the rod bend.

"Must weigh two pounds," asserts Clyde.

"Not more than a quarter of that," laughs Jack. "A half-pound square-tail kicks up a fuss all out of proportion with his size."

In a couple of minutes Jim impulsively seizes the line as it circles his end of the canoe and drops, just back of him, a speckled darling that weighs three-quarters of a pound.

"Be careful how you do that stunt, Jim, old boy. He is n't a big one, but they have to be handled a little different from a sculpin. It's mighty easy to lose one if he hits the side of this craft when you lift him in that way. You see he is off the hook now, and it was sheer good luck that he fell into the canoe instead of the water."

After a couple more fish averaging about the same size have been landed and one or two misses at the "strike" have been made, Jim tries his hand at getting out the flies, but tangles his line in a near-by tree on the bank. With an impatient exclamation he jerks the rod back and snaps his tip near the joint. In utter dismay he says a few very interesting things, and as he has left the

rest of his rod on the shore he sits back dejectedly while Clyde tries his luck.

First he drops the tip too low and thrashes the water. On the next attempt at a cast he snaps his loose line back as far as he can and puts all his strength into the forward swing, nearly capsizing the canoe and catching his flies firmly into Jim's cap.

"You are a regular old woman. What the devil do you think you are doing — making a home run at the bat?" yells that individual. "I want to get back to town and take a life-insurance policy along with me if I stay in a boat with you, you mucker."

"Keep your shirt on. I did n't break *my* rod, anyway."

"We will call this a day's work, my lads, and to-morrow at Kennebago I will give you lessons in the proper way to cast without using all the strength in your bodies. It is a neat little trick of the forearm, just as easy when you know how, and I rather guess we will stand on the float at the boat-landing while you practise, which will be safer and easier. I'll risk my life with one at a time, but this world is n't big enough for you both to work at once just at present."

Back to the shore and, hiding the canoe again, they start for the road, when right under foot a ruffled-up little body appears, making a curious plaint and dodging back and forth across the path, always leading off to the left of it as they advance.

Maine wood roads are charming

"What is it, and what is it trying to do?"

"A mother partridge or ruffed grouse trying to toll you off this side into the woods away from her brood. Don't go over there. Come this way and I will show you her children."

Stealing along carefully while the cries of the little mother grow more and more insistent and her advances more bold, Jack pauses and peers about. "There is one, and I'll try to catch it."

He sneaks over to a low tree where a little brown puffball is sitting on a limb.

"Flatiron" amid the sighing pines

The parent bird fairly goes daffy with solicitude, but just as he reaches toward the fuzzy object it unfolds a tiny pair of wings and flies into the underbrush, where the combined efforts of the three fail to locate him. To the great relief of the mother they decide they must push along the road to Kennebago or lose their supper.

An hour and a half later the glorious "Long Water Place" of the Abenakis lies at their feet, and Clyde recalls the lines,

> "None of thy sisters may usurp thy place,
> Of all the lakes, thou fairest sylvan sea."

"Maule had been here before he wrote those lines," quoth Clyde. "And I believe I have at last found one man who has told the truth beside you, Jack."

"Thank you, old fellow. I am going to wring the same confession from you at each new step and compel you to settle with your Manhattan friends in full for all their unbelief by paying this tribute to Maine's beauty-spots.

> "'To those who *know thee* NOT, words fail to paint.
> To those who KNOW *thee*, all words are faint.'

"You are now considered a convert, and have but to go on learning the creed, 'I believe Maine is the fairest spot in this wide, wide world.'"

After supper of broiled trout, some of the beauties caught that afternoon, the three partners canoe along the shore of the lake. Smooth as a mirror is its bosom under the soft radiance of the full moon, and they dreamily float just beyond the shadow cast by the tall trees of the heavily wooded banks.

Voices are heard, seemingly very near, but coming from camps at least four hundred feet away. Presently the sweet voice of a singer steals across the water, and the familiar air "In the evening by the moonlight" tempts Clyde's vibrant tenor, with which is joined Jack's rich baritone.

The air changes to "Old Black Joe," and then to many others, with frequent encores from unknown friends, until some one on the shore starts "Take me back to New York town," when Jim yells, "Not on your life," so suddenly that he breaks the spell, and amid laughter and joke the canoe speeds back to the hotel, where a guide shows the party its quarters.

Away from the large house, a little cabin

Well worth the twenty-minute battle

is fitted with two beds in opposite corners from the open fireplace, and with a last happy chorus, "Home, Sweet Home," tired New Yorkers rest "in the arms of Murphy."

The next morning, as the sun's first rays kiss the surface of the lake, Jack hauls his pals out of bed and they take a refreshing eye-opener in the shape of a plunge from the float into sparkling depths.

Breakfast — and such a breakfast — fit to tempt the appetite of an epicure; and with kit of cooking-tools, a couple of slices of pork for the frying-pan, three lunches, and their outfit, they are off for the day.

A landing is made on a diving-float away up the lake, where, unobserved, the rudiments of fly-casting are learned. It is slow work, but patiently they persist until a short cast is a possibility, and the next lesson is work with the paddle. Clad in their birthday suits, Clyde at the stern and Jim at the bow, with Jack seated in the middle, they pass a hilarious hour, at the end of which time circles appear less and less and, changing ends, they get on very well with the art of steering from the stroke.

So the forenoon passes, until "When do we eat?" is answered, "When we have caught some fish."

Pushing over into Big Inlet, they pass upstream a little way to where the fringing bushes are thick, and Jack says conditions are good for results. Fish *always* come to the fly in Kennebago, and to-day is no exception. So do the flies and mosquitoes — who ever had good fishing without them?

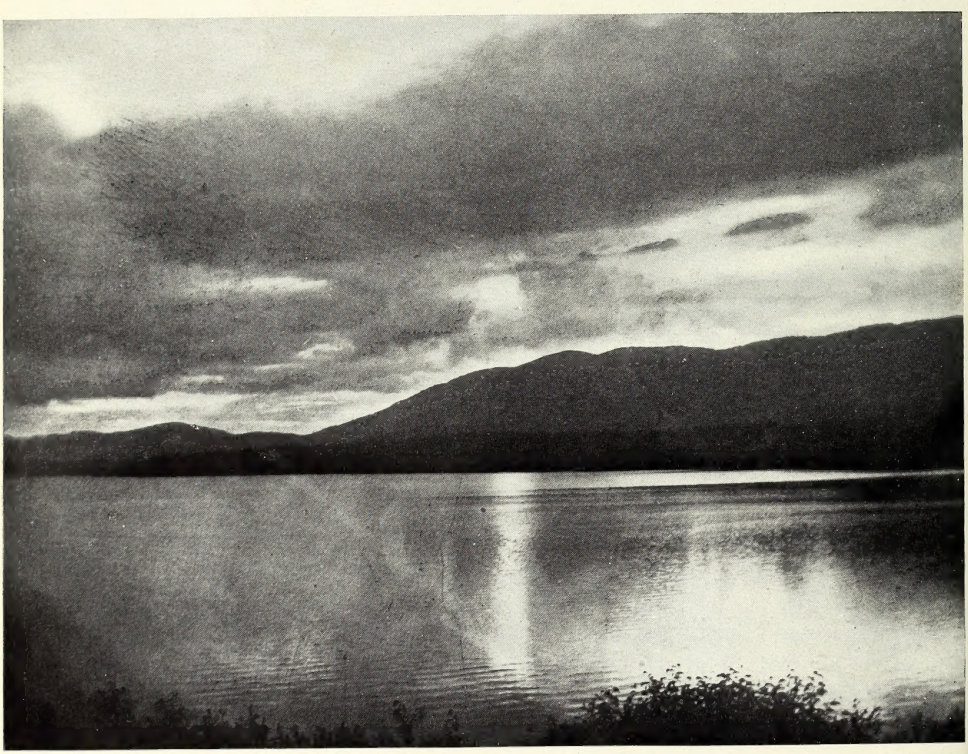
Too busy and too delighted at the discovery that they can hook one out of twenty rises to pay attention to the small pests in the air, Jim and Clyde have the time of their lives. They catch many fish, but kill only those of fair size, some of the best fry fish that ever graced a pan. When a sufficient number to appease their hunger is assured, off they go into the woods and along a high ledge of rocks. Against a big boulder a fire is built, and the first meal in the open is pronounced the peer of any they ever enjoyed.

"Talk about Reisenweber's and Mar-

tin's — Jack has their best chefs skun to a finish, and I vote him a raise in salary," suggests Clyde.

"Granted. You charge it up to me and pay the bill."

At the close of the afternoon they slowly paddle back "home," and, after supper and their evening pipe, play three-handed crib until the question of an owl up the



Toward evening at Loon Lake

lake is taken seriously by Jim. "He wants to know who will be first in bed. I will."

A wild scramble ensues as Clyde and Jack try to beat him out, but with a cry, "Lubber last, put out the light," "Flatiron Camp" is in darkness; but sleep comes with leaden wings only after sundry twistings and turnings and much vigorous scratching tells how industriously the long-billed natives of the lower end of Kennebago got in their work.

At the morning meal two new-comers are seated opposite our party, a young couple on their honeymoon, who pay strict attention to eating in an endeavor to appear unconcerned; but as the meal progresses, in answer to some banter from Clyde, Jim appeals to the bridegroom for his opinion before he remembers he has not the honor of his acquaintance. A laughing reply, in which both bride and groom join, breaks the ice and conversation becomes general.

The new arrivals hail from New York, and Clyde, with the air of an experienced guide, takes them under his wing at once. Sitting on the broad veranda they discover they have many things in common, including a few acquaintances, and by mutual consent are included among Jack's charges.

"We went out yesterday afternoon and never got a bite," says Mrs. Tea.

"That would have been our luck without Jack," avers Clyde. "Better go with *him* to-day."

Anxious to make a good impression and show some of his newly acquired knowledge, Clyde invites Jim to a canoe-ride in

Jack's absence, and he accepts without much deliberation. Off they go from the float grandly, up the lake for a quarter of a mile. Their success dazzling them a little, for they are doing very well for their first trip alone, they attempt to make a grand finish with a burst of speed and come along in fine style. Almost at the float, Clyde tries back-paddling, Jim is caught off his balance by the sudden change, and an instant later both are floundering in the lake, the objects of jollying for full forty people.

Quite unnecessary to state, the stock of the two as canoe experts takes a sudden drop, but the incident serves well the purpose of driving home a lesson they never afterward forget, — that with life in a canoe eternal vigilance is the price of dry skins.

The day is spent about camp and off on walks through the woods with their new friends, a game of quoits "for the championship of the world; nothing less," and an evening of "bridge" closing the day.

The course of a few days has pretty well divorced "the innocents" from city ways and they are feeling much at home in the woods. One proud morning Jack delights Clyde by telling him he can handle a canoe well enough now to undertake a trip as skipper of a craft. Mrs. Tea believes him, and an early start is made for Little Kennebago under his escort, while the other parties elect to go by trail.

Passing along the buckboard road leading to Seven Ponds, they suddenly cease their loud talking, for there in a little clearing stands a good-sized buck. Not in the least alarmed, for he knows it is close time, the beauty stands and innocently surveys the party; finally, coming out into the road and deliberately taking a few steps in their direction, he stops, turns to one side, and leisurely goes off into the woods.

"Where, in heaven's name, were our wits that we left our kodaks in camp? One of the greatest essentials to a perfect outing never should be forgotten. Just think of the fun we'll lose with the boys because we can't show his picture."

Before the day is over three more deer are seen, and Jack declares Jim owes him twenty dollars for the day's show. On the return trip Mrs. Tea and Clyde return by land with Tea, and Jim and Jack bring the canoe around to the lake.

Along the shore of the stream, Jack pushes onto a sandy beach, calls his companion's attention to some fresh tracks, and briefly says, "Bear."

Just before leaving the narrow waterway they come upon a young doe standing in the stream, and, as she has not observed their approach, get very near and laugh heartily as she goes flying shoreward when she catches a glimpse of them out of the tail of her eye.

"Go it, you little beauty. I would n't stop you if I could — and I can't," is Jim's comment. "No man with a heart other than a gizzard could ever shoot one of these."

"Wait till the proper season, and then say," answers Jack, with a smile. "You'll get into the game in time."

"Never — not in a million years," emphatically rejoins Jim; but in after-times he finds his ideas radically changed.

Arrived at the foot of Kennebago, the other members of the party are awaiting them, and side by side two canoes float toward home and supper. Unseen by the rest, Jack notes big black clouds piling up in the west, and now a few rain-drops patter down. Clyde remarks, "Hully gee, we're in for a good soaking this trip, and no mistake."

"Not so sure of that." Jack's canoe, under the combined strokes of himself in the stern and Jim in the bow, is fairly leaping through the water toward the shore, distant a quarter of a mile.

The other canoe follows at slightly less speed, and arrives at the chosen landing-place to find its predecessor hauled high and dry and turned bottom up, its ends resting on two big rocks; and from underneath this improvised roof the two J's are resting comfortably, pulling away at their pipes. While the thunder rolls and the lightening flares, the second crew, following the example of the first, accepts the situation philosophically, and a few minutes later are on their way to camp, none the worse for battle with the elements.

The next day, a canoe trip to Kennebago Falls and a long stroll along the river below with dinner together among the trees, fills the hours to the limit with unalloyed delight.

Day succeeds day with ever-changing program, during the working-out of which Jack's charges throw their first awkwardness to the shades of the past and hit the

trail for Rangeley at length with many a long look backwards and expressed regrets that they must turn a deaf ear to the call of the wild until another season. Mr. and Mrs. Tea decide to accompany them, declaring that even life at Kennebago would be spoiled by the breaking of the party, a most convincing proof of Jack's oft-repeated assertion, "People thrown together in the Maine woods will surely bunch up and

It's a small world after all, for as they pass through the street toward the Rangeley Lake House a gay crowd of people yell recognition, and Brooklyn friends who are the guests of a New Yorker at Pickford's Camps go by on the rush for a visit to Haine's Landing.

"Had the measles? You're all blotched up."

"Nix. Some of Jack's pets up in the

A typical Rangeley vista

form strong friendships, or treat each other as though smallpox is prevalent."

Arrived at Rangeley, a loud hail from a group of men in front of the Post-Office, and Jim, off the seat of the buckboard in a flash, has a man by the hand whom he introduces as one of his customers "on change."

"That means he changes his money for Jim's experience, and it's costly business," volunteers Clyde.

The party referred to smiles and says, "I've never been bitten very hard."

woods made love to us," is the answer to the clerk's inquiry, as, dressed for the trip over the baby railroad to Farmington, they reappear in the office; and after an exceptionally hearty meal at a table famous for its cuisine, the quintet board the up-to-date little Pullman car, and say "Au revoir but not good-by" to those who linger in one of the fairest spots on earth.

At Dead River station a noisy party of seven young people from Dead River Pond Camps under the escort of a chaperone pass through the car, take seats near our group,

and are hardly settled before they begin telling grand things about their camping-place and its proprietor.

Clyde listens long enough to learn they hail from New York, and in an instant is bowing beside the fairest young lady in the lot, swapping stories of Kennebago for those of Dead River Pond.

Along the line of the Sandy River attractive scenes abound, and Jack is not at all surprised when Jim holds forth from the depths of a big chair in a Farmington hotel office, "I have heard that saying, 'The best of the wine for the last of the feast,' and I think you must have had that in mind, Jack, when you brought us back this way. Beside this tiny railroad extends a natural park that for rare loveliness and variety is in a class all by itself. That river down there, those curves, that rich meadow-land with its encompassing heights dotted with prosperous looking farms,— just look at them,— these neat, well-cared-for villages where so many people make their summer homes — a paradise; nothing short. What a beauty *this* town is! You tell me they had a big fire here years ago when you were a resident? Well, all I have to say is that disasters are frequently mixed with blessings; for the old town could never have been as attractive as this even with the splendid foliage of those days. If I ever get married—and I shall some day—I'm going to take one whole summer and spend every minute of it in and around this ideal village."

"Well said, Jim, and we will come and live on you while you are here, so Mrs. Jim can pile up experience in the cooking-line."

"You're on; shake."

At Portland, as the twilight merges into a Maine coast evening, two young fellows, their arms and faces showing dark brown from the kiss of the sun on open waters, stand by the rail of a fast-receding steamship, New York bound, while near-by passengers wonder what they mean by that last call across the widening waters between them and a lonely figure standing on the dock: "Farewell, old scout. From 'Flatiron' north to 'Flatiron' south is but a span, and your children await your coming with steins bubbling and pipes alight to live again amid the soft brushing of the pines and the cry of the whippoorwill."

They note regret deep and true ringing in each voice, and hear the answering hail, "Another year, another place, and the best bunch that ever was."

TOWN AND COUNTRY

ISABEL HOWE FISKE

I know two narrow byways:
  One is a city street,
Noisome and dark and wretched,
  Where houses almost meet.
Here cries of children, oaths of men,
  Smite the soul as with a blow —
A place of sordid passions,
  A place of children's woe.

I know two narrow byways:
  One in a woodland sweet,
Where upper stories of the trees,
  Busy with birds' nests, meet.
From old time here the songsters
  Praise God with swelling breast —
Ever for him who enters
  A place of ancient rest.

AN EASTER BLOSSOMING

By MABEL S. MERRILL

THE Honorable Samuel Parsons was aware of eager heads at various windows as he drove his car rapidly up the village street. He smiled grimly as he reflected what thoughts, suggested by this return to his native place after an absence of twenty years, must be working inside those heads. For the "ne'er-do-weel" of the town to disappear and come back at the end of twoscore years a millionaire with a prefix to his name was calculated to create something of a sensation.

"They'll begin to realize the change better, seein' me comin' along like this," he said to himself. "I thought the thunderin' goin' would never be settled enough for me to take out the machine, and I was bound not to go to call on Mary Lowe till I had it; that's mostly what I got it for."

He turned down a narrow side street and presently stopped before a small house, unpainted and stained by the weather to that neutral tint which somehow suggests patient poverty and meagre living. He noted with some annoyance that his heart was beating rapidly as he clanged the small bell.

"I don't know why I should be afraid of Mary Lowe now," he reflected, defiantly; "I ain't doin' her father's chores any longer. Gorry, I used to dread that girl's eye wors'n the heels of that kicking Holstein cow. I never knew why; maybe 't was her bein' so still; a woman that don't talk is enough to scare the powers o' darkness. But it ought to be different now. Old man Lowe's gone to work and lost everythin' he had, they say, and Mary has to give music lessons to support the two of 'em. It'll be quite a change for her when —"

His reflections were interrupted by the opening of the door, and Mary Lowe stood before him in the little entry. Their eyes met, and the Honorable Samuel Parsons felt twenty successful years crumble to dust. He might as well have been shuffling in from the barn in overalls and jumper; he fairly seemed to feel the weight of a full milk-pail tugging at either hand.

"How do you do, Sam?" said Mary, softly.

"I — I did n't think you'd know me, Mary," he stammered; "folks say I've changed a good deal."

"You have n't," returned Mary, with gentle promptness; "you're big and black, just as you always were. Come in and tell me all about yourself; the village is buzzing with stories of you, and I want my share first-hand. Here's father — and we're both ready to hear all those wonderful doings out West."

This was the Honorable Sam's opportunity. He had worked for it twenty years, but for a minute he did not seem to know what to do with it, now that it had come. He told himself it was Mary's voice that was taking the nerve out of him. There is nothing like a voice to stir old memories, and Mary's, soft as the fluting of a thoughtful bird, had a peculiar searching quality he had never heard the like of in any one else. However, he recovered himself under their friendly questioning, and when he began to tell the story of his winning battle with fortune he became inspired with something of the glow of the struggle. It was a story a man could hardly tell without some elation, and he was conscious of being somewhat flushed and triumphant when he had finished.

It seemed to him that what he had called to say must come easier now, and he turned promptly to Mary when her father left the room. The Honorable Samuel had acquired a habit of promptness, and he spoke briskly, in his best business manner — which was all the manner he had. His air was that of a man who proposes a square deal.

"Mary," he said, "I've come back to ask you to marry me. I'll build you a handsome house anywhere you say, and give you more money than you can spend in a lifetime for the flummydiddles women are always wanting."

Mary's voice came back pleasantly from the shadows of the dim little room:

"Thank you, Sam; I don't think I'm suffering especially for flummydiddles, what ever they are."

"You won't have to work so hard," persisted Sam; "you'll have all kinds of hired girls and a private car —"

"To transport them with, or to escape from them?" put in Mary.

"And the house," he went on; "women folks always like a fine house — and this one ain't much to look at, if you'll excuse my sayin' so."

Mary's eyes went around the plain little room.

"No, it is n't much to look at," she admitted; "but it has its recommendations, Sam, and one of them is— it's mine; I paid for it."

The blue light of her gaze shone straight in the eyes of the puzzled millionaire.

He stared frowningly at the floor for a moment.

"I ain't stylish enough for you," he said, resentfully.

Mary's silver laugh chimed like a bell in the dimness.

"O Sam! — and you with an automobile and a railroad and a silk hat!"

"I know I ain't so well educated as you," he said, moodily.

"Why not? We went to the same school in the village, and I've never been anywhere else except when I went into the public library on my music-lesson days in the city."

"Then will you have me?" demanded the man of business.

"No." The answer came with convincing force.

"I should like to know why not," he flared.

"Because I'm doing so well just as I am that I really don't see why I should consider any annexation schemes," retorted Mary, gently.

The Honorable Samuel Parsons was decidedly glum as he made his way back to the boarding-place he had chosen,— the old post-road tavern which looked exactly as it had for a hundred years, but which had lately begun to call itself "Hotel Bascom" and put French words into its menu with reckless liberality. At present it was convulsed internally with effort to provide something good enough for its millionaire guest, who received all attentions with a lofty indifference that made a deep impression.

He went up to his room and, sitting on the side of the bed, looked wrathfully at his boots as if they might have had something to do with his downfall — an obvious absurdity, since they were in a state of shining perfection. Then he snapped open the case of his handsome gold repeater and looked at the face that gazed calmly back at him. It was Mary's face, a faded half-tone cut from an old newspaper where it had accompanied an account of a concert by "local talent." He shut the case at length, and, going over to his trunk, took out another and a larger picture, a wash drawing with the edges worn as if by much handling. The central figure was that of a woman standing at the entrance of a church, an open book in her hands, her slightly lifted gaze fixed upon two angel shapes floating before her in the open portal, their hands outstretched as if they beckoned her within saying, "Here is peace." A soft mystic light touched the haloed heads and shining wings of the heavenly messengers and fell over the woman's floating draperies of white.

The Honorable Sam suddenly realized that he had before him a wonderful likeness of Mary as he had just seen her, though the half-tone from which according to his direction the artist had reproduced the face had been taken twenty years ago.

"Yes, that's Mary," mused the Honorable Sam, sitting on the trunk with the drawing in his hand, "and a confounded lot o' trouble she's made me in her life. She looks next of kin to them angels, but she ha'nts and persecutes a man as if she was relation to — what business has a woman to look like that and be as contrary as a Georgy mule? Here I've worked for twenty years and stayed single because whenever I thought of the woman I'd have wanted for a wife I could n't make her look like anybody but Mary Lowe. I wish I'd married that red-headed ranchman's widow that got after me out in Colorado."

He threw the picture savagely on the bed, but picked it up presently and put it carefully away before he went down to dinner.

The next day was Sunday, and, having ascertained that Mary Lowe sang in the choir just as she used to do, he electrified the church-going population of his native

town by walking into the little old meeting-house, taking a rear seat, and remaining deaf and blind to the blandishments of four deacons who would have wafted him to the very front pew. It was the same obscure seat into which he used to shuffle sheepishly and, gluing his eyes to the hymn-book, let that mystic voice do what it would with him.

He was not in the least prepared, however, for the effect it now produced. The girl's voice had been full of mystery and charm, like a voice out of dreamland; the woman's was all this, with an added power. When the first low, sure notes floated out upon the hush of the old church Sam's hands closed firmly upon the thing that was nearest, as if he feared to be swept away. It was a strange and moving voice; at its call there stirred in the souls of the listeners things latent, long asleep; the hidden passion and pain of life heaved like a sea in the dark.

The next morning the distinguished guest at Hotel Bascom rent the heart of the establishment by picking up his belongings and brusquely demanding his bill. He explained that, desiring greater quiet (the tavern was almost as still as the Keniston graveyard), he had secured board in a private family; and forthwith he went and settled himself in a house where there were five children, and a phonograph, a small menagerie of dogs and cats, and a man learning to play the piccolo. Also, it was next door to old man Lowe's residence, and the windows of the Honorable Sam's down-stairs sitting-room opened within three yards of Mary's little parlor where she taught her music classes.

Sam took a certain amount of pains in fitting up this sitting-room. Chairs, tables, and such trifles were left to the landlady, but he spent some time contriving a little alcove for his picture by taking out the door of a small cupboard in the wall. When the picture was placed he screwed up at one side a tiny bracket-lamp which, when lighted, illumined only the drawing, leaving the room in shadow. Here of an evening he would sit, smoking and meditating on the problem that had baffled him for twenty years, while the pictured Mary turned her face to her angel visitants and the real Mary near-by labored with her last class. Usually when the strumming stopped she would begin to sing; she was practising her music for Easter Sunday. Sam, with his eyes on the picture, would sit without stirring until she had finished, and then fling his cigar angrily into the grate.

"Witches had n't ought to be allowed to sing," he would say, sulkily.

Old man Lowe, who, by reason of age and infirmity, had attained to an authority almost as unquestioned as that of a brand-new baby, had taken a violent fancy to the society of the millionaire (whom he still appeared to consider his chore-boy) and often compelled Sam's presence in the little house by sending him a peremptory summons to come over and play chess. They spent many hours at the game while Mary went about her work, giving them now and then the indulgent glance and smile of a grown person who, busy with the serious affairs of life, is relieved to see the children safely amusing themselves. She was always at work, coming and going in the shabby gray gown that would have made her look colorless but for the blue shine of her eyes and the subdued light of her face, like the glow of a white-curtained window with a lamp shining behind it.

It was evident that the means of the little household were of the scantiest, and that it required constant toil on Mary's part to make both ends meet. Sam almost gloated over the signs of her poverty. He felt that it served her right, since she had refused to avail herself of such an excellent way out of it. Aside from his personal feelings, it offended his business sense that she should have done so. He lived on the waning hope that she would come to see her mistake. He had thought that if anything could bring her to him it would be those long hours of drudgery, with relief so plainly awaiting her acceptance. But he had to admit that he saw no signs of weakening, and he began to consider whether there were any other means he could use.

She was making herself a white waist for Easter Sunday one day when he was lounging in the little sitting-room after the chess was finished.

"You ought to have a silk dress, Mary," he said, as he watched her turning and trying the flimsy breadths of an old muslin skirt which she was using for material; "that looks like a cheese-bag."

Mary laughed. "Wait till I'm done with it," she retorted.

Sam made no rejoinder, but a few days later a box with Mary's name on it came from New York, and inside was a heavy white silk made and trimmed in a fashion quite foreign to the imagination of Keniston. Sam had insisted on the material, but had left everything else to the makers.

The recipient of the gift gasped at the sight of it, and then fell into a helpless paroxysm of laughter.

"Sam, you are a humorist! To think I never discovered it before! But don't you know that a gown like that introduced into the Keniston meeting-house would break up the congregation? You'll either have to send it back or wear it yourself. I have n't the courage."

Sam carried the box away and studied the subject for a while in the seclusion of his own room.

"Either the sayings about women are all lies or Mary 's different. I always supposed they were all daft about clothes. But maybe, as she says, it ain't suitable for a place like this. I'll try and think of something else."

He went down street and looked hard at some gorgeous hats in the window of the village milliner, but, realizing that he was facing perils possibly worse than any yet encountered, he went home empty-handed.

The next time he visited the Lowe house the muslin waist was finished and laundered to a thing of beauty and Mary was trimming a hat, a dainty shell-shaped affair of dark blue velvet, with a slender blue wing at the side.

"Ain't you afraid it's too gay an' expensive, Mary?" he inquired, with sulky sarcasm.

Mary held it up on her hand.

"Why, the bluejay's wing is a trifle flashy, but the cat had killed the poor thing before I got there, and I thought I might as well use it; and the velvet has been in the house for a number of years in the form of a photograph-case. So it is n't really so extravagant as it seems."

It was that same afternoon that Sam's automobile, apparently seized with a spirit of adventure, undertook to climb Jonathan Bascom's stone wall, and, overturning in the act, left its owner by the roadside with a badly twisted ankle. For the next few days, therefore, he stayed in his sitting-room, fending off the attentions of his landlady and obstinately making his hurt worse by limping from the lounge to the rocking-chair in a fever of restlessness. The restlessness passed at length, and a kind of apathy settled upon him — a heavy, bitter mood that grew like a creeping disease.

For many things had gradually become clear to Sam during these weeks.

In his Western town he had been a dominant figure, a power, a success. He had come back flushed with it, like the conqueror who expects to find the best good of all, the honor of his own people, awaiting him. The honor of his own people — that had really meant only Mary Lowe.

"I ain't her equal," he said to himself. "I always knew that, of course, but I thought the money would even things up. I worked till I reckoned I had something worth while to offer her. Well, she don't want it; that's all there is to it. I've wasted twenty years and things ain't evened up. Folks used to tell me money could do everything. It ain't so. And it might as well not do anything at all if it can't do the thing you want most."

Easter fell late this year; it dawned upon a world that had almost the radiance and warmth of summer. Sam heard the first bell from the old meeting-house and remembered what day it was, but he would not raise the shade to let in the glory of the golden morning. He had even shut the blinds outside two of the three windows of his sitting-room, and the gloom in which he sat was almost that of night. Only a pencil ray of sunshine crept in to touch the picture in the alcove.

"It's all I've got left out o' that twenty years," he muttered looking up at the angelic group that would hereafter stand for the unrealized ideal of his life. A book lay on the shelf beneath it, a little worn book his baby fingers had crumpled when he sat in his mother's lap listening to her voice as she read the beautiful old stories. On a small stand below the shelf he had placed a recent gift from Mary, the only one she had ever offered him — an Easter lily from her window-garden. It had one closely folded, rather obstinate looking bud that reminded him strongly of the giver.

"The price o' my railroad would n't open that bud," thought Sam, "any more than it would bribe Mary. It wants something besides a railroad for a job like that. What's a poor devil to do when he ain't got any-

thing except a railroad? I'll start back West to-morrow. I sha'n't let her know that I've bought back her old homestead; she'd think it was another bribe, and I've offered her enough already. Out there in the shack way up in the mountains I used to think and plan how I'd take her back there and tell it was her own again. I might have known it could n't ever have come true."

There was a knock at his door. Sam uttered a gruff "Come in," muttering something under his breath about the meddlesomeness of landladies.

The door opened and Mary came into the room. She had dressed early for church in the white waist and a well-brushed dark skirt, over which, for her last few household duties, she had tied a big white apron. In the dimness of the room she glimmered as if the figure in the picture had suddenly stepped down.

"Sam," she began, wonderingly, "whatever is the matter with you? You're scaring Mrs. Hobbs to death. She says you don't eat nor speak, and that you sit all day in the dark like this. She thinks you're coming down with something —"

Sam moved impatiently. "I ain't *coming* down — I'm *down*," he said, in a tone meant to be grimly humorous.

"Are you sick?" demanded Mary.

"No." The answer fell sullenly, weighted with something that sounded like despair. It frightened Mary. She came near enough to see his face in the gloom, and as she looked at it a low exclamation broke from her.

"Sam," she said, "you look like death! Something dreadful has happened, and you would n't tell us! What is it?"

"Nothing."

"Then you are sick?" persisted Mary, in a frightened voice.

She laid her cool hand on his wrist. He took it in both of his and laid his face against it, without speaking. Then he felt her tremble, and looked up. Her eyes had strayed to the alcove and were wonderingly scanning the picture of herself.

"You must n't mind about my havin' it, Mary," he said, heavily. "I'm going to take it back to Colorado, and that's so far away you won't care. I can't part from it now; it has stood by me a good many years. Look, the artist made it from this; it was his fancy to fix it up with the church door and the angels, and I thought it made it look all the more like you."

He opened his watch-case and held up the old picture to the one ray of sunlight.

Mary stared at it as if she were reading a revelation, as she was,— the revelation of the waiting and dreaming of those long, lonely years of which Sam had never yet told her a word! There was a tremble in her voice when she spoke again, an unsteadiness that might mean either laughter or tears.

"Sam," she said, "when you were offering me private cars and automobiles and railroads and hired girls, did n't it ever come into your head to offer me just you — yourself?"

Sam was honestly perplexed at the question and the look that accompanied it.

"No, Mary," he answered. "I thought I'd better offer you something that amounted to more. I've loved you ever since I can remember, but it was dumbed impudence to do it, let alone talkin' about it. And I did n't think there was any need of mentionin' it; of course you always knew that I did."

"How could I know it," burst out Mary, "when you always proposed to me as if you were bargaining for new rolling-stock for that railroad? It actually sounded as if you wanted to buy me, and I could n't even tell whether you were doing it because you wanted to, or because you were kindly bent on giving *me* a good trade."

She broke off, quivering.

"Mary!"

He reached back and pulled the curtain-ring sharply, so that the shade flew to the top of the window, letting in a flood of sunlight in which the white-clad figure beside him seemed to waver and float.

One look made words superfluous. He clasped the fluttering hands and drew her close. From the golden outer world the sound of bells came faintly in, and from somewhere near, a delicate breath of fragrance touched them like an invisible hand.

"Your lily has blossomed," said Mary, bending forward to look at the white marvel poised, wing-like, on its tall stem.

"I see it has," rejoined Sam, looking up into the blue eyes above him, "just when I thought it was going to die without blossoming at all."

GREAT FIGHTS IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND HISTORY

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

I. THE STORMING OF FORT MYSTIC

ON May Day, 1637, the General Court of Connecticut — which had been founded by the immortal Thomas Hooker only the year before, and boasted but three tiny settlements, at Hartford, Windsor, and Wethersfield — held one of the most memorable meetings in all its history. It was a meeting called to consider the situation created by the persistent attacks of the Pequot Indians, a fierce and warlike tribe that had been harassing the settlers almost from the time of their first arrival in the fertile Connecticut Valley. Aid had been begged from the parent colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts, but no aid had been received; and now the men of Connecticut were confronted with the alternative of giving battle on their own account or abandoning their log-cabin homes and fleeing to the older and more populous settlements to the north.

All told, they did not have among them more than two hundred and fifty men fit to bear arms, while the Pequots could easily put into the field nine hundred or a thousand warriors. But not a voice was raised in favor of retreat. Embittered by the memory of loved ones treacherously shot down or carried into a terrible captivity, the cry was all for war. And knowing this, the General Court soon reached a decision. It would send against the Pequots all the men who could be spared from garrison duty, and it would trust to them to deal a blow that should ensure a lasting peace. Hartford it called on to provide forty-two soldiers; Windsor, thirty; and Wethersfield, eighteen — in all, a force of ninety.

Ninety against nine hundred! But the ninety were men of no common mold, and they were given for leader the best commander the General Court could possibly have chosen for the work in hand. This was Captain John Mason, a rugged, sturdy, cool-headed, and lion-hearted citizen of Windsor. He was still a young man, little more than half-way through his thirties, but he had already proved his worth. He had been trained to a soldier's life, and in the early stages of the Thirty Years War had seen service in the Netherlands. Coming to America, and settling at Dorchester, he found occupation to his fancy in hunting down pirates and planning fortifications for Boston. Later, such was the esteem he enjoyed, he was chosen to represent Dorchester in the General Court of Massachusetts Bay. But, tiring perhaps of the theocratic atmosphere of Massachusetts, he joined in the Hooker migration to the country about the Connecticut, and there he took root and flourished.

What was most advantageous for the undertaking in which he now engaged, he had a thorough knowledge of the Indian and his ways, and he was in a position to secure Indian allies for the campaign against the Pequots. When he first came to Windsor he had fallen in with a native chieftain named Uncas, who, though a full-blooded Pequot, had seceded from his tribe with a small following and settled on the banks of the Connecticut. It was Uncas's ambition to overthrow Sassacus, the grand sachem of the Pequots, and win for himself supreme control of the Connecticut Indians; and in the coming of the English he saw his opportunity. He was careful to refrain from hostilities against them, he denounced the outrages committed by his kinsfolk, and he cultivated the acquaintance of the colony's leading men. He became particularly intimate with Mason, and Mason for his part worked hard to persuade Uncas and his Mohegans, as the seceders styled themselves, that their wisest course would

be to enter into an active alliance with the whites. So successful was he that Uncas readily consented to serve under him in the projected expedition. This meant only a small numerical addition to the pathetically diminutive Connecticut army, but it gave it something that was greatly needed — experienced guides who knew every inch of the Pequot country. And in the end it meant far more than that to the Connecticut English, for it was the beginning of a league for mutual defence that lasted many years and more than once saved the settlers from fearful disaster.

However, not being able to lift the veil of the future, there were few light hearts in the colony the day that Mason and his men started on their campaign. It was felt that theirs was indeed a forlorn hope, and that if they failed utter annihilation would be the fate of the settlements. Some feared, too, that Mason was making a mistake in enlisting the services of the Mohegans— that they would betray the brave ninety into the hands of their enemies. But Mason, who knew how bitterly Uncas hated Sassacus, was confident that he had no thought of treachery. Grimly he assured the men and the weeping women who crowded about the departing soldiers that they might make their minds easy on that score; and then, having listened to a farewell and solemn exhortation by Hooker, embarked his troops and set sail in three vessels down the Connecticut.

At the mouth of that river the settlers had built a fort, Fort Saybrook, and had placed in it a small garrison, commanded by a Lieutenant Gardiner. According to the plan of campaign laid down by the General Court, Mason was to hasten to Saybrook, and thence sail up the Sound to the Pequot River, better known to us of to-day as the Thames. It was in the country between the Pequot and the Mystic that the enemy's strongholds were located, and Mason carried peremptory orders to lose no time in landing and attacking them. Circumstances soon convinced him, however, that if the expedition were to be a success this programme would have to be considerably modified.

Although it was early May, the water in the Connecticut was very low, and the heavily laden vessels — described in the quaint language of the times as a pink, a pinnace, and a shallop — repeatedly grounded. Such were the delays from this cause that it took a full week to make the short journey from Hartford to Saybrook. Meantime the Mohegans, grumbling at the slowness of the voyage, insisted on being put ashore, and marched overland to the fort. There they met with a cold reception from Gardiner, who refused to admit them unless they could produce satisfactory evidence that they meant to act in good faith with the English. Rightly interpreting this as a request for some Pequot scalps, Uncas and his braves surprised a small party of Pequots, killed half a dozen, and brought one as a prisoner to Saybrook, where he was tortured to death. As Mason realized when he arrived at the fort, no surer means could have been found for putting the Pequots on guard against a surprise.

On the other hand, he learned with delight that, thanks to the diplomacy of Roger Williams, the Pequots had been unsuccessful in an intrigue to induce the Narragansett Indians of Rhode Island to unite with them against the English. And he also rejoiced at finding at Saybrook twenty Massachusetts men, the advance guard of reinforcements that were now being raised in the Bay Colony. Their leader, Captain John Underhill, was, like Mason, a veteran of the Thirty Years' War, and a gallant and dashing soldier. But it was his opinion, as he frankly told the Connecticut commander, that it would be madness to attack the Pequots with the troops in hand, and he strongly advised delay until more soldiers should arrive from Massachusetts. This was Gardiner's opinion too, but it met with a blunt veto from Mason. He had come to fight the Pequots, and fight them he would, with or without Underhill's aid. And more than that, he purposed sending back twenty of his own men, who were not in condition for a hard campaign.

Both points he carried after a stormy controversy; and in another and more important matter he demonstrated his masterfulness. Underhill and Gardiner, once the decision to fight had been reached, were for following out the instructions of the General Court and making a direct attack on the Pequots. Mason argued, on the contrary, that this would indeed be suicidal, as the enemy were undoubtedly prepared for them and would overwhelm them

by sheer numbers. He proposed, instead, to sail up the Sound to the Narragansett country, land there, and make a rapid march back to the Pequot forts. The Pequots would see the ships sailing past their coast, would imagine the campaign had been abandoned, and would be lulled into a false feeling of security. After-events proved how well he had calculated. Underhill and Gardiner, however, objected that he had no right to depart from the orders of the General Court. For hours they wrangled in angry debate. Then, and nothing could throw into more striking relief the profound religious convictions of the pioneers of early New England, they decided to leave the matter with God. "Good Master Stone," said Mason, to the chaplain he had brought with him from Hartford, "commend our condition to the Lord this night, to direct how and in what manner we shall demean ourselves." Next morning Chaplain Stone reported that it was God's will they should sail for the Narragansett country, and off they put without further ado.

It was Friday, the seventeenth of May, when the journey was resumed, Gardiner and his men being left at Saybrook Fort, and Underhill's twenty taking the place of the twenty Mason had sent home. Head winds so delayed the vessels that it was not until Saturday night that they entered Narragansett Bay. It was then too late to make a landing, and the next day, precious as every hour was, Mason would not let his men go ashore, because it was the Sabbath. Monday morning a tremendous northwest storm set in, continuing until Tuesday sunset, when a landing was finally made at a point not far from where Narragansett Pier now welcomes summer visitors. Leaving thirteen men aboard, with instructions to keep the ships at anchor until late in the week and then drop down to meet the expedition at the mouth of the Pequot River, Mason hurriedly marched his troops to a near-by Indian village, the home of Canonicus, the grand sachem of the Narragansetts.

"I do not come to make war against you," he told Canonicus, "but to punish the Pequots, who have cruelly slain and captured the English. I ask you, therefore, for permission to pass through your country, that I may punish the Pequots, your own enemies, as they deserve."

It was a masterly move, and if all the Indian fighters of New England had been gifted with Mason's genius for statecraft and warcraft some of the tales that will find a place in this series would never have had to be told. Canonicus greeted Mason kindly, entertained him overnight, gave a hearty approval to his intentions, but warned him that, with so small an army, he was courting almost certain disaster. Unshaken in his resolution, the stout-hearted man from Windsor roused his followers at dawn, and, after a hasty breakfast, started them on their overland journey for the Pequot country. All day they travelled with scarcely a halt, and by nightfall reached a Narragansett fort on the Niantic River, the boundary-line between the dominions of Canonicus and those of Sassacus. Here they found fully two hundred Narragansetts, who flatly refused them admission and acted generally in so suspicious a way that Mason set a strong guard around the fort, fearing that some of its inmates might try to carry a warning to the Pequots.

In the morning he was awakened by a loud shouting, and springing to his feet saw that it was occasioned by the approach of a large body of Indians. His first thought, doubtless, was that they were Pequots intent on surprising him; but to his great relief he soon learned that they were Narragansetts who had been sent by their sachem to aid the English. Seeing how the case stood, the Indians in the fort now came out with smiling faces, and begged that they too might be taken along, vehemently proclaiming their hatred for the Pequots and boasting of the valiant deeds they would perform. It must have been a striking scene,— the palisaded fort in the background, the English and Mohegans in the foreground, and between them and the fort some four hundred Narragansetts, swinging around in a great circle and chanting their war-songs.

Gladly Mason accepted the assistance thus unexpectedly tendered, and without more delay began the second day's march. Just before starting, a runner came in with news that a body of troops from Massachusetts had arrived at Providence, and that their commander wanted Mason and Underhill to await his coming. It was felt, though, that after so many delays there was greater need for haste than ever, if the Pe-

quots were to be caught at a disadvantage. So the order was given to advance. It was then about eight o'clock in the morning of a day that gave promise of being unseasonably warm. As the hours passed, and the sun rose higher, the soldiers in their heavy buff coats suffered intensely from the heat. To add to their troubles, the country which they now entered was exceptionally wild and rough, stretches of miry swamp alternating with barrens of bristly rock. Several of the men fainted outright, overcome with the heat and lack of food, the provisions having given out; but, on being revived, they pluckily struggled forward again. Not so with the Narragansetts. The nearer they approached the Pequot strongholds the more rapidly did their valor ooze away. Some, in fact, complaining that the heat was too great, refused to proceed farther. In great anxiety, Mason called Uncas to him.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "Do they intend to leave us? You heard them boast, brother, that we durst not look a Pequot in the face, whereas they themselves would do great things."

"That," said the Mohegan sachem, "was but their talk. They are great cowards. They fear the Pequots and will never fight them. I warn you, brother."

"And will you, too, desert us, Uncas?"

"Not though all others should. Nor I nor my braves will leave you. Brother, you may trust me."

Satisfied, Mason and Underhill exhorted the soldiers to quicken their weary steps. "We must sleep to-night," they told them, "within striking-distance of the foe." The immediate objective was a large, stockaded village, just across the Mystic River, and situated within the limits of the modern Connecticut town of Groton. This "fort," as it was called, was one of the two principal Pequot strongholds. Here, according to reports brought in by Mohegan scouts, some hundreds of warriors were gathered, celebrating the fancied retreat of the English up the Sound. Mason smiled grimly at the news, but relaxed not a jot the caution that had characterized his movements ever since the departure from Canonicus's village. Marching stealthily until one hour after sunfall, he encamped in a little valley "between two hills"— supposed to be at Porter's Rocks — and threw out sentinels to guard against a possible surprise. Then, anxious though they must have been about the events of the morrow, he and his soldiers pillowed their heads on the stones and, completely worn out, fell into a dreamless sleep.

It was scarcely dawn when they were astir again, their carbines and muskets ready for action, and their one desire an intense longing to get at and be through with the ugly business that lay before them. The previous night the Mohegans had pointed out a narrow path which they said led directly to Mystic Fort. Along this the troops now made their way in single file. For two miles the path ran through a swampy thicket; then it came to a sudden end at a corn-field. Peering forward in the dim light of the early morning, Mason saw a long, circular structure just ahead, on the top of a difficult hill. "That is the fort," whispered Uncas.

The Indians had built about their village a stout stockade of logs, ten and twelve feet high, loopholed at a fighting-height, and enclosing an area of some two acres. There were only two entrances, on opposite sides, and each of these had been barricaded by tree-tops, with the boughs turned outward. The taking of the village, even if the assailants gained the top of the hill without alarming the Pequots, would undoubtedly be no easy matter. Still, Mason did not hesitate to arrange a plan of attack. Then, for the first time, he noticed that no Narragansetts were in sight. He motioned Uncas to him.

"Where are the Narragansetts?" he asked.

"Many have fled," was the answer; "others are back in the forest, making ready to flee."

"Go, then, and bid them not to flee, but to remain until they see whether Englishmen can fight or not."

To Underhill he gave other orders, in quick, incisive language. He was to lead his Massachusetts men against the south entrance. Mason himself, with a party of fifteen or sixteen, would try to force his way in through the entrance on the north side of the stockade. The rest of the English, together with the Mohegans, were to surround the fort as reserves. It was a daring, reckless scheme, but it appealed to the spirit of the men who had followed him those weary miles of sea and land. Silently but rapidly, the little storming-parties started up the hill.

Suddenly, the barking of a dog was heard, followed instantly by the cry, "The English! The English!" With ready wit, Mason turned and signalled to the soldiers who were still standing in the corn-field. "Come up," he shouted, "come up, all of you, and fire at them through the palisade." At the first volley there rose a chorus of shrieks and groans, mingled with the dread Pequot warwhoop. Racing madly forward, Mason and his stormers flung themselves at the north entrance and, before the Indians fully realized their purpose, were through it. Underhill's party were less fortunate. When they reached the top of the hill they were thrown into some confusion by the stoutness of the leafy barrier opposed to them, and this gave the Pequots time to rally to the defense. One, at close range, drove an arrow through the arm of the first Massachusetts man to show himself, a young soldier named Hedge. Wounded as he was, Hedge cut the Indian down, and in quick succession dispatched three others. By his side, Underhill slashed and thrust; and, the barrier now giving way completely, the stormers and the reserves poured in with a fury that would not be denied. Breaking, the Pequots fled to their wigwams, which stretched along both sides of a wide lane through the centre of the village.

Forming anew at Mason's command, the soldiers now charged against the wigwams, to be repelled by the shower of arrows which met them from every side. Right and left the winged missiles flew, one finding its billet in Captain Underhill's thigh. Two men fell dead; others dropped with ugly wounds. Outside they could hear the Narragansetts shouting like madmen, but keeping well beyond the danger-line. Clearly, they were fighting a losing fight, yet one which admitted of no retreat. Mason, resourceful as ever, took a sudden resolution.

"Look, you," he cried to Underhill, "we must burn them out."

And, before Underhill could make reply, he had plunged into the nearest wigwam, sword in hand. When he emerged, a moment later, his sword was dripping with blood, and he carried a blazing brand plucked from the wigwam fire. Next instant, as he touched it to the dry matting with which the wigwam was roofed, a pillar of flame shot towards the sky.

No pen can adequately describe the scene that followed, as the fire, with lightning-like rapidity, spread through the fort. The English and the Mohegans, carrying their wounded with them, retreated outside the stockade, and massed themselves at the two entrances to prevent the escape of the tortured Pequots. At a little further distance the Narragansetts, now brave enough, threw themselves about the fort in a vast circle, to cut off any fugitives who might evade the bullets and swords of the inner guards. Many — men, women, and wailing children — perished miserably in the flames. Others, who burst from their blazing homes and rushed blindly to the stockade openings, were slain without regard to sex or age. Those who hoped to find safety by leaping the stockade and disappearing in the forest were mercilessly hunted down by the Narragansetts. There were some, the braver warriors, who mocked at foe and flame alike, discharging their arrows through the stockade loopholes until, if the old records are to be believed, the very strings were burned from their bows by the all-consuming fire.

In a word, the slaughter was thorough and complete. In its upshot, it was nothing less than a massacre, and some historians have been unsparing in their condemnation of Mason and Underhill and their mates. Yet their terrible course was not without its justification. It was either the Pequot's lives or theirs, and with their fate was bound up the fate of the Connecticut settlements. The firing of the wigwams was the only thing that could possibly have saved the little army from annihilation, and in the slaughter that followed they were guided by the certain knowledge that every Pequot who survived would be the tireless and vengeful foe of the white man. In fact, the march from the ruins of the smoking fort to the mouth of the Pequot River was a succession of fights with the remnants of the tribe; and not until a year afterwards, when a series of reverses had completely broken the power of the Pequots, was the safety of the colony fully assured. In this later and less dramatic fighting, Captain John Mason was again prominent, and Connecticut is well warranted in accounting him, as she does, among the really notable figures in her history.

"THE ART STUDENTS," by Philip L. Hale

The Second of the New England Artists Series

Famous New England Artists Series

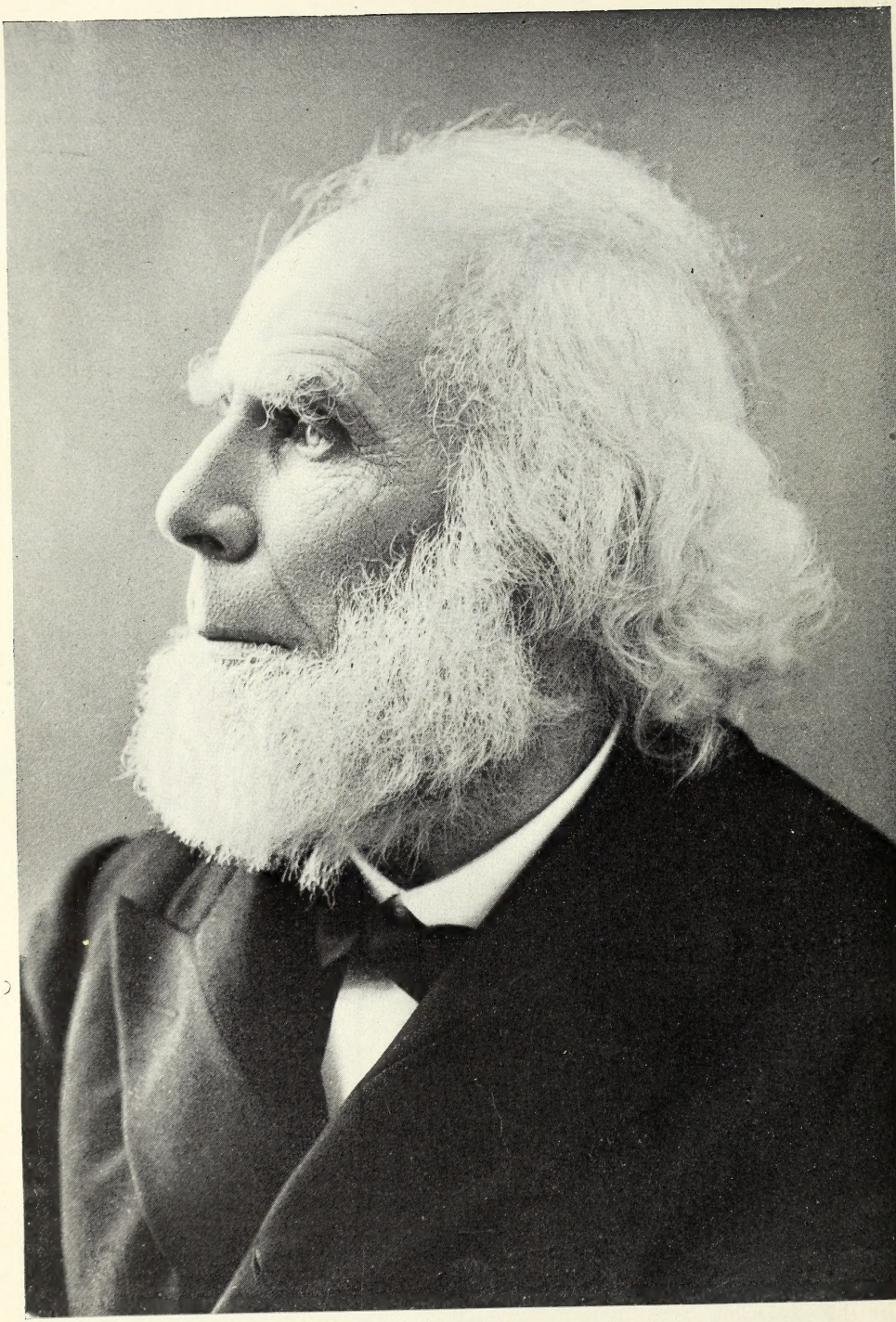
II. PHILIP L. HALE'S "THE ART STUDENTS"

By FREDERICK W. COBURN

PHILIP L. HALE paints well, writes vigorously, fights aggressively in behalf of professional ideas shared by the dominant group of Boston artists, and trusts to have already gained a reputation not helped adventitiously by the fortunate circumstance of his being a son of Edward Everett Hale. His genre-portrait of four young men from one of his classes at the Museum of Fine Arts merits the critical adjectives which mean simply that it makes a favorable impression because the painter has been enthusiastic in trying to "make it like"— in the catch-phrase of the studios — and has succeeded in what he undertook. Seekers after subjectivity, whatever that is, may conceivably find the work lacking in idealism; though a very competent opinion holds that straightforward technical accomplishment offers the only means by which a painter has ever yet been able adequately to reveal the character of a person or an aspect of nature.

As a sympathetic and faithful representation, at all events, the portrait of these lads, seated before a snack of cold bottles and their accompaniments, takes high rank among Mr. Hale's exhibited works, which have included such interesting canvases as the gray portrait of his wife, shown at the Copley Society's summer exhibition of 1906; the maiden denominated "Glitter," who lit up a corner of the same association's summer exhibition of the year following; the "Portrait of My Mother," delicate and subtle; "The Wrestlers," bone and muscle rendered with a serious draftsman's pleasure in accurately defining planes and attachments; "The Arbor," two maidens in thin gowns catching the shimmer from noonday sunlight; "The Spirit of Antique Art," a severely rendered female nude, posed amidst classical accessories.

Mr. Hale should now be approaching the best years of an artist's life. He was born in 1865, and was trained in drawing and painting at the school of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Art Students' League of New York, and at Julian's in Paris. He has lived in Boston during his entire professional career. His work at the outset showed the effects of the prevailing theories of impressionism. His large one-man exhibition, indeed, which was shown at Durand-Ruel's in New York about ten years ago, displayed canvases in which the game of imitating sunlight with unjoined taches of pigment was played with remarkable consistency. Of late years, like many of the so-called impressionists in Boston, Mr. Hale has painted mainly indoors, where there is no need of making the sacrifices incidental to the methods of the plein-air school. As instructor in drawing at the school connected with the Museum of Fine Arts he has influenced hundreds of prospective painters and illustrators, while as art critic of the Boston *Advertiser*, the *Journal*, and more lately of the *Herald*, he has had something to say to the general public.



Henry B. Blackwell

WHAT NEW ENGLAND SAYS ON ROOSEVELT'S PRESIDENCY

INTRODUCTION

HAS Roosevelt made good?

A thousand voices have been shouting that question into the ears of the people, and without waiting for the inevitable answer the same voices have replied to themselves. These were not the voices of the people. They were the voices of that class of newsmongers and politicians who make their livelihood not by what they think or do but by what they say.

A big man makes a better target than a little man. One whose activities ramify into a dozen different fields is open to a fire of criticism from a dozen different directions. After all, criticism is good fortune, for it is opposition that makes the world go round.

Roosevelt's critics were noisy a few months ago, very noisy. Now that the third term talk is over, they are quieter. Groundless as many of the attacks upon him were, the defence of him by his friends was not made as vigorous as the facts deserve, partly because of the subleties of politics, and partly because his best defence was himself and his record.

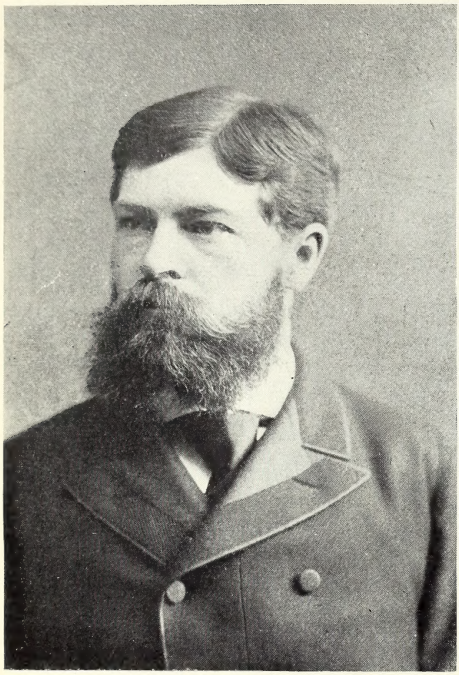
Now that his name is not a presidential issue, circumspect men are more outspoken. Now, also, that attention is being concentrated on a dwindling few presidential possibilities, it is not amiss for us to gather the opinions of representative men on Roosevelt, not as a candidate for any position whatever, but as a man who has without doubt carried on more great activities (for weal or woe) than any former President.

ROOSEVELT ONE OF OUR GREATEST MEN OF DESTINY

By WINSTON CHURCHILL, *Reform Leader in New Hampshire*

It is a striking fact, to those who look back over the history of the United States, that the hour has never failed to produce exactly the type of man needed to carry on the nation towards the great destiny which is undoubtedly hers. Lincoln came from the people, from a geographical section that was neither North nor South, and he had the understanding of the supremely great of both North and South. The opening of the Civil War found General Grant in St. Louis, standing on the sidewalk with his carpet-bag, wistfully watching the Union troops as they marched to Camp Jackson; and Sherman was thought by many, until he indubitably proved the contrary by his great victories, to be a person whose judgment, to put it mildly, could not be relied upon. The things he saw were too vast for common eyes to grasp.

When the calm history of this eventful period in which we live is written, when the strife has died down and the wounds have healed, it will be seen clearly that Theodore Roosevelt is one of our greatest men of destiny. We were drifting into precarious waters. It had been for many years the custom of the National Committee, controlled by the interests who contributed largely to the campaign funds, to dictate nominations. Mr. Roosevelt suddenly found himself in the White House, untrammelled by promises or obligations, and he did not hesitate for a moment to face and fight the evils which existed in the nation, and which threatened its destruction. The magnificent courage of this act, the gigantic scale of the contest which followed, has challenged the admiration of the world.



William DeWitt Hyde

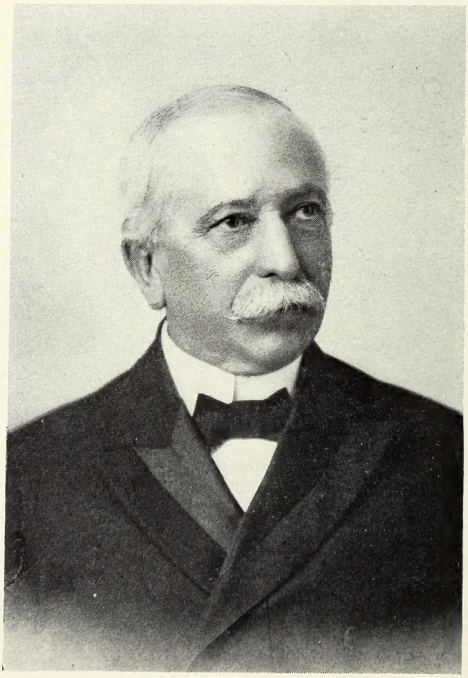
Mr. Roosevelt had but one weapon — public opinion. He knew, with the sure instinct of the statesman and the genius, that the people of the United States would support him in this contest. He believed that the heart of the nation was sound; and he was right. By temperament he is a fighter, as Cromwell was, and it was apparent to impartial observers that a fight was necessary at this time. But Mr. Roosevelt is more than a fighter. Looking with a clear eye into the future, he saw the rocks ahead, and he evolved the policies which will go down to posterity as the Roosevelt policies, and no candidate has arisen or can arise who will add to those policies by one jot. On the other hand, many prominent men who at first opposed the chief of these policies have since, very much to their credit, come out openly in favor of them, because they tend alike to the safety and welfare of business enterprises and the safety and welfare of the public at large. They tend towards contentment and an equal opportunity for all. Any condition of affairs which gives the impression that the law will not act alike to all must lead in the end to riot and anarchy, and Mr. Roosevelt saw this more clearly than any of his fellow citizens.

Let those who would criticize his utterances remember that the moment he ceases to take the public into his confidence the fight is lost; let them remember, as Mr. Roosevelt himself says, that the ethical side of the struggle is the more important side; let them weigh the words of his messages for themselves rather than contentedly take the newspaper extracts without the context. If Mr. Roosevelt preaches, so have all the greatest leaders of nations. Lincoln preached, with what effect we know.

I was reminded in a speech which I recently made at Manchester, of a quotation from the writings of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks:

"Politics, as an application of great principles, as the securing of the operation of eternal laws, is God's work, and he who works in it must work with God."

I can think of no more appropriate text than that for the work of Theodore Roosevelt in this nation.



George C. Chase

SAVED US FROM THE WORST EVIL

By Wm. De W. Hyde, *President of Bowdoin College*

Theodore Roosevelt is the President of the whole nation, North, South, East, West; of all classes, black and white, farmer and manufacturer, miner and ranchman, soldier and sailor, employer and employee. He has a vigorous and ardent personality which speaks straight to the hearts of the people. He has done things when obstacles to doing them, and excuses for not doing them, abounded.

He has prepared for war; promoted peace; and maintained "the most cordial good will with all other nations." He has contended for Federal regulation of natural and artificial monopolies — as against radical, inconsistent, and confiscatory legislation by the separate States on the one hand, and the exploitation of stockholders, patrons, employees, and the public, through rebates, discriminations, juggled bookkeeping, complicated security issues, manipulation, and inflation by directors responsible to no one but themselves, on the other hand.

He has defended the fair competition of thrift, industry, and enterprise against the efforts of monopoly to first kill competition and then force the public to pay dividends on fictitious capital, reckless management, and extravagant expenditure.

He has stood for the protection by law of all the innocent, and the punishment by law of all the guilty.

He is binding our two coasts together by the Panama Canal. He is protecting our forests, developing our waterways, fostering irrigation, and defending the actual home-maker against the land-speculator.

On the tariff alone he has followed his party instead of leading the country; and here expediency probably required postponement of this issue if he was to have a united party to grapple with the newer issues he has raised.

He has vaccinated the business interests of the country, producing local and temporary inflammation; and he has saved us from what Plato calls the worst evil that can befall man or state — to have a disease and escape paying the penalty to the physician.

He has so impressed these principles on the people that if his own party adopts them heartily under the leadership of a progressive statesman like Taft, or a conservative reformer like Hughes, it will easily win the coming election; but, if the Republicans turn away from these principles to a standpat opportunist like Cannon or a non-committal figurehead like Fairbanks, these principles, and power and victory with them, will become the property of the Democrats.

ROOSEVELT VERSUS MONOPOLY

By Dr. Henry B. Blackwell, *Lifelong and Staunch Republican*

The unexampled popularity of President Roosevelt is due to faith in his sincerity and honesty of purpose and still more to a hearty approval of his effort to curb and control the hydra-headed monopolies which have grown up since the Civil War.

The American people find themselves in danger of being subjected to a new form of feudalism, in the shape of great aggregations of capital built up upon special privileges conferred by State and national legislation. By consolidations, alliances, tariffs, patents, and trade agreements, the powers of corporate monopolies have been enlarged and competition eliminated until to-day "malefactors of wealth" disregard government regulation, put law at defiance, corrupt legislators, and seek to compel political parties to do their bidding.

The eyes of the public have lately been opened by Ida Tarbell's detailed exposure of the dishonest methods whereby the Standard Oil Company has been enabled to absorb or crush its competitors and to

Joseph H. Soliday

levy tribute on the entire country. This has been followed by a revelation of the colossal frauds in the management of Life Insurance Companies, Trust Companies, Sugar Trust, Beef Trust, Steel Trust, Shoe-Machinery Trust, Cotton-Mill-Machinery Trust, and a hundred other organized conspiracies in restraint of trade.

The railroads of the country have been merged into great continental systems controlled by a few men, who have thereby established artificial prices of food and fuel, have built up some towns and cities and ruined others, have granted secret rebates to favored customers, and by issue of watered stocks and fictitious capitalizations

oppress the industries they were created to promote.

Accompanying the accumulation of enormous wealth by the fortunate possessors of special privileges, an expanded paper currency, nominally based upon gold, but actually upon evidences of national debt, has enabled speculators to corner the markets on coal, iron, petroleum, cotton, grain, sugar, lumber, and everything we eat drink, wear, and use. As a result the cost of living has increased forty per cent within ten years, without corresponding advance in wages, and the average standard of living has steadily declined.

All our great fortunes have been the work of the past seventy-five years. In 1832 there was only one man in America worth a million dollars. To-day millionaires are so numerous as to be no longer objects of remark. Even multi-millionaires are numerous. But the great body of the community does not share in this surface prosperity. The growth of population in the East and Middle West is almost wholly in cities and manufacturing towns, where hundreds of thousands are herded in tenement and apartment houses, under congested conditions inconsistent with health and morals. No nation is really prosperous where the extremes of wealth and poverty exist side by side, and where it becomes every year harder to achieve a moderate competence.

President Roosevelt, by his determination to compel the great corporations to obey the law, by his sympathy with labor and opposition to every form of monopoly, has saved his party from impending defeat. It can only continue in power by accepting his leadership. By his prosecution of violators of law he has incurred the envenomed hatred of the monied interests of the country. They cannot defeat him, but they hope to do so, indirectly, by setting aside the candidate who enjoys his confidence and is pledged to carry out his policies. But the effort of the stand-patters to unite upon a reactionary candidate will be futile. The people want no back steps. The battle against special privileges will be fought to a finish. In view of the President's resolute refusal to serve for a third term, the practical good sense of his supporters will accept his advice in the choice of his successor. In the election of 1908 the logical alternative will be Taft or Bryan (both opposed to retrogression), with a possible third candidate in the interest of plutocracy, and a fourth in that of socialism.

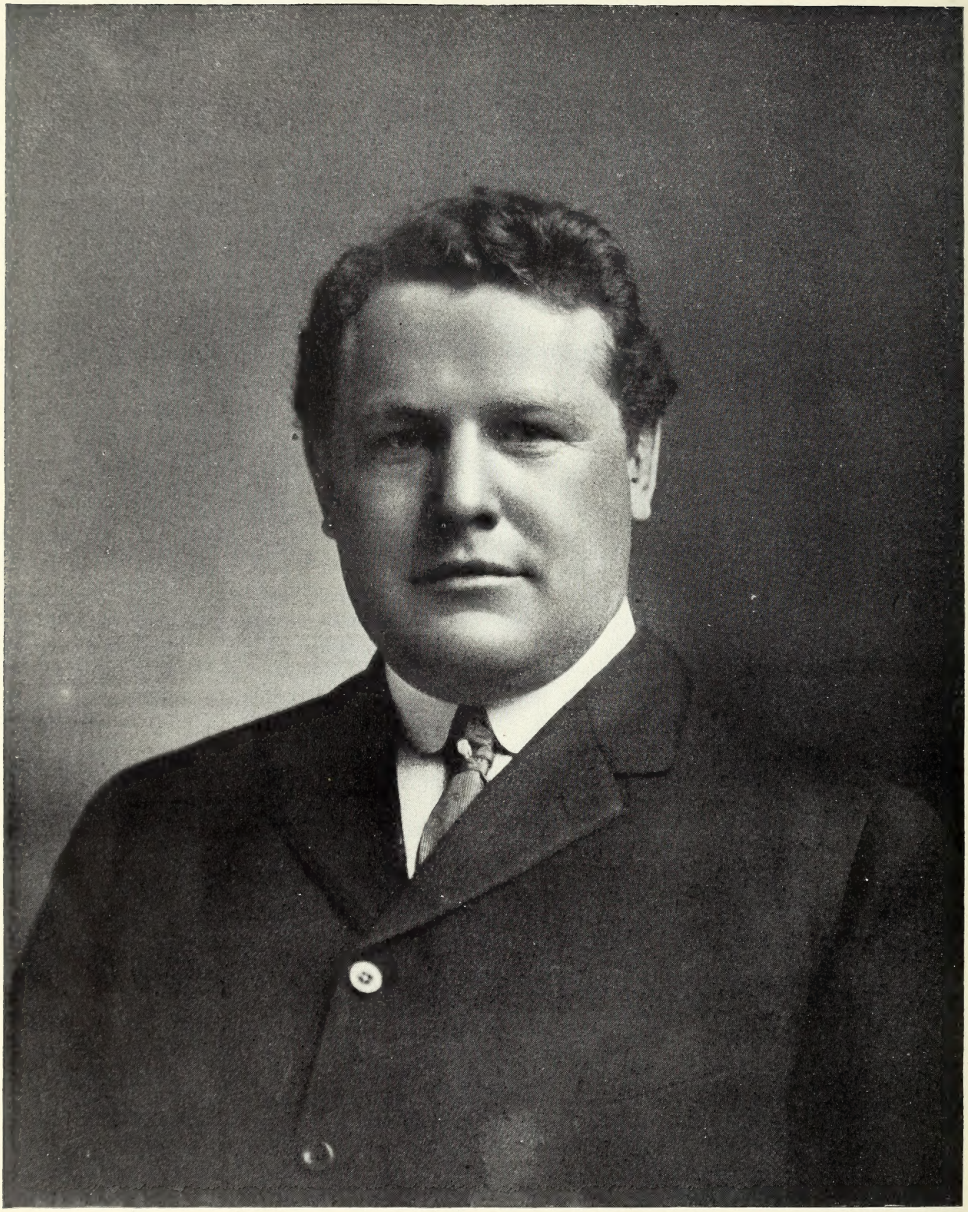
ROOSEVELT AND HIS POLICIES

By Joseph H. Soliday, *Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature*

The subject is one upon which much has been said and written. A character possessing in such an unusual degree the elements of indomitable enthusiasm and physical and mental energy would attract attention in any walk of life, and must necessarily be a most conspicuous figure as the President of a great nation.

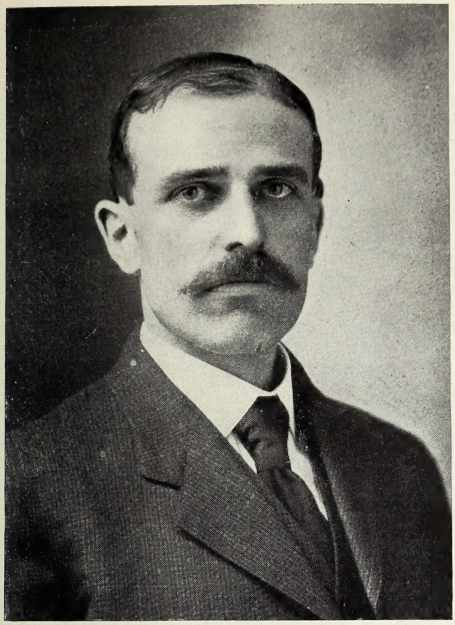
We are living in an age when every department of human activity is apt to be highly specialized. The man whose work is largely muscular is likely to neglect the cultivation of his intellect, and in too many cases the mental worker comes to an untimely end because of his failure to recognize the importance of looking to his physical welfare. Both classes have to a greater or less extent at times lapsed into a state of moral indifference. In view of the intense struggle necessary on the part of the great majority of the people in order to maintain present-day standards of living, it becomes a serious question with many whether it is practically possible to reach that all-round development which all believe desirable.

By his consistent and enthusiastic adherence to an ideal which recognizes the necessity of placing proper emphasis upon each of these great essentials, Roosevelt has undoubtedly exerted a wonderful influence along the line of a higher standard of American manhood. It has been said that Roose-



Everett J. Lake

velt has made honesty popular. The statement may be too broad, but if by his life and work he has been of material assistance in inaugurating and carrying forward the great revival in civic virtue which has been sweeping over the country, and of which we see unmistakable signs, then, even admitting the justice of the adverse criticisms of his official acts, he will deserve and receive the gratitude of a thankful people.



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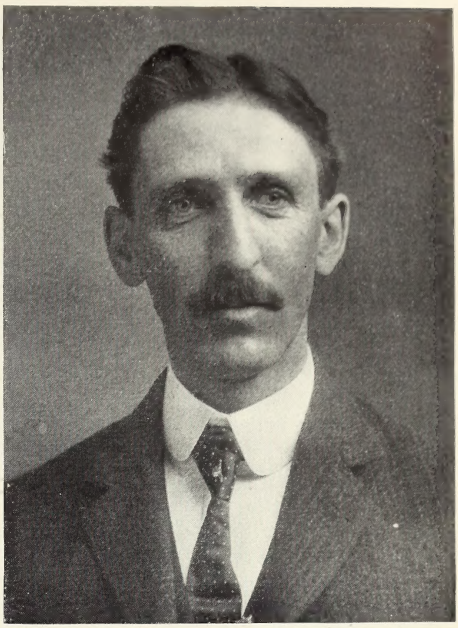


T. C. Cheney

His appeals to the people have always been based upon broad and substantial foundations, which all right-thinking people, regardless of party, must recognize as fundamentally sound. His favorite themes have been along the lines of the sanctity of the home and family, honesty in public life and in private dealing, obedience to law, and the absolute equality of all men before the law,— and the civic responsibility of the individual.

Certainly there is nothing particularly new or startling in any of these doctrines. The fact that their promulgation causes so much comment is the most convincing proof of its practical necessity.

Space will not permit a technical consideration of the question as to whether the President has shown a disposition to exercise an arbitrary power not wholly warranted by the provisions of the Constitution, but it may be fairly suggested that the conditions of modern social and business life, phases of which extend over many States, make it impracticable, if not impossible, to meet the needs of the situation by State legislation and control, which may have been entirely adequate a generation ago, and earlier, when existing precedents were established.

The cry of "government interference" has always been popular with those whose conduct has not measured up to government standards. The inmates of penal institutions throughout the country would undoubtedly be unanimous and enthusiastic in their advocacy of the "let-alone" policy, but it will be a sad day for the republic when a majority of its people agree with them.

Great constitutional scholars may succeed in making themselves and a few others believe that the exercise by one man of such great power and influence is inconsistent with the theory of our government, but it is probably true that the great majority of the law-abiding citizens of our country, having chosen an honest and fearless man to administer the affairs of the presidential office, are quite content to have him exercise, during the term for which he is elected, all the power and authority which their suffrages could bestow.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By ELMER C. POTTER, *State Senator from Worcester. Member of Judiciary Constitutional Amendments and Railroad Committees*

Time alone can prove the permanent value of the services rendered to his country by Theodore Roosevelt. Men of the present day are too prejudiced, too blind to what they ought to see but do not wish to see, to estimate his work correctly and impartially. This applies both to his enemies and to his friends; for the force of his character is so tremendous, and his activity so incessant, that practically all the people are either in the camp of his ardent supporters or that of his bitter enemies. It is, therefore, to the future that we must look for an accurate judgment of the man who is playing so large a part in the history of the world to-day.

To me President Roosevelt has particularly appealed as the right man for the time. A condition had developed in this country which was not sound, which was detrimental to the highest interests of our citizenship, and the supporters of that condition were so powerful that no ordinary man might be able to withstand them and bring about a needed change. It required a man of unlimited courage, of great political sagacity, and of wonderful energy to make a successful fight. But a little longer, as matters were progressing, and a few men, by unfair means, would have obtained a practically complete financial domination over this country. Their enormous influence is felt at the present time, and will be felt for some time to come; but the prospect is brightening, the end they have sought they cannot now attain, the methods of the past can no longer be used, and Theodore Roosevelt is the man who, more than all other influences, has brought about the needed reform.

It is in his activity against unfairness on the part of the powerful that Roosevelt has met the most determined opposition, and aroused the greatest bitterness. So-called vested interests have come to believe that their rights are paramount to the interests of the people, and that it is their privilege to do as they please with their own. The free right to contract must be retained, they cry, even if that means contracting for lower freight-rates than are given their competitors. Nothing must be done in the way of legislation that will cause stock-values to be decreased in any instance, for that means a loss to many innocent stockholders. Let nothing be done to show up the iniquities of the meat-packing business, for if that is done we shall lose the foreign trade. Finally the cry comes that Roosevelt shoud have the guilty officers of corporations punished and the corporations escape any penalties, lest some innocent stockholder may suffer from a diminution in his dividend.

The most malicious lie is the one that is now being given so much circulation; namely, that the President is warring against business. The opposite is the truth. He is fighting in behalf of the business interests of the country — of those industries, those commercial activities, which can be crushed out of existence by the use of the unfair methods of the past, and on whose prosperity our prosperity hinges far more than on the prosperity of the Standard Oil Company, or any other huge corporation which has made itself great by means similar to those of that company. The railroad-rate law, which was enacted chiefly because of the tremendous energy of the President in its behalf, seeks not in the least to reduce rates to a level inconsistent with proper maintenance and operation of the roads and proper dividends to stockholders, but to prevent those discriminations in rates and service which build up one town and blight another, which enable one industry to profit at the expense of another.

Our railroad presidents, who opposed the law at first, are fast coming to believe in its wisdom. They are being joined in their support of Roosevelt's policies by the more far-seeing of the great leaders of the industrial world, who are becoming at last convinced that the confidence of the people is the greatest asset a great corporation can

Elmer C. Potter

have. They perceive that it is no longer profitable to be reckless of public opinion, and they are seeking to have it on their side. The wisdom of greater publicity of the corporation methods and operations is being accepted by many who but a short time ago bitterly resented the idea that the affairs of their companies were anybody's business but their own. The change is of course being gradually worked out, but it is coming along faster than we sometimes think.

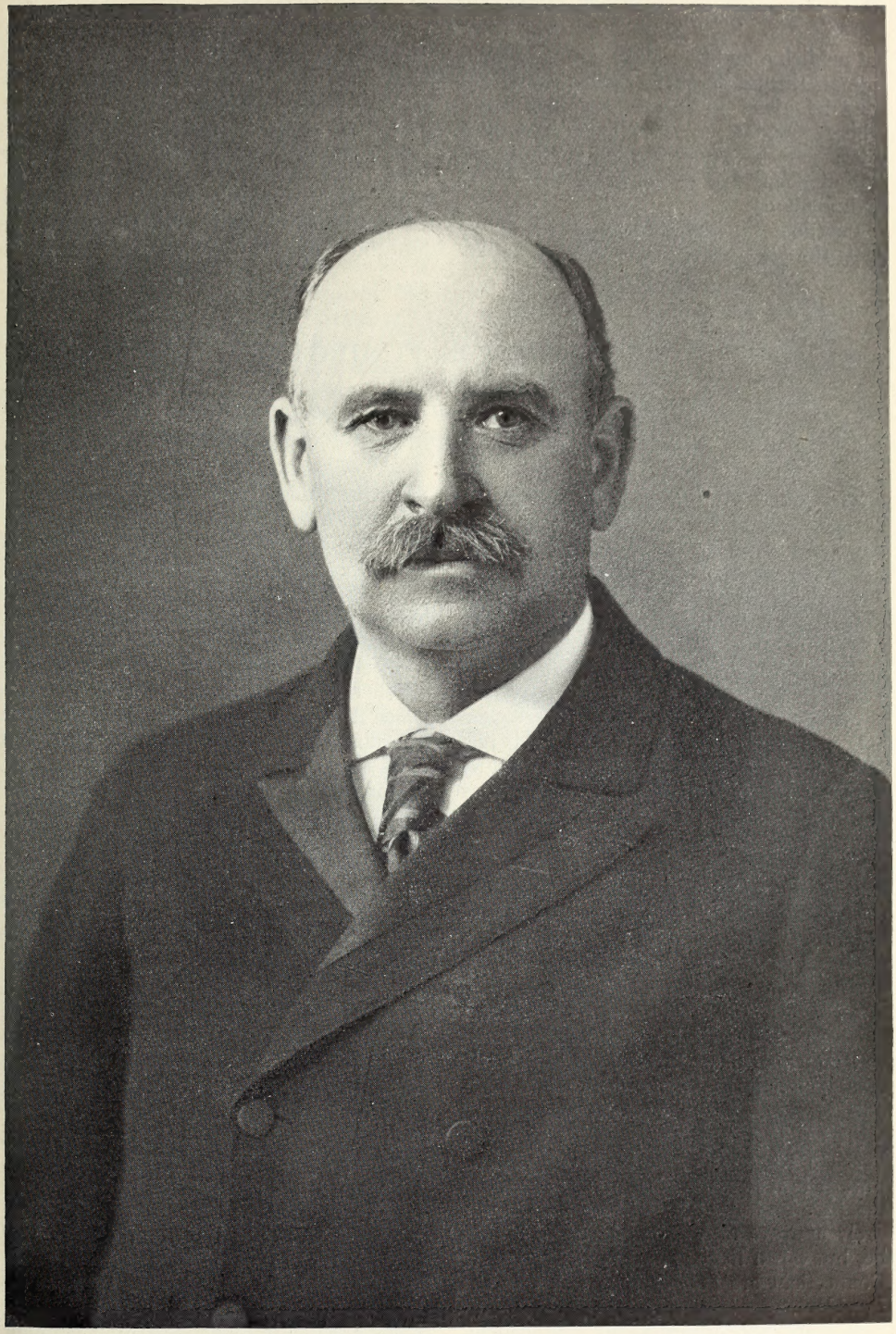
There are, of course, a very large number, in the aggregate, who believe the President's methods to be destructive and his policies ruinous to the country. Many of these estimate the prosperity of the country by their own. These now denounce the President as the worst demagogue in public office or out, and, blaming him for the natural results of their own methods, call him a direct menace to our country's prosperity. It must be a matter of great satisfaction to every man who appreciates the magnitude of the fight Roosevelt is engaged in that he has not allowed himself to be silenced or driven from his position of attack upon the forces of evil by the cry that he must give business a chance. In a great moral movement such as Roosevelt is now leading there can be no halting, no backward steps because of incidental losses. We had come to think that wealth could do anything, but we have in the last few years had the fact excellently demonstrated that wealth cannot control either our executive, legislative, or judicial branches of government. We shall better appreciate our President's work in bringing this change about after the lapse of a few years. Then we shall reap the fruits of his victories, and in a new and greater prosperity show to the world that the lesson of the "square deal" has been well learned, and will hereafter be our care to follow.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE BUSINESS INTERESTS

By Senator William O. Faxon, *Chairman of the Railroad Committee*

So far as the President's policies toward corporations are concerned, I am heartily in favor of them. There is no doubt in the public mind that many of the corporations have been wielding their power on the principle that might made right. For my own part, I consider that the men interested in these corporations thought that they were doing only just what they were entitled to do at the time. In other words, the powers developed by these men, through courts and through the exercise of special privileges, grew upon them so gradually that they thought they were doing what was best for the public welfare. Since attention has been called to the abuses which have grown out of the use of great wealth, and since the evils have been emphasized in the public mind through the energy of President Roosevelt, many of these men have come to concur with him in his attitude.

His activity has special reference to the railroads and to transportation, as it concerns the prosperity of the entire country. This transportation problem, not only in this State of Massachusetts, but also in the whole United States, has been in a transitory state of development. This has made it impossible for the men managing many of the corporations to keep abreast of the needs of the times in the operation and care of their railroad properties, for the simple reason that all of their energies, both personal and corporate, have been absorbed in the extensive, rather than in the careful, conservative management of the transportation lines. In our own State, at the present time, the consolidation and merging of railroads is the prime question before the people. In its wisdom, last year, the Legislature postponed all action till the first of July this year. Since that time men interested in the common good have been educating the people both for and against the merger, so that this Legislature, which must necessarily act soon, will have all the benefits that will accrue from the agitation of this subject. The great question of the development of the ports of Massachusetts hinges upon the decision of the Legislature in regard to this matter. Transportation facilities are the key which will unlock the door of prosperity. Therefore it is necessary that this question be given the great-



William Otis Faxon

est publicity, and that all the people should interest themselves that a public expression may be given to sustain the men upon whose shoulders rests this highly important question of the subordination of the transportation interests to the prosperity of the entire country.

President Roosevelt, to my mind, represents the progressive ideas of this country. His policies and his methods of government have been and probably will be criticized. But that he is honest, earnest, and comprehensive in his activity for the general welfare of these United States, that he stands for the best ideas of government, both as regards policies of public morals and political standards, and that the people believe in him thoroughly is evident to all.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IS FUNDAMENTALLY RIGHT

By EVERETT J. LAKE, *Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, a business man whose large interests give him a view-point by no means based altogether on his official position*

The people in this State — and, I believe, the country over — know that he is right and honor him for the firm stand he has taken for the enforcement of the laws. That there should be in this nation any single man or corporation that feels above the law is a positive danger to our entire national structure, and in recognizing this Theodore Roosevelt has done the American people a service which cannot be overlooked and will not be forgotten. Nor can his real policy and basic principles be weakened by the criticisms of the moment, whether they come from those personally concerned or not.

This is a Roosevelt State. Ninety per cent of the people of this State believe in the President as firmly to-day as they ever did. And I make that statement advisedly. Of late I have taken some pains to inform myself of the sentiment of the general public in Connecticut, which three or four years ago was so enthusiastic in support of Roosevelt and his policies as to give him a tremendous majority for the term which he is now serving. Down deep in their hearts the mass of the people have n't changed. Perhaps ten per cent now feel differently toward him because of the occurrences of the past few months. Others do not entirely approve all of what he says, it may be, but down in their hearts the people of Connecticut are firm in their belief in the President.

We are not hysterical in Connecticut. We have been affected by the conditions of recent months, very seriously affected, and the effects have not yet gone; but in this State we weigh events and watch their course in a conservative, careful way. And men who do that cannot fail to realize the real value of the services of President Roosevelt. Prosperity had carried us to a point beyond which lay grave danger, if, indeed, we had not already passed the danger-line, and it took courage to pursue a course which in setting a clearly defined line between right and wrong must mean more or less upsetting of conditions. Connecticut gives Roosevelt credit for this courage.

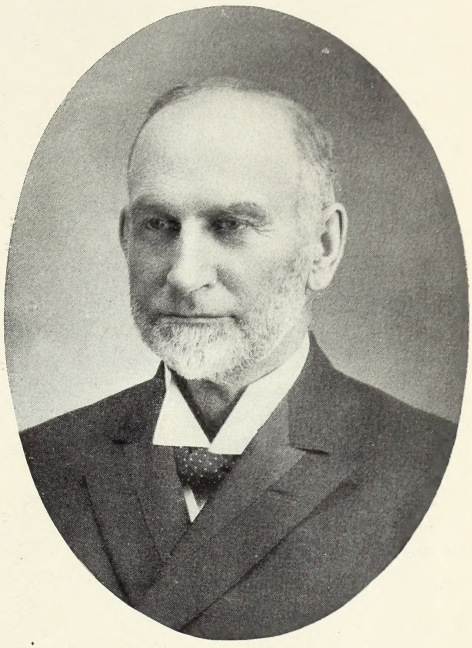
Nor do the people of this State blame the President for this upsetting, either. In the course of the fall and winter men have arisen in Connecticut to attempt to do this, but they have found it impossible to touch a responsive chord outside a limited number of those who held similar views to their own. Even they have been forced to find fault with the laws rather than with the principle that they should be enforced. It is trite to say that no man can occupy the White House and not engender bitter criticism, but the truth of that is more and more apparent as our social structure becomes more complex.

No, Connecticut long since formed her judgment of the President, and has not yet felt called upon to alter it in any serious way. No wrong was ever righted without disturbing somebody, and quite often the disturbance includes the innocent, and that fact is realized in Connecticut. This State remains stable in its confidence in the man who does n't hesitate to take up a duty which is in his path and act like a man regarding it.

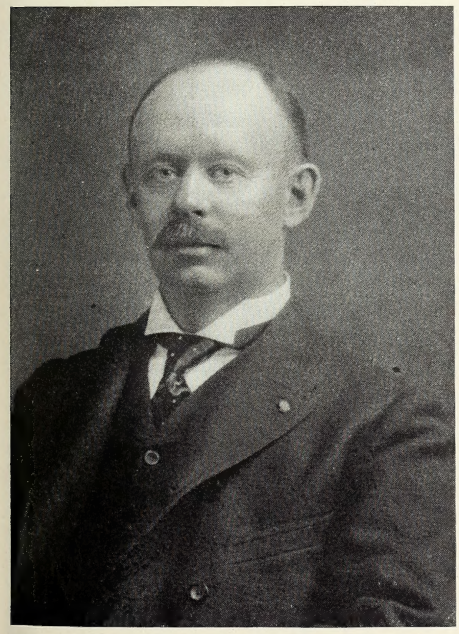
HE HAS CAREFULLY STUDIED OUR PROBLEMS

By FRANK L. DINGLEY, *Editor of the "Lewiston (Me.) Journal," brother of Nelson Dingley, author of the Dingley Tariff Bill*

It is not incredible that the remote North European ancestors of Theodore Roosevelt drank their brew out of the skulls of their foes. No American President has made so good use of his enemies as the present incumbent of the White House. The messages are a new proclamation of emancipation. To the attack of malignity the President responds in a demand for more light on the physical valuation of railways and on the relation of high finance to wages. To those who sneer at the Big Stick Roosevelt rejoins by citing the peace of anthracite and the peace of Portsmouth. To the contention of a railway president that another message will thoroughly demoralize business, the President replies with a conclusive plea for canalization, waterways, and forestry. To the plea that he is an enemy of corporations the President rejoins that the trusts, exploiting the people, are robbing corporations and that law must be vindicated if we would successfully arrest feudal privilege and revolutionary passion.



C. J. Bell



Hon. Fletcher D. Proctor

Governor Hughes recently remarked that the people no longer tolerate "government by mere astuteness." The Amen corner has the information. Nor is the world saved without astuteness. The only Republican candidate elected in the last imperial landslide in New York State was the only Republican candidate who previously had made good. The merely rhetorical Republican has recently been isolated and insulated in Ohio. Conscience and culture sharpen the fighting-edge of the presidency. "We must now shackle cunning; in the past we have shackled force." Senator Platt was astute when he secured the nomination of Roosevelt to be Vice-President in order that he might be permanently side-stepped. The Senator from New York now sees the difference between astuteness and wisdom. They who potter

over Brownsville, over red tape in the navy, and over paltry postmasterships; they who outlaw the pure-food Congressman from the political hierarchy, are known and read of the rank and file. Political dangers gather about the heads of those who oppose the Roosevelt policy after they are elected and plead with us to vote for them when they are candidates for reëlection.

Theodore Roosevelt's fundamental national idea is that of Washington and of Lincoln. He is a Federalist. Under the lead of Abraham Lincoln the nation eliminated the heresy that we are a loosely jointed confederation of States. The strong hand, the Big Stick, law, order, and good government are nationalized. The menace of the corporation and of capital is the trust, a loosely jointed corporate confederation.

An idealist by nature, Roosevelt gives points to the Peace Society as well as to the Jingoes. Equally he divines the subtle dangers of anarchy, embodied in the nullifications of Rockefeller and Harriman, on the one hand, and of Shea and Haywood, on the other hand. For government by lawsuit the President would substitute government preventive of lawsuit. Special privilege he regards to be fostered by the spoils system in federated trusts as well as in federated bureaus of public officials. Society, in his judgment, is imperilled by illegal monopolies of land and of other public utilities. The perverted dollar is the almighty nuisance. The President sees what is below the horizon and about to emerge. He would ward off dangers invited by the persecution of the rich and of the poor, through special privilege. He would create a bulwark of authority, law, reason, and conscience.

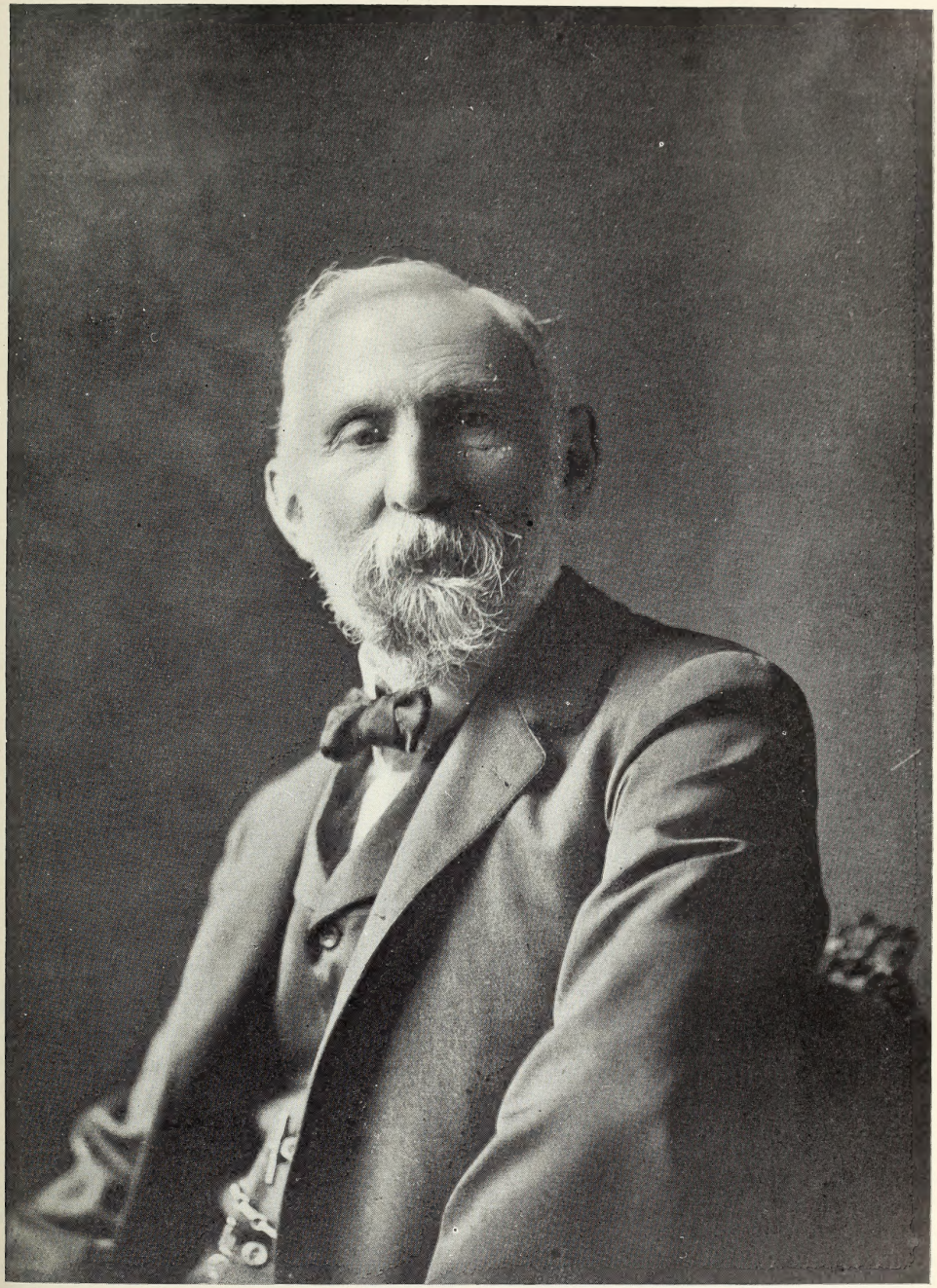
Theodore Roosevelt's service to the first decade of the twentieth century is remarkable because his lively conscience is illuminated by unusual culture and by knowledge of economic and social conditions. Such is his insight of underlying causes, he discovers public opinion before it is formulated in speech. He interprets the people to themselves. He has a genius for political proportion. He hammers away at one vital issue, knowing that subsidiary problems will be best solved as a logical consequence.

Roosevelt and Hughes have successfully invoked a new system for the restoration of representative government, seriously perverted by the heresy of Andrew Jackson. Much is said of the "popular initiative and referendum," but the President has led in the promotion of "what's in the air" a new type of the popular initiative through messages and addresses which at one time have the force of a popular initiative and at another time the vitality of a referendum. Messages and addresses forced the enactment of the Hepburn Bill and of the pure-food bill largely because they interpreted public opinion. The right of petition goes of itself. The right to interpret the silent political prayer before it is offered is the privilege of culture in the White House. The most constitutional President is the President who governs in harmony with constitutional forms, because he is most in harmony with representative institutions.

The immediate function of the Roosevelt presidency is to bridge the chasm between class and mass, and its remote purpose is to obliterate that chasm by arresting and by eliminating the causes of economic exploitation. Grave perils confront us, due to duties ignored, rights perverted, privileges misapplied, laws nullified, constitutions betrayed in their own name. If the President is the last man to surrender to aristocratic caprice, he is the first to capitulate to a man, poor or rich, who has an absolute grievance. He insists that the Harriman system be properly compensated for what it has done on behalf of the Colorado River, and that he be properly punished for looting Chicago & Alton.

If perchance he shoots high the President does not abandon the pursuit of big game. If he relieves offending colored soldiers of disabilities incurred in logic rather than in law, he hangs onto the flag though he loses the halyards. He is a plain man plus humanity. He is only himself, and he would be less than himself if he affected to be other than Teddy. Another great President was called Uncle Abe. There is dignity that will wash. The American people love dare and dash, whether in Sheridan's ride or in Roosevelt's hunt. All things human interest him, and all humans are interested in him. The good man must first be a good animal.

A devoted civil-service reformer, he declines to break with Congress over fishes and loaves. If his messages empty the Senate, they crowd the platform. No higher



Frank L. Dingley

tribute can be paid the Roosevelt policy than that the unwilling disciples of the System lick the hand of the White House on the stump, while they denounce its voice in the lobby. Theodore Roosevelt has done more to ward off revolution through evolution than any man of his age in this or in any other land. His contempt for political quackery is his noblest passion. He has carefully thought out the problems of production, of distribution, and of community-interest on lines broader than technical socialism because more in harmony with the nature of man. Such presidential equipment was never more needed than when economic specialists in Congress are conspicuous by their absence.

If Theodore Roosevelt seems at times to be overcharged with moral indignation it is because he sees the State is more endangered by sophistry and hypocrisy than by miseducation and prejudice. In him heat and light are correlative. This is the age of voltage. The idealist is of little moment when handicapped by the weight of his armor. His fighting-edge is neither dulled by resentment nor turned by excess of heat. Americans love the natural man who fights fair, hard, and handy.

It remains to reincarnate representative government in the national Legislature as it is incarnated in the presidency and in such Governors as Folk, Deneen, and Hughes. The scholar has returned to politics. Presidents Eliot, Tucker, and Hyde have recently spoken to the point. The subordination of culture to comfort and of science to accumulation is resented not only by those in overalls, but also by those in broadcloth. Roosevelt's voice is a prolongation of Lincoln's; it is not an echo, but a development.

It is not incredible that later the people again may call for Theodore Roosevelt. He will yet be young when the Panama Canal is completed.

Renouncing the presidency but not renouncing the policies of a presidency thrice endorsed in federal elections, Theodore Roosevelt will, on March 4, 1909, quit the White House, but he may not quit it forever. He will not be a candidate in 1908, but he will dominate the campaign. And this domination will be scientific, economic, and wholesome, because he will bequeathe to the nation the largest literature of the presidency, the most words made flesh before they were made ink.

GREAT AND SUBSTANTIAL RESULTS

By GEORGE COLBY CHASE, *President of Bates College*

For more than six years Theodore Roosevelt, to adopt a recent phrase of his War Secretary, has "filled the measure of the public eye" to a degree attained by no other man of his time. Probably the thinking men of all lands would unite in saying that, during this time, he has exerted a greater and wider influence than any other man in the world; and his activities have been as intense and varied as they have been far-reaching. His efforts cover the entire gamut of human thought and endeavor. Improved spelling, bear-hunting, beast and bird lore, race suicide, questions social, ethical, political, judicial, home, foreign, planetary,— nothing of human interest seems to escape the thought of this vigorous and versatile mind.

Without question he is the greatest of living peacemakers. His bold and successful plans for terminating war between Russia and Japan and the unchallenged conferring of the Nobel Prize in recognition of his achievement are sufficient proofs of this. Scarcely less noteworthy has been his rôle as a peacemaker between the clashing forces of labor and capital. Few Americans, at least, have forgotten that terrible coal famine and its threatenings of disaster. The sudden and daring diplomacy that prepared the way for the Panama Canal, and the energy now pushing this enterprise so rapidly toward completion, would alone render his administration conspicuous. What other President has undertaken enterprises on so vast a scale and of such economic importance to our country as those involved in President Roosevelt's

great plans for irrigation, improvement of internal waterways, preservation of forests, the retention by our government of great coal and oil areas, and the fearless meting-out of justice to the serene and dignified perpetrators of land frauds?

But great and substantial as have been the results secured in the directions enumerated, undoubtedly he has concentrated his best and most persistent energies upon the correction of what he believes to be the abuses of corporate wealth. To his mind these evils, unless promptly and thoroughly eliminated, threaten destruction to our entire social and political fabric. He avows that he is not an enemy to wealth or to wealthy men, not an enemy to combinations of capital, but, on the contrary, a sincere believer in the economic necessity and advantage of those great industrial and commercial organizations known as trusts. These, he affirms, he would not destroy, but regulate and subject to statesmanlike and judicial supervision. Unregulated, he is convinced that they are as deadly a menace to our free institutions as was American slavery. In this judgment it is evident that he has the concurrence and support of the wisest and most patriotic men in our country. This cannot be questioned in view of such legislation as that creating the Interstate Commerce Commission and the pure-food laws. These met with intense opposition, but are now conceded to have been wise and necessary.

So far, thoughtful men of all parties are in substantial agreement. But it is affirmed that the President has been rash in his methods; that he has sought to glorify himself as a reformer at the expense of the prosperity of the country; that he enjoys the exercise of power for its own sake; and that, in particular, he has precipitated a financial crisis injurious alike to labor and capital, and harmful to all our people; that he has employed the methods of a demagog; that he is a shrewd and unprincipled politician; that he is appealing to the baser feelings of our working men, and is arraying class against class,— thus playing into the hands of Socialism and hazarding the safeguards of individual effort and reward.

These are serious charges. Is it reasonable to believe them? It may help us in answering this question to observe who are still the supporters of the President and of his measures. It is generally admitted that the great body of the plain people of the country still believe in their chief magistrate — in the purity of his motives, and in the efficacy of his measures. It has thus far generally been held to be axiomatic that the home-loving and home-keeping people of our country have an instinct for recognizing and honoring the true leader. Many good men, to be sure, honestly believe that, wittingly or unwittingly, our President has developed into a dangerous man who must be checked, silenced, or superseded at all hazards. Some of these were once admirers of the man whom they now mourn as "the lost leader." But every reader knows that Washington and Lincoln, whom we now canonize, were at times subjected to the same experiences. Recall, for example, how severely Lincoln was denounced by such former friends and admirers as Horace Greeley and Thaddeus Stevens; how the well-known aims and, in some cases, even the proclamation of Lincoln were treated by a hostile Congress.

In one respect Roosevelt has not been so unfortunate as Lincoln: he seems to have had continuously from the beginning the confidence and support of the members of his cabinet,— the men who must know better than all others his real purposes, the men best capable of passing upon his acts. When such statesmen as Root and Taft, not to mention Cortelyou, Garfield, Bonaparte, and other members of the Presidential Cabinet, past and present, live in daily intimacy with their chief and cannot be swerved by tricks, flattery, or promises of political favor from their loyalty to him, it is not reasonable or easy for the fair-minded to believe that our President is a demagog or a fool. Doubtless these men see, as do multitudes of other less distinguished citizens, that our chief magistrate has made his full share of blunders, that he is intensely human and, as such, liable to err; but of the essential honesty of the man and the general wisdom of his policy they are not uncertain. With the common people, they believe that at worst the President has only precipitated results that, without him, would have issued in calamities far more serious and lasting than the sudden and paralyzing halt that has been called in our industrial life.

Rathbone Gardner

HAS A TREMENDOUS HOLD ON VERMONT

By Fletcher D. Proctor, *Governor of Vermont*

Vermont endorses the President, and in my opinion the State Convention will endorse him formally. President Roosevelt has a tremendous hold upon the people, and, despite considerable frank and friendly criticism of his methods, Vermont believes that his policies are right.

[Inasmuch as a great deal of Vermont's progressive legislation of the past two years has been initiated by Governor Proctor, especially the laws against railroad discrimination, rate-cutting, free passes, grade-crossings, etc., the statement of the Governor takes on considerable significance.]

GREATEST OF ALL PRESIDENTS IN POPULAR ESTEEM

By Edward M. Deavitt, *Treasurer of the State of Vermont*

Excessive liquidation of corporation bonds by foreign bondholders was one of the fruitful causes of the money panic, and this may happen from one or many causes. Business had been too good. Promoters had mortgaged their futures, and the inevitable day of reckoning found them with paper instead of real money.

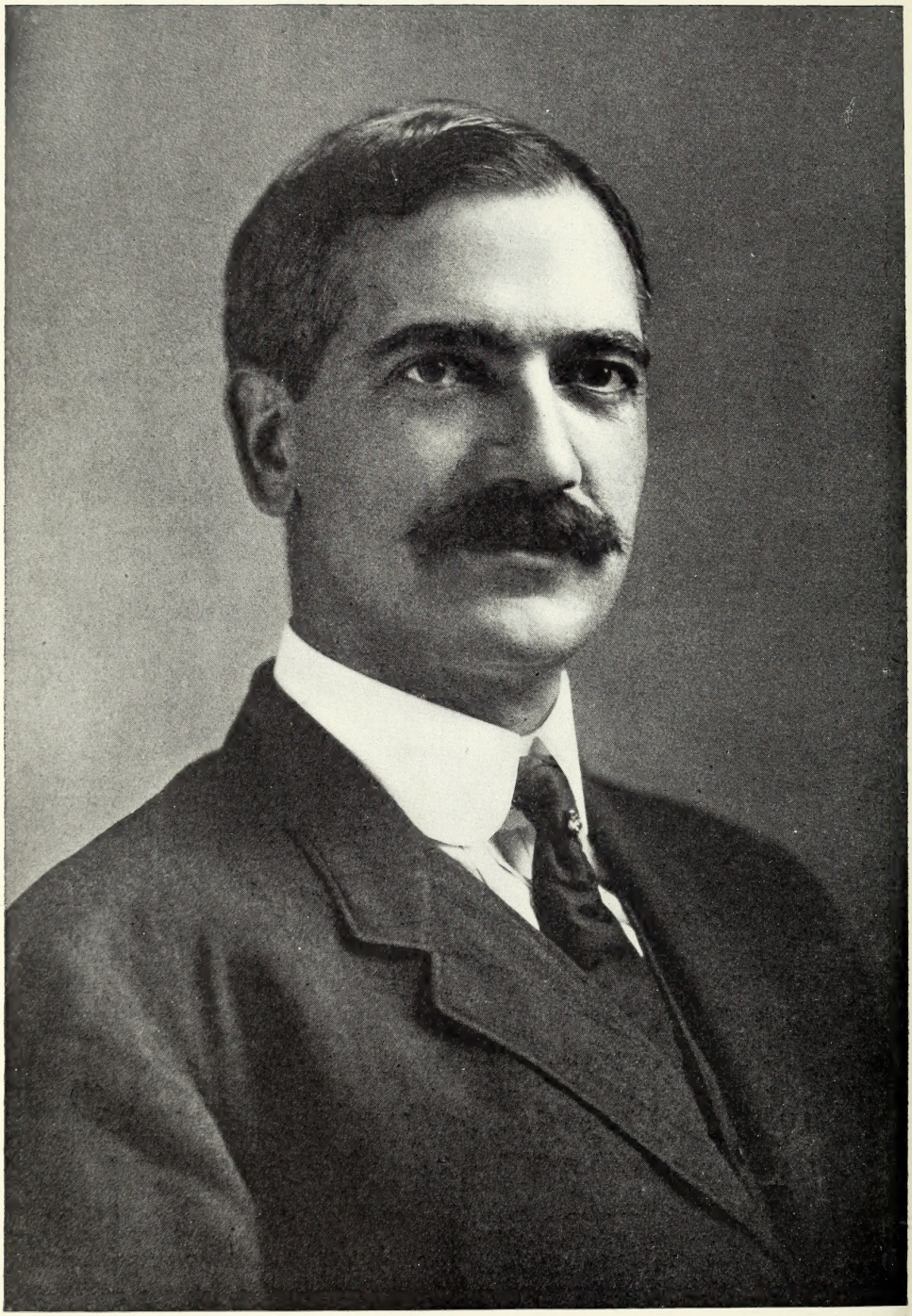
Vermont is for Roosevelt because Vermont likes a fighter. She has produced fighters, and likes the President because he has the courage to attack wrong wherever he finds it. I think the railroads have merely gotten their just deserts, and, while the stockholders, who are innocent of any wrong-doing, may feel chagrin at the low price of their property on the stock-market, the value is still there and the investors will lose nothing in the end.

The President's policy of the same law and the same protection for the weak and the powerful has filled Vermont with his admirers. I should say positively that this is a Roosevelt State. Certainly no President within my knowledge has ever had such strong hold upon the popular heart and the popular esteem as Theodore Roosevelt.

HE SIMPLY TURNED ON THE LIGHT

By Thomas C. Cheney, *Speaker of Vermont House of Representatives*

While some of us might wish that the President would refrain from using the Big Stick quite so much, we believe he is right and that history will endorse him. As a lawyer, I might question the legal propriety of the Standard Oil fine of twenty-nine millions, but I believe in the Roosevelt doctrine of the same law for the rich as for the poor. I don't think the President had any more to do with the money panic than I had. He simply turned on the light. He was not to blame for the rotten finance it exposed. We Vermonters believe in his sort of railroad legislation. Our new railroad law shows it. Yes, you can quote me as endorsing the President every time. [To Mr. Cheney has fallen much of the detail of "administration" law-making in this State. It is notable that Vermont's railroad legislation has followed with remarkable fidelity the models laid down by the National Congress, and in the make-up of the House committees Mr. Cheney did a great deal to carry out and make practicable the administration plans. The same condition prevailed in the wholesale "house-cleaning" that Vermont performed during the session of 1906, and in this Mr. Cheney freely admits the influence of the fine, courageous example of President Roosevelt.]



John O. Tilson

FARMERS ADMIRE HIS HONESTY AND COURAGE

By C. J. Bell, *ex-Governor and former master of the State Grange*

The farmers admire Roosevelt because he is the first President to stand out against the trusts, whose operations affect the farmer keenly. The farmers admire him for his honesty and courage, and they support him because he insists upon legislation for the poor man, the same as for the rich. They like his program in regard to the parcels-post, and they like his outspoken, fearless messages. Yes, I think the farmers of the State are heartily endorsing President Roosevelt to a man.

[Mr. Bell is perhaps nearer the plain people of Vermont than any other man in public life. The "farmer Governor," as he was called, is outspoken in his praise of Roosevelt. He travels about the State considerably and comes into touch with the people, and finds that the agricultural Vermonter is emphatically behind the President.]

HE MEETS ABUSES SQUARELY

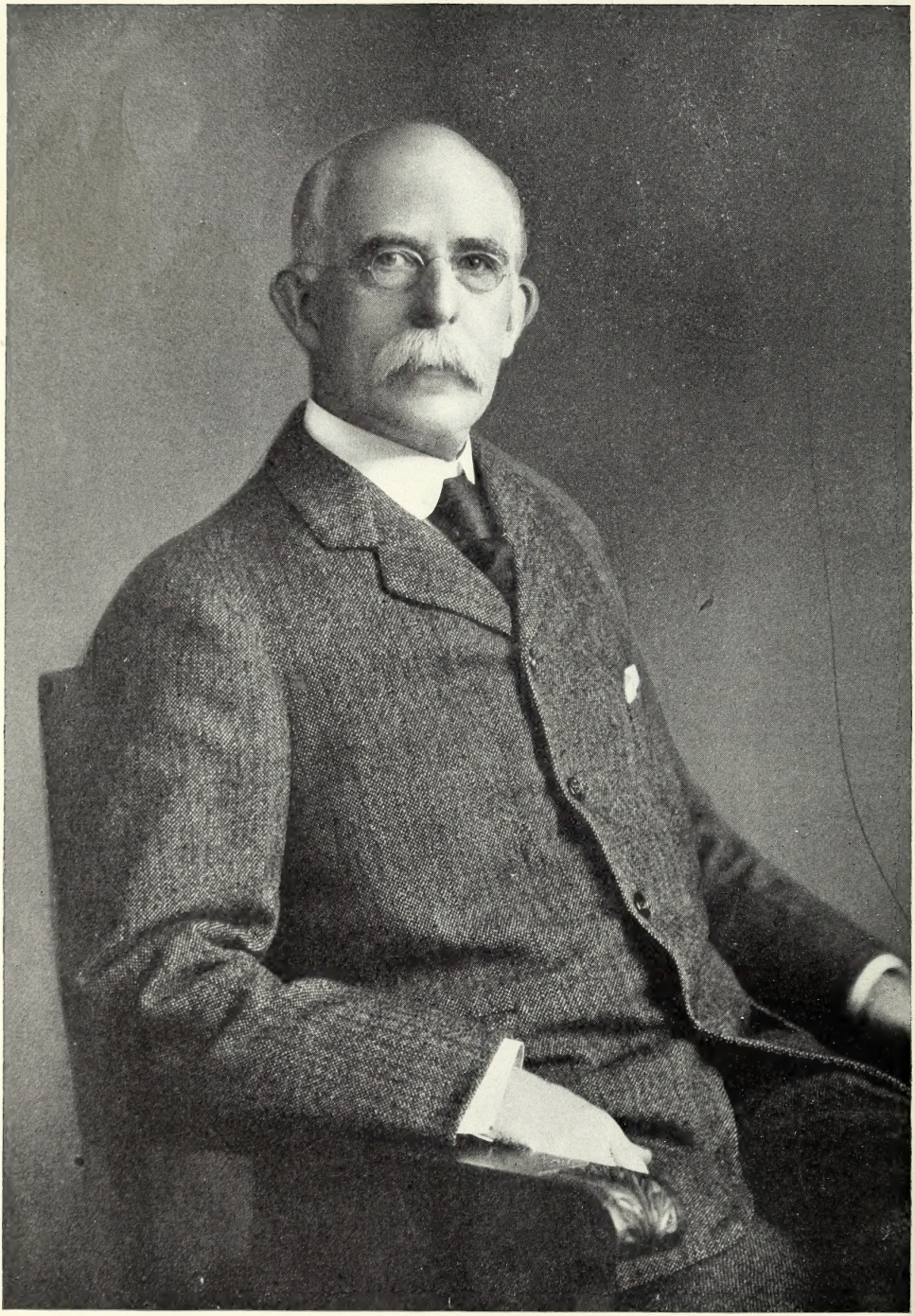
By Hon. John O. Tilson, *of New Haven, Speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives*

President Roosevelt's course must receive the endorsement of thinking men because he stands so steadfastly for the right, both by way of seeing, as far as he may, that good, helpful legislation is passed, laws that place all men on the same level as to right and wrong, and in pointing the way for their enforcement on great and small, rich and poor, alike, and surely supporting those to whom is given the direct enforcing of them. When the still, small voice goes unheeded and the strenuous activities of life to-day tend so generally to blunt the sensibilities to right and wrong it needs a Roosevelt to bring the nation to realize where it is going.

His sincerity, his earnestness of purpose, his forcefulness, which will not be turned aside from the real trouble, all combine to give him a place in the hearts of the people that he cannot be robbed of by superficial matters and will set him high in the roll of our Presidents when history is written in the future. 'Way down in the heart of humanity there is that moral sentiment that right is bound to win in the long run. Roosevelt appeals to that sense, and on the basis of that appeal lies the confidence in him which is solid in Connecticut.

There are those in this State who blame the President for the financial and business conditions of recent months, but I doubt if even they really hold him at fault down deep. The pocket-book nerve is a tender one, and when it is touched the victim waits for few subtleties of logic; he wants to place the blame on somebody quick. It is easy to blame as shining a mark for this as is Roosevelt. Yet the mass of the people, who are sufficiently outside the centre of the situation to look at it more calmly, are thoughtful and do come to a judicial consideration of it. They still have that regard for the President that was long ago given him because he meets abuses squarely, looks keenly into them, and insists that those who are breaking the law must stop.

Much of the popular hurrah over Roosevelt formerly heard in this State has died away, and in its place there is a clear-headed belief in him and his policies. He places all men on the same footing before the law, where they must be for the success of a republican form of government. Connecticut is close to New York City. The talk of Wall Street is circulated in this State almost as quickly as it goes over that city. Yet I doubt if many of our people have been influenced by anything derogatory to the President, and the fact that they have not shows how well grounded is their view of him and how accurately Connecticut sizes up his real purpose and how thoroughly understands the necessity for the work he has done.



Frederick H. Jackson

EVEN MORE TO BE HONORED IN THE FUTURE

By RATHBONE GARDNER, *of the Rhode Island State Senate*

State Senator Rathbone Gardner, one of the receivers of the Union Trust Company, and the most respected Rhode Islander in public life to-day, speaks of President Roosevelt in this way:

Roosevelt has done more for this generation than any other man. A higher standard of business morality has been raised throughout the country during the last few years, and he has been responsible for it. Whatever temporary distress has come upon the country has been small payment for the good that the new order is sure to bring. It looks to me as if we were already prepared to build on the firmer foundations a more enduring structure.

The President has given us blessings that we can scarcely be grateful enough for. The young men of the present generation will find business and politics cleaner for his efforts; their opportunities for success with honor have been multiplied. A gift of this kind to a nation is beyond all measuring. It might have come without Roosevelt, but no one knows how long we should have had to wait for it or what evils would have befallen us while we were patiently waiting. The future will give President Roosevelt far higher honor than he has yet received.

ESTABLISHED A NEW ERA OF JUSTICE

By FREDERICK H. JACKSON, *Former Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island, and Republican Candidate for Governor in the last election*

He has done a big work for the country, and he did it none too soon. If he had n't done it much worse results than we have had so far would have occurred. Those financiers who had been conducting their brutal operations without thought of their victims have been compelled to reform their practices. Such careers as theirs will never again be possible with honor.

The chief good that the President has done has been to the man in the street. He has been encouraged to believe that the law that he must obey will be evoked against the rich and the powerful. A new era of justice has begun in the country. As time goes by I believe Mr. Roosevelt's services will be more and more highly prized. It is impossible to appraise them at their full value now.

And yet I would be fearful of a third term for Mr. Roosevelt. He has been working at high tension for so long that there is danger of nervous collapse. In my opinion it would not be safe for him to be President again. But in saying that I do not wish in any way to seem to detract from him any credit or honor that is due him for his great services to the country.

A wealth of woods, air, and freedom

THE CHARMS OF KIDNEY POND

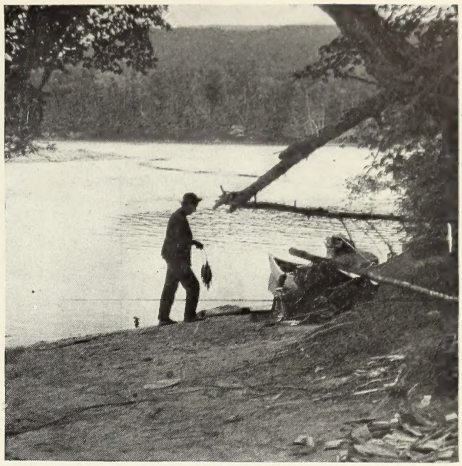
By FANNIE FERN ANDREWS

SOME things, like religion, have to be experienced to be understood. This is particularly true of a visit to the deep woods of northern Maine, where the deer and the moose perambulate the forests and skim the edges of the hill-sheltered, sparkling stretches of lakes and ponds; where, too, the variegated trout, secure in their gravel-bottomed homes, venture forth to combat the allurements of the wily angler. As a sound must be heard, a color seen, or a feeling experienced to transmit to the brain a clear, definite idea, so the subtle charms of this great, wild, rugged, yet peacefully harmonious region must be imbibed before becoming a part of one's real consciousness. No language can describe the emotions stirred by coming into personal contact with nature as we see it here. The quiet solitude, broken only by human intrusion and the rightful heirs of the forest; the perfumed, buoyant atmosphere, canopied with the bluest of blue skies; the deep and refreshing green of the tree-clad hills; and the delightful interchange of happy thoughts round the great camp fire-place where life seems a mellow poem; — all this is indescribable except to those fortunate people who have tasted the ecstasies of life in the great Northern playground.

And like the religionists, the first impulse of the Maine woods' devotee is to convey to his fellowmen the secret of his supreme joy, fervently desiring to attract those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, so to share this simple, peaceful, quiet, primeval life of the forest. He has no concern for the experienced; for, once initiated, you find yourself forever wedded to the woods; the call becomes simply uncontrollable. But the woods are vast, and, like all other opportunities in life, there is a choice; one part suits you better than another. Your personal desires may demand something entirely different from that which your dearest friend delights in. You may wish to go out into the wilderness to live as the red man lived, without shelter and with only the bare necessities of life; while your friend may prefer a canvas shelter or even the luxury of a log cabin, with some of the comforts of life. Then, again, you may desire to become a nomad of the wilderness, to follow canoe-routes through the rivers and lakes, pitching your tent where an inviting spring, a sandy beach, or a neglected

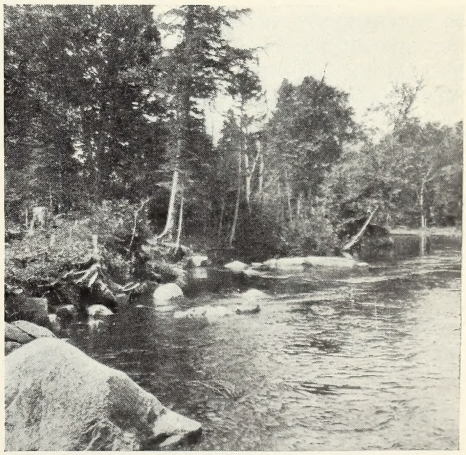
trout-stream invites you, and remaining as long as your personal inclinations decide. As a diversion, you may penetrate the pathless woods and satisfy your ambition for rugged exploration, or you may tramp to the top of some bold mountain. Indeed, one year you may prefer this happy, wandering life — and an ideal one it is — while the following year the assurance of a log cabin with a good spring bed may just meet your fancy. Or, forsooth, your innate desire for variety may lead you to combine both these experiences.

This was exactly my situation last year when the irresistible call transported me in fancy to my beloved Maine woods. Fresh in my mind was the canoe-trip of the year before through the West Branch of the Penobscot, the wildest, noblest, and most tragic river in all the woods, offering the most varied views of forests, mountains, savage rocks, and lovely winding vistas. Yes, I decided that I must see the West Branch again! But still I wanted the comforts of the log cabin and the spring bed. How to make this combination — that was the question. The plan was not far to seek. I took down from the shelf the guide-book, "In the Maine Woods," and searched through the camp advertisements. "Try Hunt's this year, in the famous Sourdahunk moose section," stood out in large, bold letters. "Twenty-three fine trout-ponds close by. New trail to Mt. Katahdin. Best of camp accommodations; table-fare includes fresh milk, eggs, vegetables, etc." Could anything be more attractive! Trout-ponds galore! That was just what I wanted. "New trail to Mt. Katahdin." That puzzled me a little; but I had decided to climb that rugged old mountain this year, and a new trail sounded attractive. "Fresh milk!" Well, I thought that must mean a cow, but how to get a cow up into the Sourdnahunk moose section I could not quite make out. "Eggs," of course, meant hens. Well, they might fly there; but the "vegetables," that was enough for me, for if there is any one thing you long for in the summer-time it is good, fresh garden sauce. "Write or telegraph for dates," continued the advertisement; and

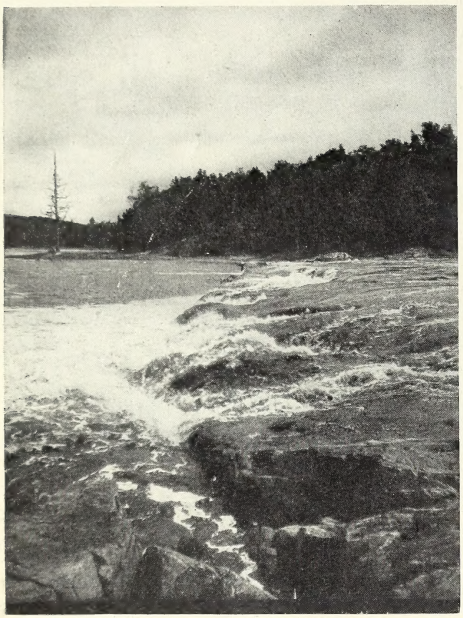


Where the rivers join

Small, but with ample room



On Sourdnahunk, above Kidney Pond



Sourdnahunk Falls

immediately I wrote, and promptly received the assurance of a log cabin, spring bed, open fire, and all the comforts that go to make camp life so luxurious.

An eager impatience seized me the moment I really decided to take the canoe-trip into Kidney Pond. The combination of the water-route and camp life make this one of the grandest outings in all the great north wilderness. You can take your sleeper in Boston at ten in the evening, and at six the next morning are welcomed to South Twin by Captain Willey, the proprietor of South Twin House. He assigns you to a room where you put on your camp outfit, leaving your city clothes in your trunk, to remain until you turn your face again toward the civilization you are leaving. Breakfast over, you board the steamer which arrives at Norcross in time to pick up the ten o'clock arrivals. Off again, Captain Willey pilots you over that fourteen-mile ride across North Twin, Pemadumcook, and Ambajejus Lakes. Do not the very names make your mouth water for a glimpse? The wooded stretches along the shore; the fresh, invigorating air, reflected in that vast expanse of crystal nature; the constant watching for some new variation in the sky or lake; — no, the uninitiated cannot understand the meaning of this! It must be experienced to be understood.

At high noon you reach the head of Ambajejus, the upper point of steamboat navigation, the entrance to the West Branch region. Awaiting your arrival is Mr. Hunt, the genial host of Kidney Pond, and the skilful canoeman of the Maine woods. After a good dinner at a comfortable camp here, you make another start. As your canoe rounds the bend you find yourself in the West Branch, while no time elapses before you are gliding through Passamagamic deadwater right to the very edge of the falls. Then comes the carry to Debsconneag deadwater, across which you tramp as slowly or as fast as you like; but when you reach the other side you will find that the guides have already carried the wangan over and loaded it into the canoe. "Carrying round" is one of the charms of the trip. The expectation of meeting a fellow seeker after happiness, the restful saunter which stops at every ripe berry, and the constant lookout for game make the walk round the falls a delightful respite from the canoe.

Putting in again, you paddle to Debsconneag deadwater to the falls, then another carry, and you proceed to Pockwockamus deadwater, arriving at Davis's camp about three o'clock, where you will get what is universally called the most magnificent view of the bold and lofty Katahdin, that untiring sentinel of Northern Maine. Here you will be tempted to stay over night, in appreciative response to the simple hospitality; but if you are bent on reaching Kidney Pond that night you will be content

Will Tracy, guide

Typical camps in Paradise

with a handshake and a good-by, and push on to Pockwockamus Falls. A little later you come to Abol Falls, after which you go up the river three miles to the mouth of Sourdnahunk Stream. That trip from Ambajejus Lake through deadwaters, rapids, across carries, past wild and barren and densely wooded shores, to this rocky, roaring, foaming stream, is the most fascinating, absorbing, and alluring trip you can encounter anywhere in the Maine woods.

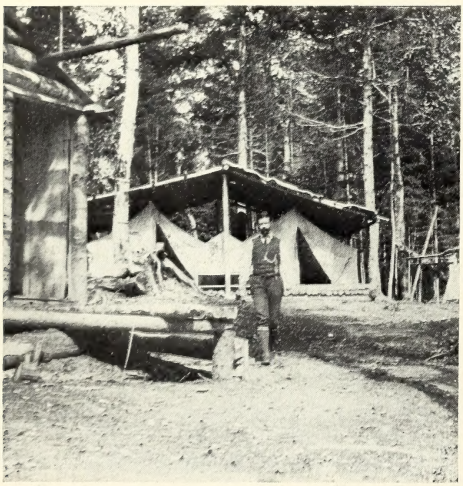
Now you are ready for the three-mile tramp into Kidney Pond. Walking over this romantic trail, stopping for a drink of that refreshing spring-water that bubbles up just at the side of the path; constantly listening to the rushing, tumbling, splashing water of Sourdnahunk Stream; standing on the dam, half way up the trail, to watch perhaps a lone fisherman cast his successful fly in the cold pool below; — you will not wonder why so many people find themselves allured into this region. Finally, you cross the stream over a rustic foot-bridge, and after a few minutes you come in sight of Kidney Pond, that glittering sheet of water tucked away among the towering ridges of the Sourdnahunk preserve. A paddle across the pond and you are landed at as comfortable, well-managed, and at-

Where labor is joy

Another group of camps

tractive set of camps as the Maine woods can boast.

And the next morning at breakfast, when you find fresh cream for your cereal, you will be convinced that the cow story is real, after all; you will find that the hens are there; and I am sure you will lose no time in exploring the garden. Your expectation will be satisfied when Nellie serves you at dinner one of those generous portions of the most delicious green peas and new potatoes you ever tasted. More than all, Kidney Pond boasts of her cook. If anybody can make better blueberry-pies or cream-cakes than Mrs. McGrath, or cook trout in as many appetizing ways, let him stand up and be counted.



At Kidney Pond

You will not be long at Kidney Pond before you will begin to look about for the "twenty-three fine trout-ponds close by." They are all here, although probably you will not have time to visit them all. But do not fail to go to Harrington, Beaver, Jackson, Rocky, Little Rocky, Draper, Dacey, Lost, Slaughter, and Polly. These are reached by delightful trails, and you will find one of Mr. Hunt's canoes on almost all of them, ready to lend itself to the closest application of the Waltonian art, or to a lazy

sun-bath in the sunshine of these liquid waters. One can act his pleasure here. The handsomest string of trout I ever caught was taken from Polly just at twilight. By actual count there were sixty-three, weighing from three quarters of a pound to a pound and three quarters. The sight of these captured beauties accelerated my pace in the walk home from Slaughter next day, as I pictured this display before the professional fishermen in camp; but alas, mortal is ever doomed to disappointment! The first thing I beheld when I came through the garden gate was a string of one hundred Kidney Pond trout, taken that day by Dr. —— of Pennsylvania! Where else can you find such fishing in August?

But the moose and the deer, where are they? Kidney Pond has a moose of her own, and almost every guest at the camp makes her acquaintance. As for myself, I never saw her during my whole month's stay at Kidney Pond, although all the camera-fiends snapped her, and everybody did his best to inform me when she was to be seen. I paddled to her haunts many times — sometimes in the forenoon, sometimes in the afternoon, and again at twilight (I confess I once got up at four o'clock in the morning to get a glimpse of that exclusive moose); but all in vain. One afternoon, just as I had returned to camp after a lone search for this fickle creature, I beheld a canoe with three passengers starting from the landing. New-comers, they were. I watched the course of the canoe, and saw that it was heading for the cove. The reason was plain; that exasperating moose had made her appearance as soon as my back was turned!

The Carry

No such personalities, however, were indulged in by the other game in this region. During my twilight fishing at Polly I was treated to as interesting a sight as I ever saw in the Maine woods. Two handsome bucks stalked out of the forest down to the very edge of the pond. One put his head down to drink, then suddenly raised it, and for half a second stood perfectly still, apparently trying to locate some scent or sound. Then, as if fully notified of danger, the two deer snorted, and with heads up and white flags raised, bounded along the water's edge in full view for more than three hundred yards; till suddenly, with almost incredible leaps and jumps, they disappeared into the woods. It was indeed a pretty sight to see these wild, fleet-footed animals surprised and alarmed in their native heath.

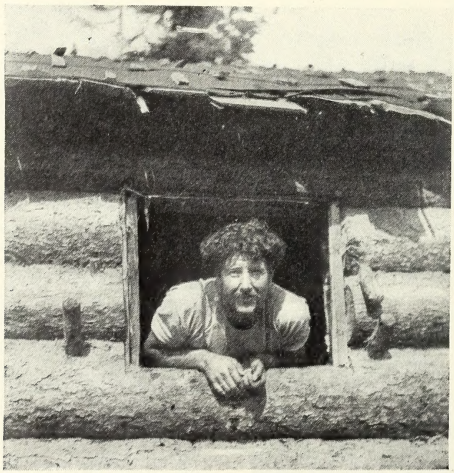
You will find more moose than deer in this region. More than once I have sat on Little Rocky and watched an ungainly moose stride the whole length of the opposite shore, leisurely feeding as she unconcernedly came into full view, or disappeared for a moment behind some little hillock or clump of trees, till finally she wended her course through the thick underbrush. Going to Slaughter one day, we met a moose face to face in the tote-road, as round and sleek and handsome a creature as the moose tribe can produce. But the funniest sight

Two good sports — and a pair of boots

was the cow moose and calf, feeding knee deep in Elbow, whom we saw when we were walking home from Katahdin. No side-wheeler ever made such a splashing and churning as these awkward-legged creatures, frantically seeking the shore after they had caught sight of us. Yes, you will find plenty of game in this region; it is rightly named the "famous Sourdnahunk moose section."

If you go to Kidney Pond do not fail to climb Katahdin over Hunt's "new trail." It is the shortest and easiest of any yet laid out. Take your short tramps first, by way of preparation, then your longer ones; but by all means wind up with the triumphant satisfaction of ascending the rugged slopes of the grandest and most picturesque mountain in Maine. You can make the trip in a day, but we preferred to take it leisurely, starting from Kidney Pond shortly after lunch and arriving at the camping-ground about four. Here we spent the night, and indeed it was a novel experience to sleep in a tent two-thirds up Katahdin, with a great camp-fire lighting up the giant, virgin timber. Making an early start in the morning, we reached the summit about nine o'clock; but to our great disappointment we found the whole landscape enveloped in dense, impenetrable fog. "That may rise," said Mr. Hunt by way of encouragement; but before he had fairly got the words out of his mouth we beheld light patches dotting that vast, gray lake of fog. Then, suddenly, we recognized the contour of the valley below, and the next moment, what seemed to be a winding, silvery ribbon on a background of green. "The West Branch!" we shouted. And lying at the left an intensely white patch fastened our gaze,— foaming Sourdnahunk Falls! It seemed as if we could hear them roar! And then, as if the spell had been broken, myriads of sparkling gems, one after another, appeared on the landscape. All the old landmarks were there,— Moosehead, Chesuncook, Harrington, Debsconneag,— and we could see Kidney Pond, nestled away among the green ridges. We could even discern the red canoe, making its passage from the landing to the camp. From this lofty vantage-ground the whole panorama of Maine's rugged splendors stood out in bold relief, hemmed in on the north by the towering ridges of Canada. Don't fail to get this elevated impression of Maine glory.

The next morning, as we looked up at this imperial giant from our log cabin at Kidney Pond, we seemed to be greeting an old acquaintance; and many times as we reluctantly wended our way back to civilization down the West Branch and over the stretches of lakes, instinctively we turned our faces to the grim countenance of Katahdin,— a picture that will always remain fresh in our memories.



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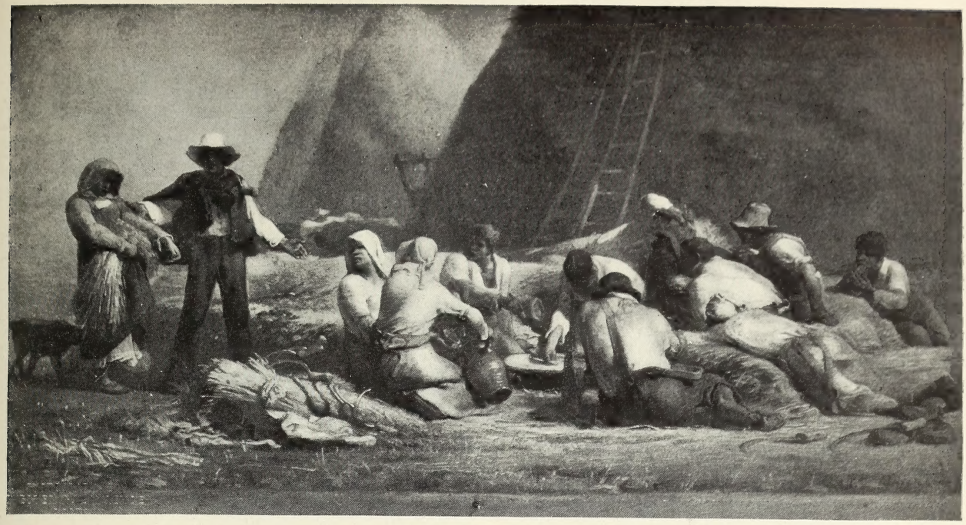


"The Sowers," by Millet

ON PAINTING

By JOHN LA FARGE

THE exact use to which my words to you can be put is yet somewhat vague to me. A general discourse from any one interested in his own ideas must always have a certain general value for a general public. But the reading of such discourse may carry little of serious value in so far as being of use in storage or to be handed out.

Still, all conversation, all honest talk on any subject, carries something with it. It may confirm what we know, it may give us some ideas, and those ideas may come to us as much by contradiction as by assent. And it may be also, that conversations and discursive considerations may both lift us away from the things that interfere and may lead us absolutely into something important. The type of such results from loose talk we have in a few of the great monuments of literature; and the name of an artist is especially connected with one of them. The methods of the studio, the discursive questioning, the after-dinner rhapsody are all there. You will recognize at once the name to which I refer, that of the sculptor, Socrates.

The teaching of artists in other forms by words which belong to the art of literature is rare. It is naturally so. It is evident to us that if the Greek sculptor I mention had remained steadily in the studio at work on his marble — supposing that he had enough orders — we should not have had the break into human thought which his loose conversation brought about. We do not know how much in this we owe to his wife, whose steadier mind must have noticed and reproved his absent-mindedness. And there is no doubt that the slightest abandonment of the artist in form, whom for convenience I shall call the artist, the slightest turning out of his path for others, must take away from the absolute dedication of mind and body to the art which demands, as Delacroix said, "the entire man." Hence, we shall rarely find artists explaining their art in any but a slight way — sometimes in epigram, often in exaggeration or repartee, or self-defense, or thinking of some objection or some opposition, not really present in the question.

Nor have we a right to expect much justice and consideration from them. They are in

the field and on a campaign, absorbing all their vitality. To analyze self, and to connect what they do with general laws, may be for others, but not for their part. And, unlike the scientific man or investigator, the personal equation is the fact which it has to be their care to cultivate and see that it increases and flourishes. Impartiality, therefore, is difficult.

It is not impossible, because some sense of justice never abandons us. We are all never without means of seeking justice or keeping it before us. But that difficulty of disinterested view is one found in all classes and divisions of life. The theologian is especially accused of yielding to it; we say, "The *odium theologicum*." The scientific man, devoted to abstraction or pure research, has had it badly. I need not say that it belongs to what I was thinking of; but the real difficulty is the question of time and place. "Everything is paid for" ("*Tout se paie*"), said Napoleon, who knew. That is to say that only so much power is turned on, and it can be used for this or for that. And we are often, and naturally, unjust to certain critics in this manner of reproach to them condensed in the formula that a critic is a man who has failed somewhere else.

All this is said not to depreciate the fragments of instruction and explanation that a large public can get from artists. A great part of what in fragments has been given to us is of full value.

This brings me to the question of my own talk to you. I have no doubt that here in New England there are artists who could as well as myself, and sometimes better, explain the manners and the intentions of painting. Evidently, if some of them took that trouble they must do better in some special form, which they would know more completely than myself. The reason of whatever confidence I have in myself, so as to allow me to ask you to think along with me, is the length of time during which I have been interested in painting, and the fact also that some of my earliest influences, some of my earliest acquaintances with the art, have been derived from minds educated in the ideas of further back than the nineteenth century,— the manners and the ideas that were prevalent and had been established for a time when Sir Joshua himself lectured.

In writing, therefore, of the art of painting, I can resume within my experience the ways of looking at the art which have prevailed and disappeared, and come again, for fully a century and a half. And this last century, the nineteenth, has so worked, sometimes in a blundering, sometimes in an enlightened, manner, at this art of painting that, notwithstanding the deficiency of many of its results, the various theories, the various manners of painting, are pretty well known to any one who wishes. We can to-day cover the entire globe, so that even within the last few years the paintings of the mysterious, inaccessible Thibet can show to us their manners and connect their origins. There can be little more for us to know about. Of course, the details have to be filled up; the intentions and manners of thought, and especially the critical views of all this territory of art, are to be given to us, even if we understand fairly well what they are to be.

"Painting," says Delacroix (or he says something like it), "is an art in which we use the picture of a reality as a bridge to something beyond it." Or we might say, if we were "realists," to a greater enjoyment of the thing we represent. This art of painting as it has come to us through ages means something so vast that we might take it in a way as the report of the eye on all that there is. And that report, used for its own pleasure, ought to carry the mind to something further, to imply what it does not say, to bring up memories that are not there expressed, and often to bring up memories of other expressions which we have liked and which we wish to see applied again to some different motive. And as all is memory, so this report of the eye applies to what we imagine as well as to what we see with others. For our imagination, of course, is an arrangement of our memories — just as our sight is. We see through our memory. We have learnt what these things are, or may be, and how to use our machinery to find them. Therefore, by the by, we see the fallacy of the well-meaning artists — let us quote Courbet — who would not paint goddesses, or angels, or ideal landscapes, because they had not seen them. But for others the painting of goddesses and so forth was and is just as well a rendering of what has been seen.

Portrait of Mrs. Palk, by Sir Joshua Reynolds

So that to-day a survey of this art, of what it has done and how it has done it, would run from, let us say, the vase-paintings of the Greeks and the black-and-white of China to frescoes,— mediæval or of the new Italian path,— to discoveries of methods,— such as that of oils,— to the Titians and the Rubenses; and finally, through the conquests of light and air in what we have called chiaro-oscuro, to the use of the vision of the open eye, as Sir Joshua called it, or the record of continuous successive different facts brought together; over beautiful surfaces, soothing to the eye, or over the polished hardness of Gérôme and similar. And in this last century, with the accompaniment, the influence, the mastering direction of the photograph, and finally the application of methods more or less derived from the scientists to the use of pigments, as representing light, we could close with our last developments,— the wild arrangements

of impressionist color, which already begin to look a little tame. This seems a fairly long list of rather a long statement of places and marks within the historical space implied; but even then we are perhaps falling short of what at any moment may be covered. Still more, we do not know how much further the future will carry us in the representation of all that there is — either for itself, that is to say one's pleasure in it, or for a language to express feelings and meanings. None of us can feel that the representations so far of nature are adequate, except perhaps in some few cases, and those perhaps chosen out because of some special love. Even for me, as I go along, I see every day millions upon millions of pictures of nature, not recorded yet either in their facts, if I may so call them, or the light and air in which they are enveloped.

This point to which we have come of looking at painting and its methods as not merely a habit accepted, but a history which we can record, is foreseen to some extent in the saying of Constable that "Painting is a science and should be pursued as an inquiry." We are also forced into a position of inquiry, and a position of teaching in a scientific way, because we are more or less the dependents of academic teaching, which replaced some centuries ago the best of all teaching: I mean the hand-to-hand teaching of the guilds — of the painters whose work was partly done by their assistants or their partners, and who taught by example in a still more direct way than a painter can to-day, in the usual practice of our now more selfish and secluded profession.

Sir Joshua, who was placed at the head of the Royal Academy, seemed to believe that an academy would furnish able men to direct a student, and that an academy would be a repository for the great examples of the art. We know that the reverse has been the story, as compared to the teachings of the guilds or of men working together on some practical end; and Sir Joshua saw some deficiency in his claim, for he says, "Rafaelle, it is true, had not the advantage of studying in an academy; but all Rome, and the works of Michel Angelo in particular, were to him an academy." We of course know that the men of that time had on the contrary worked together, in what they called a school, or shop, or something in which to help or to be employed, and consequently, Sir Joshua comes back to what we know, the ordinary teaching of schools of to-day, let us say in Paris, and that is this: "That a youth more easily receives instructions from the companions of his studies, whose minds are nearly on a level with his own, than from those who are much his superiors; and it is from his equals only that he catches the fire of emulation."

This is the way still. At the Paris studios the master has a set of pupils who carry out the programme under other and better-drilled disciples. That must be the general plan for most cases. The master can hardly take his pupils into his confidence, and yet that is the most precious of all that can be given. When Rude discharged his class because they had gone to an execution, the moral brace for Carpeaux, the sculptor, was strong enough for him to remember its effort late in life. When Ingres got one of his two helpers to take the red stockings off the legs of the famous "La Source" (which our boys and French boys are taught to admire and reverence), and to rearrange the feet, and put them in correct perspective, before he repainted the whole in two weeks, he had given a lesson of methods and views which, to greater minds, would have been a life of teaching. When Ingres himself painted David's "Madame Récamier" for him (I mean the one in the Louvre), what precious practice under one of the most serious of masters! But the contrary has to rule for a long time, and the want of knowledge of what there is outside must prevail for a time, until a larger education fills the crannies of the mind.

It is only a little while ago that a clever youngster insisted with me in the avoidance of any belief that the stupendous men of earlier days underpainted their pictures or prepared them in special tones of color. (We call preparation the first laying out in some manner of a painting — sometimes with much color, sometimes with less.) Even the blue underpainting of Van der Mer of Delft in the New York Museum had no effect on him. Sir Joshua himself, rising out of the grave, or showing his faded or cleaned pictures and his very note-books, proved nothing to the closed mind of the youth. He was taught something up-town in the average academy school, and that

"The Lion Hunt," by Delacroix

was enough for all time and history. The trouble is, then, that the youth shut up in such boxes of ignorance is suddenly a prey to some fad outside, against which he is unprepared.

But this is outside of what I wish most to consider, and that is, in a loose way, a sort of survey of what painting has been for the last century. My belief would be that the more various forms of development might be known to the student, who may be a teacher. The more we meet the question of the future, which is forced upon us, the more we see that we have no longer the advantages of narrowness in the worship of a single method. For there are advantages in narrowness, as in breadth, and perhaps there are greater. We do not yet know. But the narrowness *I* refer to is not that of the Academy, but of the old schools — of the method which calls a method by its real name and practises that, recognizing that there are others known and unknown.

As for instance, there is perhaps no harm now done to French architects, in that they are, or the public for them, aware that their nation once had the glory of the development of an art which rivalled any that ever lived,— the art of the Middle Ages.

The Academy of France, of course, tried to kill that knowledge, and as in the art of painting it tried to ignore the eighteenth century and the examples of Rembrandt, Rubens, and Velasquez. That eighteenth century which they turned away from seemed to the first founders of the nineteenth-century Academy conventional, effeminate, and especially *aristocratically* affected. There is no *democracy* in the manner, let us say, of Sir Joshua. There is a mannerism formed on great and reasonable admiration of the manners of certain previous artists. And he studied and recommended those mannerisms. But never thereby did he mean that all other studies should not be recommended and carried out. Indeed, he has left us his strongest statements of admiration and respect for forms of art which seem at the other pole from his own. That general making-up of a picture as a definite and recognized piece of beauty, based on nature, was an idea that shocked, later, the puriste, full of su-

Landscape, by Rousseau

perficial virtue, who opened the century in France.

I have looked through some of the sketch-books of Sir Joshua, filled during his Italian experience. Had I had better luck with me, I might myself have made some copy of them. But you may know how he noted on a page, in a curious loose pattern, just what he thought must be the amount of dark and light and middle light of some of the pictures he especially studied. Naturally, they are those of the men of "chiaro-oscuro" and balance, the makers of the oil-picture within a frame, if one can so say. These pictures Sir Joshua looked for and studied, but they had their limits of choice from their nature.

Even to-day, or at least last week, such a study-book of a student might look reprehensible, for it is all surface memoranda; a circle here, a queer space elsewhere, tells Sir Joshua again what he saw of these proportions of light and dark spaces. I remember so wishing I could compare them with photographs of the originals.

Just to think (and it is all-important for our comprehension of history) that Sir Joshua had no photographs which now, more or less well (usually less well), give us some of these facts in an authentic, impersonal manner!

All things connect, and we see how these inquiries into the method of placing the facts of a picture within its frame brings us to the last efforts of the last experimenters in painting of a few years ago — the day before yesterday.

I am considering the framed picture. Please remember that there was a time without it, and that this little matter of a frame, or edge, even a line, is an important discovery, like the steam-engine. The ultra-modern scientific folly of the rendering of nature even adequately, nature which has no edge and is all lop-sided to the eye, and then putting a rectangular frame around it, is enough to show how sane an idea was the institution of the old way of joining the picture to its frame.

Of course it is possible to make a study of nature, or a representation intended to be an adequately luminous equation, using the

frame to represent a *window-opening*. I have so studied myself, carefully, observing that I did not see further out than what my frame represented. But such a careful observance is not the usual one of the realist, pursuer of the full rendering of color and light, and we feel it badly — I say we feel it badly; no, we ought to feel it, if we reason like the artist experimenter himself. No, we so adjust our eyes and mind that almost anything seen is accepted, which is partly conventional. Conventions we need; we need to be reminded that this is art we are treated to. We need to be confronted; we do not wish for inquiry, we, the lookers-on — inquiry beyond something that we are broken into. Otherwise, every real innovation or special delivery would be hailed at once, instead of being condemned or doubted as it usually is.

The makers of pictures, then, pictures with frames, discovered the necessity of humoring the edges, of bringing the sky over, and making the ground to meet. To have accomplished all this Fromentin praises the great Ruysdael's works, "*Ils font si bien dans l'or.*" And it is only yesterday that, looking at a copy of Rembrandt, which I finished fifty years ago, on his memorial week, and which I have only just seen again, I recognize how wise, how artistic, how merely conventional, the dread realist had been in painting within and around his picture part of a black frame to meet another real one, either black or gold. The artifice helped the reality, which, after all, was to be a thing represented as seen. And every help should be given to the eye of the looker-on, which asks, as it does, in perspective arrangements, a little ease, a little *inaccuracy*, such as the *real eye always gives us* — for we see as inaccurately as we wish or we need.

For example, a man, or a horse, or a house, is big or little as we may wish at a distance — as he was and is in the pictures of early masters.

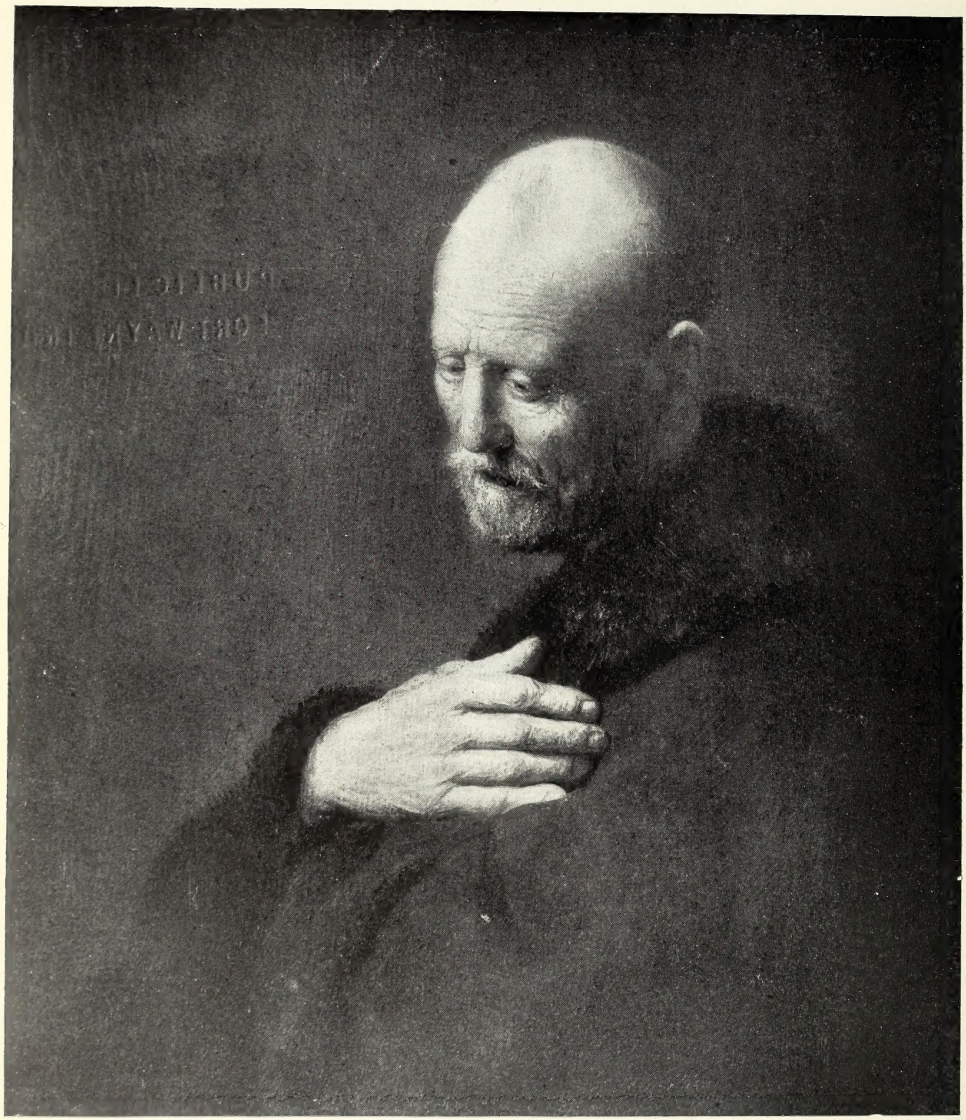
Now, to-day, we can even smile kindly at the mad prophet, William Blake's indignation concerning the devilishness of chiaro-oscuro, "that infernal machine called chiaro-oscuro, in the hands of the Venetian and Flemish demons, whose enmity to the painter himself (Blake), and to all artists who studied in the Florentine and Roman schools, may be removed by an exhibition and exposure of their vile tricks. They cause that everything in art shall become a machine. They cause that the execution shall be blocked up with brown shadows. . . . . Rubens is a most outrageous demon. . . . Though the original conception was always fire and animation, he loads it up with hellish brownness, and blocks all of its gates of life except one. Correggio is a soft and effeminate, and consequently a most cruel, demon, whose whole delight is to cause endless labor to whoever suffers him to enter his mind."

He himself used a form of chiaro-oscuro, in his own way, when he chose — in the most astonishing and marvellous fairy-land of color-prints; but the theologian within him was too strong.

And also there is this,— that the use of machinery as principle is often annoying, and that the cheap disciple repeating in his way the best form is disheartening, and yet — and yet, Blake might have seen that art and nature are sometimes the same, and that the imitation of the work of the man is also a use of the highest manifestation.

The desire for something more than the picture, for some flight of the soul in a drama of history (or, with Blake, of theology), went no further in England; but, later, in France, Delacroix takes this up for us once again. He who so admired Turner and later the pre-Raphaelites (who did not at first understand him),— we might like to know what he thought of Blake. There are occasionally, of course, at vast distances, some reminders and some connections; but Delacroix, of whom more later, brings up the question of the new investigations into the color and light, both of which we use as a means and as an end.

But Delacroix is as reasonable and guarded against himself interiorly as Blake is *not*. He is not an *enthusiast*, and there is nothing he hates so much as the confusion of ideas. Solitary even more than Blake could possibly be, misunderstood by his admirers, right-minded, a gentleman, clean-handed from the world,— there is to me no more touching figure in the history of the nineteenth century. This loneliness is recorded in the simplicity of his journal, which is nothing but a fragmentary record. There is there no self-pity, no complaint; rather a belief at being able to be absorbed in the lovely life of the artist, that life of



Portrait of an Old Man, by Rembrandt

art which St. Thomas has defined — putting thereby aside the follies of moral doubt which have worried the clergy. "*Locus innocentiæ*"— the land of the continued privileges of Eden — the "Land of Innocence," he says.

Delacroix was to represent, to be the image of, the more or less successful reaction against the school or influences headed by David, which hardened and purified, but in the manners of the Revolution, the painting of the eighteenth century, already beginning to correct itself and certainly needing in its progression no such violent cure as David's false Greek preachments. Already Sir Joshua has spoken, even in his lectures, of the greater rigidity of the Frenchmen whom he knew. So confused, so entangled, is anything that we have to consider in this manifestation of personality

which we call painting that we must stop a moment to breathe and ask ourselves, "Watteau — where is there any stiffness in him?" And yet there probably is in some studies. There is some wire or iron to hold up the loose soft clay of the statue which he has erected. One can understand why the pupils coming out from David's class threw their waste bread and odds and ends at the great Watteau, "The Embarkment for Cythera."

The fierce republican desire to be the only monarchs went on in France, and is scarcely breaking up to-day before the social changes, and the scientific studies, and the practical money questions, which are beginning to change the face of the making of pictures everywhere.

The acceptance of the rule of David allowed escape and evasion on its edges; and we have such a case as that of Prudhon, who brings back that terrible chiaro-oscuro of Correggio into the frigid domain of accurate, narrow, studio light. And, moreover, he saves from the past the methods of underpainting which make this beautiful draughtsman still a real painter; while David and his inheritors, later, are to make for the French school a hard surface-painting without the merit of the actual bas-relief. This has prevailed until to-day, and has in the various forms of accepted painters given us those tedious spaces of oil-painting which are so near the method and the texture and the grave solemnity of the oilcloth of the bathroom.

Gros, of course, an official painter, also accepts and rejects the domination. He prepares, both in his methods and in the heroic breadth of his panegyrics of Napoleon's battles, in their accuracy and in their conventional poetry, in their reminiscence of the older warmth, the future Géricault who will be both an accurate and anxious draughtsman and a wild and fiery innovator and sensationalist — to live a few brief years of youthful promise and to hand that future to Delacroix. Meanwhile, the Academic school continues. It has for its nominal head Ingres. And then we come again to the difficulty of classification — a difficulty for writing and arguing in the way that I follow this moment. But a good thing if, as I hope,— for I hope for the bigger future,— our teaching will include the contradictions in art as we are learning to accept and insist upon in historical analyses. For Mr. Ingres — and I say Mr. Ingres, Monsieur Ingres — represented in my early time the Academy in its full integrity. But Mr. Ingres, the real man, wrote a pamphlet against the establishment of schools of painting at the School of Beaux-Arts. He maintained that the *process of painting could be taught to any one in a week.* And my older acquaintances in France, in the France of fifty or sixty years ago, still felt in Mr. Ingres a sentimental innovator, who allowed himself liberties that a stricter and more correct view of draughtmanship would not approve of. And yet this very draughtmanship is what pleases us most to-day in his work. His studies from nature carry him a little outside the line, as he himself admits, saying that "in the matter of truth I prefer to go a little beyond, at whatever risk, for I know that the truth may seem improbable. There is often," he continues, "only the thickness of a hair between right and wrong." His portrait of himself gives us the clue to these views of the establishment of a rigid theology in art, more or less centered in himself and in his admiration for Raphael, from whom nobody could be further. And yet in some of the details of his drawings, where he indulges a manner of his own,— a way, for instance, of seeing hands, a manner of rendering the soft form of woman, — there is something of poetry which may recall the work of the divine master. Géricault, who knew him in Rome at the Academy, admired his drawings and saw little in his paintings, much as he desired to do so. His record I have to use: inaccuracy, a commonplace soul in a highly cultured mind, perhaps the usual teacher man. We have to dwell on this name because of the preponderance of French art in the world of the nineteenth century; and the life of Ingres covers a great part of that century's teaching. His name, also, serves to represent that closed door which has been a mark of French culture in art during a part of the nineteenth century, whatever efforts France's very best men have made to keep open doors and windows to the influences of outside.

The name of the great opponent, not a conscious one, of Ingres, Delacroix, opens these doors; and even here, with this inimical authority pressing him, the more gener-

ous man, Delacroix, had pleaded the part of Ingres as against a public that did not as yet understand him. But Ingres hated the painter side of Delacroix, which brought in the dreadful question of color and of light and the possibility of there being something different from the imitators of Raphael.

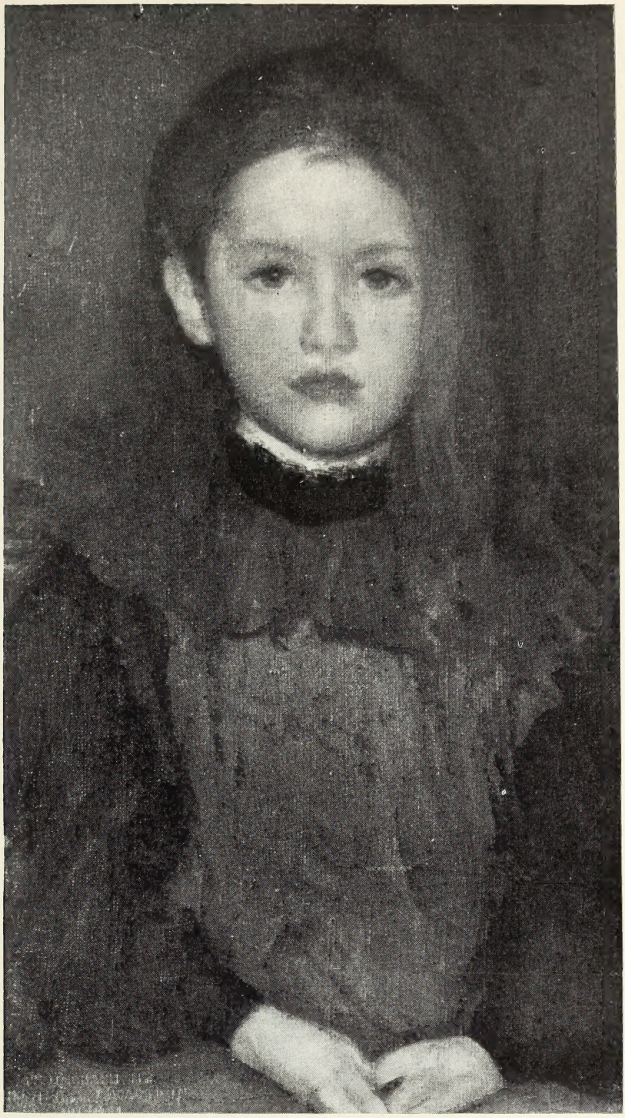
This open door opens on landscape art. Of course it is an exaggeration to maintain that the influence of Constable determined that French landscape school which definitely covered the most of continental Europe. Already the influence of England had reached France through Géricault, through Delacroix, and the idea of landscape was brought up again by the suggestion of the older painters of far back. It seems strange and unfortunate, perhaps, as ideal development, that the paintings of Turner did not reach France and serve to encourage and widen the great return to nature, as well as to the habits of painting, which together make the great landscapists both of France and England. Rousseau and Corot and so forth, and even Millet, are both students of art and students of nature in an impassioned way. Their names can serve for many others.

But only occasionally are the students of nature in connection with color and light studied both as a means and an aim. They did not need these new studies to state what they liked and what they chose to see. In fact, we see in Millet the gradual withdrawal from so much of nature as may interfere with the main sentiment that filled his vision. There is even the story (as I remember, a true one) of Rousseau's injuring one of his great paintings because he had just come across Japanese art in the color-prints of the later men.

He had discerned what has been used very little,— the representation of some laws of the opposition of tones; the manner by which, to quote a rough instance, a pink sunset implies a related opposition against it. We know that the friendship and admiration common to several of these men has grouped them more together than should appear from their works and the tendencies behind their works, so that Delacroix on one side separates from them. He is a precursor in his wish to find general laws of color which he can use in derived manner, which still shall be laws. Such ideas influence also the gigantic development of Turner, who carried out as well the continuance of the old forms of the picture, so that to some extent he is a type of what one might hope for the entire future. But of course with Millet, or a similarly directed mind, the opposing question is quite as valuable. Any means, however contradictory to one's other loves, are right to secure an impassioned statement of great likings, great memories, noble thoughts — all the higher side of man which can be included in the art of painting, as well as in any of the other arts.

Of course, over my shoulder the devil whispers, "But here's what Mr. Whistler has said: 'As music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight, and the subject-matter has nothing to do with harmony, or sound, or color. The great musicians knew this. Beethoven and the rest wrote music, simply music; Symphony in this key, Concerto or Sonata in that.'" Nothing could be more untrue, for Beethoven has carefully explained just the reverse. As we first saw, the artists argue against some unseen enemy, and, like lawyers or theologians, defend their personal positions at all hazards. And still, in the history of our art, in the education of a student or a teacher, one should not miss including the statements of Mr. Whistler as part of the training for understanding the full history of art. Wisely taken, almost all that he has said is worth listening to, especially as balancing certain other statements, also exaggerated, but not so keen and *naughty*.

And between Mr. Whistler and the Delacroix whom I am trying to consider we shall have placed the pre-Raphaelites of England, partly poets, partly Philistines. Their protest must in its day have had its value, and I personally am too much indebted to them for influences and for pleasure to do otherwise than speak handsomely of their love of the past, however mistaken; of their painting, not always good, but sometimes at its finest just then, as we see with Rossetti for instance; or we may remember the combinations of intention and picture-making, an astonishing pursuit of problems of color, in Mr. Holman Hunt, or the deliberate artificialities of Burne-Jones, not forgetting the apparent founder of them all,— I say, apparent,— Maddox Browne, whose early works terrified my boyhood, as I told him, for they



Little Rose of Lyme Regis, by Whistler

were both so German, as I remember the ballads, and French, as Delacroix translated the Middle Ages, and yet so fiercely English.

This was the moment when Mr. Ruskin broke into English literature and bullied and directed and helped the cause, explaining the Middle Ages to a Philistine audience, but still more so to young enthusiasts, who, like myself or my Oxford teacher, were already living in the wonderful past which opened out as an explanation of our origins, an incentive to greater religious emotion, and finally, but not through Mr. Ruskin, to perceiving the unity of the mediæval and the Greek.

The colder studies of such students as Viollet-le-Duc and ever so many others whose statements do not return against themselves as with the rather blasphemous

user of the Bible, for the Anglo-Saxon, as once for the Latin, is a manner of appeal to something else than reason.

"At any rate," if Mr. Henry James will forgive my English, we shall have no more such talk as Mr. Ruskin dared to give to Oxford thirty-seven years ago:

"In closing this first course of lectures, I have one word more to say respecting the possible consequence of the introduction of art among the studies of the University. What art may do for scholarship I have no right to conjecture; but what scholarship may do for art I may in all modesty tell you. Hitherto, great artists, though always gentlemen, have yet been too exclusively craftsmen. Art has been less thoughtful than we supposed; it has taught much, but much also falsely. Many of the greatest pictures are enigmas; others, beautiful toys; others, harmful and corrupting toys. In the loveliest there is something weak; in the greatest there is something guilty. And this, gentlemen, if you will, is the new thing that may come to pass,— that the scholars of England may resolve to teach also with the power of the arts; and that some among you may so learn and use them that pictures may be painted which shall not be enigmas any more, but open teachings of what can no otherwise be so well shown; which shall not be fevered or broken visions any more, but shall be filled with the indwelling light of self-possessed imagination; which shall not be stained or enfeebled any more by evil passions, but glorious with the strength and chastity of noble human love; and which shall no more degrade or disguise the work of God in heaven, but testify of him as here dwelling with men, and walking with them, not angry, in the garden of the earth."

This is accurately quoted, though one can scarcely believe it. The self-sufficiency, the insolence of addressing Oxford with such claptrap! As if we here together proposed to correct the English of Shakespeare or the Bible, the Greek of Homer, the Italian of Dante!

And then the vulgar lugging-in of Biblical imagery to justify folly, as if by a retreat behind the railing of the sanctuary — in a wording not so far from the country bumpkin's recorded by Mr. Thomas Hardy:

"With Holy Hosea — in my scripture manner, which is my second nature."

"And a bystander said, 'Hear, hear!' A man who can talk like that ought to be heard," etc., etc.

That is over, I believe, and in our studies of Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Whistler let us hope to avoid those confusions of ideas which are allowed before a jury in lower courts, but which have nothing to do with that clearness of mind and sweetness of temper which must flow from the teacher to the pupil. But we cannot forget that Mr. Ruskin considered questions of light and color as law at an early moment, though not so early as our great Frenchmen.

As this part of my relations to Ruskin's writings is more deficient, I do not know how far he knew of the studies of Chevreul, which are said to be antedated by the experience of Delacroix. But for us who began to study between fifty and sixty years ago these first teachings were all-important. Personally, I the painter have never ceased obedience to what I could understand of them. Here in Boston, before the day of the Impressionists, my friend Mr. Bancroft and myself struggled to establish connection between painting and what science could help us in with regard to that light and color which was both our means and our end. The recent history of continental art tells us of its following of the spectral palette and of optical mixture, which is all so recent that I need not tell you how the ground has been largely covered. These influences must continue. I believe they round out our general connection with the arts of sight. We shall perhaps in our teachings connect more and more sculpture and painting. It was only a few days ago that Rodin, trying to explain and also to amuse himself, said that he had bought a certain Greek statue without unboxing it, merely feeling through the chinks the surface of a leg which he knew must delight his eye with color, in opposition to the miseries suffered from French official sculpture that afflicted him as dedicated to form existing without the sensation of the eye. And the master also, a little while ago, still with some malice, insisted that art and nature were the same thing. We might derive some help from this strenuous manner of bringing them together in a larger teaching, which, as it should leave nothing of the past without some harmonizing record and explanation, could take up the entire future

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly. Founded 1758

RHEY T. SNODGRASS, *Editor*

Appreciation

SPOKEN words of commendation are ever a source of encouragement. Early in life we are taught that "kind words can never die." When those words are written they have even greater power. Though they may perhaps be no more genuine than the oral expressions, the mere deliberation of writing seems to give added assurance of sincerity and permanence.

In the midst of these reflections we are overwhelmed with letters — letters of many sorts and from many sorts of people, but letters which may all be grouped under the single heading "Inspiration Letters." Authors, artists, editors, publishers, newspaper men, executives, legislators, — public servants and private citizens both in and out of New England,—have written their good wishes and pledged their support to The New England Magazine for New Englanders. As fast as the hours in the day will permit we are replying to these many letters, expressing our appreciation of the hearty support accorded our efforts thus far. We are more and more led to believe that we shall have the people more and more with us.

One letter let us here publish, as being typical:

Washington, Feb. 27, 1908.

My Dear Mr. Snodgrass: I have received the copy of The New England Magazine, and I wish to thank you for sending it to me. I think the number is very well made up, and the currency question is well set forth.

With many thanks, I am,

Very truly yours,

H. C. Lodge.

Better Business

UP and down through the country mills are resuming operations, and thousands of idle men and women are returning to work. Each morning paper tells of a few; the aggregate is many.

Of all the financial panics, there has never been one in which so many men so persistently said at the very beginning, "It must not, it *shall* not, continue long." In offices and factories were placed printed signs such as these:

"No panic here."

"Exit for business depression."

"Fine! How's yours?"

"Peddlers and panic-criers not admitted."

So from the first of his onslaught Major Hard Times had to fight every inch of his slow progress against stouter defences than he had yet encountered in this country.

As the Major now retreats, heads nod and wise folks say, "Of course; the conditions have not been right for a long siege." Other folks, just as wise, tell us with equal emphasis that a panic was due, and due to be long and severe, but that business men absolutely refused to give in to it. Whether concerted optimism has been the cause or the effect of the actual conditions would be difficult to say accurately. But we believe that common sense and business judgment deserve the credit of having prevented a more serious depression. Panics are only matters of psychology — at first. As individuals we train our minds to have mastery over matter; shall not the mass of men make some progress toward mastery over the mass of matter? We seem to be progressing.

Now you may say that it is too soon to exult, that the worst may be yet ahead of us. Don't say it. Don't think it lest you be a drag to progress. Good times will never come by loafing around the grocery-store speculating on the chances of things getting better or worse; but by thinking, believing, and working for prosperity.

Denatured Alcohol

"UTILITY" is a fine motto for thrifty people. If kept within its proper proportion it does much to make life worth living. New Englanders as a class are thrifty. They put common things to practical use. Probably it is this trait, more than any other, that is accountable for a scale of living in New England more modest than is found in most localities and yet accompanied by more pleasure in the every-day of life. Our people seem to have learned how to get the most units of enjoyment per dollar of expense.

It was not strange, then, that New Englanders were among the most vigorous movers for the act which made possible the adaptation of alcohol to practical use. Nor is it odd that New England should immediately apply alcohol to actual use, for fuel, for manufacturing, and for the purposes of home and farm.

The entire country used over three million gallons of denatured alcohol during the year 1907. The mere fact of this enormous product is of itself justification for the new law. It is estimated that a large percentage of this output was used for purposes for which alcohol could not possibly have been used subject to the old tax. Denatured alcohol thus becomes, by the simple passing of a simple law, a tremendous national resource. It is further estimated that the use of denatured alcohol during the year actually saved about $6,000,000.

It is now proposed to encourage the alcohol industry still further by an act to remove the tax from pure alcohol for use in manufacturing, for export, perfumeries and certain medicinal compounds for which only pure (not denatured) alcohol can be used. At present pure alcohol can be imported free of duty for use in the manufacture of goods for export. Thus, imported alcohol is much cheaper than domestic alcohol with the tax. The removal of the tax in this case would enable domestic alcohol to compete favorably with the imported, and thus encourage our own alcohol manufacture. This law seems entirely just and practical, and there should be no doubt of its enactment.

Even with so large an output of the denatured product last year, the use of alcohol is not yet really begun. We have now in preparation an article on the many simple ways of making alcohol and the many valuable ways of using it, particularly the domestic uses. We are told that a few years will see every farmer in New England with his own alcohol still, making the "power-juice" from materials otherwise wasted, and using it for a hundred purposes about the farm. Our article will be practical, free from technical stumbling-blocks, telling plainly what the layman can do with denatured alcohol — and how.

In the meantime, if some one does not publish a small hand-book on this same subject, but treating it more fully than can be done in a condensed magazine article, we shall be tempted to do so. The gospel of denatured alcohol is well worthy of much consideration.

To Prevent Decay in Wood

THE campaign on behalf of the trees (which means on behalf of the people) is not without much encouragement. Here and there we learn of men who are taking measures to prevent the destruction of their own forest lands, and of others who offer tracts to the Government Forest Service to be preserved and regulated for the general welfare.

Without doubt one of the large factors to the threatening forest-famine is prodigality in the use of wood. The Forest Service has commenced an active campaign against the idle waste of timber, and even the selfish will find it a valuable campaign, for its effect is to save money for the individual.

One of the most interesting and valuable details of this campaign is a circular recently published by the government, officially designated as Circular 139 of the Forest Service, "A Primer of Wood Preservation." (Incidentally, copies of this circular may be had free by writing to the Forest Service at Washington.) This circular tells how farmers, manufacturers, and everybody else may preserve wood and by the same process preserve money.

It is estimated that a fence-post, which under ordinary circumstances will last for perhaps two years, will, if given preservative treatment costing about ten cents, last eighteen years. The service of other timbers, such as railroad-ties, telephone poles,

and mine props, can be doubled and often trebled by inexpensive preservative treatment. To-day, when the cost of wood is a big item to every farmer, every stockman, every railroad manager — to every one, in fact, who must use timber where it is likely to decay — this is a fact which should be carefully considered.

It is easy to see that if the length of time timbers can be used is doubled, only half as much timber will be required as before and only one-half as much money will need to he spent in the purchase of timber. Moreover, many woods which were for a long time considered almost worthless can be treated and made to last as long as the scarcer and more expensive kinds.

Of the actual saving in dollars and cents through preservative treatment, a fence-post such as was mentioned at the beginning might serve as one example. The post is of loblolly pine, and costs, untreated, about eight cents, or, including the cost of setting, fourteen cents. It lasts about two years. Compounding interest at five per cent, the annual charge of such a post is 7.53 cents; that is, it costs 7.53 cents a year to keep the post in service. Preservative treatment costing ten cents will increase its length of life to about eighteen years. In this case the total cost of the post, set, is twenty-four cents, which, compounded at five per cent, gives an annual charge of 2.04 cents. Thus the saving due to treatment is 5.49 cents a year. Assuming that there are two hundred posts per mile, there is a saving each year for every mile of fence of a sum equivalent to the interest on $219.60.

In the South the cheap and abundant loblolly pine, one of the easiest of all woods to treat, can by proper preparation be made to take the place of the high-grade longleaf pine for many purposes. Black and tupelo gums and other little-used woods have a new and increasing importance because of the possibility of preserving them from decay at small cost. In the Northeast are tamarack, hemlock, beech, birch, and maple, and the red and black oaks, all of which by proper treatment may help to replace the fast-diminishing white oak and cedar.

To be sure, the preservation of wood will not of itself prevent the dearth of lumber which threatens to come within a few years. But it will help. And in the meantime it has the not objectionable possibility of dollars for all who read and see and act.

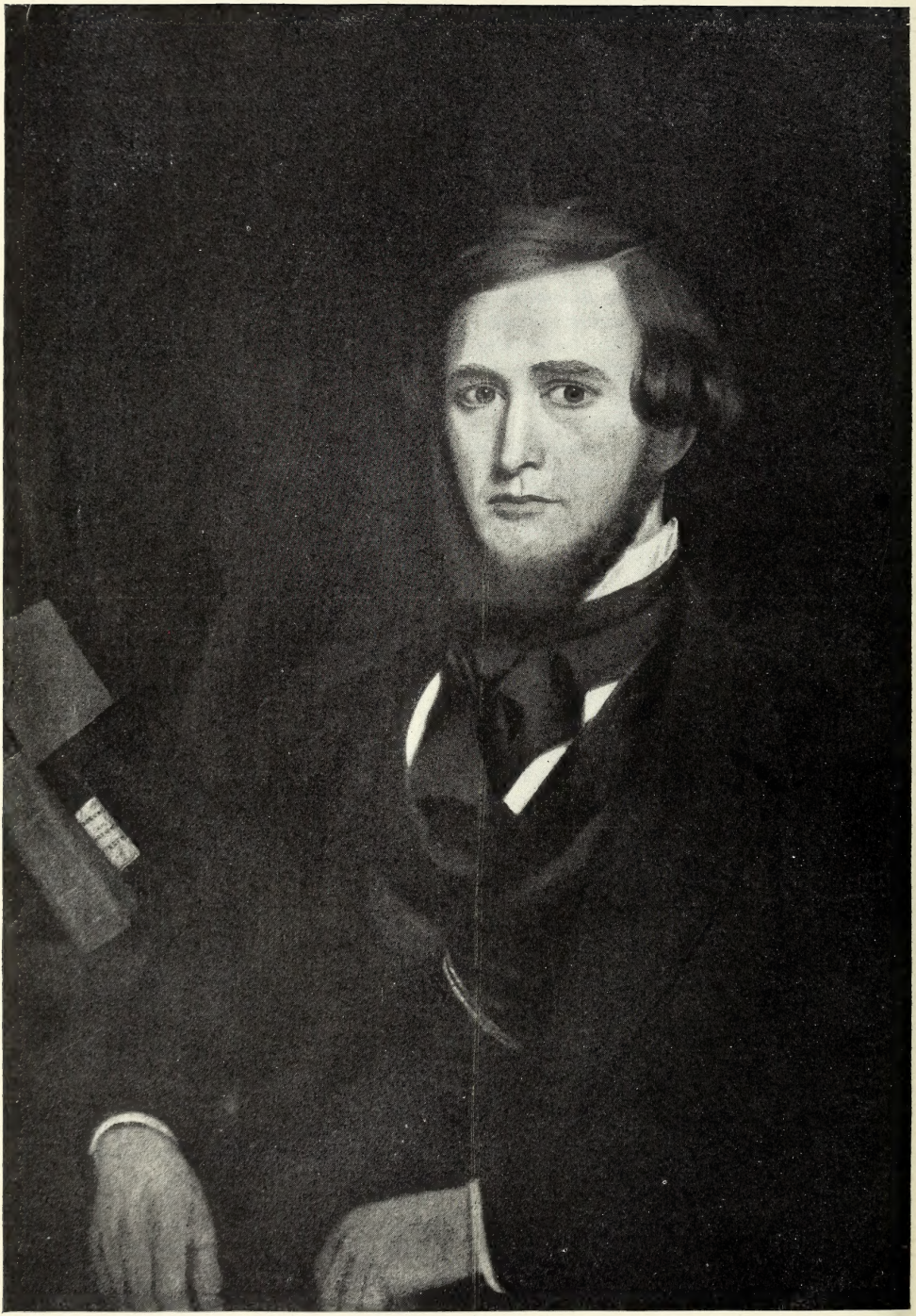
Inexpensive Summer Homes

VIEWED superficially, our plan to publish matter pertaining to outdoor play between the same covers with matter for serious indoor consideration might seem a trifle inharmonious. Upon second thought it will appear no more discordant than that Oliver Wendell Holmes should have been a crack oarsman. It all depends on the point of view.

A magazine of baseball may well restrict its contents to the things and people of baseball. A magazine of pure literature will do well to keep within that realm. We prefer not to view this magazine from any one specialized department of thought or activity, but from the broad consideration of man — the New Englander. Our space and your time forbid publishing *all* the things of the New Englander, but we shall aim to choose from the inexhaustible supply of material such things as will appeal to the diverse moods of the average New Englander.

Now a subject of pretty general appeal is the problem of a summer home. Every man, woman, and child is better in health and energy for an annual change of air and scene. For families of means the problem is easier of solution. But how to have a comfortable summer place with the limitations of low cost and probably nearness to some city is not so easily answered.

In our May issue we purpose publishing an article on summer camps costing from $500 to $1,500 which will satisfy all the practical requirements and yet be cozy if not artistic. Of course one can always live in a tent through the summer, by tolerating a thousand privations. But to have a permanent cottage at a low price is so desirable that we feel justified in spending considerable pains to gather plans, photos, and details of some very successful places already built. As some of the most capable architects have devoted much thought to the solution of this problem, the examples which we shall show embody skill in arrangement as well as economy of space and cost.



William Thomas Green Morton, from the painting by W. Hudson, Jr., 1845

THE CONQUEST OF PAIN

By HERBERT O. McCRILLIS

WE give great and just praise to the men who have annihilated space and time and made possible the communication of ideas in an instant over continents and oceans; to the men who have harnessed electricity and made it a servant of wonderful power and usefulness; to the man who found the giant Steam and set him to work in the steam-engine, in whose train have followed a multitude of discoveries and inventions.

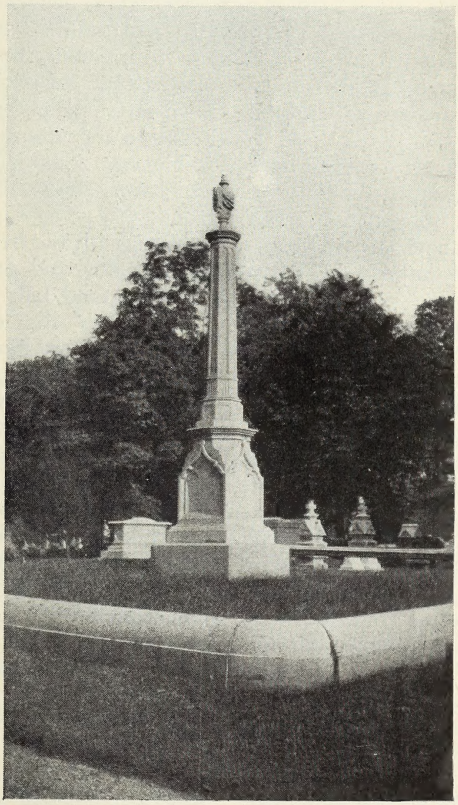
A host of claimants for honor rise up all about us as we summon those who have benefited society by their patient searching for the hidden laws and forces of nature.

It is a brilliant and notable company, and our own land can claim many of them as her own. These may be styled conquerors; for all have overcome, in some degree, difficulties which barred the way of progress.

Among them should be reckoned the one who showed us that even pain, that great enemy of man, classed so often with death itself, might be driven away and held in abeyance at the will of man; for, after all, is there any discovery in the wonderful list that can outrank that of practical anæsthesia? Yet, how many can speak the name of the man who revealed the possibility of lying down in sweet forgetfulness while the surgeon performs his necessary task — to save the life and health endangered by accident, war, or disease?

Who was he? We shall see.

We of the present generation can only imagine, happily not realize, what old-time surgery was. A few veterans of medicine and surgery remain to tell us. Then, they say, strong men had to hold the shrieking, suffering patient to the torture of the operation, as bad as that of the ancient Spanish Inquisition. Imagine delicate women undergoing treatment under such a trying ordeal.



Monument to Dr. Morton in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, erected by citizens of Boston

Evidently it would be impossible for language to express the suffering of those pre-anæsthetic days. And such was surgery until 1846. Is it any wonder that all shrank from it and preferred anything to its horrors?

Will there ever be a time when surgery will not be necessary? We ask ourselves this in the line of many men's thinking of to-day, and say, Would that surgery might be unnecessary! But so long as people are mangled by accidents, so long as war and disease endure, so long will the surgeon be undoubtedly needed. While possibly un-

necessary surgical operations are performed, it is undeniable that very many lives are prolonged by skilful surgery; and nearly all of this would be impossible without anæsthesia.

Many and varied had been the means tried before the day of practical anæsthesia for causing insensibility to pain during surgical operations. In a very few cases, scattered over a great lapse of time, these had been successful. Various drugs were used; carbonic-acid gas was inhaled; the juice of mandragora, poppy, Indian hemp, and other substances were also found to deaden pain or divert the mind from it by stupefaction or exhilaration.

We have all read in the sacred record of the "wine mingled with myrrh" given to our Lord on the cross, as was the custom, with the intent, undoubtedly, to lessen the suffering.

The Chinese are reported in an ancient medical work of theirs, translated two centuries ago into French, to have used a preparation of hemp called ma-yo to produce insensibility, during which operations otherwise painful could be performed without the slightest pain.

This preparation of hemp seems to have been used by Orientals quite generally to produce exhilaration or intoxication. But the use of it was very dangerous and uncertain, producing generally injury, and often being fatal.

Writers of four hundred years ago speak of decoctions of drugs being given to condemned criminals and persons about to undergo torture, which enabled them to bear pain better through stupefaction.

The world searched for hundreds of years for something *sure* and *safe* to dominate pain, and did not find it. Records exist, it is true, of wonderful things being done here and there in the prevention of pain by the use of remedies known to only a few. During later years extreme cold, alcoholic intoxication, compression, mesmerism, and even inhalation of carbonic-acid gas were all used in the desperate attempt at painless surgery. Opium seems to have been the favorite means, however, up to the time of the great change.

What was the result of all this searching, and what was the general attitude toward the subject just before the day when it was proved that the quest of centuries had been ended?

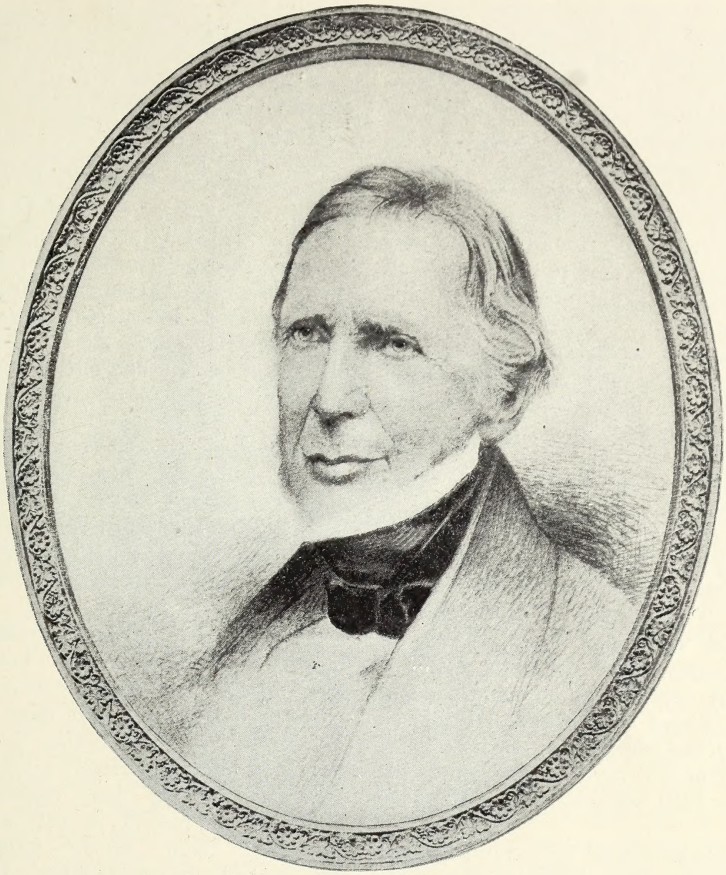
The result of all the experimenting from the earliest days to 1846 was fruitless as far as producing any means *sure* and *safe* by which insensibility to pain during surgery was possible. In spite of statements made to the contrary, the world was still waiting.

The sentiment of this darkness just before the dawn of discovery seems to have been fitly expressed by the celebrated French surgeon Velpean in 1839, when he wrote: "To escape pain in surgical operations is a chimera which we are not permitted to look for in our day." And yet, the man who was to draw aside the veil of mystery and reveal the method of painless surgery to an anxious world had, even as these words were written, reached man's estate, and commenced the search which was to end in the application of ether, the wonderful thing which was to bless every race of men.

William Thomas Green Morton, the revealer of painless surgery, was born Aug. 19, 1819, among the hills of the south-central part of Massachusetts, in the country town of Charlton, small in population, but beautiful for situation; nurtured in an old-fashioned, square, big-chimneyed house, which was shaded by great trees and vine-laden.

Here, with the best of environment, as a country boy and amid scenes common to New England lads of that time, he lived, until,—with the exception of academy days at Oxford, Northfield, and Leicester, covering four years,— at the age of seventeen, he left his home for Boston, to become a bookseller.

From very early years young Morton had said he would be a physician. Apparently, his hope was never to be realized, for his father was not able, through business reverses, to give him the means for a medical education. About the time of the commencement of his career in Boston, however, dentistry was becoming a profession by itself. Being denied the pursuit of the study for which he longed, Morton's attention was attracted to this as allied to the study of medicine, and possible of attainment by him. In Baltimore, in 1840, the American Society of Dental Surgeons had been organized. So, becoming acquainted with men prominent in this new movement, he commenced his studies there, and in 1842 was ready to establish himself in busi-



Dr. John C. Warren, who performed the first operation under ether

ness. This he did in Boston, with Horace Wells, afterward a contestant for the honor of discovering anæsthesia, as partner. But their business venture proved unprofitable, and they separated.

Later, Morton, by perseverance, study, and skill, built up a very profitable business, and established also a successful manufactory of artifical teeth. He was considered, so good authority states, superior in his profession.

In 1844 he married Miss Elizabeth Whitman, of Connecticut. In the same year he enrolled his name as a medical student, determined, as it seems, to realize his old cherished hope, and obtain the knowledge needed now in the investigations which he had begun. His wife reported also another reason for this study, which was the aversion of her mother to Morton's business of dentistry, which was, strange as it seems to us now, looked down upon by very many.

Later on, when he had made the great discovery, some enemies of his sought to detract from his abilities, and argue that he could not have done this because he was only a dentist. The fact is that he had nearly completed his second year at the Harvard Medical School. The duties which then came to him in connection with the discovery prevented his continuance, but he was no doubt as well fitted for the title of M.D. as many who received it after completing the four years' course. Indeed, another university conferred on him this honorary title.

These investigations just spoken of were the germ of the wonderful discovery, inno-

vation, or presentation he was soon to make, and commenced in the following way. He had found an improved method for adjusting artificial teeth in the mouth, which he hoped would prove profitable. This, however, required the extraction of all roots remaining in the gums. At once it was found that the great pain of doing this would keep nearly every one from having the new mounting. The need of something to prevent this pain thus came to him as a business problem, and led him to commence the search for it.

To accomplish his object he commenced to experiment with various substances, and seek information upon any method that seemed promising. One of the things he used was common ether.

The fact that the inhaling of ether was a relief in bronchial troubles was applied in medical practice. And it had also been known for a great many years that it would produce stupefaction, exhilaration, or intoxication. This knowledge of it was only experimental and often made use of in medical lectures. The benumbing effect of ether locally applied was known also, and this fact was used by Morton. He rubbed the ether on the exceedingly sensitive gums of a patient he was treating and found that she felt less pain when he was working on her teeth.

This observation and his study gave rise to the theory that the whole body, if brought under this influence, at once would be similarly affected. To test this the experiments took the form of administering ether to small animals, as birds, fishes, and large insects.

Morton naturally found difficulties at first, and failures. He confided to some of his friends his hopes of finding a way to extract teeth without pain.

His first experiments were in the main unsuccessful; but he persevered, believing in his theory, using as a subject for his experiments this time a large spaniel owned by him. Many times he sent the dog into complete insensibility, from which no injury appeared on returning consciousness. He thus demonstrated that ether could be repeatedly inhaled to insensibility by an animal with safety.

Mrs. Morton, in relating in *McClure's Magazine* of September, 1896, the story of her husband's life, says that on one occasion he came along after one of these administrations leading the dog, which walked rather unsteadily, and said, "Poor Nig! I've had him asleep a long time. I was afraid I had killed him."

Morton was confident that he had found something of great value. He was so sure of it that he turned over his dental practice to a friend, and determined to devote his whole time to experiments. He had reached the stage of experimenting in which inhalation of the ether by some person or persons was needed to test it still further. Every one was afraid of it. He found it impossible to induce any one outside of his office to submit to the test, though he offered a reward of money.

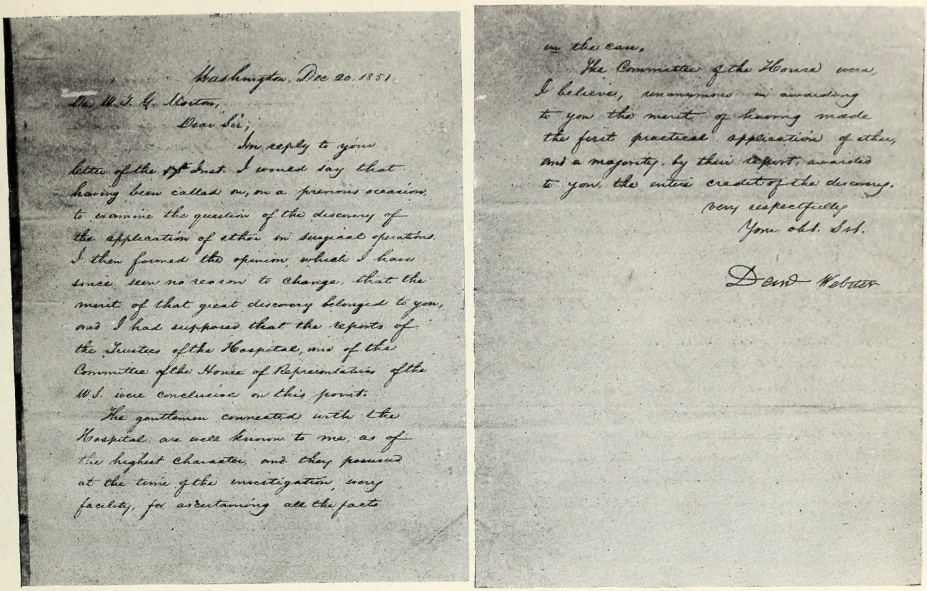
In all previous experiments with ether, nitrous oxide, and other benumbing influences the patient had not been allowed to go into complete unconsciousness, and the general impression was that such a state, if allowed, might, probably would, result fatally.

At length his assistants consented to let him try its effects on them. Though no bad result came from these experiments, the effect produced was one of more incredulity on the part of those taking the ether, for they were only imperfectly placed under its influence, making them intoxicated, and causing much trouble, as force was required to restrain them. Morton found out that this was due to impure ether. It contained a large proportion of adulterating matter. Ridicule for him and his pretended useful preparation was the only outcome of this.

Finally, desperate in his desire for proof, and believing in the safety of his discovery, he resolved to administer the ether to himself, having obtained some that was pure.

Through the help of Mr. Joseph M. Wightman, a maker of scientific instruments, he had obtained an apparatus for administering the ether, which was a glass globe, having two openings, or necks, in which was placed a sponge saturated with ether. Many other more elaborate forms for the purpose were afterward made, but, in principle, the one now used after more than sixty years is almost the same.

Morton afterward used these words for describing the experiment upon himself, in his Memoir addressed to the French Academy of Arts and Sciences at Paris. He said:



Washington, Dec 20. 1851

Dr. W. T. G. Morton,

Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter of the 17th inst. I would say that having been called on, on a previous occasion, to examine the question of the discovery of the application of ether in surgical operations, I then formed the opinion, which I have since seen no reason to change, that the merit of that great discovery belonged to you, and I had supposed that the reports of the Trustees of the Hospital, and of the Committee of the House of Representatives of the U.S. were conclusive on this point.

The gentlemen connected with the Hospital are well known to me, as of the highest character, and they possessed at the time of the investigation, every facility, for ascertaining all the facts in the case.

The Committee of the House was, I believe, unanimous in awarding to you the merit of having made the first practical application of ether, and a majority, by their report, awarded to you, the entire credit of the discovery.

Very respectfully
Your obt. Svt.

Daniel Webster

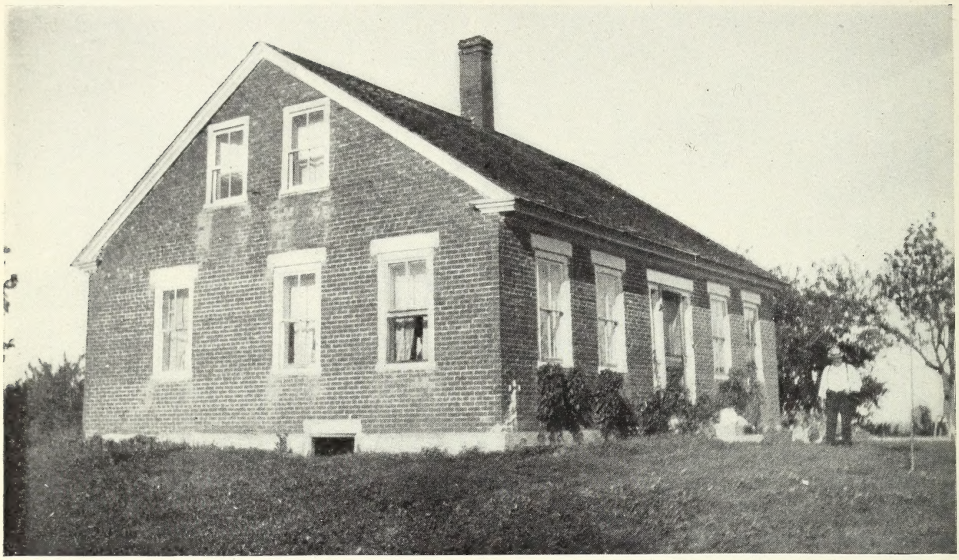
Letter from Daniel Webster to Dr. Morton, acknowledging him (on behalf of the Committee of the House) as the discoverer of ether as applied to surgery

"Taking the tube and flask, I shut myself up in my room, seated myself in the operating-chair, and commenced inhaling. I found the ether so strong that it partially suffocated me, but produced no decided effect. I then saturated my handkerchief and inhaled it from that. I looked at my watch and soon lost consciousness. As I recovered I felt a numbness in my limbs, with a sensation like nightmare, and would have given the world for some one to come and arouse me. I thought for a moment I should die in that state, and the world would only pity or ridicule my folly. At length I felt a slight tingling of the blood in the end of my third finger, and made an effort to touch it with my thumb, but without success. At a second effort, I touched it, but there seemed to be no sensation. I gradually raised my arm and pinched my thigh, but I could see that sensation was imperfect. I attempted to rise from my chair, but fell back. Gradually I regained power over my limbs, and full consciousness. I immediately looked at my watch, and found that I had been insensible between seven and eight minutes."

Morton was criticized for the daring spirit he showed in his experiments, and in the first public application of ether, and called reckless. Terrible things were prophesied as resulting from this spirit, particularly by Jackson, his greatest opponent, until after the danger was all over. Would less daring have brought to the world the priceless gift of painless surgery? Was n't it necessary for some one to dare? Did not Morton, from experiments he had already dared to perform, have a logical reason for the final and crucial tests?

Having thus demonstrated to himself the safety of inhaling ether to unconsciousness, and that it prevented pain, his joy was great. His wife mentions his excitement that night, and his intense desire for an opportunity to administer the ether to some person about to endure a painful operation. Strangely enough, the opportunity came that very evening after his experiment on himself.

Sometime after the usual office hours a man came to the office with his face bandaged and told Dr. Morton that he must have a tooth drawn, though, from prolonged inflammation and pain, it was so very sensitive that he dreaded to let the doctor touch it. Morton recognized the opportunity hoped for. The man (he was



House where Dr. Morton was born

Mr. Eben H. Frost, a musician, living at 42 Prince Street in Boston) said, "Can't you mesmerize me, Doctor? It is so sensitive!"

Dr. Morton assured him that he had something better than mesmerism, and, seating Mr. Frost in the operating-chair, he wet his handkerchief in ether and applied it to the patient's nose. He immediately became unconscious, and Dr. Morton extracted the tooth, which was a hard one to pull. Not a sign indicated that there was the least pain. When Mr. Frost recovered consciousness he was so surprised and delighted that the dreaded ordeal was all over, and so easily, that he shouted, "Glory! Hallelujah!"

This was on Sept. 30, 1846, at the office of Dr. Morton, 19 Tremont Row, and Mr. Frost gave Dr. Morton a certificate stating his experience, and that no unpleasant effects followed his inhalation of the ether. This was also signed as witnessed by two who assisted Morton at the time.

Following this, the ether was used in many other cases by Morton in the practice of dentistry, and with equal success. However, no one but him knew what was used to put the patient to sleep; and only comparatively few knew of it at all. A new era was dawning, but the great truth was still clouded. Although it is reported to have been well known among many of the dentists that Morton had something that would deaden pain, and even reported that the preparation, as it was then called, was used in surgery, it is also very certain that the physicians and surgeons were as a class entirely ignorant of its existence or sceptical of the effects claimed for it. With Dr. Morton remained the secret of its composition and use. No one else had made any successful pretensions to anything of the kind, and no one at that time was, so far as known, trying any experiments along that line.

At this stage of the experimentation it was proved that not only could this preparation be inhaled safely to insensibility, but that, while under its influence, persons did not feel the extraction of teeth or other operations said to have been performed.

In dentistry it was no doubt valuable. Would it render surgery painless? To answer this in the affirmative was the goal toward which the young discoverer now pressed. Yet, how was he, a common dentist, working at a business scarcely yet called a profession, to convince all the learned surgeons, who were, almost to a man, sceptical of the possibility of what he knew to be a fact? They had seen things tried before for which equally great results

had been confidently predicted, but all had ended in ignominious failure. Surely a crucial and public test of Morton's discovery must be made. And how?

Here, again, Morton's faith in his idea, his earnestness and courage, did not fail him. He sought an interview with Dr. J. C. Warren, then the senior surgeon at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, and asked that an opportunity might be given him to try the new substance in a case of capital surgery at the hospital. To his honor let it be said, Dr. Warren listened attentively, kindly saying, at the close of Morton's statements and request, that he had long wished for something of the kind Dr. Morton had described, but never found it, and should do all he could to further his wishes.

Shortly after this interview Morton received this note:

"*Dear Sir,* I write at the request of Dr. J. C. Warren, to invite you to be present on Friday morning, at 10 o'clock, at the hospital, to administer to a patient who is then to be operated upon the preparation which you have invented to diminish the sensibility to pain.

Yours respectfully,

C. F. HEYWOOD,

House Surgeon to the General Hospital.

Oct. 14, 1846.

Dr. Morton, Tremont Row."

Dr. Morton realized that the momentous time had arrived, and worked steadily during the next two days to get ready for the experiment, the exceeding importance of which to the world even he himself could not then have estimated.

The place in which this demonstration, destined to confer such a blessing on mankind, was to occur was the circular operating-room at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. Situated in the dome of the hospital, far from the wards, so that, it was said, the screams of the poor, tortured patients of ante-anæsthetic days might not be heard by the other patients. How soon was all this unnerving agony to be replaced by peaceful slumber, giving the surgeon liberty to use his utmost skill undisturbed! The room has been materially unchanged since that eventful day. The furniture, cases of instruments, seats, statue, mummy-case, have remained. Clinics are now held in the place.

Grouped on the terraced seats of this amphitheatre of pain were, this morning in October, 1846, an unusual number of medical men and students, attracted by the word which had gone around that Morton the dentist would administer to the patient of that morning his preparation for making painless the impending operation. The patient came in: a young man, Gilbert Abbott by name. From his neck was to be removed a tumor. Around him, as he took his place in the operating-chair, gathered the surgeons, the most skilful in New England.

Dr. J. C. Warren, the senior surgeon of the hospital, who was to perform the operation was the grandfather of Dr. J. Collins Warren, prominent as a Boston physician to-day; *his* grandfather was Dr. Joseph Warren, the patriot general killed at Bunker Hill. Dr. Isaac F. Galloupe, of Lynn, Mass., who is the only living witness of this scene, says that Dr. Warren waited a half-hour for Morton. There were many sneering remarks and looks during this time, and the students anticipated the fun of Morton's failure. Finally, looking around on the assembled company, Dr. Warren said, "Dr. Morton has not come; perhaps he has another engagement. We will proceed with the operation." At this very moment Morton entered, breathless, and red in the face from his great hurry.

The cause of his tardiness was his delay in preparing the inhaler, which may now be seen in the old operating-room at the hospital. On the previous day, October 15, Dr. Gould, a friend of Morton's, had suggested, says Dr. Galloupe, that valves be put into the inhaler to aid the elimination of expired air. At midnight, Morton had thought out the way of doing it; he then went to the house of Mr. Drake, a philosophical instrument-maker, rang him out of bed, hurried him to his shop, and induced him to make the required alterations, which took well into the next forenoon.

As Morton appeared with this glass instrument in his hand filled with the mysterious preparation, Dr. Warren said, "Your patient is ready." Without delay, and with no words, except a few of encouragement to Abbott, Morton proceeded to the in-

halation. The contents of the inhaler appeared bright red, he having used coloring-matter at first in his preparation.

It is probable that few present believed in the complete success of what he saw Morton use. Very soon, however, the young dentist had the great satisfaction of seeing the man pass into complete insensibility. Then he turned to Dr. Warren in his laconic way and said, simply, "*Your* patient is ready, sir."

Incredulity in the faces of the beholders had given place now to expressions of interest, which were intensified as Dr. Warren proceeded with the operation. The students and doctors were thunderstruck at what they saw. The silence was perfect. They got up on the backs of the seats, and those nearest were on their knees leaning over the rail in front. When he had finished the operation Dr. Warren turned to the company and said, impressively, his words intensified by the perfect stillness of the room, "Gentlemen, this is no humbug!"

Abbott declared, on fully recovering consciousness, that he had felt no pain whatever, and but little sensation toward the last of the operation, caused probably by the removal of the tube from his mouth. Congratulations for Morton followed, and it must have been a happy moment for the young dentist. He was only twenty-seven years old at this time. Dr. Galloupe describes Morton as tall, straight, dignified, and rather solemn in manner, with supreme self-control, laconic in speech, using fewest words possible.

Over the platform in John Ware Hall, in the Medical Library Building on the Fenway in Boston, hangs a large painting of this remarkable scene. It was executed by Mr. Robert Hinckley, the well-known artist of Washington, D. C. By him it was presented to the Medical Library. This was painted after the most careful study by Mr. Hinckley, many interviews with living witnesses, correspondence, and inspection of the place. Of course, the operation was before the days of photography, and only daguerreotypes were known then. A daguerreotype made later, with those participating in it as subjects and in about the same positions, has been many times reproduced. It has the merit of being made very soon after the operation, and the faces are actual portraits. Naturally, the element of surprise and intense interest belonging to the actual scene could n't be reproduced. Mr. Hinckley has endeavored to bring this out in his picture, as well as to make the portraits lifelike. They have been pronounced good by some of those who knew the men concerned. In this painting are also to be seen the terraced seats, just as they remain to-day, filled with the eager witnesses.

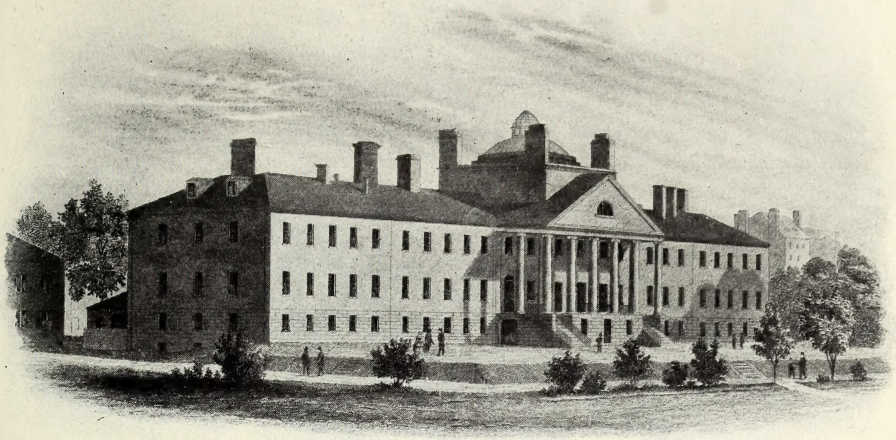
The news of the discovery of a way to render surgery painless spread quickly. Two of the papers of Boston, the *Post* and *Journal*, noted it.

[*From Boston Daily Journal, Oct. 17, 1846.*]

Successful Operation. Yesterday morning Dr. Morton, Dentist, No. 19 Tremont Row, at the invitation of Dr. Haywood, visited the McLean Hospital and administered his preparation to produce sleep to a person about to undergo the operation of the extraction of a tumor from the neck. We learn from a gentleman who conversed with one of our oldest and most respected physicians, who witnessed the operation, that the success of Dr. Morton's experiment was complete. The patient, sitting in a chair with everything made ready by Dr. Warren, who extracted the tumor, inhaled the preparation for a very brief space of time when he fell into a quiet slumber, and the surgeon proceeded to extract the tumor. The patient did not manifest the slightest symptoms of suffering, and no muscular action whatever. He appeared to be totally insensible to what was going on till very near the close of the operation, which was quite protracted, when he drew a long sigh. It is quite as much for the interest of the surgeon as for the patient that this preparation should be administered; for while it renders the latter insensible to the pain attending severe surgical operations, it affords the former the means of doing his work freed from all interruptions on the part of the patient, and gives him facilities for performing operations in the most expeditious manner.

After the momentous sixteenth of October, 1846, several other successful operations at the hospital under ether settled more firmly the fact of the discovery. In spite of all this, suddenly, however, the surgeons refused to use it, on the ground that, according to their rules, they could not use any secret remedies. As they did not know the composition of the red liquid used by Morton, and which had the smell of ether, they must decline its use in the hospital.

So, for three weeks, the previous torture method of operation was carried on. Then Morton, having by letter and in person satisfied the rigid professional etiquette by his



Massachusetts General Hospital (1846–47)

explanation that the agent used was simple sulphuric ether, only colored by harmless matter, was allowed to use it in a case of the amputation of a leg of a young woman named Alice Mohan, Nov. 7, 1846. The success of this operation was greater than that of the first in the complete and continued insensibility to all feeling.

Although now publicly demonstrated beyond all possibility of doubting, to those who witnessed the operation, the news that at length painless surgery was at hand was received with incredulity in many quarters. Some of the leading medical papers of the country ridiculed it, and accused the Boston surgeons of being victims of a trick.

A meeting of the dentists of Boston was called, and a committee of seven appointed to take "measures to suppress the growing evil" (?) of painless surgery. Other dentists and physicians made war on this "quackery," as they called it. And these men held high places in their professions, too. Even religious scruples were advanced against it, to the effect that pain should be borne as discipline. But, of course, the great discovery became known more and more, and its use was everywhere successful.

Dr. Galloupe states that soon after October 16 Morton's preparation was used in a case of cautery in which no pain whatever was felt. Dr. Warren said that this was the severest test possible, and proved the complete success of the fluid as effecting painless surgery. Dr. Cotting, one of those students present at the first operation, relates that, as the young men left the operating-room that morning of Oct. 16, 1846, one of the foremost of them called to him and said, "This is a big *thing*. Whoever gets astride of this horse first may ride around the world! I'm going to try it."

Of course the new method won its way over all opposition. It was n't long in getting over the ocean to Europe.

Such is the story of the discovery, and introduction to the world, of the way to overcome pain. Morton called the fluid he used "Letheon," at first. But Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes suggested the word "anæsthetic" for the means which produced insensibility, and "anæsthesia" as the name of the state produced — terms now in common use.

Does it not seem that the man who revealed this great truth to the world should be rewarded generously, and his discovery received with gratitude? It would be pleasant to so record it. Such was not the case while he lived.

The wife of Dr. Morton has left her testimony that her husband never lived a happy

life after his discovery was given to the world. He spent the rest of his days in the endeavor to establish his claim to the name, and remuneration from the government, for the knowledge he had made universal. Advised by two of the most prominent lawyers of the day, Cushing and Choate, to patent his discovery, he did so, but not with the idea of withholding such a gift from man, to whom it belonged. His idea was the regulation of it. But in after-years this was misconstrued and used as an instrument against him. It is a fact that even almost at the issuance of the patent ether became general in its use, and the government disregarded its own patent in the use of it in the Mexican War.

It is the purpose of this article to state the practical history of anæsthesia, not to reopen the intensely bitter controversy which involved and ruined Morton. It is only necessary to remember that up to Oct. 16, 1846, the world did not know what Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes named "anæsthesia." However, very soon after the promulgation of the fact by Morton, Oct. 16, 1846, claimants sprang up and asserted that they knew all about it, and to them belonged the honor of discovery. Chief of these were Dr. Horace Wells, of Hartford, Conn., and Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston—the former, a dentist; the latter, a chemist, physician, and scientist of ability. Both had been associated with Morton for a time.

As a consequence of the specious reasoning advanced by these, the public became confused, and even medical societies, both here and abroad, were divided in their opinions. Entering into the struggle of many years to prove his claim, Morton lost all and became poor.

Although the government of his own country persistently refused him recognition, and remuneration for the patent it had given him, and which had been continually violated by the use of ether in the army and navy, the governments of other countries did confer upon him decorations and medals. From Russia he received the cross of the Order of St. Vladimer; from Norway, and Sweden, the Cross of the Order of Vasa.

The French Academy of Arts and Sciences sent him the Montyon prize, which was a gold medal.

The Massachusetts General Hospital has always acknowledged him as the discoverer of anæsthesia, and its surgeons were foremost in attempts to secure for him proper recognition from the government, and remuneration. From the hospital he received a silver casket containing one thousand dollars. In 1851 a memorial and petition was presented to Congress on Morton's behalf. This memorial was signed by over three hundred of the most eminent physicians of Boston and Massachusetts. Though ineffective, it shows who gave to Morton proper credit for his discovery.

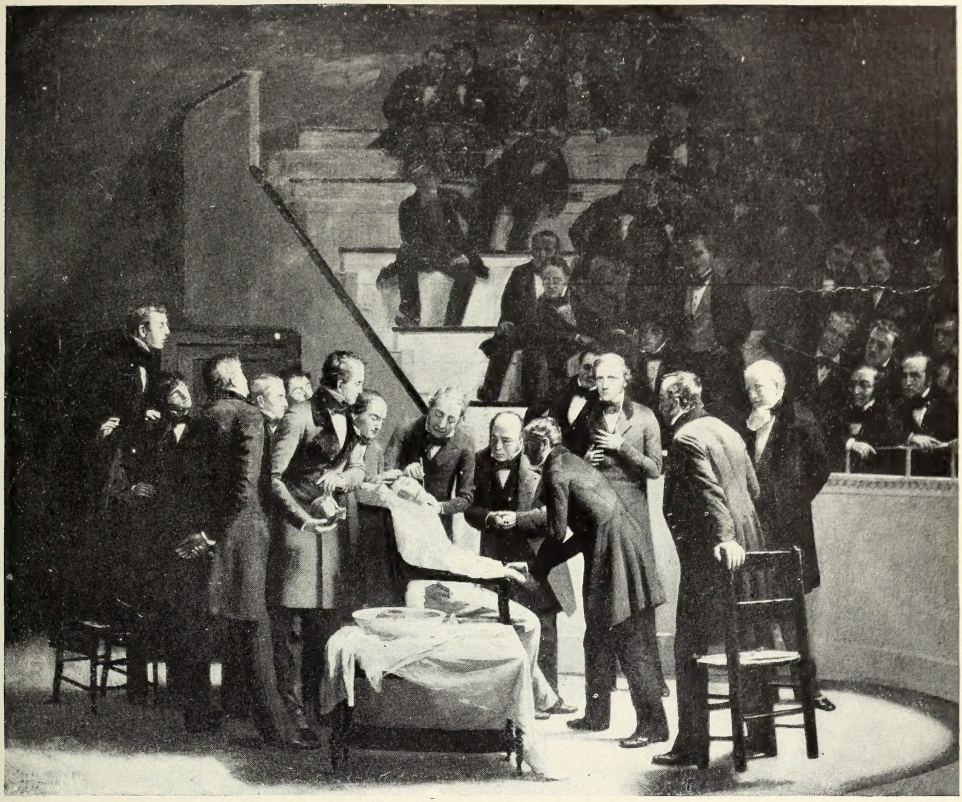
Committee after committee of Congress, six in all, reported in his favor; but each time opposition and other business delayed action before adjournment.

Dr. Morton was stricken with apoplexy and died in New York, July 15, 1868, at the age of forty-eight. His wife tells, in her article, of his suddenly losing consciousness as they rode toward Washington Heights that evening. As soon as possible he was carried to St. Luke's Hospital, where the physicians unsuccessfully used their skill to revive him. The chief surgeon recognized him at once, and, turning to some students who were present, said, "Young gentlemen, you see lying before you a man who has done more for humanity, and for the relief of suffering, than any man who has ever lived."

A suitable monument to this public benefactor stands over his grave in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Mass. It was erected by citizens of Boston. On it is the following inscription:

WILLIAM T. G. MORTON
Inventor and revealer of anesthetic inhalation
Before whom, in all time, surgery was agony
By whom pain in surgery was averted and annulled
Since whom science has control of pain.

Dr. Morton's name is on the Boylston Street side of the Boston Public Library Memorial Tablets; it is also in the list of the fifty-three most famous citizens of Massachusetts, whose names appear upon the base of the dome of the Representatives' Chamber in the State-house at Boston. These were selected "in such a way that they shall either mark an epoch, or desig-



The first operation with ether, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Oct. 16, 1846.
Painting by Robert Hinckley

nate a man who has turned the course of events."

On the silver box containing the gift of the Massachusetts General Hospital to him are these words: "He has become poor in a cause which has made the world his debtor." Dr. William James Morton, his son, says: "The discovery of surgical anæsthesia, while a boon to the world, was a tragedy to its author, and to his family."

At the semi-centennial celebration of anæsthesia held at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Oct. 16, 1896, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell read a poem, a stanza of which expresses Morton's reception by the world:

How did we thank him? Ah! no joy-bells rang,
No pæans greeted, and no poet sang,
No cannon thundered from the guarded strand
This mighty victory to a grateful land!
We took the gift, so humbly, simply given,
And, coldly selfish, left our debt to heaven.
How shall we thank him? Hush! a gladder hour
Has struck for him; a wiser, juster Power
Shall know full well how fitly to reward
The generous soul that found the world so hard.

Since this first celebration every returning October 16 has been marked at this hospital by some celebration. And it is the intention to continue this; moreover, the authorities of the Massachusetts General Hospital suggest to and urge upon those in charge of hospitals everywhere, the celebration of October 16 as "Ether Day," the day on which Morton proclaimed freedom from the awful, indescribable horrors of old-time surgery.

To enter into detail here of the bitter controversy which engrossed twenty years of Morton's life, wrecking the happiness, prospects, and fortune of himself and family, would be impossible and unnecessary.

The great fact is that he revealed to all

mankind the truth that ether, when inhaled, safely produces insensibility, during which surgical operations can be performed deliberately and without pain. Now that the battle of the claimants is over and the smoke has cleared away, the world is generally awarding to him the honor which is his due, and pronouncing him "blessed."

In regard to those who disputed Morton's claim, it is true that they were students and investigators, and as such deserve credit. But doubtless others, never heard of, deserve as much. They *claimed* previous knowledge of the effects of ether. But the world did not know it, and it is very certain never would have known it from their efforts.

Burton says:

> To know a thing and not to express it
> Is all one as if he knew it not.

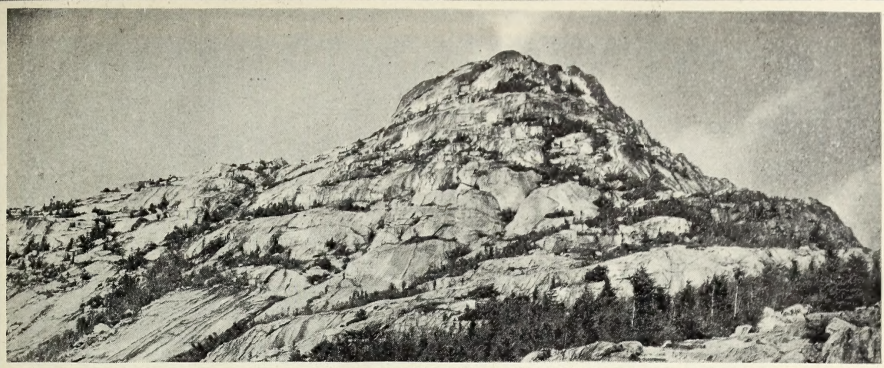
Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, of Boston, a very prominent surgeon, who was at the first operation and probably Morton's best friend in his efforts says in his book, "Ether and Chloroform," published in 1848, that "he who *verifies* the suggestion is the real discoverer. Dr. Morton *did* verify the suggestion, from whatever source it emanated. He assumed the responsibility of danger. He first conclusively demonstrated of ether (1) that it would always produce insensibility to pain; (2) that it was safe. These two points constitute the discovery. Dr. Morton demonstrated these two points, and *no one else did.*" And Dr. Bigelow goes on to say that this knowledge, thus demonstrated, had not been preëstablished.

Ether Monument, Public Gardens, Boston

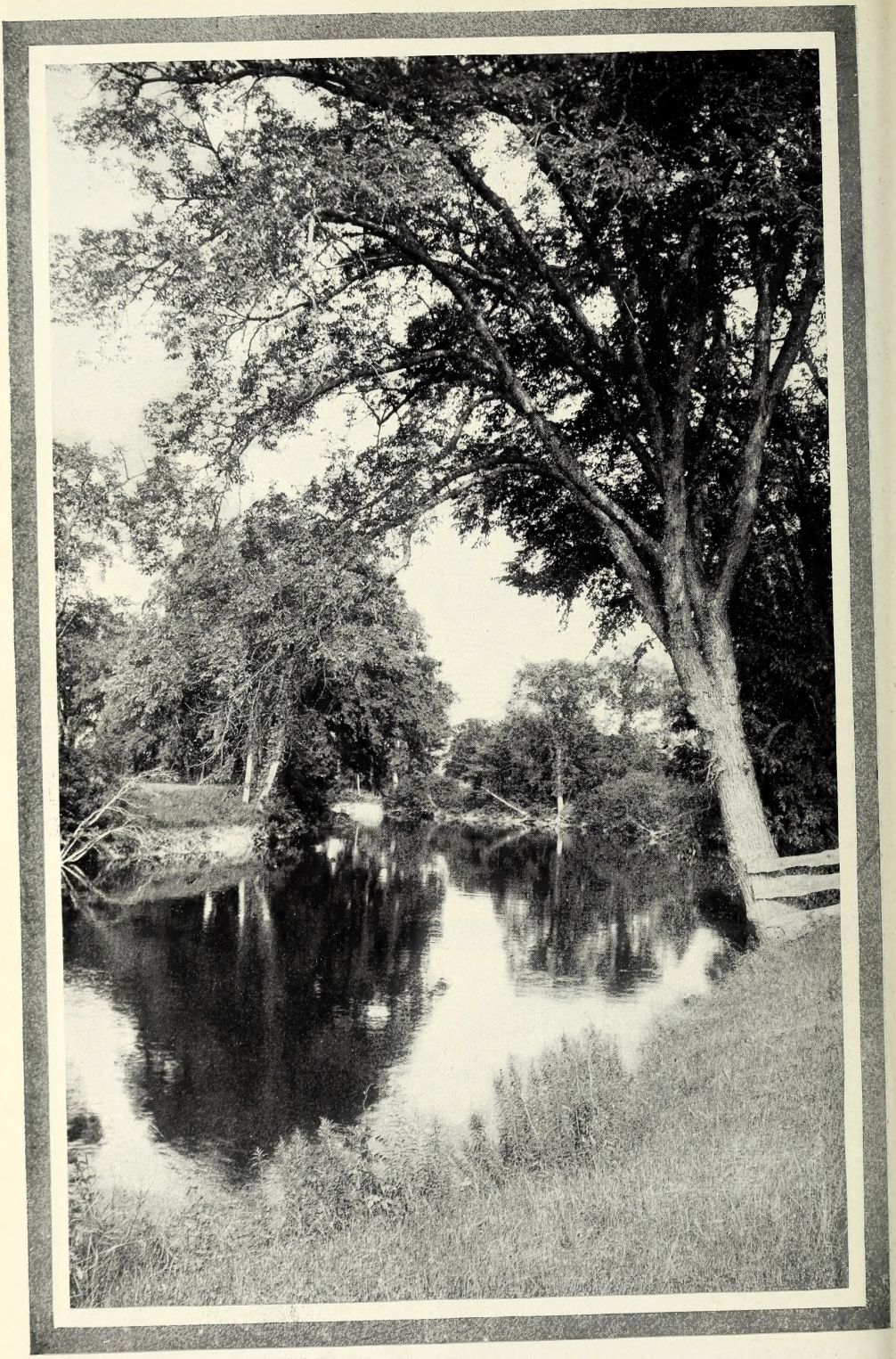
The monument in the Boston Public Gardens bears no name except that of the donor of it. But it does commemorate Dr. Morton's deed, if not his name, in the inscription: "First proved to the world at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, October, 1846." Let us hope that public opinion will some day force the placing of Morton's name, as well as the record of his deed, here.

The monument also bears this inscription and scriptural prophecy: "Neither shall there be any more pain."

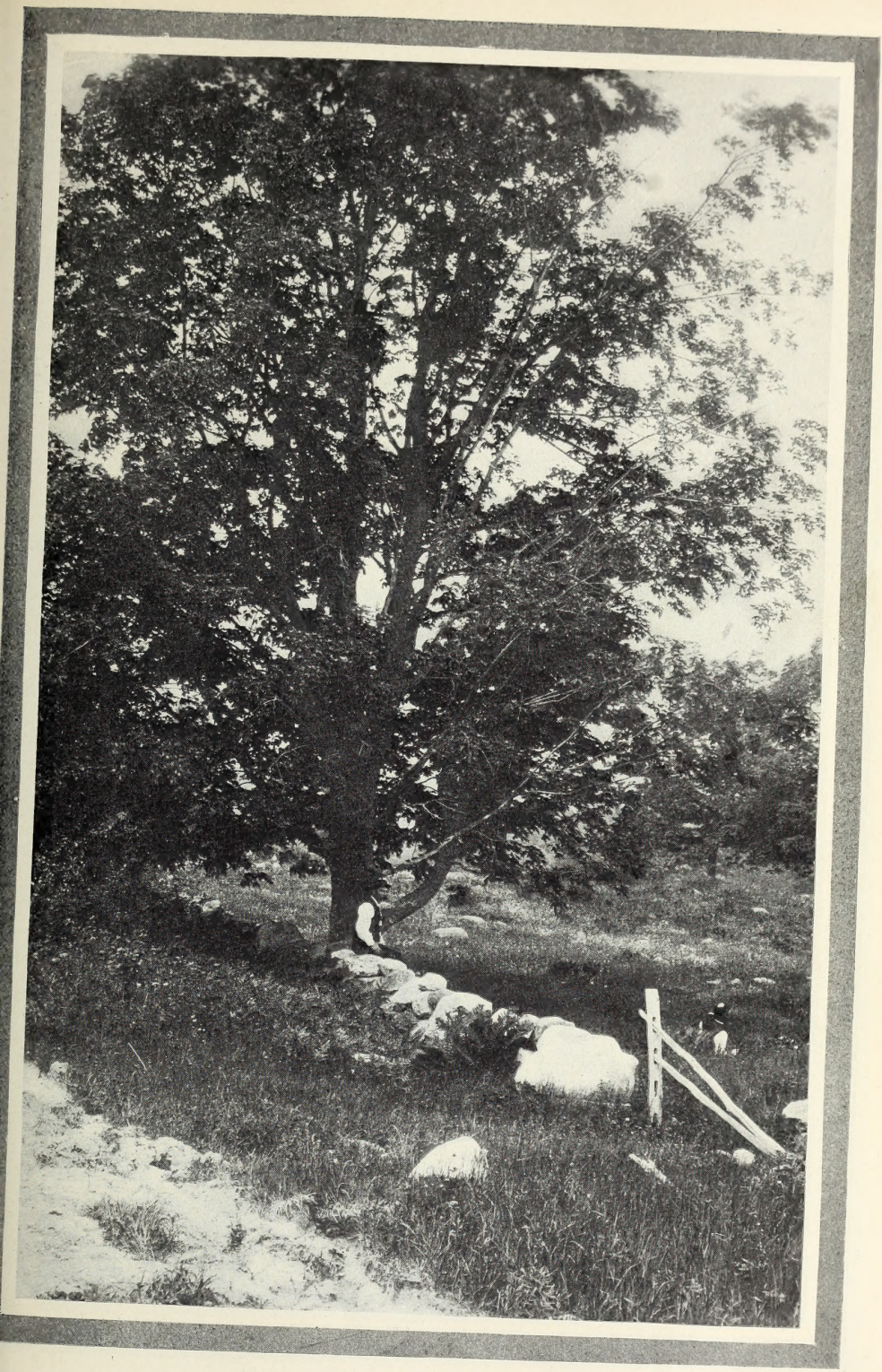
To the fulfilment of this on earth, William Thomas Green Morton gave his life.



Beautiful New England



THE GRACEFUL ELM SUGGESTS A HUMAN HABITATION NEAR BY

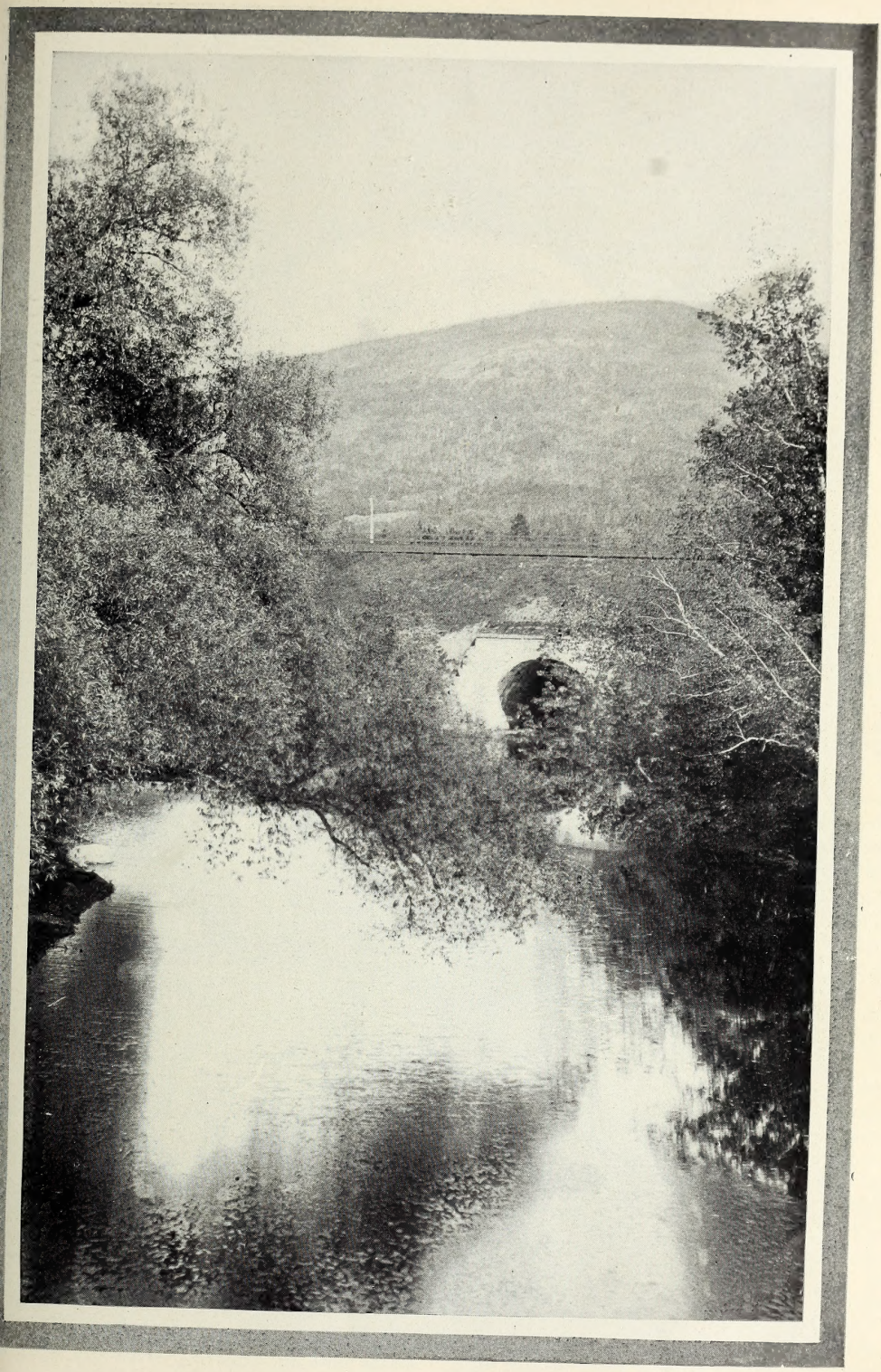


AN INVITING SPOT IN WHICH TO REST

WHERE WATERS MURMUR PLEASANTLY

THE GREAT WILLOW THROWS A FRIENDLY SHADE ON THE DUSTY HIGHWAY

As in a mirror



WHERE THE BRANCHES MEET ABOVE THE QUIET WATER

TIMOTHY E. BYRNES

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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WHAT NEW ENGLAND SAYS ON THE PROPOSED RAILROAD MERGER

A Symposium by T. E Byrnes, Louis D. Brandeis, Norman H. White, Hon. Rollin O. Woodruff, Hon. William E. Chandler, William T. Haines, Dr. Fenner H. Peckham, and Howard O. Sturges

INDUSTRY AND THE RAILROADS

By TIMOTHY E. BYRNES

Vice President N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Co.

THERE is an old proverb which advises the cobbler to stick to his last. An early modern economist, Adam Smith, offered like sagacious counsel to whole peoples; and since the canny Scotchman's day what really original improvements have the professors added to that fundamental thought? Let each nation, taught the author of "The Wealth of Nations," engage, like each craftsman, in the occupation in which his natural advantages fit him to excel. Through specialization excellence comes, through excellence, markets, through markets, wealth and civilization.

In contemplating the material aspects of New England, I am struck by nothing more than the necessity of heeding the proverb-maker and the father of modern political economy. I yield to no one in rosy hopefulness as to the possible industrial and commercial future of New England. But success here and now, as everywhere and always, imposes conditions. And it seems to me clear that the prime essential is a practical recognition of what our advantages are, as well as our limits, to the end that we may engage in such pursuits as our situation and our environment foreordain us to.

It was my good fortune a short time ago to break bread with a distinguished Massachusetts scholar, the grandson of one president and the great-grandson of another, Mr. Brooks Adams. Rome fell, Mr. Adams tells us in his searching work, "The New Empire," not because of her social vices, but because the mines gave out, and the people were too "intellectually rigid" to develop manufactures and commerce. New England's mine — which has been the American market in certain coarse and medium grade staples — has not given out, but she has lost her monopoly of it. Sappers can be heard drilling through on the other side of the hill. The Carolinas and Georgia and Missouri and Tennessee have staked claims and are smelting some of the ore. This is disturbing; it portends flux; old purposes and methods no longer suffice to meet conditions of the new era. Yet the only real danger of permanent embarrassment lies in our own minds. If we prove intellectually flexible, or, as the typewriter salesman says, "resilient," there will be more people within a fifty-mile radius from Boston in twenty years

than from Chicago, just as there are to-day, and people unspeakably richer and more enlightened than any similar number of inhabitants in the world.

We are to "live by our wits." In the production of any complex commodity there is one last finishing touch which is "the most particular" of all, which requires the most highly skilled artisan, and for which the largest item of the final cost is added. It is for New England to put on such finishing touches. It is for our people to collect from the ends of the earth "completed raw material," apply a little deftness and taste, add hot salesmanship, and serve. Our mine, field, and forest is the world, our market the globe. Does Charleston produce the sailcloth formerly our pride? We will sell dimities for shirtwaists to the South Carolina weaver maids. Does South Carolina learn to weave dimities? Then her people will be rich enough to buy figured silks and brocaded satins "designed and made in Massachusetts."

On a hill in the southern part of this Commonwealth I found not long ago a factory producing more optical goods than any other in the world. What advantages has Southbridge for making optical goods? Skill, habit, experience, and good results. In many little towns of New England industries of exclusive and special type are waiting for somebody to come along and give them a lift, to tell them perhaps something about markets, routing, and modern methods of competition. Do you know how Pennsylvania came to go into the silk-weaving business? The women and girls in the families of the iron and steel operatives wanted a light and agreeable employment. One was found for them. Many New England towns are in need of industries to employ a partly unused labor market and thus supplement crafts already there. If the Secretary of Agriculture searches the jungles for seed which will sprout on Uncle Sam's prairies, valleys, and hillsides, who shall hunt the wide earth for materials which can be profitably carried to Boston, converted into something tasteful which will fetch a high price, and wafted abroad again like the fluff of the thistle ball, to spread the name and style of New England to all peoples?

Whom do you find doing any task? He, to be sure, who can make the most out of doing it. It has come to be recognized in regions where the fight for existence has been harder than New England's that the scatterer of fertilizer, the big brother to infant industries, the helping hand in general, is the railroad; for the transportation company, like the real estate agent and the builder, thrives only if business is expanding.

Some time ago we learned that a large establishment at Walpole contemplated removal. Upon inquiry it was found that a simple readjustment of routing would keep the plant where it was. Incidentally our company was able to sell the mill land, which it needed for an extension, and the capacity has since then been doubled. New Bedford, by specializing in cotton goods of the finest grades, has built up a score of the most successful industrial concerns in the country. The mill managers requested the New Haven to construct an industrial track running past all establishments. Our company acceded with enthusiasm, and the necessary elimination of grade crossings preliminary to the improvement is now going forward.

On every part of the system there are doubtless opportunities to help producers increase their output, thus enriching the community, fostering wholesale trade for Boston, and benefiting the railroad. Enterprising manufacturers deserve help, others need it. To both the railroad extends the use of its resources.

Two or three years ago the representative of a financial house asked Mr. Mellen how he would view a Cape Cod canal — that project which I suppose was first urged by Captain Myles Standish and has been opposed ever since by rival carriers. "If it will help New England business, and I believe it will," said Mr. Mellen, "I am in favor of it." This is the golden text. If anything will help New England business the New Haven railroad is in favor of it; and this is a policy of the highest selfishness, not one of altrurian philanthropy.

"WE NEED MORE MINDS, NOT FEWER"

By Louis D. Brandeis

The three main objections to the merger are these:

It would create a monopoly of all transportation in New England,— railroad, electric, and steamship. It would create a system too large to be efficiently and economically managed. It would create a corporation so large as to be dangerous to the political integrity of Massachusetts.

The dangers of monopoly are generally appreciated, but the loss of efficiency attendant upon our monster business organizations is commonly overlooked.

For every business concern there must be a limit of greatest efficiency. What that limit is differs under varying conditions; but it is clear that an organization may be too large for efficient and economical management, just as it may be too small. The disadvantages attendant upon size may outweigh the advantages.

Louis D. Brandeis

Man's works have in many instances outrun the capacity of the individual man. For no matter how good the organization, the capacity of an individual man must ordinarily determine the success of a particular enterprise, not only financially to the owners, but in service to the community. Organization can do much to make possible larger efficient units; but organization can never be a substitute for initiative and for judgment. These must be supplied by the chief executive officers, and nature sets a limit to their possible accomplishment. Any transportation system which is called upon not merely to operate, but to develop its facilities, makes heavy demands upon its executive officers for initiative and for the exercise of sound judgment. And New England needs most emphatically development of its transportation facilities.

To aid in this development, we need more minds, not fewer.

Massachusetts has had and is having a lesson on the evils of too large units, which should not readily be overlooked, namely, the wretched service of the Boston & Albany Railroad. Even in mere operation that railroad has failed egregiously as compared with its condition prior to its lease to the New York Central. The Boston & Albany, which ten years ago was recognized as the model railroad, so that the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific had emblazoned upon its banner, "The Boston & Albany of the West," has under this mania for consolidation reached such a degree of deterioration that hardly a man in Massachusetts has escaped the consequences. And what is the cause of this fall? Not, I submit, intentional neglect on the part of the New York Central officials, of the interests of Massachusetts or the comfort of its patrons; not a settled purpose on the part of the management to prefer other communities to our own. The wretched service is due, in the main, at least, to the fact that the New York

Central system is greater than the administrative capacity of its executive officers. From that overgrowth, its finances, its service, and its patrons have alike suffered. And we may be sure that if we spread the ability of the New Haven management over a larger field, we shall get, not better, but worse service throughout the whole territory.

We must not be misled by the idea that this is an age of consolidation, and that the manifest destiny is to be all consolidated. If Mr. Byrnes's arguments were true and sound, they should prevail equally for the whole of the United States. We might as well have one railroad system for the whole country. We should always remember this: A consolidation may be a good thing or it may be a bad thing. A combination may grow more efficient, or it may grow less efficient, by growing larger.

Let us not imagine either that the obvious evil attendant upon a monopoly of all transportation and an overgrown concern can be prevented by regulation. The limits of effective regulation are soon reached; and in no event can there be efficient regulation where there is not an efficient instrument to be regulated. Our Massachusetts Railroad Commission has long had the reputation of being the best Railroad Commission in the country, as it was the first to be inaugurated. But our Commission has been absolutely powerless to prevent in the case of the Boston & Albany Railroad even continuing deterioration. To prevent deterioration ought not to be a very serious problem. But the mere prevention of deterioration is not what we want,— we want improvement; we must have continuous development of transportation facilities; we want men to think, and think hard and continuously how they may help develop Massachusetts,— and not have their thoughts and interests primarily in Connecticut or New York.

Mr. Byrnes says that the New Haven is a Massachusetts road; that we own forty per cent of the stock and sixty per cent of its other securities. To my mind there is nothing so humiliating in this whole situation as that fact which he mentions. For, although we do own sixty per cent of the securities and forty per cent of the stock, nearly, we are absolutely powerless to control or seriously influence the management of the New Haven. There are twenty-four directors of the company; Massachusetts, with its great ownership of stock and bonds, has two, and the influence of those two on the Board of twenty-four, is, I venture to say, quite in proportion to their number.

It is sought to support this transportation monopoly by referring to certain existing well-operated local monopolies in lighting or gas or street railways. But this analogy is delusive. In the first place a local gas company may have a monopoly of gas, but it has not a monopoly of lighting. It has the competition of electric light and the competition of oil. But there is, furthermore, this marked difference: A local monopoly, like a gas company or electric light company or a street railway company, is simply a servant of the state, its creature, wholly subject to the control of the state within which it is situated, wholly dependent for its prosperity upon the particular community which it serves, and in Massachusetts subject at all times to being terminated by the authority which created it.

The street railways of Massachusetts, and the gas and electric light companies of Massachusetts, so far as they are monopolies, are performing practically, as agents of the state, public functions during good behavior. If they do not properly serve the community, the community may at any time terminate their franchises without even paying compensation. The right to run street railways in our public streets, the right to lay gas pipes or electric light wires, is a license merely, and is subject at all times to termination by the state and municipal authorities. There is no resemblance between such a monopoly of service covering a specific agency and the proposed New Haven monopoly of all transportation, a monopoly which claims rights under the laws of other states, and has asserted, though operating only in Massachusetts, that it is free from the restrictions imposed by the Massachusetts law. As its business is largely interstate

commerce, it is, moreover, free to a great extent from all state control. Furthermore, even in respect to these local service monopolies, Massachusetts recognized long ago that legislation was necessary to protect our people from the abuses incident to their being controlled by foreign corporations.

The officials of the New Haven seem very loath to admit that they are seeking a monopoly for New England of all transportation. They say that what they desire is to find some way in which that company as a large stockholder of the Boston & Maine may exert the influence which a large or a majority stockholder should exert. But see what that really means. It means for northern New England what has happened in southern New England. Practically every railroad in Connecticut and Rhode Island, every trolley line in Connecticut and Rhode Island, every steamship line which in any way connects New England with any point on the Atlantic coast, with the exception of one now in the hands of a receiver,— every one of those lines has passed into the control of the New Haven,— not by accident, not because wicked and designing bankers have "held up" the company, but because the New Haven has with the deliberate and persistent purpose of extinguishing at any cost any competition in transportation, gone forward to overcome competition by buying where they could buy, and destroying where they could not buy.

We who oppose the merger propose legislation which shall compel the New Haven to dispose of the Boston & Maine stock which it has acquired without authority under our law, and shall also prevent such a disposition of that stock as would result in Massachusetts losing control of the Boston & Maine system.

The New Haven officials argue the impotency of New England in regard to what exists west of the Hudson River. If the New Haven had spent upon a line west of the Hudson River one half of the money which it has spent and the obligations which it has incurred in subjecting to absolute monopoly all of southern New England we could in New England be independent of the trunk lines. One hundred and fifty and more millions of dollars of the New Haven money have gone into forging the chains of monopoly in southern New England. It was not necessary to acquire all the trolleys in Rhode Island and Connecticut and in southern Massachusetts and in southern New York State.

The New Haven was so eager for these trolleys that their latest trolley acquisitions in Connecticut stand at $153,000 a mile of track,— that their Rhode Island trolleys stand at $142,000 per mile of track,— while we in Massachusetts cannot earn reasonable dividends upon roads similarly situated constructed at a cost of $48,000 per mile of track. The money that has gone into those acquisitions, and into the steamship lines, would have built us a trunk line, not to Buffalo, but to Chicago, and the whole of the West would have been open to us. But the New Haven had no desire so to free New England. Its desire has been to control all transportation in the New England states.

Mr. Mellen promises, if he effects a merger, to give us better rates between northern and southern New England. We have heard just that sort of siren song before. I say, in the first place, that we may judge the future by the past. For instance, before the New Haven controlled southern New England, as it controls it now, we had a differential, not of five cents, but of ten cents, and the New Haven compelled the differential roads to reduce their differential from ten cents to five cents.

The New Haven officials state that if they do not get the Boston & Maine they fear for the independence of the New Haven. We fear that this movement to acquire the Boston & Maine is a device of the trunk lines, not to get the New Haven on which they already exert an extraordinary influence, but by getting the Boston & Maine to deprive us of that little independence which we have. That independence is due wholly to the existence of two Canadian lines, the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific, which these gentlemen, by community of interest, who control the trunk lines, are

trying, through the New Haven, to obliterate. That independence is all that is left to us since the New Haven has taken control of the Merchants' & Miners' Transportation Company.

We must ask ourselves: Is there hope of industrial development from such a monopoly? Is there prospect in it of relief from our present unsatisfactory situation? The only safeguard against the evils of monopoly which is proposed is that the railroads may be trusted for their enlightened "self-interest" to do what is best for the community. If that were a safeguard there would not to-day be a "Railroad Problem."

We in America have found out that in spite of the extraordinary ability of the railroad managers, the community must look out for itself, just as the community must look out for itself in *other* ways. It had to look out for itself in the matter of insurance, and the insurance company officials said that the community knew nothing about insurance. The politicians thought the civil service reformers knew nothing about political organization. Still the community must protect itself if it is to find salvation; and the situation to-day is such that the people of northern New England must refuse to abdicate to the railroad officials their right to reason concerning their own welfare.

We must not be misled by specious arguments and fair promises. We must remember the *past* of the New Haven, its political past, and bear in mind that if this monopoly is once perfected, Massachusetts cannot control under *any* circumstances; that Massachusetts will be a state within a corporation, as Connecticut is now a state within the New Haven, and as New Hampshire has been a state within the Boston & Maine.

REASONS FOR PREVENTING THE MERGER

By NORMAN H. WHITE, *Representative for Brookline*

I BELIEVE that immediate action should be taken by the people of Massachusetts through their representatives in the legislature to prevent the control of all our transportation systems from falling into the hands of people alien to our New England interests and traditions. Under the "Cole bill," unless legislation shall be passed before the first of July of the present year inhibiting further acquisition of the stock of Massachusetts steam and electric railroads by outsiders, and compelling the restitution of such properties as have been acquired in violation of the law, the merger of the New Haven and the Boston & Maine systems will be an accomplished fact, and New England's entire transportation falls into the lap of the New Haven. This means control of all transportation, trolleys, coastwise steamships, and steam railroads.

Thus will have been formed, largely in defiance of existing statutes, one of the most gigantic monopolies this country has known — one which cannot be adequately regulated by any one American state and which in many of its departments cannot be regulated by the national government under the interstate commerce laws. Issues concerning Massachusetts will be decided by a directorate whose interests lie outside of Massachusetts.

The resulting consolidation of enterprises will be so large that hardly any one personality, however powerful, can properly grasp the details to the end of efficient management. The risk of deterioration of service as a consequence of the physical impossibility of competent and interested leadership will therefore be imminent, if the merger is permitted. This great consolidation, further, will start on its career so burdened by overcapitalization as a consequence of excessive prices paid for subsidiary properties that a permanent tax must be placed for many years to come upon the earning capacity of every man, woman, and child in New England. To sanction the merger means parting with our birthright in return for — if not "a mess of pottage,"

let us at least say a bowl of Mellen's food for babes and sucklings!

No more vital question, it has rightly been said, has come up for the decision of the people of Massachusetts since the Civil War than this matter of the merger. Irrespective of their party affiliations or their general philosophies of life all honest and patriotic citizens, it seems to me, should see it to be their immediate duty to oppose the program of consolidated inefficiency.

NORMAN H. WHITE

Those who, accepting the present conditions of commerce and industry believe that there has been and still is a certain virtue in having business units so small that a single personality can effectively dominate each unit — who think, in other words, that it is good to let a man take in hand a comparatively small enterprise and work his hardest in building it up — must look with keenest regret upon the passing of all the transportation lines of New England into the jurisdiction of an autocrat. I maintain that there is a natural limit of efficiency upon the size of every enterprise. This limitation in the case of the national government may be somewhat overcome by the use of the departmental system, but it is often painfully in evidence as the inertia of governmental agencies is contrasted with the celerity of private enterprise. Now if the proposed merger should be established a proposition bigger than the national government was a few years ago, would be created, with very few protective checks except such as imposed by "enlightened self-interest" — too often proved an ineffectual motive these days when jobs have been created too big for any man to fill adequately!

Even those socialistically inclined, who hold that social progress in the direction of organized unity should run along ethical rather than mechanical lines, must believe that to permit the merger would be putting a premium upon unethical conduct. Against the proposed consolidation may be alleged primarily the underhand manner in which negotiations and arrangements have been effected — the persistent violations of the plain intent of laws on the statute books, the use of subterfuges designed by clever lawyers for evading the spirit of the law and contravening the letter of it, with a secrecy with which real purposes have hidden under apparent frankness, and a policy of non-interference and bravado!

The thing to be reiterated is that the fight has not been conducted "on the square" by President Mellen and his subordinates. A policy of violent aggression and devious subterfuge rather than of dispassionate argument and of openly announced action has prevailed.

During three years, for example, prior to June, 1906, in plain violation of laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the New Haven, without even asking permission, acquired some five hundred miles of trolley lines in Massachusetts. Apart from questions of exorbitant purchasing prices paid and of the business efficiency of managements thus created

the fact stands out that chances were taken on the possibility that the law covering such acquisitions might be declared not to apply to a Connecticut corporation! Possession, as in the old adage, is nine points of the law in the sight of the New Haven directors!

Legislation designed to permit steam railroads to absorb trolley systems was refused by the Massachusetts legislatures of 1905 and 1906, with the great and evident approval of Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., who wrote:

"I congratulate you on the defeat of a measure that would have sanctioned the possible consolidation of all transportation in Massachusetts under the control of a single corporation. The present railroad situation, however, is most unjust and inequitable. Our steam railroad system is forbidden to meet the competition of electric street car lines by purchase or control of their stock, but another controlled by men who are not citizens of Massachusetts is not only permitted to exercise that privilege, but is exerting it to-day to such an extent that healthy competition in western Massachusetts is already throttled.

"Slowly, surely, the control of our own railroads, the control of the passage to market of every Massachusetts product, the control of the transportation to and from his work of every Massachusetts citizen is passing from our hands to those of aliens.

"I therefore urge upon you with all the strength that is in me the passage of some legislation giving relief from this grave injustice. Let Massachusetts announce that transportation within her borders is in the future to be controlled by the people of Massachusetts, and not by men beyond the reach of her law and the inspiration of her ideals."

The rest of the story of the New Haven's breach of faith with the state of Massachusetts will bear brief rehearsal. Assurance was given that the management of the corporation had no intention whatsoever of disobeying the laws, but that believing a Connecticut corporation not to be subject to such regulations as applied to the Boston & Maine, a Massachusetts corporation, it should welcome a suit brought by the attorney-general to test the validity of the statute.

So that members of the legislature and others interested might be certain of a policy of inaction on the New Haven's part during the period in which the matter was still unsettled, the following letter was written by the counsel of the New Haven company to the chairman of the legislative committee in charge of the negotiations:

June 27, 1906.

Representative Joseph Walker, Esq.

MY DEAR MR. WALKER: I have communicated with Mr. Mellen by telephone and got from him the following:

"Mr. Mellen authorizes Mr. Choate to state to the legislature that he will not enter upon further acquisitions in Massachusetts other than those already contracted for, or build any trolley lines except such as are now under actual construction, until such time as the merger question has been settled.

"Mr. Mellen is willing, if the Committee desires it, to furnish a list of properties already contracted for or under construction, to avoid any future misunderstanding."

Yours truly,

(Signed) CHARLES F. CHOATE, JR.

This could only be understood as a solemn promise. Did the New Haven Company live up to it? On the contrary, regardless of Mr. Mellen's promises the company subsequently bought directly four street railway companies in Massachusetts and indirectly acquired still others through the Providence Securities Company. *All this while it was busily obtaining a stock interest in the Boston & Maine Railroad, and this acquirement was made in face of above conditions with greatest secrecy, and entirely beyond the knowledge or suspicion of the legislature!*

These persistent infractions of the law as well as the persistent disregard which has been shown of inquiries and statements made by reputable citizens of the Commonwealth constitute in my mind one of the most powerful arguments against this particular merger, even if one were inclined to look with favor upon the general conception of a merger under well-meaning and straightforward management.

The Massachusetts Anti-Merger League, the observant citizen will note, includes in its management and membership men

of the highest business and professional standing, men whose good will and co-operation the New Haven road, if it felt itself absolutely right in its undertakings, should seemingly wish to conciliate in every way possible. At the head of the organization is Charles H. Jones, president of the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Company, a director in the First National Bank of Boston and prominent in a number of important commercial enterprises. The secretary of the League is ex-representative George L. Barnes, of South Weymouth, a lawyer of excellent professional reputation.

On the statistical and investigating side the greatest contribution to the Anti-Merger movement has been made by Louis D. Brandeis, Boston attorney. The story of Mr. Brandeis' work for the welfare of the community in which he has lived since his graduation from the Harvard Law School, in 1877, is too well known to need more than bare reference. His power of constructive mind suggested the practical plan in accordance with which the city of Boston owns its subways, now leased to the Boston Elevated Railway Company on terms advantageous both to the municipality and to the company. The complicated tangle involving the gas plants of greater Boston was a short time ago straightened out by Mr. Brandeis's scheme for the adaptation of the sliding scale principle. The law just become operative, as lately described in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, under which Massachusetts savings banks may undertake industrial life insurance and annuities, was the direct outgrowth of Mr. Brandeis's investigation into the excessive cost of industrial policies as issued by the great life insurance companies.

Now precisely as his arrays of figures regarding the possibilities of the sliding scale, regarding the charges for life insurance, as originally presented, seemed absolutely convincing to readers and audiences, so, according to general testimony, Mr. Brandeis's analyses of the present financial condition of the New Haven railroad have appeared to great numbers of hard-headed business men to lead to but one possible conclusion, and that one adverse to the merger. Many who had thought of the consolidation as a good thing in theory have said frankly, upon study of Mr. Brandeis's figures, that whatever the general merits of the case the New Haven road is obviously in no position to take on the proposed responsibilities but that, in their opinion, it can be rescued from the situation in which it finds itself only by the closest attention on the part of the management to the details of its present business.

Now the findings of this statistical expert, whose every conclusion is based upon figures taken out of authoritative reports, are deemed of so little importance in New Haven that no analysis in rebuttal or contradiction has yet been put forth. One wonders why.

Possibly for the simple reason that the arguments are unanswerable no refutation has been attempted. The statistics, at all events, upon which the conclusion is based that the New Haven for its own sake ought not to add to its financial and administrative burdens under which it is now staggering, have been published and may be had on application to the Secretary of the Massachusetts Anti-Merger League, Old South Building, Boston. Whether or not one agrees with all the general propositions advanced by Mr. Brandeis, his facts have not been impugned. They deserve the most careful possible study on the part of citizens, not only of the Commonwealth, but of every New England state. They have seemed to thousands of intelligent people to demonstrate that the net financial result of the expansion which has been in progress since Mr. Mellen brought western methods into the management of a great eastern property has been to acquire all sorts of properties at an excessive valuation and to perpetuate a strain which month by month approaches the breaking tension.

Meantime, there is still with us the Boston & Maine, undoubtedly needing to be improved in many directions, but offering a good foundation upon which to build by local initiative. One of the greatest needs to-day, in my opinion, is

for Massachusetts business men to get together and secure for this great railroad system which still makes its headquarters in Boston that cordial support and co-operation that will easily render it in every essential respect the model railroad corporation of the United States. Thus we should be carrying out the spirit of Governor Guild's wise adjuration.

A UNITED RAILWAY SYSTEM FOR NEW ENGLAND WAS INEVITABLE

By Hon. Rollin S. Woodruff, *Governor of Connecticut*

The unification of the railroad interests of New England by the merging of the Boston & Maine with the New York, New Haven & Hartford is possibly of more importance to Connecticut through its sentimental side and because of what may in the future come from it than on account of the immediate advantages that might accrue to the people of this state. There is, however, keen interest in the situation regarding the merger on the part of Connecticut people because the New York, New Haven & Hartford road is, as President Mellen has so often said, a Connecticut institution, the child of our state legislature, and the successful growth and development of our children is always watched with no little concern. As a piece of railroad strategy, the acquirement of President Tuttle's road by President Mellen's is a matter not readily discussed by any but railroad men, who have some conception of what it means in this way, which knowledge those of us who are not concerned in railroad activities do not have.

That there should be built up one great New England railroad system is probably only to be expected. It is simply a manifestation of the tendency of the times towards consolidation, a tendency which the natural outgrowth of the changing conditions of life, and only dangerous in that the confusion incident to the readjustments necessary sometimes takes out of the control of the people the combinations they have permitted to come into being. Sentimentally, it is a fine thing that we should have a comprehensive New England railroad system. The New England states ought to stand together. They must stand together. The way in which neighboring states in other sections of the country stand together forces this upon New England, the birthplace of the nation.

Some there are who think that New England is on the defensive, but that is not so. No other section of the country can claim the palm over Yankee brains and genius. We are small territorially — and therefore hardly able to compete with other sections as to agricultural and mineral wealth — and we are far from the base of production of raw materials in general, but we have the capital and the ability without which these other advantages are with great difficulty made to count. It will be many years yet before New England is really on the defensive, if it ever is.

Practically it is likely that the benefits that will come to Connecticut or that part of New England, south of Boston, from this merger are not great — the present benefits, anyway. Connecticut ships comparatively little of her manufactured goods over the Boston & Maine road. The rest of the country takes the great volume of her output, just as it supplies the great quantity of her raw material — such as is not brought into the country from outside. To those shippers who are sending freight to Boston and on over the Boston & Maine's lines the opportunity to ship the entire distance over one system would doubtless be appreciated. This is but a limited phase of the subject, however. Of far more importance is the possibility of aiding New England's position railway-wise.

Without trenching upon the technical wisdom, or the opposite, of President Mellen's tactics — which the state that has fathered the road he is conducting

Hon. Rollin S. Woodruff, Governor of Connecticut

certainly hopes to see prove itself — one can easily realize of what moment it may be to have the great trunk lines of the country forced to recognize a united New England railway system as one important factor in the general railroad situation. The New England states, as a whole, form a terminal point in the transcontinental railway business of this country and of that vast amount which is less than transcontinental, but quite as important. With several interests dividing this terminal territory there is just that much less chance of united effort or of effort with a single purpose to force attention to New England's rights as to rates and all the thousand and one matters that make up the business of transportation.

In another practical way this merger can be of great advantage. It will increase the borrowing power of the New York, New Haven & Hartford road, and enable it to go forward with schemes of improvement of the railway facilities of New England as neither of the two roads which are parties to the merger could perhaps do alone. There again one meets the combination idea, and looking it squarely in the face will dispel most of the doubts about it, though, to be sure, there is always in the problem the element of human nature — and human nature is fallible. It is not so many years since combinations of smaller roads were distinctly unpopular, not to say condemned, and the word merger still has a sinister sound to many. That the joining of small railroads into one great system, as has been done by both the New York, New Haven & Hartford and the Boston & Maine, is very far from injurious in the broad results gained is, however, beyond argument.

The successful carrying out of the merger by what Connecticut claims as her road will be the source of no little satisfaction, even among those very unlikely to be personally concerned, one way or the other. Of course this satisfaction would be materially weakened if it should ever happen that the main offices and the central directing power of the new system should leave Connecticut for some other point on the system.

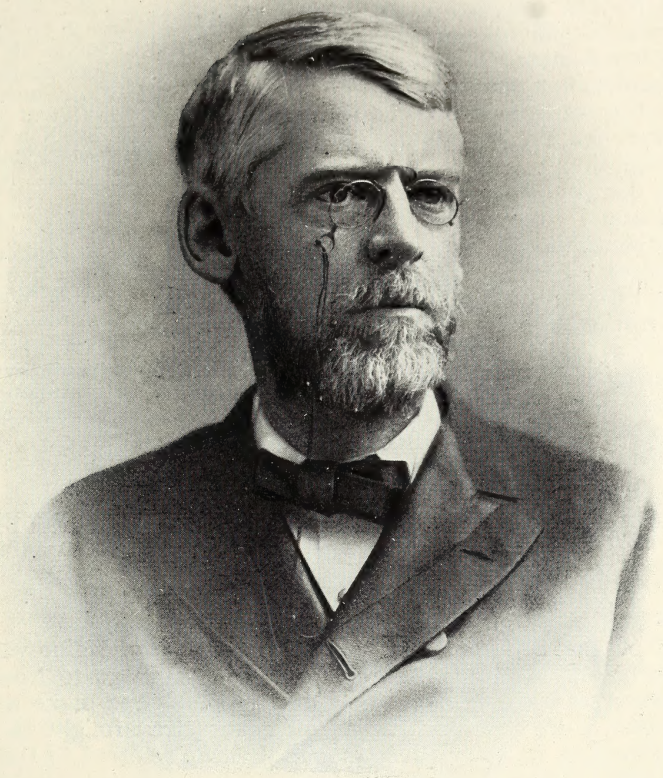
At the same time there will be much pleasure in the further linking of the New England states together, joining them in common interests and welding them into one for offense and defense, one for all and all for one. The railroad is the commercial artery of most importance, and unless it be strong and stalwart the business life upon which our social structure is founded cannot sustain that structure in its best form or New England's accomplishments of the present measure up to that splendid series of past achievements of which we New Englanders are properly proud.

"MERGER WILL DESTROY COMPETITION"

By Ex-Senator Wm. E. Chandler, *of New Hampshire*

For Massachusetts to allow the merger would be extreme folly. It will utterly destroy all railroad competition within New England and between Boston and the West, and transfer the present railroad power of Boston to New York City. Mr. Mellen avowed that he desired to acquire the Boston & Maine system so that it might not get into unfriendly hands; that is, in order that there should not be from Boston to the West any competition by way of Albany and the New York Central lines, with the New Haven line through New York City and the Pennsylvania system. Does Boston wish to help on this plan? If not, it should stop the merger. On December 5, 1907, I called the subject to the attention of Attorney-General Bonaparte — part of my letter being as follows:

"The Boston & Maine Company has lines extending from Boston, west to Northampton on the Connecticut River, which are north of the New York & New Haven lines and parallel thereto. It has lines further north going west by the Hoosac Tunnel across the Hudson River and joining the New York Central lines at Rotterdam Junction, N. Y. At Albany this line connects with the Delaware and Hudson lines by which come east coal from the mines of Pennsylvania. By the West



HON. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, EX-GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Shore road the Boston & Maine has friendly connection with Jersey City. The result is that the Boston & Maine and its allies can compete with the New York and New Haven road for a large miscellaneous business between the Hudson River and Massachusetts. Moreover, it is in a position to actively compete with the New York & New Haven in transporting coal, not only to central and northern Massachusetts, but also to Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine. Undoubtedly the principal object of the New York, New Haven & Hartford company is to stifle this competition in coal transportation. Its lines, including the New York, Ontario & Western, are continuous from Boston to Scranton, Pennsylvania. It controls water lines from New York toward Boston. It is unquestionably its purpose to monopolize the traffic in coal from the great coal regions to New England.

All these facts appear very clearly from the records of the government. The attempt of the New York & New Haven to so control the Boston & Maine by purchasing its securities as to accomplish a restraint of trade and transportation is so plain that I cannot doubt that the Department of Justice will take steps to prevent the consummation of the illegality which is in progress in order to destroy the last vestige of railroad competition in New England.

Very respectfully,
WM. E. CHANDLER."

On December 10 the attorney-general replied that he had forwarded my letter to U. S. Attorney French, at Boston, for "careful consideration." But the department of justice is not likely to reach a conclusion prior to June 16th.

The only reason of any importance that I have seen for allowing the New Haven road to seize the Boston & Maine is that the New Haven is better able to

borrow the money with which to make needed improvements to the Boston & Maine lines. The mistake in such a notion is clearly exposed by Mr. Brandeis in his elaborate and convincing statement of December, 1907. It is weakness inconceivable for Boston to admit that she cannot finance her own system of roads, but must go to New York for the money. Boston can do it twice over with its own capital.

It has been distasteful enough to the people of Maine and New Hampshire to surrender all their railroad lines to the powers at Boston. To now see Boston transfer those lines and all the Massachusetts lines to the New Haven road, so that if a New Englander wishes to seek its managers he must travel to New York or Philadelphia, would be intolerable. Will Boston deliver itself to such slavery? Must New England meekly submit to such a blow?

Governor Guild well said in his message of January 2:

" I believe it is worth trying by new legislation not merely to escape the surrender of the relics of New England control, which we at present possess, but to recover the control that we have already lost, that not merely New England legislatures but New England railroads may strike at the shackles about New England commerce, and stimulate New England industry."

. . . . . .

" Nor is this Massachusetts of ours unworthy the Massachusetts of Andrew and Sumner, of Hancock and Adams, of Endicott and Winthrop."

. . . . . .

" Let us strive to be worthy the ideals of our forefathers in past centuries. Let us be not less worthy the achievements of our brothers of to-day."

"ALL MAINE ASKS IS REASONABLE RATES AND CHARGES"

By Hon. Wm. T. Haines, *of Waterville*

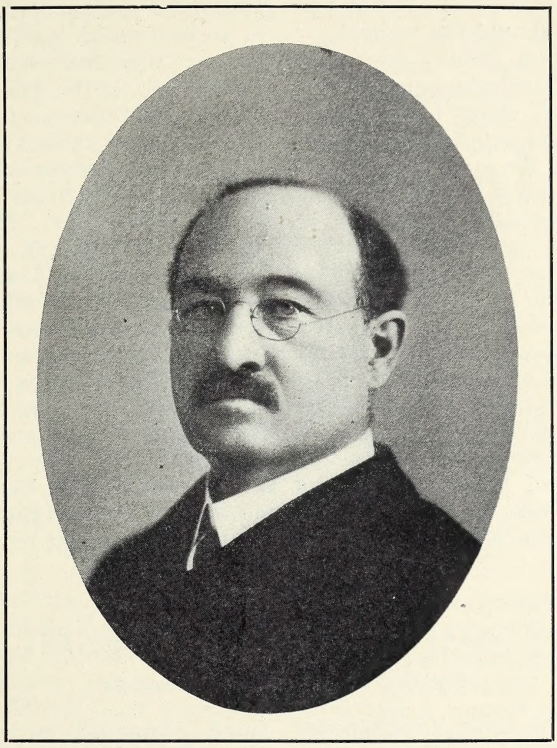
The merger of the Boston & Maine with the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad seems to be exciting a wide interest, and, if we can judge from the press, has become in Massachusetts a political and economic question of great moment. In Maine we know little about it, and are more interested in good service, at reasonable rates, for transportation of freight and passengers, than in any other question pertaining to railroads.

Our railroad system is made up from the consolidation of a large number of small roads as originally chartered. We had our experience with connecting lines and all the annoyances that went with them, and the consolidation which has given us through transportation without stop overs and delays has been hailed with satisfaction by all of our citizens, and as shippers of freight and as travelers we shall be glad of the day when we can go to New York without being held up in Boston by the Armstrong Transfer Company with an even chance of losing our connecting train.

The people of Maine will hail the day when they can go to New York on one mileage book and make a claim for lost or gone astray freight to one company, and not be referred to two or three connecting companies, upon whom blame may be laid in successive relation, and work a practical excuse for all.

The railroads are the greatest properties in our modern industrial life, and overshadow every other business in multiplicity of effects on the general public, and the puzzling question of the hour seems to be that of how they shall be controlled in their operation and the form of their ownership. Nothing could be more unsafe and unfair than the fixing of arbitrary schedules of mileage rates for passengers and of freight rates by legislative bodies, where politics and prejudice necessarily enter into their determination; and yet nothing would be more unwise than to say that they should not be under proper governmental supervision and control. Reasonable rates and fares are as necessary to correct business relations between the railroads

and the public as is the steel over which the traffic passes. The ideal way of attaining the desired end, of reasonable control, seems to be through the agency of the commission. Only trained and scientific men are equal to the intelligent solution of such problems, men of experience, undoubted integrity, and conversant with the needs of both the railroads and the public, and with eyes single to justice for both. A railroad starts with a governmental charter or permit, by which the public makes over to the corporation certain of its natural rights, not primarily for the benefit of the railroad corporation alone, but for the mutual advantage of all.



HON. WILLIAM T. HAINES

The money with which the railroads are built comes from the public through the sale of stock and bonds. The stock controls the whole and is generally controlled by a few individuals, and their actions should necessarily be under the reasonable control of the public through a proper governmental agency. The bonds furnish the greater part of the capital used in these properties and they find their market largely through the instrumentality of the savings banks and insurance companies, where the people's savings are deposited and held. Without these savings, our great railroad systems would have been impossible; but the card holders have little or no voice in the management of the roads. Hence, there is all the more need for reasonable governmental control. Indeed, it may truthfully be said at the present time that the people have always owned the railroads. In the State of Maine, out of $85,000,000 deposited in our savings banks, $41,000,000 is invested in railroad securities. About two hundred and twenty thousand of our people have their money in these properties, and about five million people in the savings banks of New England have about five billion dollars in railroad securities; while eighteen million people holding insurance policies in America have an interest in our railroads to the extent of $800,000,000, so that it is not only the charter but also the cash that is furnished by the public for these great industrial developments, and the life and prosperity of every community, great and small, are all dependent upon them. Legislators, in the rush of business, prompted by the political demagogue, can never solve the problem of railroad control and operation. It must be a matter of wise and cool-headed statesmanship, inspired by good business judgment, by scientific and skilled financial talent. The term "reasonable control and regulation" covers the case. A system of separate roads, with poor connections, does not, in any way, meet the demands of the hour. It matters little to the average citizen who owns the railroads or who controls them. It is rather what they can do for him and

what the service costs. The best service should be the most profitable. Reasonable profits must be expected, and the public must know that the railroads must have reasonable profits in order to be successful.

Enterprises that do not pay are, as a rule, of but little advantage to any one. The public needs more education of a wholesome kind in regard to railroad properties and railroad duties. The public should stop looking at the railroad as something they should try to beat, or as something that is always trying to beat them, and railroad managers should learn that they are under the greatest obligations to all the people to work for the greatest good of the greatest number; and all the people should learn that every dollar invested in a railroad is entitled to as fair a return as though it were invested in any other business enterprise. Juries and courts should guard the rights of the railroads as jealously as those of the individual. The traveling public should understand that it is as much of a sin to steal a ride on a railroad as it is to steal an equal amount in value of merchandise from a store. There is no reason for the continuance of hostile sentiment between the railroads and the public. Such a sentiment can only lead to a low moral tone with regard to the rights of railroad properties, and it will thereby weaken the moral tone of public sentiment relative to all other property rights. The one thing needed is a broader education, a clearer conception of the rights of all concerned. Prejudice and envy with regard to railroad property and other large accumulations of capital in any one business enterprise, if allowed to continue, can only lead to the greatest bitterness and hatred, and must result in an impassable gulf of class distinction in our economic relations, which has heretofore, in the history of the world, led to revolution. By a liberal education of the masses relative to these matters, this chasm can be bridged, and the public made to understand matters in their true relations. Massachusetts, with all her wise men and experienced statesmen and economists, with her past record of having helped wisely to solve so many great and important questions, should have no difficulty in coping with this industrial proposition.

The people of Maine are most interested in having the best possible service to the markets to which they go,—and the greatest market is New York,— and they do not care who owns the railroads, if they get good service at reasonable rates.

"THE SHORT ROAD YIELDS THE LARGEST RETURNS"

By Dr. Fenner H. Peckham

Dr. Fenner H. Peckham, for purposes of discussion, divides himself into two persons, one a stockholder of the New Haven road, the other a member of the body politic. As a stockholder he is inclined to oppose the merger. As a citizen he favors it.

Dr. Peckham speaks with considerable authority on the subject, and his views will receive careful attention throughout Rhode Island. He has owned stock in nearly all the railroads in Rhode Island that now form part of the Hew Haven system. Through him was made the exchange of shares between the absorbing Connecticut corporation and the Pawtuxet Valley Railroad, among other small companies in which he was interested. He is president of the Hope Webbing Company, vice president of the Providence Telephone Company, director of the Mechanics' National Bank, and the Narragansett Electric Lighting Company, and president of the Metropolitan Park Commission.

These are his views:

"It seems to me that the acquisition of the Boston & Maine road is too much of an undertaking. In my opinion the New Haven system has all it can do to attend to the business it finds to do in southern New England. With a corporation away off in Maine added to the company there would surely be leaks.

"I believe in careful attention to a limited field rather than a less careful attention to a wide field. In the days of the old Providence & Stonington Road that company paid ten per cent dividends year after year. I can remember the report of old Jeremiah B. Gardiner, which used to run something like this: 'We are pleased to announce that there will be the regular dividend of ten per cent, not a passenger has been injured, and not a wheel left the track.'

"There comes a point where further expansion is undesirable from an economic point of view. It is a great deal easier to manage a business that is confined to Providence than to manage one that is scattered all over New England, and there should be less loss.

"Railroads are paying too much attention to the future. They are spending too much money for things that cannot be foreseen with perfect accuracy. Just because we have been having continued fair weather it is no sure sign that we shall always have it. Rainy days may come. The ten per cent dividend of the old Stonington Railroad has been reduced to eight, and if Mr. Brandeis, of Boston, is authority it will some day be cut to six.

"It was the old-fashioned, carefully managed short road that yielded the largest returns on the stockholders' investments. Of course there is an argument against the continuation of that policy, and that is that then there was not nearly the volume of business there is now. That is true enough, but we have not given those careful methods a fair trial. Anyway, there is a point where expansion means waste, and I believe that point is about reached in the New Haven development of the New Haven system.

"That is my opinion as a stockholder. As a citizen interested in the welfare of the public I am in favor of the merger. It would mean through service and better accommodations. The New Haven road would not take advantage of its monopoly to injure the public, but would do all it could to benefit it. From the point of view of the disinterested citizen the merger seems eminently desirable."

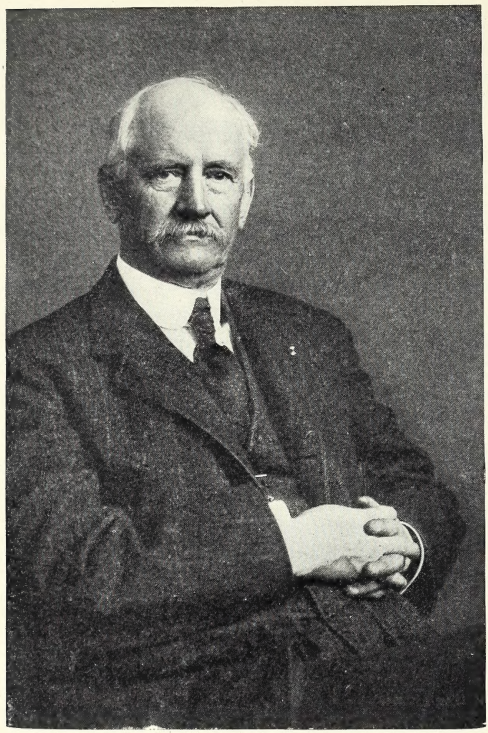
"NEW ENGLAND WOULD GAIN BY A CONSOLIDATION"

By Howard O. Sturges

Mr. Howard O. Sturges, a member of the firm of Gammell & Sturges, a leading Rhode Island cotton manufacturer, and a citizen who takes an unusually intelligent view of political and economic questions, believes that the merger would benefit New England, particularly that part of it which is now served by the Boston & Maine Railroad. He states his opinion in this way:

"In the beginning Mr. Mellen acquired Boston & Maine stock, it is my belief, to prevent some other railroad from securing it. If the New York Central should control the Maine road neither the acquired road nor New England would be benefited, judging by the way in which the Boston & Albany has been managed. For the protection of New England and, therefore, of the New Haven road, which depends upon the prosperity of New England for its dividends, President Mellen had to make sure that the system which operates in the northern part of New England was not acquired by an outside corporation.

"Now as for the positive advantages that such a merger would bring to New England, they cannot easily be determined beforehand, except, perhaps, by experts in railroad transportation. But it is safe to say offhand that in general New England would gain by a consolidation of the two railroads under a man like Mr. Mellen. He is an astonishingly generous spender. He believes in pouring out money to improve the property under his charge. We are seeing the effects of that policy here in Providence in the tunnel under College Hill. If he should ever have the control of the Boston & Maine he would make a vast change in that antiquated system. There cannot be any question but what that corporation would be made into a modern railroad, something it is far from



DR. FENNER H. PECKHAM

being at present. The benefits could not help being enormous to that property. And I don't see why they would not have a good effect upon Boston business. They surely ought to make that city more important as a terminus of New England railroads and as a seaport.

"The good effects of the merger in other parts of New England would also tend to this same end — the development of Boston. I am a great believer in railroad monopoly. Through the monopoly which the New Haven road has in Connecticut it has been able to accomplish much good for the state. Railroads are not foolish enough to overcharge for its service and provide poor accommodations. That would simply destroy their own business. The New Haven has a monopoly in transportation between Providence and Worcester, and yet it has voluntarily reduced its freight rates. At Berkeley, we are charged fifteen cents a ton less than we were before the New Haven acquired the Providence & Burrillville Road. Another reason why railroads will not oppress the public is that legislatures can easily take away their privileges or seriously curtail them.

"Rhode Island should have its show in the benefits of the merger. The enlargement of Wilkesbarre Pier, in Providence Harbor, indicates that the New Haven Road believes that this city is to grow as a port. That does not mean that we shall take business away from Boston, but that trade and commerce will expand all along the line of the merged systems.

"In general, it seems to me that a union of the two roads would be much to the benefit of all parts of New England."

A New Way of Enjoying Country Life

A Plan for a Summer Home in New England that is Especially Suited for Large Families in Large Cities: Water Sports, Woodcraft, Wild Gardening, and a Farm for $2,000

By Nathaniel Coit Greene

I WANT to point out a new use for the wooded hill farms of New England. The delightful possibilities of this region are sufficiently obvious to the rich (witness the Lenox, Cornish, and other colonies), but it is not always clear how a family with a yearly income as small as $2,000 can be justified in investing as much as that in a summer home. Yet I believe that the hill country of New England offers the best opportunity in this line of any part of the United States. The plan here proposed is especially suited to city families with two or more children — the more the merrier.

Has it ever occurred to you that with the money you are planning to spend during the next five years on summer boarding-houses and vacation schools for your children you could buy a New England farm in the midst of inspiring scenery with a livable house, a chance to grow vegetables, and an educational opportunity such as no modern school can give? And this without the worry of any labor problem, without the necessity of mastering the theory of farming, and without the drudgery and responsibility of the old-time New England farm life?

There are hundreds of farms in the hilly districts of New England, amid beautiful scenery, that can never be made to pay. It was a mistake ever to try to make farms of them. Practically the only abandoned farms now left in New England belong to this class. Such places are almost sure to be converted into summer homes, because city life is dominant in New England and along the Atlantic coast, whereas in the West farm life is dominant. The ten dollar an acre farms of New England are practically all of this type — too steep and stony for profitable farming, but all the more interesting for summer homes. They are five to ten miles from a railroad station, which is a great hindrance in real farming, but no serious objection to many summer residents. You can buy fifty acres of such land with some sort of a house on it for $1,500, and $500 more will usually make the house livable. It would be too bleak for winter; it is just wild enough for summer.

I am not advocating such farms as an insurance against old age. Better land is needed for that purpose, and some one to stay on the place the year round. But a little figuring will soon convince you that such a home will justify itself if it is used only ten weeks every year for ten years, after which it should still be salable.

There is one serious drawback to this plan,—the man cannot, as a rule, see his family more than once a week. Naturally such a scheme does not appeal to young married people or to couples without children. But after your days of roughing it are over and you have sickened of summer boarding-houses where dogs and children are not wanted, when the problem of bringing up young children looms up as the greatest duty of life and you realize that a big city is no place for children in summer, you are willing to make a good many sacrifices if you can find a place where your children may live outdoors and become healthy, strong, useful, and good-natured.

In all this there is nothing particularly new, but the life above sketched may seem dull and lonely to many people and there is a way of overcoming this objection which will be new to most of my readers. There never was a boy who didn't like the woods, nor a child who

A WILD GARDEN BESIDE A WOODED LAKE

Rhododendrons and irises in flower at General S. M. Weld's home at Dedham, Mass.

didn't like to play with water, and the plan I am about to unfold unites the charms of both in an informal scheme of education and pleasure that ought to banish monotony and loneliness.

The first part of the plan is to make some sort of pond or lake, so that all may enjoy boating, fishing, and bathing. Nothing is easier or cheaper in New England. Every hill country whose landscape is composed of trees and grass rather than rocks, sand, or alkali, is full of little brooks and streams that have no commercial value as water-powers but are invaluable for home use. All you have to do is to dam one of them to transform it into a pleasure lake or water garden. The whole job may be the sort of thing a man could do during a two weeks' vacation, or it could be done under the wife's supervision by the farm laborers of the neighborhood.

If you want to see how simple the process is and what glorious possibilities it has you should get permission to see the lake made by General S. M. Weld at his home at Dedham, Mass., where the pictures that illustrate this article were taken. In this case the artificial lake was made by a wealthy man in the suburbs of a great city, but the principle is perfectly applicable to people of moderate means. The only costly element in these pictures is the gorgeous mass of rhododendrons. The important point is that the expense of damming a brook at the lower end of a little valley is insignificant compared with the excavation of an artificial lake in a flat country. A rough stone wall about twenty feet long and five feet high at the deepest spot has enabled General Weld to transform a mosquito-breeding marsh into a beautiful two-acre lake in which the mosquitoes can always be controlled by means of fish.

The next great attraction is wild gardening. I should like no better job than transforming an uninteresting woodlot composed of half-grown trees, too crowded and too much alike, with no flowers at their feet — only burs and briers — into a fairyland that has the enchantment of the primeval forest. I should do this by cutting out the dying and crooked trees and giving the longest-lived and most interesting ones a chance to grow; and every week or so I should bring in a wagonload of maidenhair fern, or a wagonload of hepaticas, and mass these in colonies where they could multiply without further care. And to do this no knowledge of botany is necessary. You merely bring home from your jaunt in some neighboring woods the one wild-flower which pleased you most. You take it up tenderly, root, stem, and all, and no matter what the time of year the chances are that it will live, because your own woods supply the conditions it needs,— the partial shade, the coolness, the perpetual moisture in the soil, and the leafmold. I do not mean that you should take things without asking permission, and if you collect ferns by the wagonload you should pay for them. Even if you cannot afford the luxury of a horse, you can accomplish wonders by getting a basketful of plants at a time, provided you do not yield to the temptation of collecting a little of everything, but keep resolutely before you the central thought of wild gardening, which is not plants, but colonies. It takes at least a dozen plants of a kind to make a colony. A hundred is better. And when these multiply to thousands you have nature at her best.

Perhaps you think wild gardening a very dull proposition for a rather rough and noisy boy of fourteen with a healthy contempt for the merely beautiful. Yet I will guarantee that such a boy will be eager to walk for a half a day to gather a few waterlilies. Why not direct this natural impulse? Suggest that he bring the roots home and plant them in your own lake? Will he not be glad to scour the country for sweet flag or calamus root to plant beside the brook, or seeds of wild rice in the hope of attracting the wild ducks? And there are certain wild things that every boy is greedy for,— lady slippers, cardinal flower, pitcher plant. It is sheer vandalism to pluck these flowers or to bring the plants into ordinary city gardens, but now you have the conditions where these treasures will grow and where your children's energies can be easily diverted from destroying

ANY ONE WHO CAN AFFORD TO PUT $2,000 INTO A SUMMER HOME CAN DUPLICATE THIS LAKE OF GENERAL WELD'S ON A SMALLER SCALE

THE MARSH MARIGOLD CAN EASILY BE NATURALIZED BY THE THOUSAND IN WET PLACES, AND WILL THEN PRESENT GORGEOUS SHEETS OF SUNNY COLOR IN THE SPRING

into protecting and multiplying these lovely flowers.

But even if wild gardening should not appeal to your boy to the extent of an hour a week, I am confident that he would like woodcraft. One of the first things I should do would be to organize the boys of the neighborhood into a camp of Seton Indians. You may laugh at that, but I want to tell you that one of the books in my library that I value most highly is a little fifteen-cent pamphlet of thirty pages called "The Red Book; or, How to Play Indian," by Ernest Thompson Seton. Spend five minutes on that and you will be convinced that Mr. Seton has made an important contribution to education. Have you not seen the evolution of a "gang"? Some boys get together in a cave or shanty, read dime novels, get to gambling, smoking, drinking, stealing fences for firewood, and finally hold up some one on the highway, or set fire to barns or houses. Mr. Seton shows how to give this gang spirit a legitimate expression. It is hard to imagine a better scheme of rewards than the decorations of a Seton Indian, which tell at a glance the story of a boy's prowess, how many coups he has won, and how many grand coups. There are red honors for athletics, white ones for campercraft, and blue ones for nature study.

For instance, it counts a coup to come to camp through strange woods from a point a mile off in twenty minutes; to know and name ten star groups; to measure the height of a tree without climbing, within ten per cent of error; to name twenty-five trees, fifty wild flowers, or fifty birds; to draw unmistakable pictures of twenty-five tracks of four-footed animals; to shoot so fast as to have six arrows in the air; to light a fire with rubbing sticks. Surely this sort of thing must appeal to every normal boy!

The rules of the Seton Indians are as follows: "Don't rebel. Don't kindle a wildfire. Don't harm songbirds. Don't break the game laws. Don't cheat. Don't bring firearms into camp. Don't make a dirty camp. No smoking. No fire-water." Surely, this must appeal to parents. The Seton Indians are sure to be a failure unless some one wise, tactful adult starts the movement properly and watches it. The same is, of course, true of any other game or occupation for children. But this life of the woods and the open is the heritage of children. We have no right to deny our children this privilege. But we ought not to let our children or any children roam the woods uncontrolled. We ought to purify and direct their natural tendency and make it count towards character-building and towards knowledge that will enrich the mind.

I claim very little for the plan above outlined. I dare say it was worked out, with improvements, long ago. I do not say it is better than the vacation school, or as good. And, of course, it is not like the stern old school of New England farm life, for the element of hard necessity is absent. And I must repeat the warning that such a country place can never become a self-supporting farm. It is merely a summer home for pleasure and education, which is especially adapted to people of moderate means in New England. Perhaps this sort of thing is utterly hackneyed to New England readers, but I can assure you that it is the sort of thing a New Yorker prays for and dreams about and struggles for years to realize; for even a humble New Yorker who knows he will never be rich can afford a summer home on these terms in the Berkshires or anywhere in the wooded hill country of New England, provided his purse will stand the week-end journeys.

Next month I hope to point out a plan whereby this same man and his family may enjoy all the privileges above mentioned and still lay the foundations of a self-supporting farm home that will be an insurance against death or misfortune and an honorable retreat for old age.

THE WHITE HORSE AND CATHEDRAL LEDGES, NORTH CONWAY, N. H., PRESENTED TO THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Is New England's Wealth In Danger?

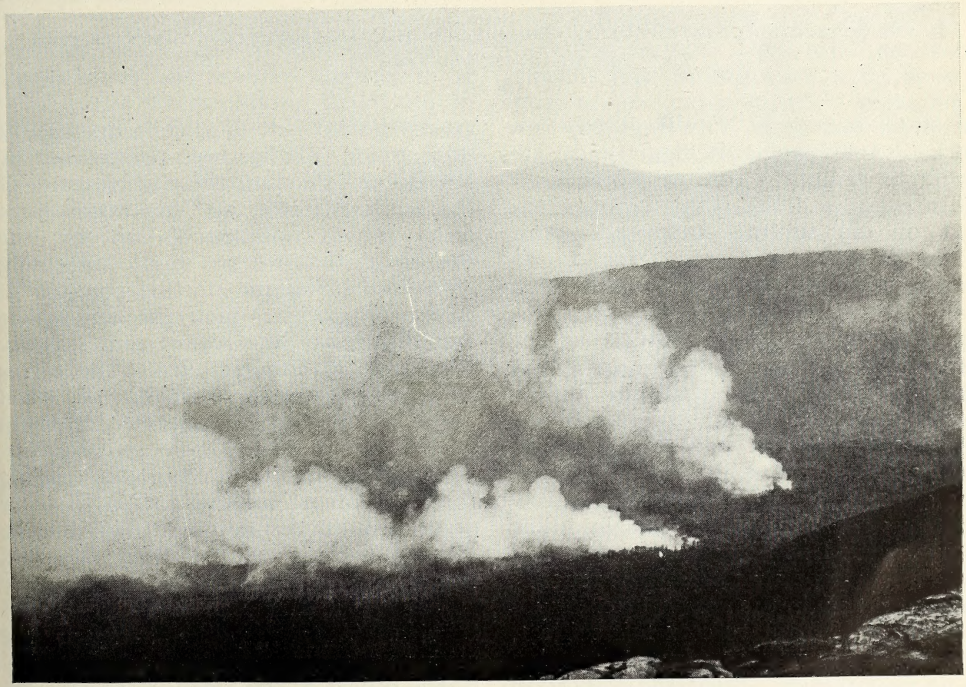
III. WHAT THE STATES ARE DOING

By PHILIP W. AYRES

Forester of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests and of the New Hampshire College Grant

NEW ENGLAND has few natural resources. Her forests, water powers, and quarries constitute the list. Without coal, far from the cotton belt and from the grain fields, the forests and the water powers dependent upon them are her sources of strength and influence. The great manufacturing enterprises have been built up, as a rule, around the water falls, to whose even flow the forests are essential.

Each of the New England states has begun to recognize the importance of the forests. There are regulations for the control of forest fires, the worst enemy of the forest, some of them efficient and some of them inefficient. Consideration has been given to taxing forests, for a high annual tax causes forests to disappear prematurely. Three of the states have given special attention to forest planting, and have distributed seedling forest trees among the land owners as a matter of experiment. Three have state forest reserves which serve as a beginning of a broad state policy in which some of



A NINE THOUSAND ACRE FIRE LAST SUMMER IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

IN THE CONNECTICUT STATE FOREST. THE BIRCHES THAT SERVE AS NURSE TREES FOR PINE ON AN ABANDONED FARM

the states outside of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and California, have already attained eminence.

The question arises, is this action on the part of the several states adequate? Is the present machinery actually preserving the forests in New England on a scale that will meet the growing needs, especially in view of the fact that the great timber supplies of the country are nearly exhausted, the hardwood supply having been estimated by the Forest Service at Washington as likely to last only fifteen years and the conniferous timber from thirty to thirty-five years? The answer is an emphatic No. The people in the New England states do not realize how important the timber supply will be to them in the near future. Public opinion is not mature on this subject, although there is a growing recognition of its importance. Even the leaders in the movement are only beginning to grasp the far-reaching consequences of their action. It has been pointed out by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the chief forester of the United States, and his words have been given wide circulation by the President, that we are in the beginning of a timber famine in this country in comparison with which the annoyance and distress of the recent coal scarcity are hardly a circumstance. The prices of nearly everything made of wood have doubled. These prices are up to stay, as any one may see who desires to look into this subject, by reading the government bulletins. Two of these deserve especial mention: "The Waning Hardwood Supply," by William L. Hall, and "The Drain upon the Forests," by Royall S. Kellogg, both of the Forest Service. They may be had for the asking.

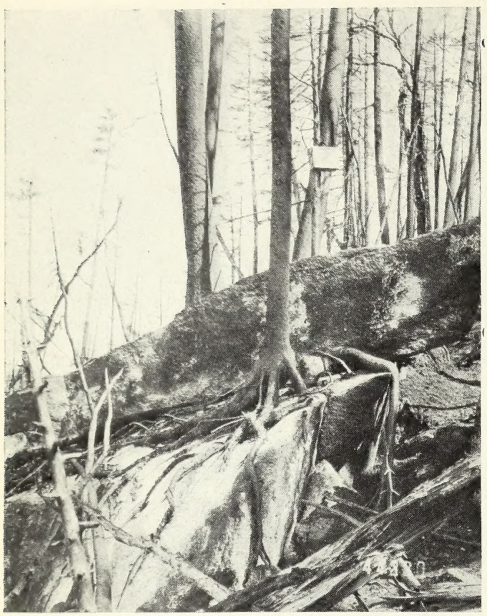
The object of this article is to describe what the New England states are doing

IN THE CONNECTICUT STATE FOREST. SHOWING CONDITION OF THE WOODS AFTER THINNING

for their forests, and to outline a plan of action which, to the writer, appears to be adequate to the situation. It should be kept in mind that in the eastern mountains of the Appalachian chain the timber supply must be found to meet the requirements of the concentrated and ever growing population of the east. The great forest reserves west of the Mississippi River are barely sufficient to meet the growing needs of the west, and it is already seen that the supposedly inexhaustible resources of the far west in Oregon and Washington will come to an end within a definitely short period, just as the white pine has disappeared as a great commercial asset from New England. The action of New York state, which has purchased 1,500,000 acres of forest land in the Adirondack and Catskill mountains, protecting the headwaters of the Hudson River, should stimulate the New England states. It is reported as about to purchase another one million acres. Pennsylvania has purchased nearly a million acres in her mountain regions. In both these states efficient state foresters are doing work of great value for the future. Michigan is reported to have a state forest area of nearly half a million acres. Wisconsin, Minnesota, and California have forest departments under state foresters who are leading the forward movement.

FOREST FIRES

Fire is the greatest enemy of the forest. To its control the states must give attention before private owners can be expected to expend money on their woodlands. Fire is far more destructive than the axe. It follows cutting and licks up the slash left by the lumbermen, but extends far beyond them, both in extent and complete destructiveness. Forest fires very often are set by the sparks from locomotives; very often also by the pipes and camp fires of careless hunters and fishermen. Few who traverse the woods realize that the hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property



A SOIL SUFFICIENT TO GROW LARGE TREES COVERED THE ROCKS. FIRE AND EROSION MADE THEM PERMANENTLY BARREN. NEW HAMPSHIRE

through which they are passing is inflammable. In the mountains where the soil is made up largely of vegetable matter, permeated by the resinous roots of the cone-bearing trees, a forest fire often sweeps away both forest and soil, over large areas, leaving the bare rocks exposed and setting back the return of any valuable forest growth from one to three centuries. In places the soil is rendered permanently barren. On high mountain slopes where the growing season is short and cold the forest at best has to contend against great odds. The weather elements are all against it and but for the marvelous and almost imperishable energy of the soil, a vast unseen force that surrounds us and feeds and clothes us, the mountain forests would fail. The energy of the soil lifts the forests into the sky against the mountain winds and storms, but fire can destroy it, and when fire and erosion combine, their adverse influence is triumphant.

No estimate can be given of the extent of forest fires in New England, for the reason that only one state, Connecticut, and that very recently, is properly equipped to secure adequate reports. Maine secures adequate reports from the unorganized townships, but not from the state as a whole. It is known from the United States Government reports that in the White Mountains eighty-four thousand acres burned over in the single dry season of 1903 when from the fifth of April to the seventh of June no rain fell throughout the mountains. In that same year two hundred thousand acres were burned over in the state of New Hampshire. Forests, like other forms of inflammable property, should be protected by the public authorities, but this principle has not yet found complete legal recognition in any of the New England states. Connecticut has followed it more closely than the other states. Maine and Massachusetts have adopted it partially.

TAXATION

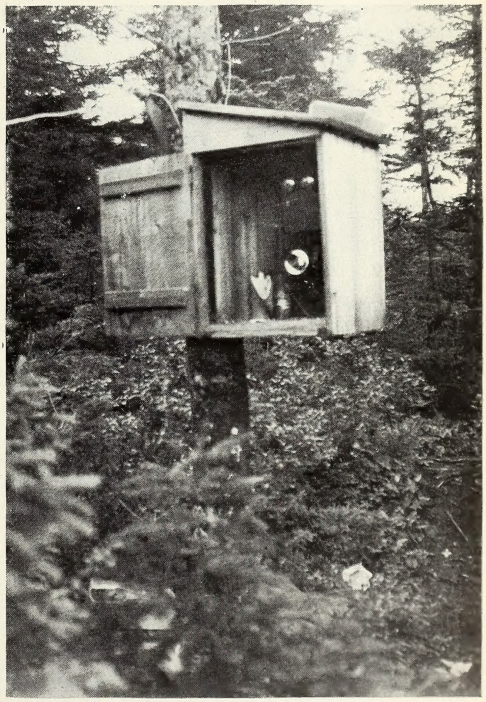
A high annual tax is, like fire, an enemy of the forest, and the practice of taxing annually a growing forest which can yield a revenue only after a period of years at the time of felling is one of very doubtful utility, although it is followed in each of the New England states. The present system taxes not only the land, but also the growing crop. A farmer's wheat crop is not taxed while it is growing! An orchard or a vineyard yields returns after a period of years,

KATAHDIN BROOK IN THE PROPOSED STATE FOREST RESERVE, MAINE

WILL HILTON, FOREST FIRE WATCHMAN ON SQUAW MOUNTAIN, MAINE. OVERLOOKS THE ENTIRE MOOSEHEAD LAKE REGION. REPORTED FORTY FIRES ONE SEASON

but a woodland is taxed repeatedly at an increasing rate. A fairer principle would seem to be that the accumulated tax should be paid at the time of felling when the product for the first time yields returns. The actual practice is to leave the matter to the discretion of the local assessors, with this consequence, that taxation varies from the highest to the lowest extreme, not only among the several states but also among the several towns in the same state. There is no element of fairness in it. Fortunately the assessors, as a rule, realize that an excessive rate of taxation will cause the forest to disappear, leaving nothing to tax, and the valuation, therefore, is usually entered, like that of other forms of property, at a sum known to be less than the true value. This gives to the assessor the power of favoritism and unjust discrimination, which, indeed, may be said to be usually exercised toward non-resident owners; but the assessor has but little more opportunity for unfairness in this than in all other assessments. This difficult and important subject needs attention in all the states. Massachusetts has considered it, but thus far without practical result. The New Hampshire Forestry Commission now has an agent collecting data on taxation of forests. His report will be read with interest in all the states.

Young planted forests having a certain required number of trees to an acre are exempted from taxation for a period of years in all of the states, except Maine, but although this privilege is granted by the laws of these states the writer knows no single instance in which they have been put into operation. The habit of the local town authorities is against such exceptions, and plantations are so small in most instances that the owner would derive too little benefit from the exemptions to go to the trouble of securing them. Such measures are popular with those who want to make a record in the legislature, and being entirely harmless they are easily secured.



TELEPHONE AT THE FOREST FIRE STATION, TOP OF SQUAW MOUNTAIN, MAINE

FOREST PLANTING

Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont have state forest nurseries from which seedlings are distributed at low cost to land owners, usually in small quantities and for experimental purposes. This is a practice that has been carried out very extensively by the Canadian Government, which besides supplying seedlings sends out agents throughout the Canadian West to teach the farmers how to plant the trees and what species to use. The result is excellent, many millions of trees having been successfully planted. The kingdom of Norway has five stations for the production of seedling material to be thus distributed among land owners at low prices; but in the United States such nurseries are hardly beyond the experimental stage, except in New York state.

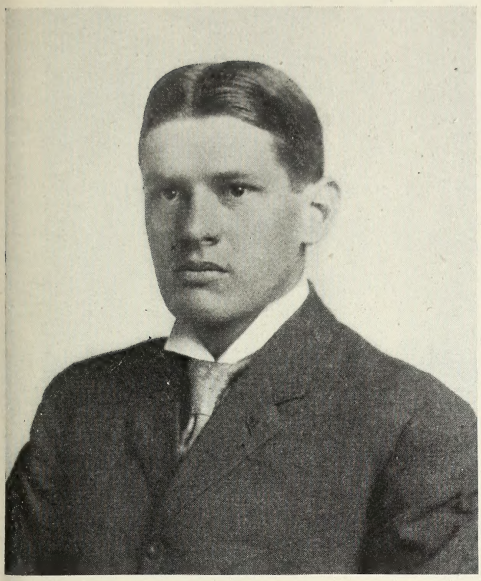
The method of starting a young forest from seed requires a moderate amount of technical knowledge and skill, which the average farmer who is earning his living by growing other crops is not likely to give. The seedlings are easily grown in large quantities. A state forester can be especially useful, therefore, in this way. White pine, which is our most rapid-growing tree in New England, affords an excellent example. It seeds only occasionally, once in three or four or even seven years. Two brown, winged seeds form under each cone-scale, and while it is the most common of seeds distributed by nature with a lavish hand throughout the length and breadth of New England, few persons have ever seen any white pine seed. The reason is that the cones open in the latter part of September and the brown seeds fall and are distributed by the wind before the cones fall. When the storms later beat the cones off they are empty. To gather pine seed, therefore, one must either fell the trees in the latter part of September, or climb up and gather the cones after the seed is ripe and before nature distributes it.

The pine seed is usually sown in beds, and covered very lightly, for it is easy to bury instead of to plant it. After it germinates, in three weeks, it is protected from the sun by a half shade of some kind, usually lath frames, for full light kills the little seedlings. They need conditions that approximate the cool, damp floor of the forest. After two summers' growth the seedlings are transplanted into nursery rows in the open sunlight, from which, after a third summer's growth and sometimes after the fourth, if especially strong plants are needed, they are transplanted to their permanent location. White pine trees are usually planted five feet apart each way, in order that growing thick together for a number of years and yet not too thick for development they may shade off all lower limbs while small, and produce smooth trunks that will make good lumber for the houses, furniture, and tools that serve us all.

Connecticut and Massachusetts are in the chestnut belt of New England, which lies, in general, south of Lake Winnipesaukee. In the nurseries of these states, therefore, chestnut seedlings are grown. White and red oak have nearly the same northern range, but extend from ten to twenty miles beyond that of chestnut. On the other hand certain trees find their southern limit in northern New England, the white spruce and the white cedar, which are northern trees, extending only a short distance below Moosehead and the Connecticut Lakes. At the Vermont state nurseries, therefore, which are located at Burlington, these species are properly included.

FOREST OFFICERS

Each New England state employs at least one forest officer. In Maine, Vermont, and Rhode Island this is a forest commissioner. In New Hampshire there is a forestry commission composed of four persons, two of whom, under an absurd clause in its law, must be Republicans and two Democrats, thus compelling the governor who appoints them to take account of politics. In Connecticut and Massachusetts there are state foresters who are active trained men. It is a satisfaction to be able to present their portraits. Each of these states has a forest service of its own,

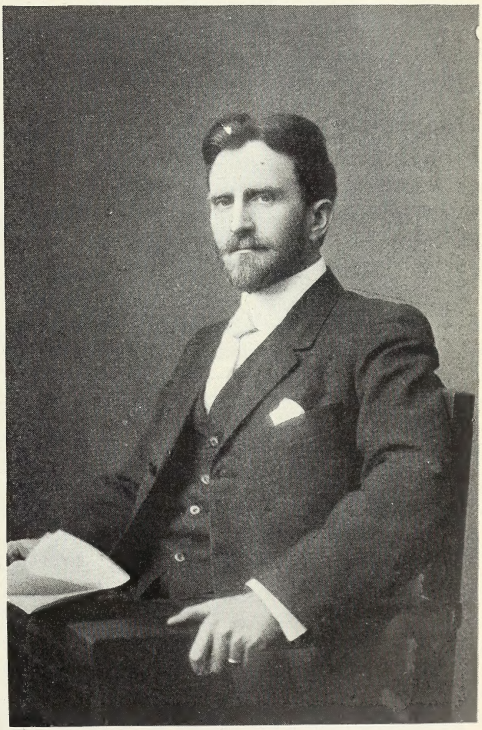


AUSTIN F. HAWES
STATE FORESTER OF CONNECTICUT

including technical and clerical assistants, forming a nucleus about which the forest work of the state may grow. May the other states soon follow their lead!

FOREST RESERVES

Connecticut and Massachusetts have state forest reserves acquired by purchase. New Hampshire has two small parcels of state land acquired by gift. These reserves mark the beginning of state policies which have been extensively developed already in other American states, and with very large profits in European states, such as Prussia, Saxony, France, and Switzerland. It takes about fifty years for a state forest to become profitable, after which its regular annual income may be depended upon. Owing to the long time element required in the production of a crop of trees it is very difficult for individuals to engage in the business profitably on a large scale. Capital is too long tied up without return and there is a constant expenditure for taxes and fire protection, upon which the interest charges accumulate from year to year as well as upon the principal. It will therefore become necessary in New England, if the forest problem is to be met as a whole, for the state governments to extend very largely this public ownership of non-agricultural land. The state alone can afford to wait for returns. It can secure money also at low rates of interest and can therefore better afford to purchase forest lands. It is very encouraging that forests thus acquired and intelligently managed will in the long run yield large returns and reduce the general tax rate. The town of Orson, in Sweden, which a number of years ago acquired about forty thousand acres of forest land, is now said to be supported entirely without taxation, deriving from the forest a revenue sufficient to pay its entire municipal expenses, including public schools, public libraries, and public concerts. Had these lands been owned by private persons they would almost necessarily have been cut for the temporary advantage to the



F. WM. RANE
STATE FORESTER OF MASSACHUSETTS

In the Blue Hills Forest Reservation, Metropolitan Park Commission

owners during their lives, without reference to any future growth. It appears inevitable that under private management, which fosters unwise cutting on the large areas, a goodly portion of soil energy is wasted either in competition among the trees in the production of undesirable species which are merely weeds. This does not apply, however, to farmers' wood lots, which are the most valuable forest holdings that any state can possess. These are usually small areas.

Let us now consider, very briefly, what forest work each state in New England is doing.

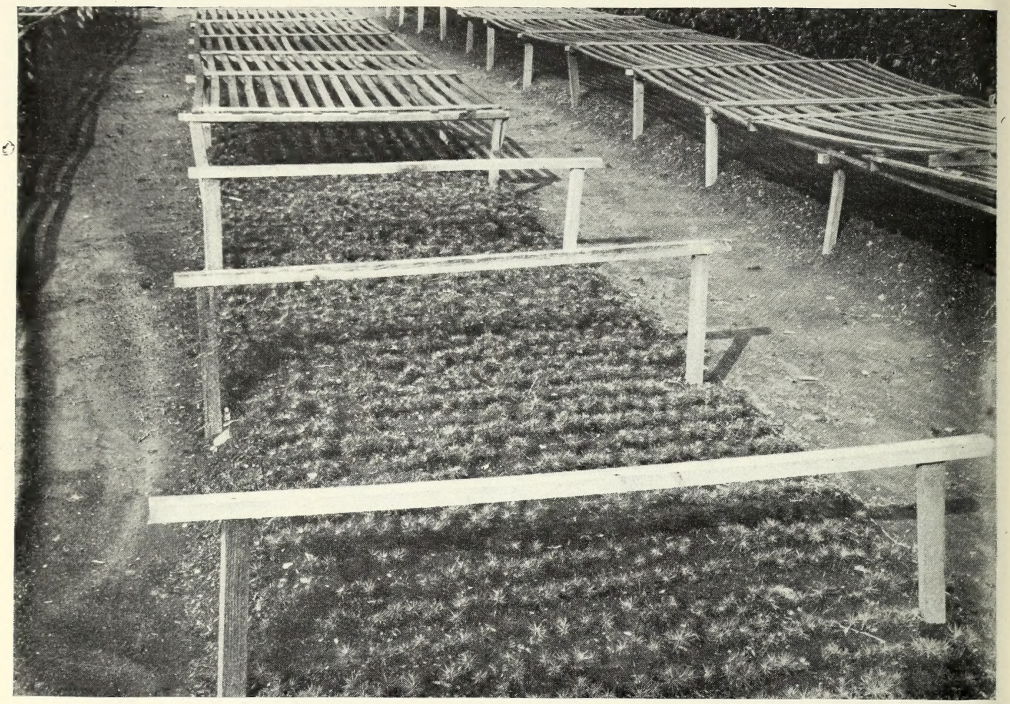
CONNECTICUT

Connecticut has led the other New England states in several important directions. It was the first to employ a state forester, the first to acquire state forest reserves by purchase, the first to work out a satisfactory system of local forest fire-wardens, responsible to the state forester, which experience has proven to be the only means by which forest fires can be satisfactorily controlled. Furthermore, Connecticut was the first of the New England states to establish a state nursery for the growing of forest seedlings, the first to make experimental plantations to prove what species and what combination of species are best suitable to the soil, and the first to distribute forest seedling trees for experimental purposes among citizens of the state. The natural forest area of Connecticut has been more abused than that of any other New England state by indiscriminate cutting, without reference to the future and without consideration of the soil conditions and the succeeding crop. Progress, therefore, in Connecticut has been like that in the European states, worked out of her bitter experience. Because of its southern location, Connecticut has a wider variety of natural trees than any other New England state, but here, as elsewhere, south of the White Mountains, white pine and chestnut are the most rapid growing and valuable trees.

The Yale Forest School, at New Haven, has been an important factor in the development of forest work in Connecticut, especially in calling attention to the depleted condition of woodlands in the state and the means by which it was possible for the state to improve them. The Connecticut Forestry Association, a small group of vigorous, practical people, have had much to do in promoting the necessary legislation.

The Connecticut state forests consist of two parcels of land, the Portland forest, containing eleven hundred acres, purchased at an average cost of $1.75 per acre, and the Union forest, which consists of three hundred acres of abandoned farms, purchased at an average cost of $3.50 per acre. The former is located on the west slope of Meschomasick Mountain, a much cut-over tract of sprout land, excellent to show what results can be obtained from intelligent thinning. The present trees are about twenty-five years old and an average of five to six cords of wood per acre has already been taken out and sold. These were the poorer trees which interfered with the development of the others. The Union forest was purchased subject to the right of the former owners to remove during three years a certain amount of lumber, but seed trees and groups of half-grown pine were to be left. Most of the old fields have now been planted at an average cost of $1.66 for one thousand trees. Connecticut appropriates $1,000 annually for the extension of its state forests, and it is the hope of the forester to establish a demonstration forest in each county of the state.

The state forester is also state fire-warden. Upon his request and with his approval the selectmen appoint one or more local fire-wardens in each town. There is, therefore, now a force of some four hundred men responsible for the protection of the woodlands of the state from fire. The feeling of increased protection from fire resulted last year in much more forest planting by private owners, so that about a half million trees were set out in 1907. During seasons of drought the town fire-warden may be called upon to establish a fire patrol, in order to take all necessary means to



In the Massachusetts State Forest Nursery at Amherst. White pine seedlings one year old. The lath frames give the necessary half shade

prevent fires as well as to extinguish them before they get beyond control. It is estimated that the first year of this system as compared with the preceding year saved to the state from one hundred and twenty thousand dollars to one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. In dealing with forest fires wise prevention is infinitely better than the most heroic cure.

In three other directions the forest service of Connecticut has rendered valuable assistance to citizens of the state. The experimental plantations at Rainbow have proved beyond question that the trees best adapted for planting are white, Scotch, Norway, and pitch pines, and of the deciduous trees, chestnut, red oak, and black locust. Forest seedlings to the number of six hundred and thirty-five thousand trees in the last two years have been distributed to a large number of woodland owners at cost. The educational work of the service has consisted of addresses, numerous bulletins, and reports of a high order of merit, and much direct advice to owners in their woodlands, including sometimes extensive maps and plans of work for a series of years. Any farmer or woodland owner in the state may secure this advice, merely paying the necessary traveling expenses of the forester or his trained assistant.

MASSACHUSETTS

The splendid Commonwealth of Massachusetts has suffered, like Connecticut, from the indiscriminate and reckless waste of her forest resources. In the eastern part of the state, in towns along the coast that have a sandy soil, where pines grow to the exclusion of most other trees, devastating forest fires have occurred with particular frequency; and yet the fire law is not up to the standards of neighboring states, either of Connecticut, Maine, or New York, whose examples are near at hand. The towns of Massa-

chusetts have forest fire-wardens, but these are appointed by the local authorities and are not controlled by the state forester, so there is no co-operation among them, no responsible head, no efficient instruction nor direction. A bill before the present legislature proposes the changes necessary for efficient action and enlarges the appropriation for the state forest service to this end. It ought to pass without delay.

Citizens of Massachusetts have long been interested in the subject of forestry and in years gone by have planted many experimental forests on private estates. There is excellent sentiment on the subject throughout the Commonwealth and particularly in Boston. This has found expression in the establishment of the Harvard Forest School, which has recently received a grant of between two and three thousand acres of forest land at Petersham, for experimental purposes, and in the organization several years ago of the Massachusetts Forestry Association, a body of earnest men and women who are directly responsible for securing the present state forest service and the state forester. No forestry society has done better work. The influence of the Appalachian Mountain Club and its sixteen hundred members has been felt strongly in all movements for scientific forestry. There is much growing enthusiasm among the agricultural societies and the granges of the state. When this public sentiment shall be aroused and concentrated upon the forest needs of the state, a forest policy adequate to the future needs of Massachusetts may be looked for, with wider powers given to the state forester's office, and a more prompt and generous support from the legislature. An excellent beginning is being made by the state forester, whose activities on the educational side in making addresses and in printing and distributing literature

In the Massachusetts State Forest Nursery at Amherst. White ash seedlings ready for distribution

MOTHER SEED TREES OF WHITE PINE AND THEIR PROGENY. NEW HAMPSHIRE

are not less commendable than his practical work in examining woodlands throughout the state, and in his management of the state nurseries at the Agricultural College, at Amherst. He gives instruction also at the State College. As in Connecticut, any woodland owner may secure the advice of the state forester, or his trained assistants, by simply paying traveling expenses.

In 1905 Massachusetts began to acquire state forest reserves and now has the following commendable record:

MASSACHUSETTS FOREST RESERVES

Mt. Wachusett	1,300 acres,	1905
Mt. Tom	1,600 acres,	1905
Mt. Greylock	8,144 acres,	1906
Mt. Sugarloaf	81 acres,	1907
Middlesex Fells, Blue Hill, Stony Brook, Beaver Brook	10,081 acres,	1907
Total,	21,206 acres	

The first four of these reserves are managed by local commissioners in the counties in which they are situated. The last four were created and are controlled by the Metropolitan Park Commission. All are state property, and all, except those held primarily for park purposes, will probably come in time under the general direction of the state forester. It is absurd for a state to employ a state forester without giving him charge of the state forests. There are, for instance, no reports to the state on the condition and value of these reserves. The several county commissioners return only a financial statement of wood sold. Presumably the thinnings are wisely done. Who is to judge?

One hundred and twenty-one woodland owners availed themselves of the forester's offer last year to send a selected group of seedlings at cost to those who would plant and care for them. Six hundred thousand trees are ready for distribution this spring. An offer to send seeds and seedling trees to schools for planting by the children was accepted by forty-seven teachers. Massachusetts is the first state to use the schools as a means of extending forest planting, a system well developed in some European countries, particularly in Norway.

MAINE

Maine surpasses the other New England states in one important direction. Her fire laws for unorganized territory, which

HOW THE STATES WOULD CARE FOR A FOREST. THINNINGS WERE SOLD FOR SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS PER ACRE. TWICE THAT VALUE REMAINS

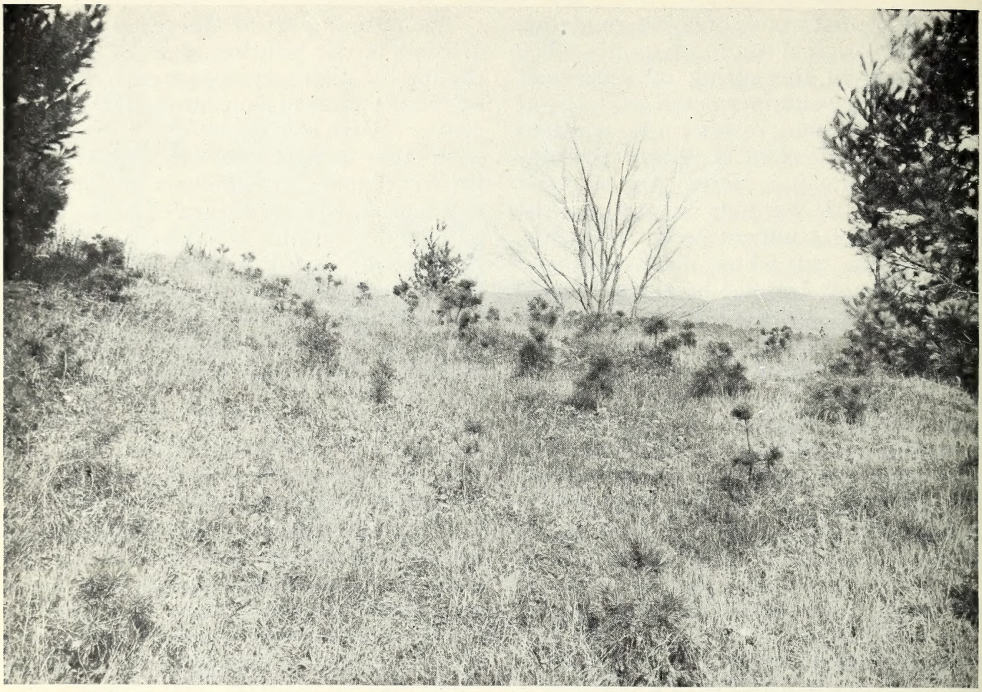
include the vast woods of northern Maine, are both original and adequate. The law passed in the spring of 1903, just before the dry summer came on. It put a system of paid district fire wardens under the control of the state forestry commissioner, and under the district wardens local wardens to patrol the woods, warn campers and fishermen, follow them up when necessary, and extinguish any fires left by them. These men were just getting into action when two months without rain caused the woods to become like tinder, so that every passing locomotive left scores of fires behind it, and every camp fire was likely to become a conflagration. The presence of these men at this time was not unlike that of the Monitor in Hampden Roads, in the Civil War. They seemed raised up to prevent the damage by fire from which the other states, and particularly the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, suffered most severely. At a cost of $10,000 many hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property was saved.

The unique part of Maine's fire service consists in the location of six stations on the tops of high mountains, each of which overlooks three or four hundred thousand acres. Each is connected by telephone with the nearest district fire warden. An intelligent watchman is on guard in dry season, who by means of field glasses and maps is able to locate incipient fires, even at great distances, and to send to them immediate material and men in order to extinguish them. Although the experiment has been tried only two summers, each station has to its credit a fine record. Again, the cost is small and the property saved very large. Seven hundred and fifty dollars equips a station. The following mountain tops are thus used:

Squaw Mountain, four thousand feet high, at the southern end of Moosehead Lake. The observatory is a log cabin structure from which the operator makes his observations every hour in the day.

Attean Mountain, on the south shore of Moose River, twenty miles west of Jackman.

A BIRCH-BARK CAMP BUILT BY ONE OF THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAIN CLUB, AROUND AN OUT-OF-DOORS FIREPLACE ON MT. JEFFERSON, NEW HAMPSHIRE



WHITE PINE TREES FOUR YEARS OLD, SET OUT FIVE FEET APART EACH WAY.
NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mt. Bigelow, a high hill in Skinnertown, commanding the headwaters of the Moose and Dead rivers.

Spencer Mountain, ten miles east of Moosehead Lake.

Whitecap Mountain, from which three hundred thousand acres of the headwaters of the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers can be seen.

More than one million acres are thus under observation. Hon. Edgar E. Ring, forestry commissioner, has brought about Maine's fire laws and put them into operation.

Three years ago the state college at Orono established a department with a professor of forestry, through whom valuable studies of conditions in Maine have been made, in co-operation with the United States Forest Service at Washington. Legislative action in Maine has been guided almost entirely by the great lumber interests, who are now more and more realizing that the efforts of the state to protect the forests from fire and to educate the people upon the subject are both directly in their interest. The situation now is such that if the state appropriation were suddenly to cease, its work might be continued, as happened in the state of Washington two or three years ago, by contributions directly from the lumbermen.

RHODE ISLAND

Rhode Island enjoys the interesting distinction of having a forest area larger in proportion to her total area than any other state in the Union. As the urban population is very large, practically the entire wooded part of the state is needed to supply drinking water. Sooner or later this is likely to be acquired by the state. Quite recently a forestry commissioner has been appointed to report upon conditions. Already he has done much useful work in advising woodland owners how best to care for their property. Rhode Island, like Massachusetts, has a Metropolitan Park Commission to preserve and beautify the natural advan-

tages of Greater Providence. Forest reserves are within its program. Thus a valuable beginning has been made, and public sentiment is growing.

One of the best incentives to state action occurs at Potonatomuh Neck, where thirty years ago there was a barren, wind-swept expanse of sand dunes and stubby fields, which is now an attractive woodland covered with trees of considerable size. The exposed location of the Neck, swept by the winds from the bay, made the experiment one that was considered very doubtful at the time. It was planted with seedlings of two or three inches' growth, and the result shows very happily what can be done with all the other waste land in the state.

VERMONT

Vermont has an active forestry commissioner doing excellent educational work throughout the state, giving advice to owners; also a forest nursery located at the State University in Burlington. There are experimental plantations also, in the vicinity of Burlington. Forest seedlings are distributed to land owners who fulfill the simple conditions necessary to secure them. A pamphlet is issued each spring and widely circulated, describing the seedlings that the state has for distribution. With an appropriation of only five hundred dollars a year for this purpose, results likely to be far reaching are already apparent.

The progress of forestry in Vermont is almost entirely due to the work of the State Forestry Association which is actively at work under the leadership of Professor L. R. Jones, of the State University. Its program is definite, and larger results are expected. The State Experiment Station has secured the co-operation of New York state foresters from neighboring plantations in the Adirondack Mountains, and has printed two excellent pamphlets on what the state should stand for in forest work.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

In order to win the co-operation of the Forest Service, at Washington, in making a survey of the White Mountains, for the purpose of securing a national forest reserve, the state of New Hampshire appropriated $5,000 in 1903. The work was placed in charge of Mr. Alfred Chittenden, of the Forest Service. It was made to cover the entire northern part of the state, where the watersheds of the great rivers of New England lie, and the work was done so economically that only half of the appropriation was used. At a later session of the state legislature the Forest Service was invited to complete the survey for the entire state, which was done. New Hampshire is the first state in the Union, therefore, to have a fairly complete statement of its forest resources made by experts.

The state has taken progressive action in another direction. Mr. Robert E. Faulkner, of Keene, Secretary of the State Forestry Commission, has given the salary attached to that office. One thousand dollars is now being used to make a special study in the state of forest fires and forest taxation. Again the co-operation of the Forest Service has been secured, which means that at any reasonable cost the study will be complete and thorough.

The fire law in New Hampshire, like that in Massachusetts, provides for local fire wardens, but without central direction or co-operation. The provisions for unorganized townships are cumbersome and inoperative, and the whole needs revision to make it effective, like the forest fire laws of Connecticut and Maine. Because the White Mountains, which form the watersheds of the most important rivers in New England, lie within the borders of New Hampshire, her fire laws are very important. Whether or not a national forest is established, large areas on these watersheds must necessarily remain under state care.

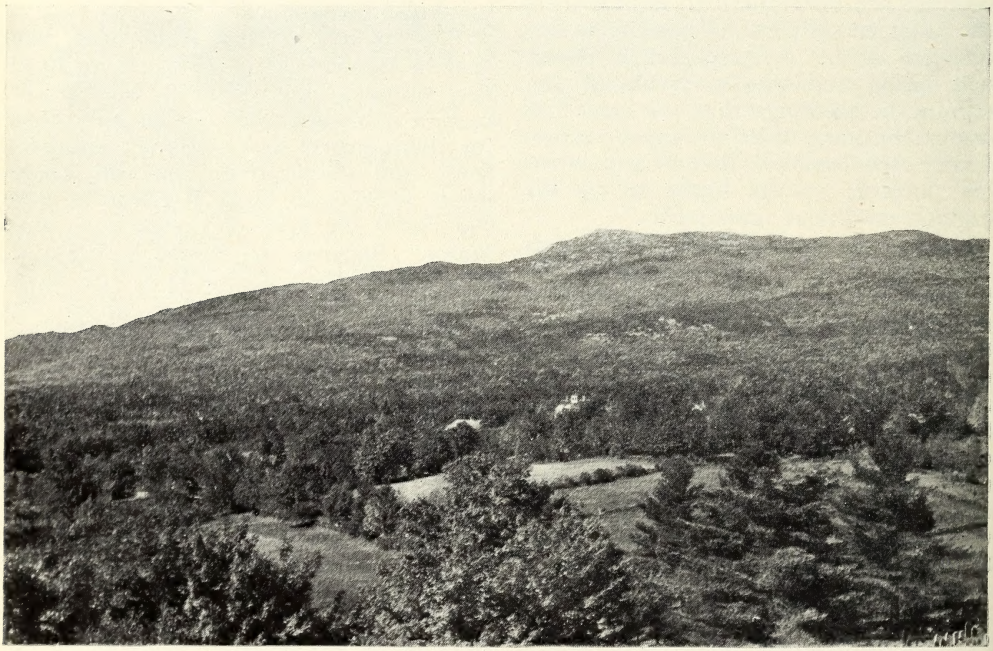
The state forest land in New Hampshire consists of two pieces of approximately five hundred acres each, presented to the state by citizens and summer visitors. The first of these is the White Horse and Cathedral ledges, at North Conway, which were about to be destroyed by quarrymen. The forest at the foot and at the top of the ledges is under the care of the State Forestry

Commission. The other piece, covered with spruce and hardwood timber, lies on Monadnock Mountain, sloping down toward the village of Jaffrey. It was soon to be stripped off, when a group of nature-loving people in the neighborhood tried to buy it, but without success, because the owner asked an unreasonable sum. They then formed the Monadnock Forestry Association and called upon the State Forestry Commission, which in New Hampshire has the power to condemn land and make it the property of the state, provided it is paid for without cost to the state. The state merely used its right of eminent domain in the interest of a group of citizens.

The state of New Hampshire granted to Dartmouth College nearly a hundred years ago a township consisting of twenty-six thousand acres in the extreme northern part of New Hampshire. The college has had the wisdom to hold this property which is now valuable, notwithstanding the fact that large quantities of timber were cut from it by lumber companies under contracts which the college authorities could not control. These contracts were terminated three years ago and the college is now seeking to put the tract into such shape that it can demonstrate to the state what can be done to improve forest lands notwithstanding severe inroads.

THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAIN CLUB

No account of state forest operations in New England would be complete without including the public reservations of the Appalachian Mountain Club, of which there are two in Massachusetts, seven in New Hampshire, and one in Maine, aggregating nearly one thousand acres. These are held as public forest reserves, freely open to all. The two in Massachusetts, and in New Hampshire all but one, have been exempted from taxation. As they are located in places of especial beauty the broad policy of the club, shown in its public management of these reserves, has won deserved confidence.



MT. MONADNOCK FROM JAFFREY, NEW HAMPSHIRE. FIVE HUNDRED ACRES FOR FOREST WERE PAID FOR BY CITIZENS AND TAKEN UNDER EMINENT DOMAIN BY THE STATE

PRIMEVAL SPRUCE NEAR MT. KATAHDIN, IN MAINE, IN THE PROPOSED STATE FOREST RESERVE

WHAT A STATE FOREST SERVICE SHOULD INCLUDE

In view of the advancing scarcity of timber throughout the United States, with ever-increasing demands upon our state forest resources, and with the certainty that the mountain forests of the east in the near future must supply, not only the states in which the forests stand, but also other states, particularly those devoted primarily to agriculture east of the Mississippi River, the question presses forcibly, what is an adequate state forest policy? It should include among other things the following:

1. The education of the people. A state forest service should be adequately equipped for the distribution of literature showing conditions, needs, and opportunities for forest growth throughout the state, besides having a well-equipped lecture service with photographs and lantern slides to be used at all kinds of meetings.

2. Adequate provision for giving helpful suggestions and advice to woodland owners. Every farm should have its

proportion of woodland, and there should be provision for showing every farmer how to manage it for the best results. By far the larger portion of the state forest area should always be in such hands, and there can be no intelligent state policy which does not give earnest attention to these holdings.

3. A system of fire protection based upon the principle that the state is responsible for the preservation of property and that here, as in medicine, prevention is infinitely better than cure. There should be local town fire wardens, properly instructed and directed by proper central authority.

4. An equitable and just system of taxation of forest lands.

5. An executive department of trained men whose chief should be the state forester.

6. The acquisition by the state of non-agricultural land in large holdings, to be controlled either by the state or the towns in the state, as public forest land, for the reason that neither in this country nor abroad has the management of this class of land by private owners been other than detrimental to the public interest.

It is a matter for much congratulation that Connecticut and Massachusetts have already taken steps to put this program into actual operation. The other New England states are some distance behind, but the need in them, particularly in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, is much greater because they contain such large areas of mountain land which is covered with natural forest. The well-being of New England depends primarily upon such forest preservation as shall insure not only a timber supply for the future, but also the protection of the great rivers in the interests of manufacture and navigation. Even if the national forest reserve in the White Mountains shall be established, it will be comparatively valueless without the widespread co-operation of the states in the preservation of forest-covered areas. As yet none of the states have a true conception of the task to be accomplished. Few people realize that the beginning of a timber famine is upon us, and that already the prices of nearly everything made of wood have doubled. Nothing can more encourage state action than the establishment by the government of the White Mountain forest.

The bill for the proposed National Forest in the White Mountains is still pending before both the Agricultural and Judiciary Committees of the House of Representatives. The leaders of the House appear to be determined to adjourn without passing any but the regular appropriation bills. With the forests of the White Mountain region vanishing at the rate of three hundred acres daily or thirty-five thousand acres annually, a year's delay causes great and irreparable damage. It is politics, not statesmanship, that thwarts the will of the people. How long shall we submit to this form of dictation in government?

The Life-Saving Service

By FREDERICK RICE, JR.

Rescuing human life through icy seas

A MATTER that is presented to Congress perennially, and that, according to reports, is being pressed vigorously this season, concerns the needs of the life-saving service. To guard Atlantic and Pacific coasts and the shores of the Great Lakes now costs about what is expended annually upon the Boston Fire Department. Life-saving stations to the number of two hundred and seventy-eight, together with half-way houses and the House of Refuge in Florida, are maintained on a budget that comes well within two million dollars. It appears to be generally agreed among shipping-men that this amount is insufficient, and that the equipment of a service which since its inception in 1871 has saved 19,741 lives, as against 1,127 lives lost in wrecks, and rescued property valued at $192,024,512, as against a loss of $50,659,087, is in many essential respects distinctly more meager than is right. Various improvements are desired, such as the introduction of mechanical power in the lifeboats, which can be installed only as funds for the purpose become available. At present rigid economy has to be practiced to keep within the appropriation at all.

Above all, the efficiency of the service is liable to be seriously impaired if provision is not made for more adequate compensation of the life-savers themselves, men who live on a scanty wage without hope of finding their old age secured in case they escape the perils of one of the most hazardous of callings. On Cape

Cod one hears this spring that the question of the future supply of surfmen and station keepers is becoming serious. Heroism has never been traded in as an ordinary labor commodity, but even heroes have to exact a living-wage. The surfmen at present receive fifty dollars a month for ten months' work. They take a summer vacation of two months without pay — at a time when it is not always easy to find temporary employment. The keepers of the stations are paid $800 a year for twelve months' service,— a very small salary, surely, when the responsibilities which they assume are considered.

Despite the small pay, it was easily possible as late as twenty or even fifteen years ago — at least along this New England coast — to fill vacancies in the service with hardy and competent native seamen and fishermen. The calling, by its nature, is attractive to men of the heroic type; it is more dignified than most of the occupations that are open to them if they forsake the sea altogether. The New England stations are still full of employees who have been in the service continuously for a long time, and who will not willingly leave it, however the plaints of their families may cause them now and then to grumble over the inadequacy of the compensation. At the most dangerous point on Cape Cod is a keeper who has presided over launchings of the lifeboat for twenty-six years. At the angle which stands second in the list of casualties is a keeper who was trained by the former captain in the duties of his position more than twenty years ago. At almost any station messtable one meets surfmen who have walked the beaches for fifteen or twenty years. The service in its present estate is young, and it contains a number of men who took jobs almost simultaneously at a time when it was still possible to pick and choose among some of the sturdiest specimens of New England manhood.

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THE MOST PERILOUS OF ALL LABORS

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A STRANDED VESSEL AND A HELPLESS CREW

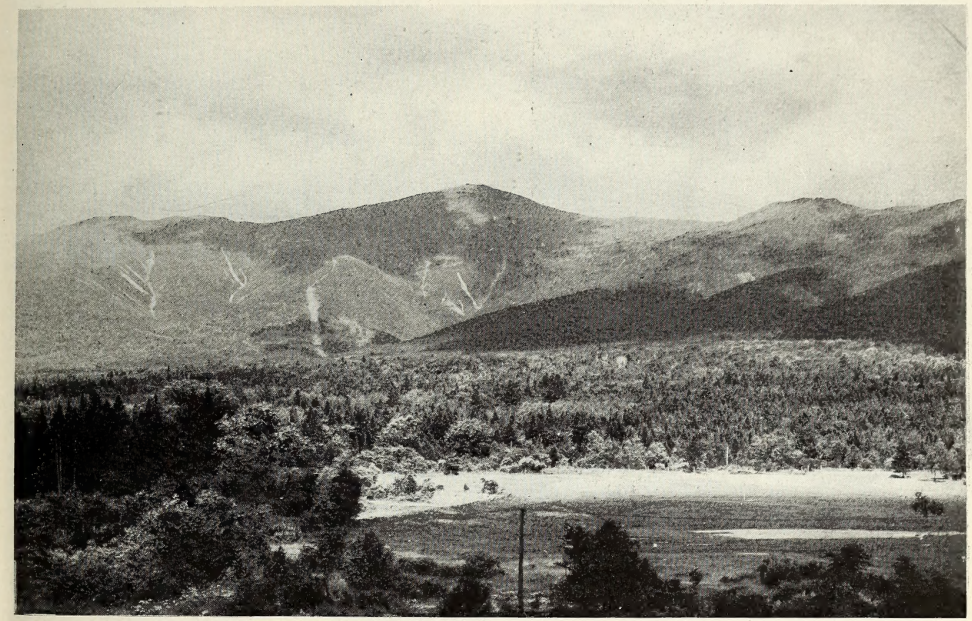
Very many of these veterans will inevitably be mustered out in the next few years. Whence can the district superintendents secure younger surfmen as intelligent, honest, and competent as the appointees of a quarter of a century ago? No longer in our seaports are there so many native seafaring men as there once were — fellows who from infancy are accustomed to handle ropes, to launch boats through the surf, to watch and work in the face of blinding sand or sleet. The sons of old-time Yankee families, whose members for generations have gone to sea, nowadays go to school and thereafter qualify for employment in the cities. Fewer and fewer young men look forward to ownership of a sailing vessel as the crowning achievement of a useful career. Even the fishing industry tends more and more into the hands of the alien, Portuguese and others,— hardy seafarers, but unless the prejudice of natives against foreigners has given them an undeserved reputation, not the equals of the Anglo-Saxons in physical prowess or capacity for heroic self-sacrifice.

Even for those of the younger generation who are willing to consider entering the life-saving service the inducements are not what they were. Wages in other local pursuits have advanced, and the cost of living more than correspondingly. A successful fisherman at Provincetown will average better than the fifty dollars a month which Uncle Sam vouchsafes; and there may be a competence ahead for the "smart" young man who combines business capacity with his knowledge of the industry, for money is to be made in refrigerating fish, if not always in catching them. Then count in always the lure of industrial corporations in the large cities, which offer a husky man better pay than Superintendent Kimball can give, and, many of them, the prospect of an old age pension. On the platforms of street cars in Boston are scores of Cape Cod boys drawn from the very class out of which life-savers have been selected up to now. Aside from compensation it is doubtless found more entertaining by most men of native stock to work and live among urban attractions than solitarily to patrol the beaches in the night watches, and in the off-duty period to sit drowsily at cards in the mess-room against the bedtime hour at noon.

PROFILE LAKE AND THE "OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN"

Our New England Alps as a National Health Resort

By THOMAS F. ANDERSON



Mt. Washington and the Presidential Range dominate everything

When, in these halcyon days of outdoor life and study, we speak of America's summer playground we know it is New England that is meant, for that is precisely what New England has come to be.

Marvelous, indeed, has been the development of what, for want of a more descriptive term, may be called the summer vacation industry of this highly specialized section of our common country.

With every recurring summer, tens of thousands of people, representing every State and Territory of the Union, several of the provinces of Canada, and a few countries of Europe and Asia added for good measure, flock to the six New England commonwealths to enjoy their fine air, their incomparable scenery, and their restful life; and ere the last of them have departed for their homes many millions of dollars have been contributed to the New England stockings and savings banks.

Everybody gets his "rake-off,"— the landlord, the railroad shareholder, the professional guide, the farmer, the stable-keeper, the corner grocer, the boat owner, the "college waiter," the bellboy, even the magazine artist and the journalistic space writer.

Railroad and steamboat fares, carriage and boat hire, salaries, wages, board bills, "tips," receipts for telegrams, postage stamps, supplies, fishing tackle, guns, newspapers, and souvenir postcards all

THE FLUME IS ONE OF THE REGION'S MOST FAMOUS FEATURES

figure, with many other items on the credit side of the summer vacation season ledger; and even marriages, the cancellation of mortgages and the erection of monumental shafts in the family burial lot are predicated upon this unfailing and ever increasing income from the thrice welcome " summer boarder."

From the purely commercial point of view the annual influx of " regular " and " transient " summer visitors to Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut represents a tendency of modern American life that is well worthy a careful analysis, but only one of its several phases will be considered here.

In a general way, the outdoor summer life of New England is differentiated into three distinct departments — the seashore, the mountains, and the lakes. Humanity has its individualistic traits, even in the matter of holiday outings; and while there are some, with the necessary time and means at their disposal, who impartially divide their vacation among all three of these physical subdivisions of the summer playground, the majority after a while pin their faith to one of them, and even the persuasive eloquence of Burton Holmes or Elmendorf would not suffice to make them change their allegiance.

It matters little what ratio the number of those who have permanently given their heart and mind to the mountains bears to the number of those who " swear by " the seashore and the lakes — the fact stands out with the distinctness of Mt. Chocorua against a cloudless sky that in no part of the great vacation field of New England has there been such a remarkable and interesting development as in that section of it occupied by the White and Franconia Mountains.

Rip Van Winkle, awaking from his twenty years' slumber in the Catskills, did not rub his eyes with half as much vigor and surprise as would Abel and Ethan Crawford, could they arise to-day from their long sleep and see the miraculous changes that have taken place in their beloved White Hills, of whose great army of summer and winter visitors they were the pioneers.

Not that the mountains themselves have changed. They cannot change, save as the destroying hand of the lumberman or of the fire demon can change them; but the change that has taken place in the social life that is lived amid their slopes and valleys, even during the last two decades, is something to make those of a later day than Abel Crawford marvel.

Ever since the days when Starr King, Samuel Adams Drake, Whittier, Sweetser, and the other loyal literary subjects of Mt. Washington and his great family first stirred the interest of the public in New Hampshire's peerless highlands, the popularity of the White and Franconia region has been constantly growing, until to-day the mountains possess a social life such as no other part of the world can furnish the exact duplicate of.

Within their confines, or in their near

CRAWFORD NOTCH IS ALPINE AND IMPRESSIVE IN ITS BEAUTY

vicinity, have grown up something like forty different communities which are distinctively known as vacation centers, and each of these has from one to thirty hotels and boarding-houses. At least one of them — Bethlehem — has expanded into a veritable summer city, and to its hospitable embrace no less than two thousand hayfever victims fly at stated periods every summer, serenely confident that there, if nowhere else on the planet, they will find relief from their affliction.

The total population of this altitudinous sanatorium will at times during the summer reach ten thousand, its members having at their disposal all the long list of outdoor pastimes and indoor gayeties for which the White and Franconia mountains are famed.

A lot of other resorts where real estate valuations and census figures have alike expanded, such as North Conway, Intervale, North Woodstock, Littleton, and Holderness, might be mentioned; but the most remarkable manifestation of the mountains has been not so much the growth and multiplication of individual centers as the evolution of the mountain hotel itself.

The mountain region is democratic. There is a welcome there for the mechanic and the millionaire, but there are places in it which the mechanic is quite content to leave to the millionaire for his exclusive enjoyment.

These are the centers where, appropriately enough, the million dollar hotel has upreared its castle-like proportions, and where the kings of finance of Wall Street, the captains of industry of Pittsburg, and the merchant princes of Chicago or Kansas City roll up big weekly bills in sump-

GOLF AND TENNIS ARE FAVORITE OUTDOOR PASTIMES

tuous five-room suites, or disport themselves in $10,000 motor cars.

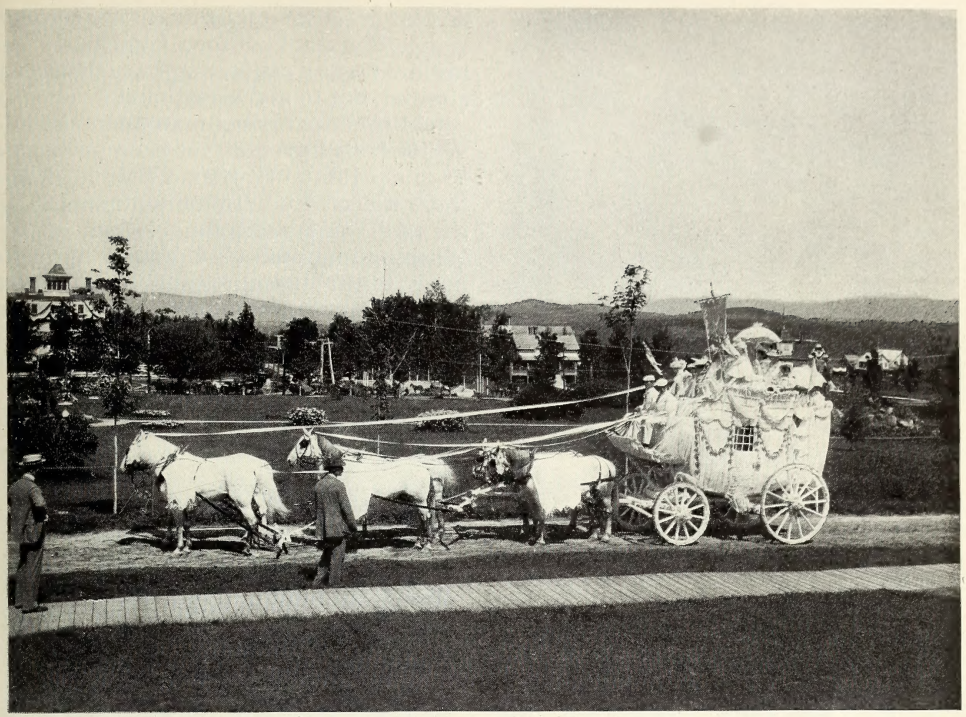
There is at least one great hostelry, The Mount Washington, in the very heart of the White Mountains, erected six years ago, the cost of which is not far from $1,500,000. Wealthy guests who have been coming to the mountains regularly for a generation, and who themselves are used to every luxury at home, have not even yet been able to convince themselves that their primitive summer resting-place has actually been invaded by a hotel such as they have always associated with St. Augustine or Pasadena, rather than with the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

But there it stands, however, with its stately façade, its accommodations for half a thousand guests, its four hundred retainers, its swimming pool, its eighteen-hole golf course, its squash and tennis courts, its bicycle path, its automobile garage, its fine livery, its hundreds of electric lights, and, above all, its incomparable view of mountain top, ravine, and plateau — typical of the newer summer social life in the grand old mountains, the life of ease and luxury and prodigal twentieth-century expenditure.

Take an airship for another part of the mountain region — and you will be doing that ere you realize it — not so many miles removed, and there in the widened-out part of a remarkable defile that is one of the mountain region's plenitude of natural wonders, you will discover yet another palatial new hostelry, with an echo-invested lake hard by, a great stone face looking soberly down from a thousand-foot cliff just around the corner, and a wonderful "Flume" not many minutes' journey away.

But more interesting than all to the student of modern American tendencies is the score or more of cozy private cottages clustered around the great hotel, like a flock of gay-colored chickens hovering near their giant mother.

Here is yet another phase of summer vacation life in the mountains. In one of these cottages you will find the family of a noted New York banker; in another, a famous writer of books and poems; in yet another, an illustrious college president.



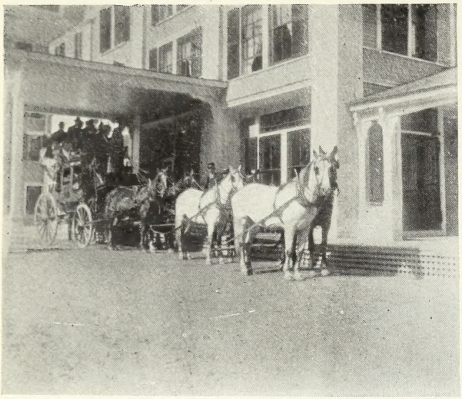
THE COACHING PARADE

Physicians, lawyers, artists, manufacturers fill out the list. It is a thoroughly representative vacation colony of Americans in the higher walks of business and professional life. For the most part they and their families and guests take their meals at the big hotel, enjoying private home life, without its more disagreeable features in the cottages.

Each different summer center, of course, has its own characteristics of scenery or life. Holderness, for instance, which is more a lake center, is quite the antithesis of Jefferson or Gorham, and there is about North Conway but little that suggests North Woodstock.

The mountains, as every one knows, cover an area of several hundred square miles, and they have all the diversity of physical characteristic that mountains might be expected to possess. They are truly the Alps of New England in a geographical as well as a social sense, lacking little but glaciers and alpine-hatted guides to make them the real Swiss article. They have a beauty and charm that is all their own. In the Canadian Rockies and in the Sierras there are loftier peaks and sublimer outlooks, but after he has gazed down into the emerald depths of Lake Louise, stood tremblingly upon the brink of Glacier Point overlooking the Yosemite Valley three thousand feet below, or looked awe-struck across the swimming depths of the Grand Canyon, the average American, after he has come back and once again enjoyed the marvelous vista from the summit of Mt. Washington or adown the Crawford Notch somehow or other instinctively feels that this picture the more nearly spells for him the word "Home."

In the steadily lengthening summer "season," and in the fact that nowadays it has grown to be a popular winter resting and recreation ground for city folk, is found another significant change in the life of the mountains. Formerly, where the regular summer season was confined to a period of less than two months, to-



COACHING IS ONE OF THE CHIEF DELIGHTS OF MOUNTAIN LIFE

day it opens around the first of July and does not close until mid-September. Even the larger houses, in some cases, are likely to be well supplied with guests around the period of the Glorious Fourth, and of late years the habitués of the mountains have come to better appreciate the wonderful beauty of the autumnal foliage of September and linger in the region for the purpose of enjoying it. Even California, with all its prodigality of scenery, has nothing that matches the gold and crimson glories of the Crawford Notch in autumn.

The inventive genius of man, ever conspiring to change our customs and shatter our traditions, has been responsible for yet another revolution in White Mountain life. The introduction of the palace hotel, the golf course, the swimming-pool, the bicycle path, together with the improvement of roads and trails, has had a noticeable effect upon the material prosperity of the mountain region as a vacation center, and the extension of the telephone and telegraph service, the augmentation of mails, and the issuance of daily newspapers have also been factors of some importance in shaping its destinies.

The most remarkable manifestation of all, however, has been the entirely modern introduction of the automobile. Even in the cities the motor carriage brought in its train a series of far-reaching effects upon our urban civilization, but its advent in the mountain fastnesses through which Pioneer Crawford laboriously cut his first trails a century ago was distinctly epochal, not to say sensational.

Old-time permanent dwellers in the White Hills have not yet been quite able to grasp the truth that a few years ago there was a race between automobiles up the stiff and dangerous slopes of Mt. Washington, and that similar miracles have taken place since. It has been almost too much for the natives to believe, and an event that many of the veteran visitors had never classed within the range of probability.

WINTER VISITORS

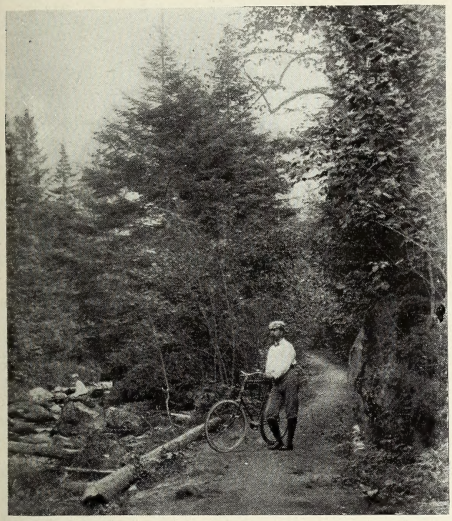
And yet it is a fact that automobiles, no matter how Frenchified their designations or how pungent the trail of gasoline they leave behind them in the rarefied air, nowadays ascend or descend the steepest mountain roadways at will, and in a few hours can make a grand circuit of the hills and valleys that would have required old Abel Crawford days to perform.

Good roads, fine scenery, bracing ozone, and comfortable hotels, indeed, have combined to make the White and Franconia mountains a veritable paradise for automobilists, and their advent is yet another proof that no longer are coaching and croquet the principal pastimes of the region, as some one has aptly said.

In the ancient days the piazza conversation at the mountain hotels was largely of stocks and railroad deals and sunsets. Now it is more likely to be of chauffeurs,

carburetters, motors, and tonneaus, with a liberal flavoring of gasoline. The sunsets and the cloud effects come in quite incidentally.

When the automobile first made its appearance on the not too broad mountain highways its name was anathema with the natives, and especially with the owners of liveries. Depressing visions of bankrupt stables and of a summer population daily decimated as the result of runaway accidents directly traceable to the dangerous " buzz-wagons " were conjured up by many, and even some of the



An ideal way of "doing" Franconia Notch

hotel managers looked upon the apparition with a none too friendly eye.

Like the popular opposition to most of the other of the world's innovations, however, all this antipathy has now died away. The livery-keepers have not gone into insolvency, the death rate among the summer colony has not been noticeably increased, and from no one do the automobilists receive the glad hand with greater fervor than from the landlords. If any one has been damaged in pocketbook or feelings by the irruption of autos in the mountains, it has been the railroads; but even they are not complaining; in fact, they take a broadminded view of the situation and rather rejoice in the fact that such a large and important addition to the wealthier class of White Mountain patrons has been made through this means.

Indeed, the arrival of a big touring car containing the family and guests of some New York or Boston millionaire is a matter of some consequence to the average hotel manager, even though they are due to remain but a few hours. It means much to him in both a financial and social sense.

As a matter of fact, it is quite the thing in these days for the owner of a big autocar to travel to the White Mountains in this way. This is the exalted privilege of the millionaire, and he undoubtedly displays good sense in taking advantage of it. For the million, the parlor car or the day coach will continue to be the popular medium of transportation, however, until Abel and Ethan Crawford have been dead a good many more years.

To tour to the mountains, *en famille*, from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other large cities is quite the thing in these days, and it is difficult to conceive of a more delightful way of spending one's money and time. It is a sort of exalted, aristocratic gipsy's life, for the participants may travel where they list, and may stop for luncheon at roadside or in leafy forest as the spirit moves. It is more exciting than houseboating, and for

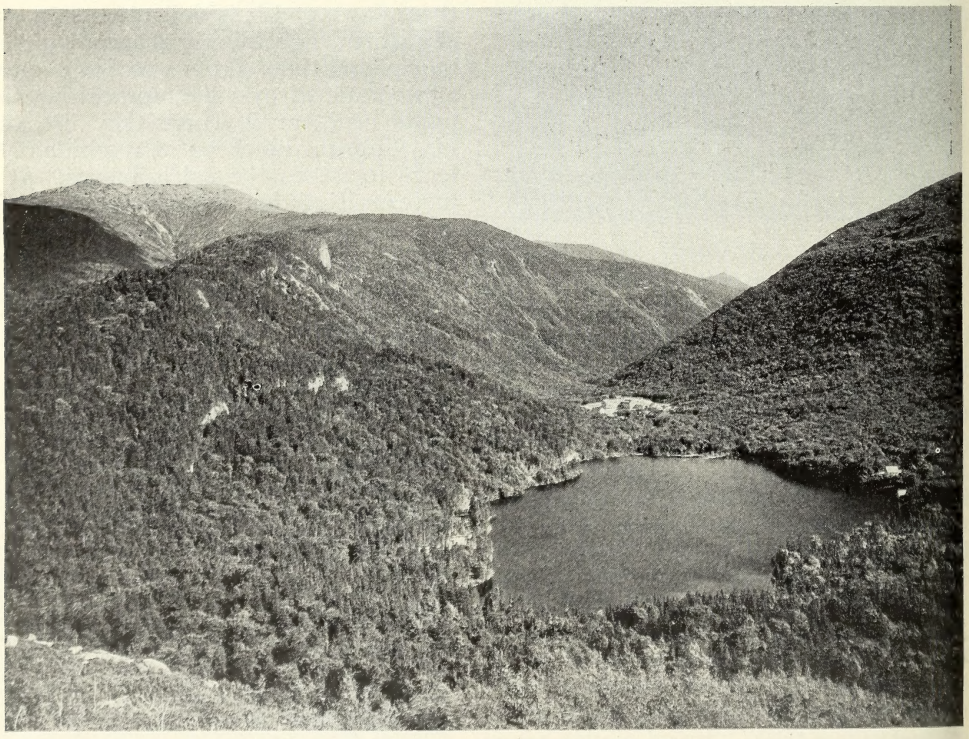
Off for a ten-mile canter

bona fide, ten per cent dividend enjoyment is equaled only by the California pastime of traveling to the Yosemite Valley and other popular vacation places in a house on wheels.

A favorite route from New York is through the lovely Berkshires, and thence northerly into the Green Mountains of Vermont and across to the particular objective point in the mountains. The Connecticut railroad route offers easier grades but less variety of scenery. Motor car tourists from Boston — New England's great summer vacation clearing-house — have a choice of enticing routes. A popular one is along the far-famed North Shore of Massachusetts, taking in Manchester, Magnolia, and perhaps Gloucester and Anisquam, and thence through Newburyport and Portsmouth and up through North Conway and Intervale into the heart of the green and white hills. Another delightful highway lies along the banks of the lovely Merrimac Valley and past glorious Lake Winnepesaukee into the Pemigewasset Valley and Franconia Notch.

After "doing" the mountains, many of the automobilists keep on into parts of the great Maine wilderness, in order to get a taste of even more primitive New England scenery and life. Some include in their itinerary the famous Rangeley Lakes,— described elsewhere in this issue, — reaching this delightful fishing and vacation resort via the wild and picturesque Dixville Notch. From Rangeley they continue to Brunswick, Portland, and Old Orchard, and back to Boston by way of the seashore. In what other part of America could a more diversified and delightful auto tour be enjoyed?

On the whole, the roads in the mountain region are in excellent condition, and they are being improved all the time; for New Hampshire is quite wideawake to the importance of the "good roads" propaganda, just as it is sitting up and taking notice of the necessity of preserving its forests. This, of course, con-



ECHO LAKE IS ONE OF NEW ENGLAND'S SCENIC VIEWS

PICTURESQUE CASCADES EVERYWHERE GREET THE EYE

tributes much to the comfort and convenience of the automobilists, and it also helps to give New Hampshire a good name outside of the state.

The annual "Glidden tour," held under the auspices of the American Automobile Association, usually includes the White Mountains in its itinerary, and this is always accounted one of the most interesting parts of the famous outing. There are a number of stated local tours, including one from Bretton Woods to Profile House, returning by way of Bethlehem, a distance of forty-eight miles, and another of seventy-two miles, encircling the Presidential Range. These, however, are mere before-breakfast spins, and the one that begins to look a little like a real tour takes in the grand circuit of the White Mountains, and covers a distance of one hundred and forty-eight miles. It includes the Franconia Notch, Pemigewasset Valley, Lake Winnepesaukee, Mt. Chocorua, and Crawford Notch. Life is well worth living when one can enjoy a treat like this.

A favorite sixty-mile endurance run takes the contestants from Bretton Woods to Twin Mountain, Littleton, Lancaster, Franconia, Sugar Hill, Profile House, and Bethlehem, and from there back to the starting point.

The great gold-medal test of nerve and skill comes, however, when the ascent of Mt. Washington by way of its carriage road is essayed. In August, 1861, the first coach to ascend to the summit was drawn thither laboriously by eight horses, with George W. Lane handling the ribbons. In these days it is not an uncommon thing for an automobile to make the ascent over the stiff carriage road, with its five to twenty per cent grades, in less than fifty minutes. What must the grim Old Man of the Mountains over in yonder Notch think of all this when Washington, Madison, Monroe, and the other "Presidents" sent him the news by wireless telegraph?

So firmly entrenched is the automobile in the mountains, indeed, that there is already a project for building a broad

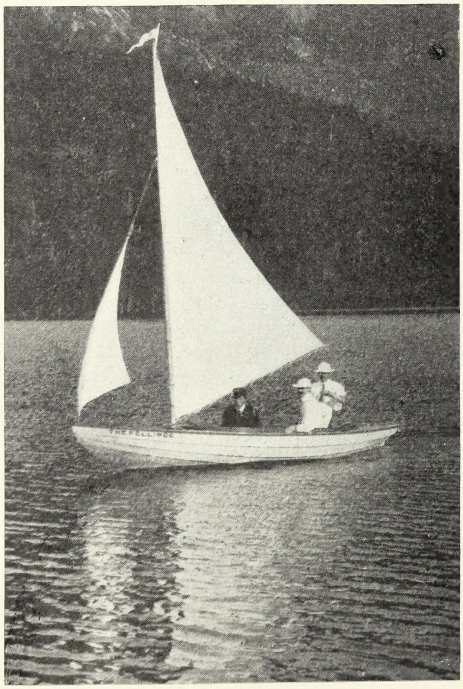
boulevard extending twenty-five miles from the Crawford House, at the head of the Crawford or White Mountain Notch, to Maplewood, Bethlehem, and Littleton, passing the Mount Washington, Mount Pleasant, Fabyan, and Twin Mountain houses in the earlier part of its course. The plan is to have a separate roadway for automobiles and carriages, with a central reservation for equestrians, these three to be flanked on either side by paths for pedestrians. It will be noted that the rights of the tramper are always kept in mind in the mountains, and for his particular benefit many thousands of dollars have been expended in breaking out trails through the highland fastnesses. Walking has always been, and always will be, one of the best and most popular of mountain pastimes.

Other "modern improvements" are also in prospect for the mountains, and it is quite possible that before many years the famous cog railway to the summit of Mt. Washington will have a rival on the slopes of Mt. Kearsarge, standing serene and symmetrical in the North Conway - Intervale country. The airship will not seem such a novelty when it comes, after all.

Not only does the swift-flying auto daily drop its group of begoggled and dust-covered enthusiasts at the porte-cochère of every large hotel in the mountains, but frequently the private car of the railroad magnate or the "matador of finance" is likewise noticed to discharge its precious freight of aristocracy and opulence at one or the other of the mountain hotel stations. Not as many of these roll up through the Notch during a season as you might count at St. Augustine or Monterey, perhaps, but their number is increasing all the time, and before we know it another million and a half dollar hotel, with its five hundred guests, its four hundred attachés, and its five thousand electric lights will be figuring in the summer social columns of the Sunday newspapers.

Meanwhile, the clerk and the "sales-lady" at Bethlehem are having a pretty good time themselves, thank you.

So many important factors combine to give the mountain region its vogue as a vacation resort one is led to marvel that a single section of country should have been treated so liberally by the Great Architect. There is the high altitude with its pure and crisp air that makes the tourist feel as if he must have landed on Mars, or some planet equally remote, when he emerges from his train and first fills his lungs with its ozone; the solemn grandeur of the mountain scenery itself, the outdoor pastimes, the indoor comforts, and last, but not least, the delightful social life. There are other attributes, too, that appeal to this one or that: the solitude that inspires the pen or palette, the opportunities for amateur photography and for geologizing and botanizing, and the wonderful prodigality of natural wonders with which the mountain section abounds.



EVEN SAILING IS POSSIBLE ON THE MOUNTAIN LAKES

In this latter category there is, first of all, the famous Profile, Echo Lake, the remarkable Flume, Lost River,

THE INCOMPARABLE CATHEDRAL WOODS AT INTERVALE

he ice gorge at Randolph, the Crawford Notch itself, and various waterfalls, oulders, ravines, caverns, potholes, and istoric landmarks far too numerous to lesignate here.

Add the physical charms and mysteries f the region to its kaleidoscopic social ife, and one has enough to make for a atisfactory vacation outing, even if the ir and the general surroundings were not ssentially different from the lowland ountry.

If you want to ascertain just what ffect this mountain life has upon the ody and mind of man or woman, just ook up the pedigree of any member of ne famous Appalachian Mountain Club f Boston, and the real truth will be re- ealed to you. There are none that now the mountains and their virtues ke the Appalachians, not even the ountain landlords. They are the first visit their fastnesses in early summer nd usually among the last to bid them rewell. For many years they have een holding annual field meetings in the hite and Franconia mountains, gather- g sometimes at Intervale, at others at Jackson, Littleton, Gorham, or Bethlehem, as the case may be.

They are the climbers of New England (not the society kind) *par excellence*, and when they pronounce judgment on a mountain view or a mountain policy the final word has been said. They climb, with ease and nonchalance, Mt. Washington and Madison, tramp in Indian file over the spinal column of the Presidential Range, camp out in Tuckerman's Ravine, look with disdain upon the cog railway and its tenderfoot occupants, and perform more stunts of an outdoor kind in a given period of time than any one but a squad of Swiss guides could possibly hope to emulate. They have constructed or inspired the construction of trails over the mountains here, there, and everywhere. They have erected huts of refuge for the benefit of those who may be caught in rainstorm or blizzard; they have written and published profound essays on the flora, fauna, and geology of the mountains; and in a general way they have been the intellectual and social pioneers of the entire region. The present age owes much, and posterity will

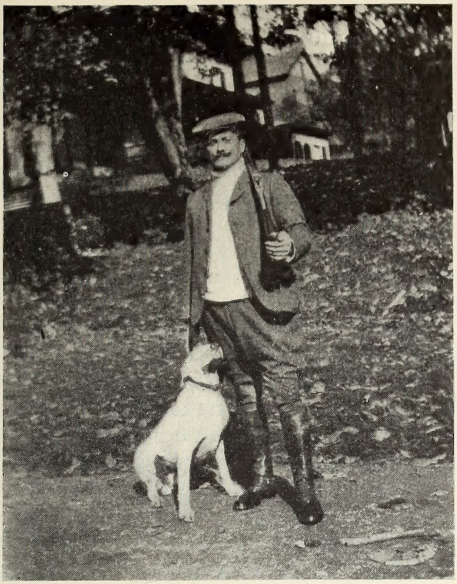
MT. CHOCORUA AND BEAR CAMP — A BEAUTIFUL GATEWAY TO THE MOUNTAIN PARADISE

owe still more, to the progressive, nature-loving members of the Appalachian Mountain Club. All New England ought to apply for membership in the club.

It was the Appalachians who first taught our people that winter vacations in the New England country are a delight and benefit rather than a horror. For years their hardy "snowshoe sections" have been invading the mountain region during the months when usually the entire landscape lies buried under several feet of snow.

Making their headquarters at Jackson, Intervale, or some other favorite spot, they spend several delightful days exploring the surrounding hills and valleys on snowshoes or skees, sometimes varying the programe with tobogganing, bobsledding, or sleigh riding, and with skating if the conditions are favorable. Women as well as men participate in this rare exercise, and many a set of feminine cheeks that left the North Station in Boston with a pallor akin to that of the snow itself have returned to the "Hub" with the color scheme radically changed and highly suggestive of rouge.

The Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad — the transportation company which virtually controls the destiny of the mountains — quick to appreciate the value of the lesson the Appalachians had been teaching, took hold of the matter in a systematic way, with the result that winter vacations are no longer confined to the South or to California or the West Indies. To-day the company makes this New England winter vacation idea a prominent feature of its regular advertising, and everywhere throughout the mountain section landlords are beginning to keep their houses, or a part of them, open all the year round.



OUT FOR A BAG OF WOODCOCK

In some of them steam or hot water heating, as well as the traditional open fires, is supplied, and not only are heavy fur garments provided for the use of guests who like to go sleigh riding or snowshoeing, but the cuisine is especially adapted to cold weather needs.

It has finally dawned upon many of our people that the proper way to take a mid-winter rest away from the damp and bleak seacoast is not to run down South for a couple of weeks and then rush home into the embrace of a Northern blizzard, but to get back into the cold, still highlands of New England and there build up health and strength amid natural climatic conditions. Many physicians are advising their patients to do this very thing.

New England, therefore, has come to be an all the year round vacation resort. In some ways this winter outing idea is a more remarkable phase of evolution in the mountains than the advent of the palace hotel and the automobile.

An interesting feature of summer life in the mountains is the good-natured rivalry in athletics that exists between the guests of the different large hotels. This is chiefly manifested in baseball matches between teams representing the honor and glory of various hostelries. Bowling, billiards, ping pong, shuffle-board, progressive whist, and euchre are all indulged in, in addition to the pastimes already mentioned. Horseback riding is, of course, exceedingly popular.

Of the more intellectual enjoyments there may be mentioned musicales and lectures, many of which are given. Frequently an amateur drama is presented, and one of the newer hotels has even provided a regularly equipped stage, with dressing-rooms and other accessories, on which dramatic performances of no mean order are given. The Boston Symphony Orchestra and vocalists equally famous frequently are heard at the big hotels, for the mountain region is a great foregathering place for noted singers and musicians. Thoroughly enjoyable and inspiring are the Sunday preaching and musical services that are usually held at the large hotels. At these services some of the country's most noted divines sometimes officiate.

ON AN EIGHTEEN-HOLE COURSE

One likes to dwell upon the subject of the altitudes of these various resorts, for that, of course, is largely what has made them. Their elevations above the sea range from 525 feet, as in the case of North Conway, to 1,900 and 1,904 feet respectively at the Crawford and Profile houses. The Mount Washington Hotel has an elevation of 1,610 feet, and that of the Maplewood, 1,498.

The four great notches giving ingress and egress to the great stream of tourist travel in the mountains are, Crawford Notch, 1,900 feet; Franconia Notch, 1,974 feet; Pinkham Notch, 2,018 feet; and Dixville Notch, 1,650 feet. The mountains themselves, as all the world knows, range in altitude from 6,293 feet for Mt. Washington, down to 3,251 for Kearsarge, and even lower elevations; for the less important peaks, Adams, Jefferson, Clay, Monroe and Madison, Lafayette, Lincoln, and Twin all come within the five thousand feet class. Yes, these are real and not toy mountains that we go into verbal and printed ecstasies over and proudly designate "the New England Alps."

A fairly complete list of the various White Mountain tourist centers, alphabetically arranged, according to the non-discriminating Australian ballot system, is as follows: Bartlett, Bath, Berlin, Bethlehem, Bretton Woods (formerly Mount Pleasant), Campton, Campton Village, Colebrook, Dixville Notch, Franconia, Franconia Notch (including the Profile and Flume houses), Gorham, Groveton, Haverhill, Intervale, Jackson, Jefferson, Kearsarge Village, Lancaster, Lisbon, Littleton, North Conway, North Stratford, North Woodstock, Plymouth, Randolph, Rumney, Shelburne, Sugar Hill, Twin Mountain, Warren, Waterville, Wentworth, West Campton, West Thornton, Whitefield, Wildwood, Woodstock, and Woodsville.

It will be interesting to watch the development of these attractive and restful resorts during the next quarter of a century.

Taken as a whole, they already absorb a goodly percentage of the 125,000 "regular" and 175,000 "transient" summer guests who flock to the Granite State every season. In all New Hampshire there are less than a score of towns out of a total of 218 in which the "summer boarder" is not entertained, and in the mountain resorts just enumerated much of the nearly $9,000,000 that has been invested in New Hampshire hotels and boarding-houses is represented. Likewise, the landlords in these places get a fair-sized share of the $7,500,000, or thereabouts, that is annually contributed by summer guests in that remarkable state.

It must not be assumed that all this wealth is flowing into the strong boxes of the hotel people without any effort whatever on their part to make it do so. Water does not run up hill, and tourists and rest seekers do not always ascend into mountain regions, however beautiful, unless something is done to turn their thoughts and their feet in that direction.

The mountain section, as a whole, and particularly the more prominent resorts, has been for years systematically advertised at a cost of many thousands of dollars. Newspaper and magazine advertising, and booklets most seductively written and illustrated, are utilized not only by the hotels but by the transportation companies interested in building up this part of the New England summer playground.

Along this line the local hotel proprietors and business men have done a sane and progressive thing in organizing a White Mountain Board of Trade for the purpose of "booming" and improving the White and Franconia region as a whole. This is the modern way of exploiting a resort locality,—a general pooling of a percentage of the total individual advertising of appropriations in the interests of the section as an entity. It is a policy that pays in the case of almost any vacation community.

It is to be assumed, of course, that at least three fourths of those who visit the White Mountain go thither with the hope or expectation of ascending to the summit of grand old Mt. Washington, and, standing there on the wind-swept ridgepole of New England, look out upon that marvelous cyclorama of mountain, valley, river, lake, and forest which so many thousands, and among them some of our

most illustrious Americans, have viewed with varied emotions.

Lucy Larcom well described that wonderful picture when she wrote:

"Our own familiar world, not yet half known,
Nor loved enough, in tints of Paradise
Lies there before us, now so lovely grown,
We wonder what strange film was on our eyes
Ere we climbed hither."

There are many one-day summer excursions that are widely advertised, at much expense, as the best ever; but surely that which takes the tourist up the slopes of Mt. Washington on the famous cog railway (which has never contributed anything to the much discussed railroad mortality of America), deposits him at a comfortable hotel standing nearly 6,300 feet above the sea, in ample time for always-welcome lunch, permitting him to feast his senses upon that wide-spreading and indescribable picture of land and sea and cloud, then sending him home to his hotel by way of the Mt. Washington carriage road, Pinkham Notch, and the White Mountain Notch, is one that for variety and inspiration can scarcely be compared with any other in the land.

Many have had the lifelong ambition to enjoy this experience; and once it has been fulfilled, nothing can ever displace it.

From the summit of Mt. Washington one begins to get an understanding of the wonderful extent and variety of the New England and Canadian summer vacation section, for not only are Lake Winnepesaukee, Squam Lake, and Sunapee Lake, with their important social life, revealed in their vernal setting, but the Atlantic Ocean, the Green Mountains of Vermont (a delightful part of our highlands that deserve a separate chapter), and even some of the mountains of Maine and Canada are disclosed.

Out in California the tourists make nocturnal visits to lofty Mt. Hamilton to view the stars through the great Lick telescope. In the White Mountains they ascend Mt. Washington to stay over night and pick out the distant cities of Portland, Lewiston, and Laconia, made visible by their glittering electric lights. This is another case in which they have the advantage of the Crawfords; but these sturdy pioneers at least had one thing in common with those of the present progressive generation,—the incomparable sunrise and sunset effects from the summit of old Agiochook.

With the further improvement of its roads, the multiplication of its hotels, the increase in number of its cottagers, the augmentation of its annual conventions, the still further refinement of its social life, and the preservation for all time of its forests, the White Mountain region will ultimately grow to be a second Switzerland; and, like Switzerland itself, it already has developed into an all the year round rest resort.

The various summer centers will grow larger and more prosperous, the big hotels will grow even bigger, the toot toot! of the automobile whirling its dusty passengers from point to point with rocket speed will be heard at more frequent intervals, and from the mansions of merchants, manufacturers, and bankers in every part of America and the palaces of European nobility will come a steadily increasing stream of those summer guests whom enterprising landlords love best to greet.

And in equal ratio will increase the number of sojourners from the great middle class of American citizens, to whom will be extended with equal hospitality the "glad hand."

As a summer vacation section, the mountains are merely upon the threshold of their vogue and prosperity.

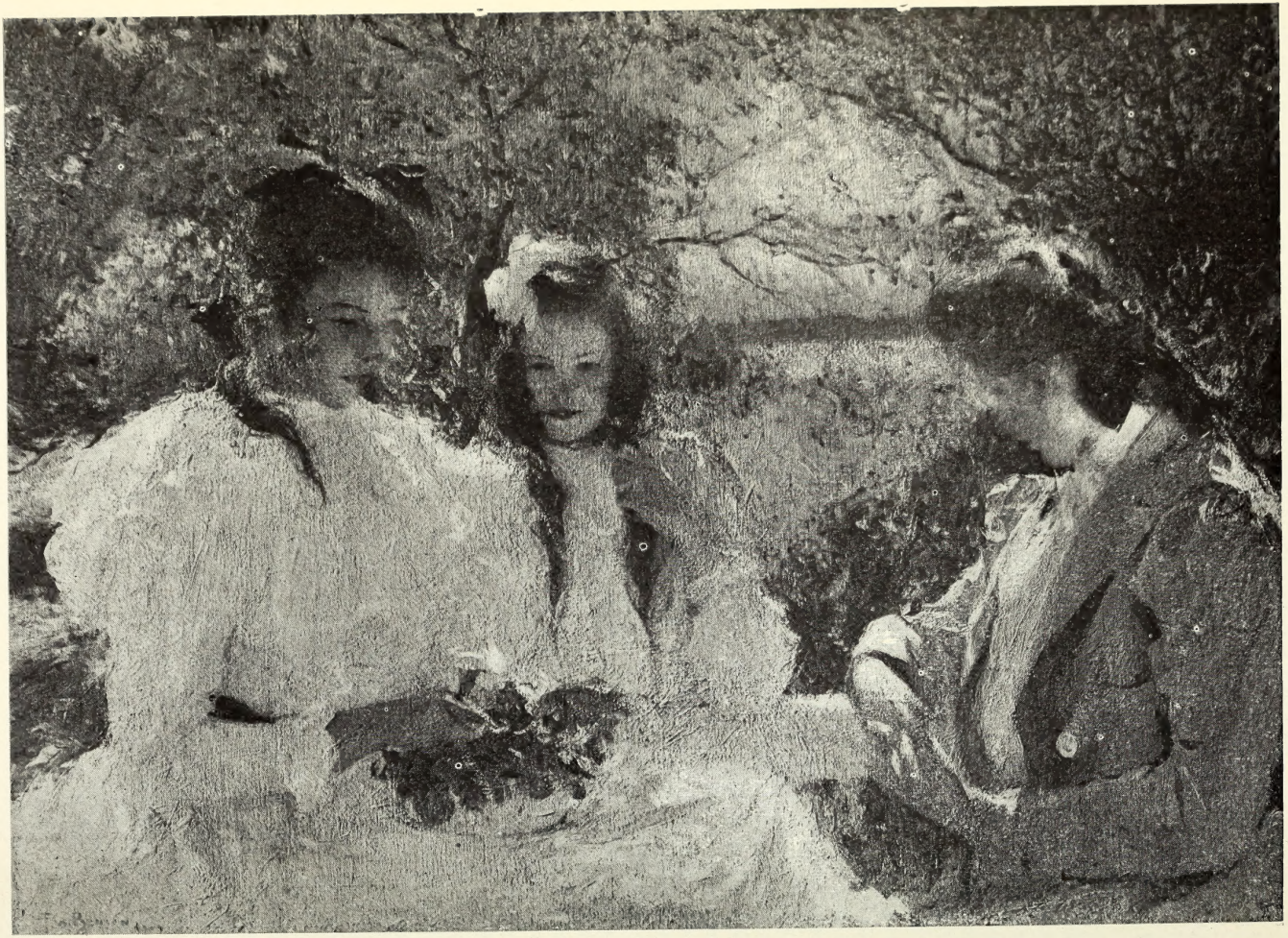


PHOTO BY HAESELER, PHILADELPHIA.

"PORTRAIT OF MY DAUGHTERS," by Frank W. Benson

Famous New England Artists Series

III. Frank W. Benson's "Portrait of My Daughters"

By FREDERICK W. COBURN

THE decorative quality for which Frank W. Benson seems always to work is frequently coupled with peculiar witchery of technique, as in his "Portrait of My Daughters," awarded the Temple Gold Medal at the exhibition of this season at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. The canvas is unquestionably among the best things done by a very competent painter. The fascinating disposition of dark accents, the good understanding of the facts of form under the sparklingly painted draperies, the sense of ease of brushwork, give the artist and art student something to be enthusiastic about. The general public, concerned with non-technical considerations, likes the feeling of the joy of childhood and of outdoors in the picture.

Theories of composition and pure design do not especially interest Mr. Benson, it is said. His temperament leads him to paint spontaneously, improvising good design as he works. Regarding his facility a story is told in the studios of an occasion when Mr. Benson and a brother painter talked over a motive for a picture. Each went away determined to put the idea into execution. The other man, being deliberate, took a few days to consider the subject, when to his surprise he read in a newspaper that Mr. Benson had captured the gold medal at one of the important exhibitions with a rendering of the very subject suggested.

Whether apochryphal or not the anecdote illustrates the decision, ease, and gracefulness of execution which have stood Mr. Benson in good stead during his professional career. A long series of honors has come to the painter since his return from Paris in the middle eighties — prizes and medals of the World's Columbian Exposition and the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg, the Shaw Fund of the Society of American Artists, Clark Prize and Hallgarten Prize of the National Academy of Design, Lippincott Prize, Philadelphia, gold medals at the St. Louis Exposition and many more. The first large showing of his works in Boston was in a two-man exhibition with Edmund C. Tarbell, at the St. Botolph Club in March, 1891. Decorations for the Library of Congress a few years after added to his national reputation.

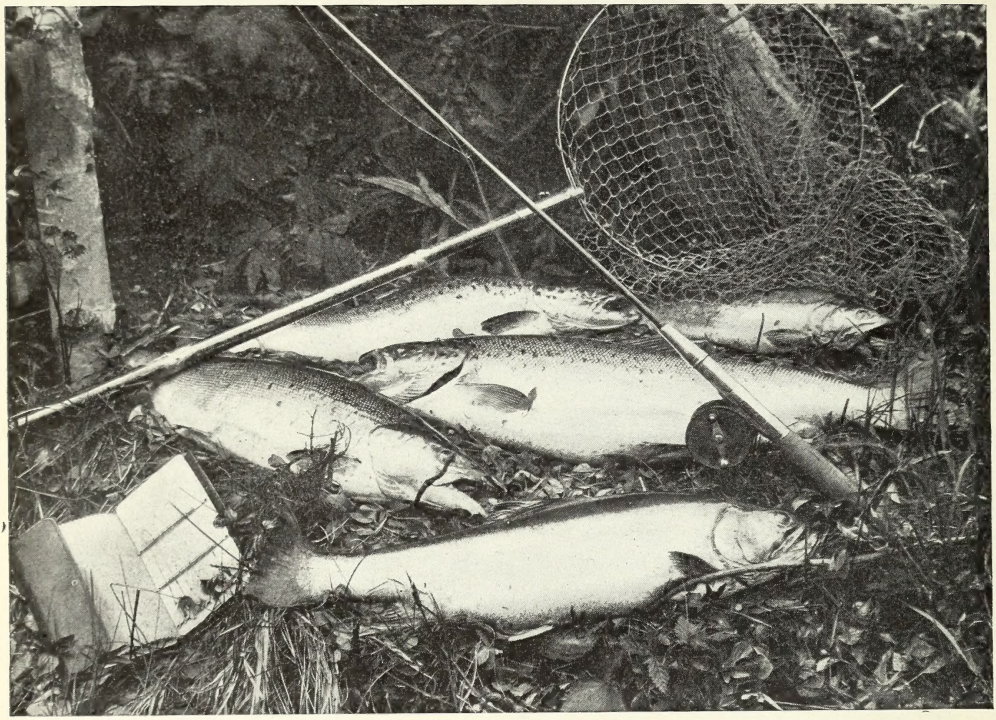
In the winter of 1898 Mr. Benson was one of the group who seceded from the Society of American Artists and began to exhibit together under the designation of Ten American Painters. To the annual art shows of this society he has contributed a series of strong, individual works. Among canvases of recent years which we have all liked are the subtle portrait of Judge Robert Grant displayed at the St. Botolph Club some time ago; the virile and solid likeness of Isaac Bates, of Providence, shown at the Copley Society's summer exhibition of 1906, "Three Sisters," and "Coasters in Harbor," at the 1906 exhibition of Ten American Painters; "Sylvia," belonging to the exhibition of the Ten of last year, "Pomona," seen at the Twentieth Century Club's exhibition of 1906, and the portrait of a veiled young woman blown by the wind, which won the first prize at the 1907 exhibition of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington.

Living at Salem, teaching at the school of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and advancing steadily in professional capacity, Mr. Benson at the age of forty-six is one of the foremost of the New England painters who are achieving international reputation.

Down in Maine

By CHARLES EVERETT BEANE

II. THE VALLEY OF THE UPPER KENNEBEC



How's this for Friday?

I SAY, Distch,—can't you hang that sign some other place? I'll be doing things to it in another day like this—it's giving me the jim-jams."

Sitting at his desk just behind "Boss," the city editor, and leaning far out over a persistently clamoring ticker, a young chap calls to an enterprising merchant, on Fulton Street, Brooklyn, who gazes heavenward at a disheveled mop of a blonde wig, about which a pair of wildly gesticulating arms beckon his attention to

SPORTING GOODS
FISHING TACKLE

above the door of his shop, just on a level with the line of vision from the window aloft.

The apparition is collarless, open-shirted at the neck, and unsuspendered, in an attempt to find comfort in the ninety-degree atmosphere of a pulsating editorial room in a big city, one very hot day during the last week in May.

"Look at this — and this — and that! Size up this room and then gaze that sign in the face all day! I shall go mad — raving mad!" and while reporters crowd around him, Clyde wildly turns the pages of an outing magazine, points to a half dozen fine illustrations of glorious fishing scenes, and shakes his fist at the laughing face on the sidewalk below.

" Jack, you sinner, if I had you here I'd muss you up until you became ambidextrous, and make you eat this letter inviting me to the *impossible*, when I am roped, thrown, and branded until August."

" COPY," yells " Boss"—" do you call that news? " He glances sarcastically at a young reporter. " Here's a *dog* bit a *man* and you give such ordinary stuff a column of rot! Make it half a stick. When you get a story of a *man* biting a *dog* I'll put you on the front page and make it a bulletin. Fade away. What you got on the wire there, Poeski?"

" Nothing but a fire in Manhattan, loss half a million, and another suicide from the bridge. Tunnel just busted again near this side, and here's some cheap political talk. No news at all. Yes — here's some. A Brooklyn man caught an eighteen-pound ' laker ' at Moosehead last week."

" Crazy as a bedbug — all in up here." and " Boss" taps his forehead pityingly. " Why don't you get Tom to come on your job and you dig out for Maine? Perhaps you can't later on, after that ' angel ' of yours has you down to Coney a few more trips."

" Don't you dare suggest such a thing or I'll be stretching the rubber in my neck looking for the forest till it can be used for a fiddle string. Jim can't go until July and he'd black hand me if I went alone."

" You're in *right* now, Bo. What's the fuss? " and the last named individual strides through the door and joins the group. " Got a letter from the ' Old Scout,' eh? Right end up, of course. Anything new? "

" Says he is going to Labrador in July, and if we get him in Maine it must be in June or September. There you are all balled up."

" Where is he now? "

" In the woods, of course, up in Dead River, wherever that may be, place called Stratton. Listen to this: ' From my table in this dining room where I am waiting a moment between the courses of a fine Maine dinner, such as we have often had together, I will dash off a line to you, while Mt. Bigelow towers in full view along the eastern horizon, his sides changing dark and bright as the clouds pass. Just at the door the thrashing waters of a goodly sized stream sing of trout awaiting my coming and the boys are yelling to me to pull myself away from a mighty pleasant occupation and get on the wagon. The air is fragrant with the piney burden from the all-encompassing hills and —— ' "

" For heaven's sake, cut it out. You are on my limit. This room is stifling, I want free life and I want fresh air and I want things to eat that are eatable. I'm off for Maine if I never work another day. Where is Jack next? "

" Belgrade Lakes the first week in June."

" Me for that place. Are you on? "

" Boss, are you serious? Will you help me to get away? "

" And mighty glad to see you go. You're like a measle patient in a bunch of young workmen, no good to yourself or any one else till you get the stuff out of your blood. I've heard so much about *woods* every day that my locals smell of *pitch*. If you *don't* get out of here I'll fire you."

" I won't wait for it — I'll chuck my mazuma in a saratoga and meet you at the boat to-morrow night, Jim."

" Too quick. Make it Monday."

" Two long days and nights — oh, Lord," groans Clyde, to which Jim replies, " That allows but three minutes each for a farewell to your lady friends," and dodges a heavy baseball guide as he ducks through the doorway to the elevator.

" Boss," noting after a half hour's hard work the unusual quiet at his back, peers over Clyde's shoulder to observe a slow tracing finger on the map of Maine following a line across country from a Maine Central railroad station marked " Belgrade." He turns away with a mysterious gurgle that sounds suspiciously like a smothered laugh, yells " COPY," and the hours fly along until the paper goes to press.

. . . . . .

The third of June and a lovely day it is. No man with red blood in his veins can deny the urging fever set humming by

TROUT REST HERE WITH NOSES UP STREAM

the caress of the lake breezes and glint of gold on dancing waves.

The piazza rail of one of the most famous of Maine's hostelries supports a supply of fly rods and a landing net within convenient reaching distance of a young man who sits sorting over a book of gaily feathered lures. This old friend of ours glances often and eagerly toward the big doorway, until a young man emerges from the office bearing several familiar-shaped bundles.

"Give me some of those, Walter, and pull your throttle, or we will never get out to the fishing grounds."

"Steady, old chap. Mind those eggs—they ain't warranted not to crack under a strangle hold. You're in too good training for ordinary stunts and just keen for an hour's hard paddling, eh?"

The canoe glides along the western shore of a lake rivaling Killarney in its beauty, and fairly rips the water apart under the sweeping strokes of two good athletes.

At the turn of a point of land edged with thick bushes, they catch strongly accented and liberally punctuated sentences from the other side, that stop their strenuous efforts, and their frail craft shoots around into a little cove, where an irate individual makes untamed cuss words sit up and fairly beg for mercy.

A peculiar looking figure he presents, standing to his hips in the lake, water streaming from his soaked garments, while at a little distance a canoe floating serenely away tells the story of a clumsy attempt to shove off from shore as one would in a heavy boat. End over end had taken place so suddenly that a much bewildered Hebrew hardly knew how it all happened. At sight of the newcomers the air clears a little and the smell of sulphur drifts away.

Assisting the crestfallen fisherman to

WHERE ARE *we?* AT LUNCH AMONG THE TREES

recover his canoe and gather up his shipwrecked outfit, Jack and his mate pursue their course, bursting with merriment as the former remarks, "It was comparatively a cinch for you to mount the big whale in your workshop, Walter, but a commission to perpetuate that specimen we have just left would mean your fortune if you did as good a job. Ought to put him under convex glass, paint in a background of rocks, and stick on a label, "Jerusalem, what a dampness."

"Looks good to me right here — got a match?"

Close inshore a deep, dark eddy, where a small stream enters the lake, looks trouty, and a few casts of good combinations produce results in the shape of fair-sized fish, the largest of which weighs a little over two pounds.

"Too tame — the big ones are out hunting; let's hit the trail."

From that island a bar makes over to another for a distance of about five hundred yards, and the canoe sneaks slowly across, thirty feet to windward and down the sun. Long, graceful sweeps of the enameled line, always clearing the water until after the flies have settled lightly, provoke no responsive rush and inspiring splash of hungry square tails.

"Wait a minute till that cloud gets along."

The water darkens, and now a double cast from each end of the canoe. A *strike!*

Walter's rod buckles until tip touches butt under the "set" of a strong wrist, and an instant later Jack has troubles of his own. Two big fish on at once and the problem is to keep the issue of fight distinct in each case. Familiar with all the rules of trout strategy, the finny beauties put up a most interesting fight.

Walter's antagonist races along on a parallel with the canoe, turning suddenly to come straight toward the angler with a rush, and the shriek of a multiplying reel tells the tale of frantic haste as the slack line comes in. Under the canoe darts the fish, and a sweep of tip about the bow transfers the scene of operations to the other side of the craft, where a back fin, just breaking the surface, marks a little line of foam.

Jack's trout is behaving badly, going to deep water for a sulking spell, during which little alarming wiggles away down at the rocky bottom warn of efforts to rub out the hook. Giving him all the spring of the rod, Jack feels him slowly rising, and instantly rush after rush, first one way, then another, tells of the beginning of the end.

The other fish is coming in well, when he suddenly transfers the fighting ground to Jack's end of the canoe, and in an instant the lines have crossed and ensues an anxious moment.

"Hold hard, old man,— give him all the bamboo there is to it, we've *got* to keep them coming now."

For a full minute the strain is steady and tense, then Walter slowly brings his captive to net under Jack's line, and one worry is past, but when all seems to be going well for the second capture, a sudden heavy tug of surprising strength carries Jack's tip under water, and the weight of his fish is decidedly increased.

"He sure enough swallowed a small boulder or got a toe hold on bottom, that trip," remarks the fisherman. "That's the craziest acting red-spot I ever tackled. Pipe that — he's clean gone 'nutty.'"

A bewildering swirl near the surface with immediate savage tugs deeper down, and Jack declares he must have two gamey creatures on at once.

A moment later Walter gets a hold on the line, and handling carefully so he can let it run through his fingers at an instant's warning, slowly secures foot after foot, while Jack reels in the slack.

"A *double* and *beauts* at that," ejaculates Walter. "First time I ever saw a big trout and black bass on the same cast."

By careful work and skilful handling of the net and gaff they are taken into the canoe, and a sharp blow on the back of the neck of each sends them into slumberland.

"*There's* a catch that should warm the cockles of any man's heart, unless he wants the moon fenced in with gold barbed wire. You're dead lucky you didn't have a 'split' that trip, old chap. Can't do it again, bet you five."

"Luck and a mighty good hand-tied

THE PINE-BORDERED MOOSEHEAD AT WEST OUTLET

leader, with a few other fine qualities if you please, Bo,— but *what* a trio."

Walter's victim is found to be the heaviest — five pounds and an eighth. Jack's trout an even five pounds and the bass three pounds and a half.

"Murder!" "Murder!" "Fire!" "Police!"

The cries come from behind some thick bushes within twenty feet of the canoe.

"Highwaymen." "Yeggs." "Fish-hogs."

Determined to uncover the jokers, the successful fishermen paddle ashore and run up the bank to be suddenly confronted by two wild men from New York, who pounce upon Jack and wrestle him to earth, where they roll over and over with him in a catch-as-catch can, while Walter, surmising the truth, roars with laughter at his pal's sorry appearance.

"Clyde, you beggar, and Jim, you holy terror, when did you drop in and what good planet ever let you break away? You have been in my mind all day and I have been pitying you away there in a sweatbox this glorious weather. Shake hands with Hinds — you know him; no good kind of a hobo, but *he'll do*, now he's in *good* society. Walter, these are the 'Innocents, who invaded the Maine woods with me last year, the two softest marks in the wilds you ever got up against, rank interlopers without a redeeming feature other than their self-confessed ignorance, but good students, who became fair woodsmen, all of that knowledge lost, of course, since last year."

"Got another guess, old Scout, here we are with our own canoe, came out alone and took *these* in while we were watching for you — pretty good, eh? (holding up a fine string of good-sized fish). But what do you mean by hiking down the pike skimming the cream off this lake?"

"Can't help it — got the habit. No hoodoos in the canoe and mind at rest with the idea that I had no trouble com-

ing to me until you made me wake up, but come over here and roost on this log, while Walter and I get dinner and you and Jim can talk to us about New York."

"No such place on the map. Forget it. Your letter was the spark to dynamite and it blew us clear down here before we anchored. Came by the air line, as it were. Reminds me of when I was working on the B. & O.—— "

"Clyde, if you don't shake that stale old gag, I'll choke you, and that goes. I haven't come down here to be smothered with jokes from the Garden of Eden. Tumble up and we'll show Jack and his pal that we haven't lost the idea of cooking in the open."

"Score a strike for Jim," laughs Jack. "You got 'em all down in your alley. Get going, you slaves. Never mind them Walter, they're *very* young and feel their oats more than they will a week from now. Naturally lazy. It'll be up to me later."

"Good pupils and that's no pipe," declares his friend a few minutes later, when with Jack he is handed a liberal supply of broiled trout, fried potatoes, boiled eggs, bread, and tea, cooked to a turn.

An hour passes and lying on the flat of his back with face to the sky, Clyde, acting as spokesman, gives a good recital of events since their last meeting, punctuating his narrative with puffs of perfect contentment. A silence of a moment and Jim stretches out his arms lazily toward the gleaming silver of spreading waters, sweeps them up toward the firmament, and exclaims, "Heaven-canopied Maine, ELYSIUM."

With a bound Walter springs to his feet. "Quick — back to Belgrade — no man can tell what the *next* spasm of Maine fever will do for you — may tear you all up and scatter you to the four winds. It's safer to take it in *small* doses;" and with a roar of laughter canoes are manned as the declining sun permits the lowering of a twilight curtain on the *first scene* of the new year's outing.

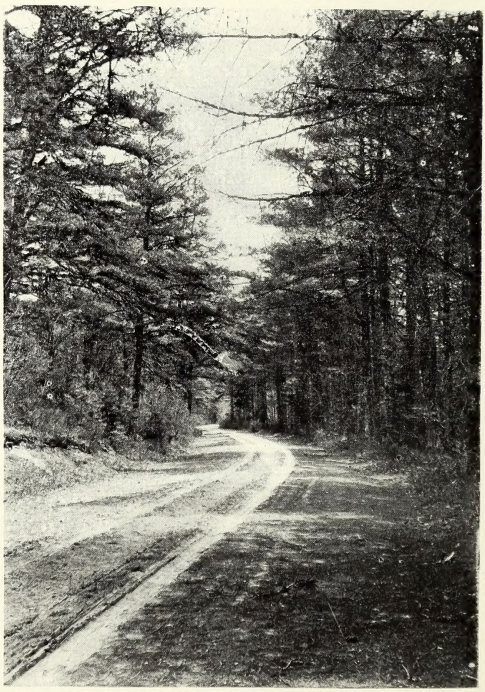
. . . . . .

"That's an interesting story you have been telling of the Indian massacre at Norridgewock. Queer little town it is to-day, and looks mighty pleasant from the car window. What place is this?"

"Madison. How's that for water power? Can't say I like the odor of that pulp mill when the wind's just right to tie one up to it, but there is a fine country about here, some very beautiful drives and easy communication across country. Here is Solon, and under us are the Falls of the Carratunk."

"But look here, chief, *this* don't look like *new* country. You tell us you are taking us into a sporting region just opened by a new line of railroad, something crispy and unbranded."

"Did I ever depart from the path of strict veracity, Jim? I never promised you a *new country*, but a *new way* of getting into an *old country*, new to most sportsmen, because the best places used to be difficult of access. Personally I always considered *that* one of it's great charms, for a long walk and much 'toting' of a fair-sized pack through the woods never feazed me in the least in this or any other country from Maine



ON THE WAY IN

to Newfoundland, but nowadays sportsmen have so little time for traveling and are so anxious to put in every minute with rod and reel, they must *start* and *arrive* the same day."

"Well, when I was working on the B. & O.——"

"SHUT UP."

"Bingham — change for Rowe and Carry Ponds, Pleasant, Otter, and Pierce Ponds, and the Forks of the Kennebec."

"Come down, Jack, come down. Do we get off here? This must be a 'blind run,' starting nowhere and ending in the same place."

"Just a little side trip over night so Jim can see what a *real* buckboard trail is like. Kennebago road isn't in the same class, but at the *end* you will meet one of the best fellows hereabouts, and get some good fry-pan candidates. Over there at the end of a six-mile drive is Healey's — fine place for headquarters during the hunting season, and two miles tramp through a mighty pretty forest trail brings you to a quintet of good lakes, near Rowe Pond camps, where there is fine fishing if one is satisfied with small fish. We are going to see my old friend Lane at Carry Pond and we might as well make up our minds to stay over Sunday, for Henry won't have it otherwise."

Along the winding banks of the beautiful Kennebec there is much rich meadow land, well watered by the swift-flowing tide, where shoals, alternating with deeper places, fret and pacify the flood in turn, presenting a continually changing fore and back ground, to the delight of the occupants of the buckboard. When, after a strenuous drive, the fourteen cozy cabins about the head of the placid pond lie at their feet, and the unmistakably hearty welcome of mine host is received, the Manhattanites throw themselves on the greensward before the door of a little cabin set apart for them, await the call to supper and declare no fairer sight could be spread than that upon which they admiringly gaze.

The distant heights, now shaded deep in the twilight, are tipped by the last rays of the orb of day stealing over them, upon the quiet waters with a kiss of unbroken peace.

Just in the foreground three canoes drift lazily to the landing, where forms indistinctly outlined lend assistance, and mingled with the deep tones of the gentlemen of the party, several ladies are keeping up a constant trilling to friends farther out on the pond, the harmony of it all coming to the ear in a well-balanced chorus.

To the delight of the late arrivals their places are set at the table of the proprietor, and during an interesting hour conversation runs upon the best fishing in the vicinity, with a suggestion that the salmon of Pierce Pond afford tempting sport.

Much controversy has been excited as to the exact classification of these particular salmon, some authorities asserting their identity with Pacific Coast, Quinnat, and one has declared "he would know those 'bad tempered bull dogs' with a face like a crocodile in distress anywhere he found them." Be that as it may, Pierce Pond salmon prove next day that they are no mean antagonists.

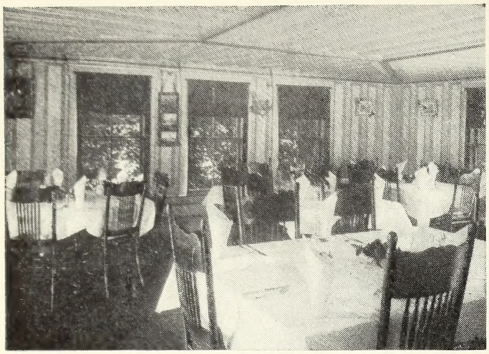
Early in the morning our party is off for a five-mile tramp across the trail to Otter Pond, and from there, by mutual consent, they push along until a mile further lands them on the shore of the salmon's home waters.

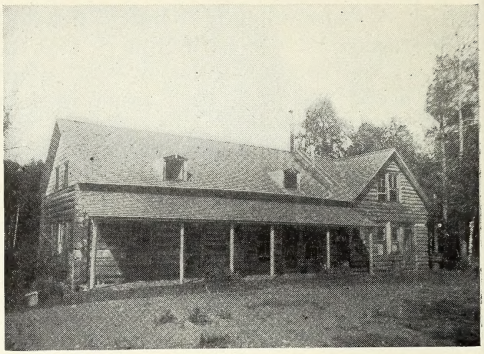
Fates are unkind throughout the forenoon, and at dinner time nothing worth mentioning has rewarded patient effort.

Rather disgusted with the failure in the face of such glowing tales as those with which they were regaled the evening before, Jim and Clyde freely express their opinion that some one has prevaricated without a license, but Jack insists there must be fire where there is so much smoke, and after-events prove his words.

As soon as lunch is over, Jim is hot after a chance to try his luck again, but Clyde lingers in the shade smoking his pipe. "Go on up the pond, and when I have my smoke out I'll take the other boat and join you."

After trying the flies for an hour or more, live bait and trolling are resorted to with no better success, and as Clyde has joined them, they adjust good bait





COME IN — YOU'RE OUT

on the spinners and row slowly toward the camps.

Among those who sought the pond that day was a greenhorn at fishing, who had been made the butt of much chaffing by his own party. Just as our friends arrive, several fishermen, intending a good sell, fix up a troll no one ever heard of before, the most outrageous-looking mess that ever dragged water.

With many assurances that he is now properly outfitted, they push the boat from the shore as the poor dupe picks up his oars and strikes out. They have tied a strong line to the seat in front of him, and as he gets well away from the shore he follows instructions and throws over the troll. Jokes that are cracked at the expense of the lone fisherman go on without limit, and he rows along blissfully unconscious of the entertainment he is affording.

Suddenly the onlookers see him spring to his feet and grab at the line trailing over the stern of his boat, and as he begins to pull it in, the water fifty yards away is torn open again and again as a frantic fish fights to shake himself clear from the stinging thing in his mouth that drags him relentlessly along. Hand over hand the excited fisherman hauls away, unmindful of adjurations without number from his anxious spectators to "Give him line!" "Play him careful!" "Take your time!" etc., etc.

Tumbling end over end in his mad dashes out of water, Mr. Salmon is taken like a sucker, and to the amazement of the crowd finally lands in the bottom of the boat at his conqueror's feet, who proudly rows ashore and holds up an eight-pound trophy, not of skill, but of bull luck.

A "sicker" crowd of sportsmen it would be hard to find, as one remarks, "Aint that the worst you ever saw? Just imagine the fun a good fisherman would have had with that salmon on a light rigging." And as our friends who have been witnesses quote, "Hoist with his own petard," the would-be jokers get the grand laugh, and turn away sheepishly, remarking, "Guess it's on us this time."

There is no doubt left, however, about the fighting qualities of Pierce Pond salmon, for a wilder struggle for freedom never was witnessed.

For many days the incident was the all-absorbing theme of conversation, and the upshot was the publishing of a little poem, "Fool's luck," the closing lines of which were:

"*They* were men of science most uncommon;
He was just a fool — but he caught the salmon."

"It is funny how things *happen* to some people," remarked Clyde the next morning, as the party walked along a trail toward the highway on the road out to Bingham. "When I first came to Maine I expected unusual things would rush in on me from all quarters, but so far our trips have come along in fine style, as though we were taking a course in a university. I have a colossal idea that our way wouldn't have been such a bed of roses if we had to go it alone like the other fellows. We owe you a big debt of gratitude for many a good tip at the right time, Jack, old man."

"Do you know I have been thinking

a lot about that recently and almost believe it's doing dead wrong to put you wise to things before they hit you. I'm not so sure you will thank me for this in the future, and I guess I must let you get 'up against it' just for a change. What do you say, Jim?"

"Oh, we're no infants and should take our medicine like the rest, I suppose, but I have no grouch at all. I have a notion that it would be a trifle harder to fool us now than when we first came into the woods, but there are still some wrinkles we don't savvey."

"Just a few," dryly remarks Jack, and that very evening he finds a way to assist in their initiation to unknown things.

Upon their return to town several friends of Jack's drop into the hotel office in the afternoon, and he notes a few mysterious conversations between Clyde and Jim and some new-found acquaintances.

Quite casually he mentions the matter to one of the local guides, and with a smile he lets him into the secret. Chancing to overhear two men talking about "jacking dear," their curiosity has been aroused, and knowing Jack's ideas regarding game laws and their observance, they determine to get away with one of the men and try their hand at potting a buck. Plans are laid for that very evening, the details of which are made known to him by an eavesdropper, and Jack takes steps to teach them a good wholesome lesson. In an out-building he finds an old box in which he bores two holes about the proper distance apart for eyes, secures a candle, and secretes the apparatus.

NO NOISE NOW — WAIT!

Along after supper Jim yawns and remarks, "Never was so tired out in all my born days. The lily whites for mine, and don't you make a fuss when you come to bed, Clyde."

"Hold on, Jim, I'll go with you. Jack wants a chance to chum with his old cronies here, and I'll bet the warrior has something good and husky up his sleeve for to-morrow. Good night, Jack."

"So long, boys, hit it up hard, for we're off to Pleasant Pond in the morning early."

With ostensible noise the pair clatter along to their room, which is up one flight just over the piazza on the front of the house, and stationing himself where he can observe from a distance, in an hour's time their partner sees them sneak down the street, meet a man at the next corner, and cross lots toward the distant trees bordering a large tract of meadow land. In possession now of the whole secret, he secures his outfit and cuts off distance at right angles with their course.

It is a perfectly still evening, dark as a pocket, and as he reaches the edge of the clearing and scans the open country, there is no sign of life. For a full hour he waits until, thinking they have changed their plans, he is about to return to the village, when a flash of light travels across the edge of woods coming into view about midway of the meadow.

"Making for the turnip patch, sure as fate," mutters Jack, and stooping low to clear the sky-line, he runs swiftly along until his feet strike ploughed land. Pausing just at a point of woods, he turns into the forest, strikes a match and lights his candle in the box, closes the door, and places it upon a stump in such a position that it cannot be seen from the direction of their approach until they turn the clump of trees, after which he retires into the middle of the open and lies upon his face to await developments.

Slowly the light comes spreading across the field, crosses at the head of the opening and advances toward the turnip patch. Steadily it approaches like a big eye in the night, and he can imagine Jim and Clyde crouching under the "jack,"

A MORNING OF BALSAM-LADEN BREEZES

carefully shielding themselves behind Steve's burly figure, and watching eagerly for "two spots of fire about two inches apart." He hears Jim again, " Show me a fair shot with a rifle, and if I don't hit it, I'll eat it."

Now they are near the turn where he can see the two holes in his box gleaming so naturally they almost deceive him at the distance. His trio turn the corner, the light halts, jerks ahead two or three feet at a time, as though stealing upon a victim.

Crash! A stream of fire leaps toward the woods. The eyes gleam brightly.

Crack! Crack! Two shots in quick succession and he rolls about in a paroxysm of laughter to see the flame from the rifle barrel shoot into the air instead of on a level toward the box. Jim is evidently rattled, because the deer did not fall at first fire, and is now shooting without looking at the sights.

A pause, the light shifts about, and shots ring out twice more, but with a certainty of flash and aim that tells the presence of Steve's finger at the trigger. Jack sees *two more* firey eyes gleaming from the box.

A smothered oath, the light advances quickly, and the "eyes" disappear into the woods propelled by a powerful kick. The jack-light flashes about in all directions in search of possible spectators, and is extinguished.

Bounding along to the highway, Jack arrives home ahead of the mighty hunters and stuffs the bedquilt into his mouth to smother his laughter as he hears two people come stealing down the hallway, pause at his door to listen, gently try the handle, and after a whispered consultation, move off down the corridor.

A softly closing door and the night's jacking party has become history, the first attempt of the New Yorkers to "go it alone."

At break of day Jack beats a tattoo on

their door, and two very sleepy voices respond to his summons, "Tumble out there lively, or the freight won't wait. Breakfast is cooling on the table, and here you are pounding your pillows for more sleep after ten hours in bed. Hustle up."

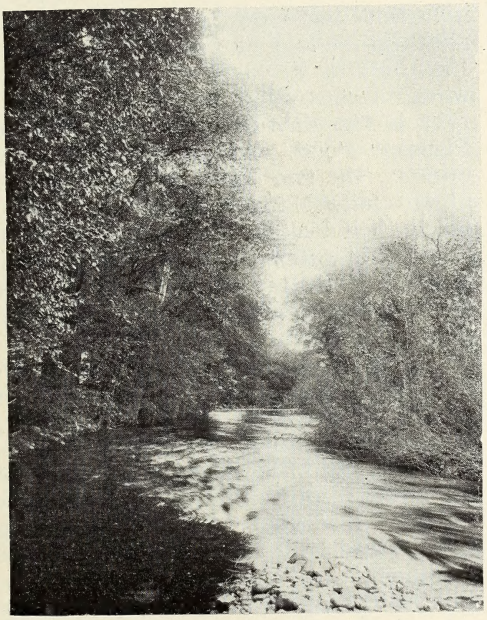
In a few minutes they appear in the dining-room with a decided air of forced buoyancy, glancing surreptitiously out of the corners of their eyes as they eat, attempting to discover whether Jack had anything to do with last night's strange events, but his immobile countenance tells no tales, as with easy unconcern he does the honors.

"How long did you sit up last night, old Scout? I'll bet the 'wee sma' hours' arrived long before you turned in," suggests Jim.

"Yep, you do look sleepy this morning, Jack," chimes in Clyde.

"Black under the *eyes*, perhaps."

"I say, Jack, did you hear those rifle shots over to the westward last night? Some reckless pot hunters evidently forgot it is close time on deer, and before they remembered it tried to sneak one of the state's cattle. Game warden from down the line is out investigating this morning, and it'll go hard with any one he gets next to, for 'jacking' is too common nowadays," says big Joe, a native guide.



WHERE THE CANOE JUST GLIDED

"Thought I *did* hear shots," answers Jack, "but paid no attention to them. Supposed some one might be hanging up a few skunks. If the warden gets on the track of any one for illegal shooting I hope he pushes 'em hard, for big game is one of the best assets of Maine, and as a sportsman, who has an idea that the greatest good of the greatest number, instead of the personal satisfaction of one man, should rule I will do my best at all times to uphold the law. It's pretty cheap tin-can sports who will kill game out of season."

During the remainder of the meal hour, silence, not loud, but deep, distinguishes the bearing of the contrite sinners, who for the first time fully realize what a predicament they have placed themselves in, and are apparently so willing to be forgiven and so apprehensive that the game warden may interfere with their outing, that Jack, smiling behind his hand, appreciates the long sigh of relief that escapes them when the freight pulls out of Bingham, and safely ensconced upon the top of a box car they can breathe freely once more and devote their entire attention to the changing scenery.

"Any overhead bridges on this line, Jack?"

"Not one from here to Kineo, for this is the new extension of the Somerset railway, now the property of the Maine Central, and no roads cross the tracks requiring bridges. I wish you could have come over this road when it was being pushed through by that hustling friend of mine you have heard me speak of so often, 'Billie' Ayer. He was general manager of the Somerset and used to don his heavy clothing in dead of winter and come up here to boost the work along by the very contagion of his presence and never-say-die example. He has more irons in the fire than any man in Maine of my acquaintance, and lets none of them burn.

"There's some fine stuff." The train winds around many curves following the valley of Austin Stream, until Jack calls, "Look down."

"Ye gods! the bottom's dropped out."

"Not quite that, but this trestle over Gulf Stream is the highest in New England and I call it a work of art."

"Amen to that same."

"Gee, I'd like to fish that brook. I can smell trout way up here," and Clyde leans over and looks up and down one of the loveliest valleys in the Pine Tree state, which is equivalent to saying, "in the world," for you *can't* beat Maine.

"Look what's here!" The train reaches Deadwater and all about are the evidences of hasty occupancy and desertion, for this place was headquarters for the "extension crew" for a considerable period, but when the road was completed interest moved on.

Up the line, across the Austin and then over the steel bridge at Baker Stream, Moxie Bog is alongside the rail, and Jack points out good trouting places for early morning and late evening at certain seasons when the fish seek still water.

"There's Jo Hole, not pretentious, but full of good ones."

"What's in from Bald Mountain?"

"Austin Pond and Bald Mountain Sporting Lodge, two miles from the railroad. Sorry to say a mighty good fellow, Henry Washburn, who kept the place, has gone the way of all the world. *There's* a man missed to-day by a host of friends and by every sportsman who ever came here, a jovial, whole-hearted fellow. A mile and a half beyond Lake Austin is Bald Mountain Pond — good fishing."

"'LANDERS — all change.' Just to show you a lovely sheet of water I am going to take you into Pleasant Pond over night. Five miles of good trail and I'll bring you to a jewel."

After a good supper in camps two thousand feet above sea level, a paddle around the wonderfully beautiful pond shows no inlet worthy the name, as the waters are fed by innumerable springs in the white bottom. At a depth of fifty feet rocks away down below can be distinctly seen, with goodly trout slowly moving in and out and over them.

"Do you know any others like this, Jack?"

"A few — not many."

FINE FOR OPEN-AIR TREATMENT

"What's the matter with hanging up here a few days?"

"Can't spend the time this year, too much to show you up the line. You and Jim are like two kids — never think *there is anything beyond the present.*"

"You are a sage of the deepest dye, Jack, this country is all to the velveteen, and such fishing as this will live in our memory even after we have buried you among these pine-clad hills."

"Don't make any *plans* after that period, my dear Gaspipe, you must remember *I'm* storing up vitality *all* the time, summer and winter, while *you* get a *little now* and peddle it out in small packages at late dinners in Manhattan. I'm thinking it will be up to me to ask what music *you* like best."

It is the day following the visit to Pleasant Pond, and greeted with open arms by the two Jones boys, the camps at Mosquito Narrows look inviting and prove their looks. Fishing is good from the start in waters that have never known abuse, and the big square tails come to the fly morning and evening with charming regularity.

Sitting about the open fire on the first evening in camp, while the rain falls softly and the glow of the blazing logs gives life to grotesquely dancing shadows, tales are told of big trout that lie at the outlet of Mosquito Stream where the new hatchery is located. In the early spring it is no unusual adventure to have eight-pounders, with their noses up stream, cast an eye up at you and tantalizingly ask what you would do if they should

fasten onto one of your casts a little later.

Our party never *quite* lands the biggest ones — no man *ever* does — but three, five, and six pound beauties reward the first morning's fishing. When they come *that* size it isn't necessary to catch a million to make a showing, and they quit casting when Jack says very quietly, "Any man who kills more fish than he can use ought to have a life sentence to the middle of Sahara."

Much time is spent in cruising about Moxie Lake in a small motor boat, the property of "the big man, John," and well worth attention it is. Shaped like the three links of Odd Fellowship is Moxie. Jo Hole to Mosquito Narrows; Mosquito Narrows to Black Narrows (private camps), and from here to Caribou Narrows make almost equal subdivisions when above Jo Hole and below Caribou Narrows is taken out, for the sake of symmetry in the links.

The entire lake is eight miles long and a mile and a half measures its widest part. The outlets of Little Sandy Stream and about Pine Island on the west, Mountain and Bear brooks and Sandy Stream on the east side, are fine fishing-grounds in the upper section. Below Mosquito Narrows, down to Little Island in the second link and about Birch Point, Burnt Jacket, Cedar Island, and Wet Rock, and especially in Alder Stream well down to Caribou Narrows in the last link, grand returns are yielded as the crown to a splendid day's sport. All about this territory innumerable small bodies afford good fishing.

During the hottest of the summer weather, Moxie trout — there are no salmon — seek the deepest places where only "plugging" will reach them, but the first of September fly fishing is again on and continues fine until close time,— October.

Leaving Mosquito Narrows with regret, for everything possible has been done to make the stay delightful in this very nicely managed resort, the express for Kineo is found crowded with passengers bound for Moosehead Lake. In the smoker, poring over a map of the country, a big fellow approaches, brings his hand down with a resounding crash on Jack's shoulder, and he finds himself gazing into the good-natured countenance of Mike Marr.

"What luck, Mike, we are just going to your place, and I want to introduce you to a couple of roosters who crow loud on the Bowery, but want you to teach them a few new notes at Indian Pond. Frightful eaters and kickers from way back."

"Something new for you, Jack, no friends of yours ever tallied with that description," chuckles Mike. "If they *have* any bad habits, I'll bet they are all the *other* side of the New England line. I've a cabin all ready for you and you can take it apart and see what makes it tick if you have an idea you'd like to."

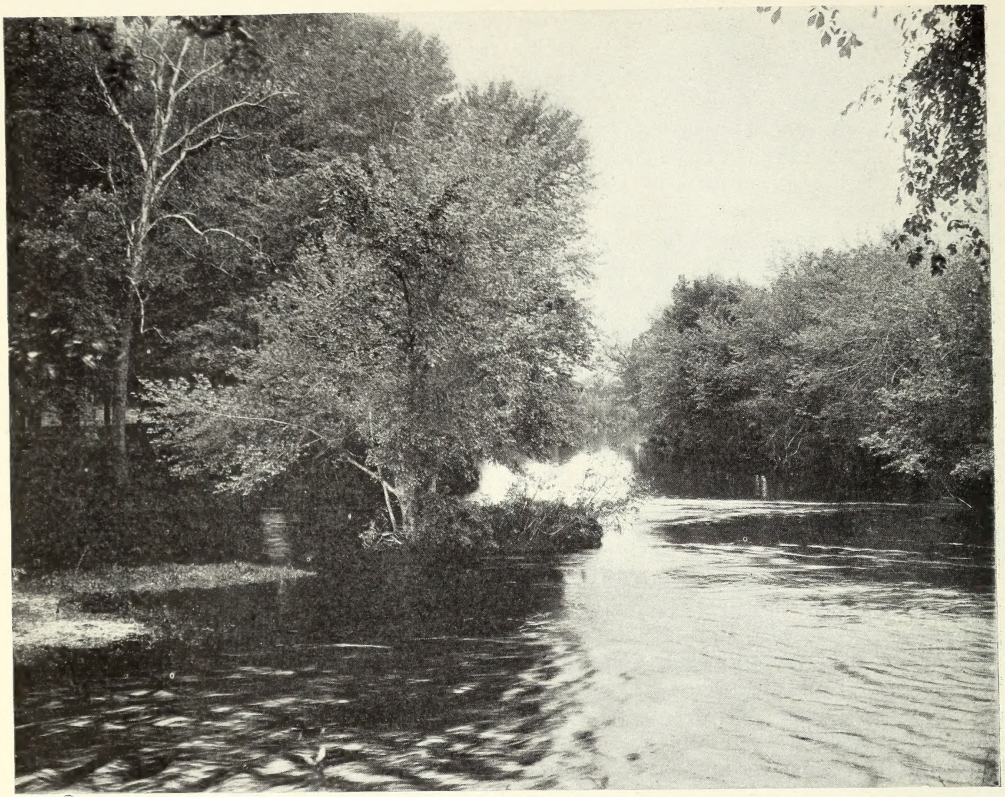
"Not quite so bad as that, Mike, I've got them tamed a little; eh, Jim?"

"Mr. Marr can take my word for it, we'll stand without hitching. Clyde is a trifle tough, but a good pounding makes him fit to eat."

A half mile walk and the party arrives at Indian Pond camps, picturesquely situated at the head of Indian Pond, where the West Outlet of Moosehead Lake comes into the pond after its twelve mile run down from Moosehead. Stately Squaw Mountain, in its majestic green robes, is very near, its ascent being the first pleasure indulged in by the party. The view to be had from the summit is entrancingly beautiful, and the combination of woods and water scenery is charming in the extreme.

Several lakes and ponds are seen from the lofty vantage ground, while the wanderings of the interlacing brooks and streams can be distinctly traced through the great green canopy of forest. To the east is seen Kineo and the Spencer Mountains, the Lily Bay chain farther toward the south, with several lesser eminences still, to the south and west, each lending added grandeur and beauty to the panoramic scene.

If one drops an attractive fly or baited hook into the famous fishing waters of this region, it will be unusual indeed if he does not catch a fish. Turn in almost any direction from Indian Pond camps and one comes upon well-trouted waters.



Courtesy of Boston & Maine Railroad

BIG FISH THERE JUST UNDER THE BANKS

The West Outlet of Moosehead Lake, which runs into Indian Pond close by the camps, broadens out into no fewer than seven good sized ponds in the twelve miles of its course between Moosehead Lake and Indian Pond, and there is rare good trout fishing all along the way. The East Outlet makes away from the lake at Moosehead station about seven miles below the West Outlet, sending its waters into Indian Pond, about half a mile from camp.

Indian Pond itself is seven miles long, its waters clear and cold from the tremendous volume continually passing through. Big and Little Indian streams, and the waters of the Kennebec River itself, may be fished with fine success from canoe, after short carries. Many delightful canoe trips are here enjoyed as the days speed along, and after a long day's tramp or paddle the abundant table, bearing vegetables right from Indian Farm, always offers something to look forward to with keen appreciation.

Nothing could surpass the unalloyed delights of the week at Mike Marr's, and the fishing proved so good every day that, as Clyde remarked, "It seems like 'rubbing it in' to impose upon the good nature of the fish in this particular place any longer."

One fine morning, after waving a good by to friends they have thoroughly tried out during several never to be forgotten days, who declare they already feel lonely at the prospect of losing the splendid evenings enjoyed with the aid of bridge, crib, musicals, etc., Jack leads his pals into the office of the Kineo House, under the shade of "the giant moose."

It is later in the day, when a mountain climb and fine dinner are past events, that they are lounging back on the broad

verandahs, watching myriad guests seeking pleasure according to individual preference.

There a crowd of merry young people are playing doubles at tennis; here the golfers drive off on the start of the excellent links; there goes a riding party, on horseback, bound for the heights; steam launches and "spitting" power boats dart here and there; gliding canoes with guide and lone fishermen seek promising coves, and now our friends are asked, "Do any of you play baseball?"

In a red hot game on the "yannigans" against the hotel team, Jack and Clyde prove their merit as a battery, by holding the sluggers down to six hits, losing the game by the narrow margin of one run, and Jim, as umpire, claims he figures in the deal.

After supper, a long line of bright lights across the lake attracts attention and to Jim's inquiry comes the information that they front Gilbert and Coombs West Outlet Camps.

Sitting in silence for a time, Clyde suddenly asserts, "I don't know how you fellows feel, but I'm not quite ready for these rags just yet." He glances down at his outing suit. "At some time in the near future I would like to make up a party for a good long stay at this hotel, it's a beauty and sets a fine table with excellent service, but there are too many here for me to feel just like throwing away my city manners and cutting loose. That looks good to me over there and I move we go 'to it.'"

"Clyde, you are an inspired member. I had the same thing in mind."

"Well, boys, I am of the opinion that Kineo should have an entire season of its own later on. It's too big for a casual visit of a few days and I suggest we reserve it for another trip."

THE MEADOW BORDER ROAD

As the upshot of this conversation, West Outlet Camps receive them as guests the following day, and half way up Moosehead Lake, with twenty miles of sparkling waters to the north and twenty more to the south, their cabin, facing Kineo, four hundred miles of shore line about them, they render hearty assent to this description:

"One of the most beautiful spots along the shores of old Moosehead Lake, where at night you can watch the sun in its various moods sink to its bed behind rugged old Kineo, and where after you have retired for the night, the waters licking up the shore almost at your feet lull you to sleep, is the famous West Outlet camping ground, a point making out into the very head waters of the Kennebec, where now stand some of the finest log cabins ever erected in Maine.

"Two years ago there was nothing on this point save a hut or two, where guides and their parties "ducked in" out of the rain whenever it caught them fishing for square tails in that vicinity. But now all has prestoed, so to speak. It is a miniature village of clean, wholesome, pealed-log buildings, where every comfort and convenience can be had for the asking — better still, you don't have to ask, for they look after your wants, unsolicited, while you are doing something else for your own pleasure."

"That's *this* place all right, all right. Look at the mountains. Kineo, Little Kineo, Lobster, and the two Spencers, Boar Stone and Blue Ridge — a grand panorama. These are the biggest camps you have shown us yet, Jack, fifty-three rooms in all and a "whopper" of a dining room. Telephone and telegraph service, hot and cold water, gas light — say, I expect to send my mail out of here by pneumatic tube, then go up that

mountain in an express elevator and hear a "lift boy" calling, 'No stop between here and the sixth ledge. Express from there to the summit. Flying machine leaves every fifteen minutes.' "

Here, cosily housed within the evergreen border of Maine's proudest inland sea, surrounded by everything to delight the lover of God's great out of doors, delving deep into nature's treasures and drinking heavy draughts at the fountain of new life, let us steal away and leave our friends to the enjoyment of the few days that remain, before the beck of duty must ring the curtain and call the change of scene to that of strenuous rivalry and business competition, where men struggle in the grind of routine, shoulder to shoulder, and brain against brain, for the rapid accumulation of the great wherewithal.

As we turn away we rest assured of *three men* at least who will thus contest with eyes the brighter and nerve and sinew made ready for the fray, because of whole-hearted surrender to influences lying about the best sources of *physical* and as a natural consequence, *intellectual* strength.

All men should *take* the time for relaxation and building up of shattered tissue, or the day will surely come when they *must* leisurely obey doctors' orders in their own beds, upon rising from which he will probably command a departure for " down in Maine."

HOW STRANGE

By ETHEL HOBART

How strange to live in houses so
And watch the Spring go by,
When we would with the grasses grow
And with the bluebirds fly,
When we would fain be only one
Of countless insect things
That crowd beneath their splendid sun
And preen their wet gold wings!
When we would gladly bud and blow
And with fulfillment die,—
How strange, sealed up in houses so,
To watch the Spring pass by!

The Conquest of the Mitten

By Mabel S. Merrill

PHILLIS, formidable in youth, beauty, and a white lace dinner gown, regarded the spectacled lawyer with some indignation.

"If people will make wills without asking me they must take the consequences," she averred haughtily.

"But they're dead, my dear young lady, and the consequences will fall entirely upon you. If you refuse to comply with the terms of your great-aunt's will you forfeit your claim to the house and land she left you. And though the property may seem small to you now, it is in a location that may increase decidedly in value if the tide of summer travel should set that way. As to the conditions they are peculiar, perhaps, but surely not impossible. They are merely that you should knit or cause to be knit each year one hundred pairs of double mittens to be distributed among the poor of Boody's Landing."

He looked mildly over his spectacles at the radiant vision in the white gown.

"How can I cause anybody to knit double mittens, Aunt Laura?" demanded Phillis, turning to an elaborately dressed lady who stood waiting to hear the outcome of the conversation. "It seems to be a lost art or nearly so, and Mr. Spaulding says the only person he can find down there that knows how to do it is an exhired girl of my great-aunt's and she is seventy-two years old and has lost the use of her fingers by rheumatism."

"Well, really, Phillis, I'd try something, for it seems a pity to lose even a little property when you haven't any," observed Aunt Laura, who prided herself on her clear head for business. "You know your uncle George can't do as much for you as we should like on account of having two girls of our own to settle within a year. Why don't you run down to Noodle's Landing or Wherever it is, and see for yourself what can be done? You've always had a crazy fancy to see the ocean in the winter."

"The ocean!" cried Phillis, with a long breath. "Oh, it never occurred to me that the ocean was there. But of course it is — else why Landing. I'll go! I'll go!"

She whirled out of the room regardless of her best dinner gown, while Aunt Laura, somewhat alarmed at the effect of her advice, followed her with words of anxious warning.

"Of course you won't stay long, Phillis? You must positively be back for the Emerson's musicale, for that Dr. Caswell that everybody's dying to see will be there. He's just returned from abroad with medals and degrees an inch deep all over him. It seems he made some sort of a scientific discovery, such as they make a great to-do over in Germany, and they conferred something on him, and then a rich old German hausfrau, whose grandchild he cured of some disease nobody knows how to pronounce unless they've taken degrees at Berlin,— she left him a mint of money. Altogether he's a most interesting and remarkable man and it's the chance of a lifetime to meet him."

"I'll bring him a pair of double mittens," cried Phillis joyously.

It was sunset of a November day when Phillis, stepping off the little steamer, set upon Boody's Landing the foot of its future conqueror. The place was a mere hamlet tucked away in the shadow of a great headland. It looked lonesome and eerie in the yellow afterglow, but when she turned to look back from the porch of the little house that had been her great-aunt's home there flashed upon her ken the wide dark glory of the sea, quiet and clear in the low light. She stood still to look, and a vagrant wind out of the vast silent places touched her like the breath of freedom. Her mind flew back to the city home which she had just left,

and to the coming festivities of various sorts in which she was expected to share.

"I do believe I am well out of it," she said, not stopping to explain more clearly what she meant.

The house she found was in charge of the seventy-two year old hired girl, who after the mistress' death had been installed as caretaker. This official received Phillis rather crisply at first, not being used, as she explained, to city folks, but that young person, with her usual charming disregard of other people's whims, proceeded to make herself instantly and completely at home. To subjugate a hired girl of seventy-two sounds an incredible feat in the telling, but Phillis had pretty well accomplished it before she slept, and in a few days had actually reduced Aunt Polly, as she called her, to such an abject state that she beamed with pleasure at the sound of her tyrant's foot on the stairs. It fared no better with an ancient mariner whom Aunt Polly called Cap'n Rollins and who turned out (when Phillis inquired into the terms of his apparent life-lease of the chimney corner) to be her husband. Indeed he even outdid his partner in rendering delighted homage to the usurper.

They held an anxious council at once on the subject of the double mittens. It appeared that the outlook was not so bad, after all, for a good angel named Sally Prout, who lived near by, sent in word that she had knit fifty pairs "in case they was wanted." Aunt Polly could do nothing with her poor crumpled hands, but the captain who had learned the art during some of the long voyages of his youth sturdily declared he was good for twenty-five pair if they didn't call on too fast.

Phillis pondered the matter for a while.

"Can a commonplace person of average intelligence — or nearly so — learn to knit double mittens?" she queried. "Or do you have to be born inspired, or possibly bred up to the profession as one is bred up to the church?"

"La, I can show you how in two shakes of a lamb's tail," declared Polly. "But it's tough work for fingers that ain't used to it."

"My fingers have survived a course of piano practice that any kind of knitting-work would be a fool to," retorted Phillis.

So began a series of lessons in which Aunt Polly and the captain were joint teachers and Phillis the pupil. An apt one she proved to be, and she was so proud of her first completed pair of double mittens that she wanted to lay them away in lavender in the great chest of drawers. But she found the demand for them was getting too urgent to allow that.

It seemed that a certain young sailor who happened to be spending the winter ashore, and who looked like a viking, Phillis said, rather than a disburser of double mittens, had undertaken to distribute those useful articles in quarters where they were most needed. At least he was always appearing with a harrowing tale of some ancient fisherman who had frozen his thumbs going out to his trawls, or some wood chopper who suffered for want of a covering for his hands. Now it was the oldest Whitney boy who had to row his five little brothers across the cove to school every morning; then it was the five little brothers, one after the other. And it always was divers old men whose hands were knotted with rheumatism and whose work called loudly for a pair of double mittens.

"Thad knows all the poor folks in town," explained Aunt Polly. "It was his mother's way afore him. You see that old house up on the ledge? — that's where she lived and in her time it was a regular refuge for the lame, the halt, an' the blind. She used to help your aunt knit for the whole town, so it comes natural to Thad to be interested in double mittens."

"Of course the poor people ought to have them now or never, with winter so near," sighed Phillis, straightening her cramped fingers. "It's for the honor of the house, cap'n dear, and that young viking is going to see to it that there is no rest for the wicked until the hundred pairs are finished. But I do wish he'd stay away one whole day at a time and let the supply get a little ahead of the demand. There's the Storm Warning coming up the path this minute. Of course he wants another pair."

The Storm Warning, so named by Phillis because his appearance always heralded a frenzied outbreak of knitting, was a nondescript boy often employed by Thad as messenger. He presented himself forthwith to demand in the name of his chief four pairs to give to four "Canucks"— so the Storm Warning designated them — who were camped in a timber lot at the other end of the town. Phillis and the captain worked late that night and Phillis dreamed that a giant double mitten carrying a pirate's flag was coming after her across the dark expanse of sea before her window. While she shrank from it, it turned into Thad, who threateningly informed her that the Storm Warning was cast away in a mittenless condition on a distant coast and that Phillis must go at once to his rescue in a dory with only her knitting needles for oars.

However, the work grew easier day by day, and the distraught knitters soon saw, as the captain expressed it, "land ahead." The hundred pairs were all finished but two, and the demand had slackened. The Storm Warning stumbled in one night at dusk to say that Thad knew of only two needy cases — one young 'un at school who had burnt up both mittens tending a brush fire, and old Sam Cassidy "what had hired out to cut cordwood for Bill Yates." The captain was even then nearing the end of a full-grown pair which would do for old Sam, and Phillis had just finished one of a smaller pair which might be taken to replace those accidentally sacrificed by the owner.

She made a small fire in her room that night, and finished that hundredth pair to the tune of her own jubilant thoughts and the long wash of the tide at the foot of the rocks below her window.

"What a holiday I'll have to-morrow," she said. "Why, I have hardly had time to look at the sea, I've been so tyrannized over by the viking and double mittens. I'll stay as long as ever I please and enjoy myself. Don't I own a house and lot at Boody's Landing? I think I shall settle down and live here. Just think,— no bridge partners to please and no gowns to fix up; just long days in the open with the wind and spray in my face. I'll borrow — or steal — somebody's boat — the viking's, maybe; I'm no longer in terror of that autocrat."

She went down to breakfast next morning, with a double mitten on either hand, to find a letter from Aunt Laura. Phillis must come home at once, it ran, for Harriet and Ethel, as she knew, were no better than yardsticks dressed up to entertain anybody at dinner. Besides, they were both engaged, which wouldn't be at all amusing to Dr. Caswell, who had positively promised to come, and who during a call at the house had displayed marked interest in a portrait of Phillis herself which hung in the library. There was no knowing what might come of it unless Phillis turned fractious, which would be the height of ingratitude, for Aunt Laura had freshened up the white lace gown with her own hands till it looked like new, and the six-ten train got into town just in time to dress for dinner.

"I hope it will enjoy being taken down to the table in a white lace gown by Dr. Caswell," commented Phillis, throwing the letter in the woodbox. "As for me I'm going rowing. Hurrah, I'm free! The conquest of the Double Mitten is complete. Shall I quench the joy of my triumph at a mere ordinary dinner party? Not if I know it."

Phillis's feet were winged as she went down over the rocks by the rough path that led to the landing. The whole glorious winter world was calling her, and the gypsy strain that lives always in the blood of the race answered with a thrill of pure joy. The December sky was almost as blue as that of June, for the winter was setting in with unusual mildness. The dark brilliance of the sea was a wonder that drew the eyes again and again. The black curving line of coast was besieged with creaming breakers and the places of the outer islands of the harbor far up the shore were marked by distant upshooting columns of white spume that sprang continuously like giant flowers from the deep.

Phillis stood still to gaze with growing wonder and delight.

"And to think I live here!" she cried. "Yes, I'm actually a citizen of Boody's

Landing, and an inheritor of all this richness. Oh, I don't envy the six-ten train in that white lace gown! And there's the viking at the boat landing."

The viking greeted her curtly, but immediately offered his boat and himself for any expedition she wished to undertake.

"You mustn't go out fooling 'round by yourself in this sea," he explained briefly.

Phillis resented the slighting tone, but accepted the offer with alacrity. With the help of an able seaman she could venture further than she thought prudent to go alone and she had long desired to row out to an oddly shaped rock which she could see from the window of her room.

"I want to go out to Death's Footstool," she announced, unshipping one pair of oars. "Yes, of course I'm going to row; I shall be cold if I sit still, and besides, I don't think it's fair for you to have all the fun."

"I suppose you mean you want to go out to the Devil's Perch," rejoined the viking, unshipping the other pair of oars and setting a stroke that sent the dory shooting through the clouds of stinging spray. "That's what they call that black hummock of rock out there."

"I dare say!" retorted Phillis severely; "you people along the coast are disgracefully familiar with the aforementioned personage. But I'm not bound to be hampered by your nomenclature. I call it Death's Footstool, because I can see him out there on a stormy night brooding over the tumult that beats against his House of Quiet."

"Are you planning to break into his house? I guess the door to it opens pretty near that rock and I don't think you'd have to knock long to be let in," suggested the viking.

And then he quoted half mockingly, half earnestly:

"There shall be neither moon nor star,
But the wave would make music above us afar,
Low thunder and light in the magic night;
Neither moon nor star."

"Oh, I might have known you were a poet," sighed Phillis, "though I never heard you talk about anything but double mittens before. But you were born here. Tennyson didn't write that for a day like this, though; he wrote it for the summer when the water is all green and amber under the boat keel and the waves just breathing in their sleep. I've felt the fascination he means, though I still prefer the top of the wave that makes music. When you are away on your voyages don't you always feel the sea call drawing you back?"

"The sea isn't generally very far off when you're on a voyage," the sailor reminded her. "But I always do feel a drawing back to this place. Whenever I shut my eyes I could always see it — the beach and the big rock out there and the waves tumbling in the sun. I should come back here at last if I traveled up and down the world for a lifetime. The home call and the sea call together could mighty near bring a man back from heaven, I reckon."

"I know it," cried Phillis; "I've got it in my blood, if I was born in a city. All through the winter (which is the real silly season) I keep my courage up by thinking of the summer when I can get back to the sea. When I'm old and rich and can do as I please I shall settle down here and stay all winter. I suppose in time — ten years or so — Aunt Laura would leave off writing for me to come back and help get up dinner parties. Then I can sit down in peace and knit double mittens."

The viking laughed at this in what Phillis would have considered a very irreverent manner if she had not been too busy to notice it. She was looking with awe at the vast black mass of rock to which they were now drawing near. She had to take the tiller while Thad brought the boat as near as it was safe to approach. To a nervous person it would not have seemed very safe, for the stout dory was like an eggshell in the fretted sea, and every lift of the ground swell threatened to fling them against the ledge. They hung there as long as they could, watching the terrible sea tear at the portals of Death's "House of Quiet," then they got the boat out of its uncertain position and were soon speeding landward under the impetus of two pairs of oars.

"Why didn't you fetch Thad in to dinner?" asked Aunt Polly, who had watched their ascent from the landing. "I mistrust the poor boy's in need of a square meal by this time. The cookin' he gits at home would starve out a mouse; he wouldn't be able to eat enough of it to keep him alive."

"Oh, dear, it never occurred to me that a poet and a sea king could be hungry. Send him some ham and eggs, Aunt Polly, do, for he's going to show me the way to Diamond Cove this afternoon, and to-morrow I'm going out to the net with him, so his strength must be recruited at any cost. It would be extremely inconvenient to have him die on the way."

"Wall, I hope to holler!" observed Aunt Polly enigmatically. But she beamed at the captain over Phillis's shoulder and remarked apropos of nothing, a few minutes later, that Thad's house was the best one at the Landin'; though it did need clapboardin', and that he must be havin' a dog's life of it with that old housekeeper and her slab-sided boy.

"Thad's got considerable book learnin', too," she added after a thoughtful pause. "He was goin' to the High School over to Herrick's Mills when the other young fellers round here was readin' in the Fourth Reader an' cipherin' in fractions. And as for reel downright goodness there ain't a better boy in the world, if he is a mite sassy with his tongue sometimes."

The weather continued to be wonderfully mild for winter, and Phillis made the most of it. Even a stormy gray day when she could scarcely keep her feet on the wind-swept shore seemed to fill her with delight. She would come back from her walks with the salt spray clinging in drops upon her dress, her bright hair fluttering all about her face like the sunshine the skies had lost, and a sparkle in her eyes like the gleam on winter seas at sunset.

Thad walked and rowed with her when he could leave his work. It had not occurred to Phillis that a poet and a sea king could have work, but she accepted his absences with equanimity (since he left her the dory) and hailed his return with glee, since with his help she could accomplish expeditions she could not have undertaken alone. As for Thad he made fun of her seamanship, and quoted Tennyson's sea songs and laughed at her accounts of life in the city to which he always listened as a grown-up person listens to a whimsical nursery tale. Phillis complained that he was unimpressionable and didn't take her pictures of life out in the great world with becoming seriousness.

"I guess we needn't worry about losing her, ma!" opined the captain, who was already knitting away contentedly at next year's supply of double mittens. "And why in creation shouldn't she settle down an' live here when she's got a good house of her own and another one that she can have for the takin' unless all signs fail?"

In truth Phillis herself began to believe that she was born for no other life than this. The old life in the city was getting faint and far away. Everything pertaining to it looked dim and shadowy in her memory, as if she had dreamed it. The things around her were the real things — this vivid stretch of sea and sky, the rocking dory, the lonely shore, the weird world of waters and the dark face of her boatman that seemed to rise out of the tumbling waves like something that belonged to them. Had she ever had any other home but this house on the rocks, or any housemates but Aunt Polly and the captain? Aunt Laura, when she thought of her, seemed to be in her mind only a fashionably dressed shade with a disagreeable habit of discoursing volubly in the watches of the night about things Phillis wished to forget, and a troublesome fancy for writing letters, a vice to which no inhabitant of the spirit world should be addicted.

Phillis read the letters that fell like rain from the void where shades are supposed to dwell, and wondered vaguely at her aunt's apparently inexhaustible supply of words and ink.

"Phillis, you are standing in your own light in a perfectly maddening manner," ran the burden of these epistles. "Dr. Caswell is flying about as fidgety and uncertain as the weather in April, and everybody thinks it so strange — your

spending the winter down in that outlandish place. With everything else I am slowly dying of Ethel's trousseau, the burden of which falls entirely on me; you know what the girls are — they've no more judgment than canary birds. I really think the poor child will have to die an old maid if you don't come home and help. And you'll ruin your complexion and become a melancholiac — I think that's the word — staying down in that dreary hole."

To this Phillis replied that she thought she should like being a melancholiac by the sound of it, and didn't Aunt Laura know that complexions were out of fashion years ago? Furthermore, how did she suppose those hundred pairs of double mittens were going to get themselves knit for next year unless she — Phillis — stayed to help?

Replies of this sort gradually goaded Aunt Laura to a kind of genteel frenzy.

"If you don't come home in time for my reception next Thursday," she wrote, "I shall wash my hands of you, you ungrateful girl, and so will everybody else. Dr. Caswell has fairly demanded a meeting with you, and what am I to tell him? For mercy's sake, write me whether you'll come, and I'll show him your answer if he pesters me any more. He has actually become quite intimate at the house, Phillis,— think what an honor. I'm sure I never expected it, but it came about somehow after a chance meeting with your uncle. I think your picture in the library had a good deal to do with it, for I told him weeks ago you were coming home directly, and I believe he haunts the house in hope of your arrival. He and your uncle George have got as thick as thieves; you'd think they were a couple of boys to hear them laughing over their pipes in your uncle's den. It isn't often such a learned man as Dr. Caswell is so companionable and lively; at least, I always supposed that distinguished scientists went about looking at things through microscopes and were liable to appear at the dinner table with bones sticking out of their coat pockets.

"But hurry home and get me out of this. And write at once — a plain yes, or no,— whether you'll be here for Thursday."

Phillis answered this in one word, for she was tired of the subject and the tide was right to get around the point to the "Dragon's Cave," a wonder of the shore she had not yet seen. After that letters ceased and she forgot all about the world that was so busily washing its hands of her.

And then very quietly the predestined end of it all came.

The viking met her one evening as she climbed up the path from the shore in the glow of a brilliant winter sunset, and asked in abrupt sailor fashion as he helped her up the last steep steps of the way:

"Could you be contented to stay here with me always, Phillis, in that old house up on the ledge?"

And she answered severely:

"Nobody but a poet would be mad enough to ask such a question of a girl he had known only a few weeks. It's lucky I've got sense enough for two — though as to the house, it's a better one than mine and quite good enough for — no, no, Thad, you mustn't say another word; people will think we are demented and we should be if we allowed ourselves to think of such a thing."

And the viking had the grace to acquiesce for that time, as he could afford to do, since a fleeting glimpse of a pair of blue eyes had told him all he wanted to know. It was like his impudence, Phillis said afterwards.

Aunt Polly, too, seemed inclined to take a great deal for granted when they came into the house; she had seen them come up together from the rocks and was looking very wise about nothing, as Phillis observed to herself. She took occasion to whisper as the girl passed her:

"You couldn't do better for yourself, Phillis; I knew all his folks afore him, and I know jest what stuff he's made of. And his vy'a'ging in foreign parts so much ain't done him no hurt as I can see."

Thad stayed to supper that night and sat in the chimney corner beside the captain, his eyes following Phillis as she moved about the little room helping Aunt Polly, with very much the same look which in Adam's eyes might have

followed Eve through the lights and shadows of paradise.

The summer was cleared away and Thad was popping corn — the captain felt something in the air which called for some mild form of festivity — when the door opened and a portly, pleasant, but hopelessly citified gentleman walked in among them.

"Don't mind me, folks," he said. "I'm only Uncle George. Look here, Phillis, your aunt's developing symptoms of brain storm and I can't tell her the joke till that rascal Caswell — huh! here he is now. I might have known it! Young man, you look like a light of modern science and an ornament to the medical profession! You do indeed!"

He indicated Thad derisively with a gloved forefinger, but the viking rose to his feet with beautiful dignity.

"Phillis has promised to be my wife."

"No, I didn't!" gasped Phillis, sinking upon Aunt Polly's copperplate lounge. "I never in my life promised anybody I would be any such thing — and if I did it was Thad Castle — that's what everybody called him."

"That's merely the vernacular of Boody's Landing for Theodore Caswell," explained the viking. "They pronounced my family name that way around here before I was born, and when I got big enough to reform them I was too busy to attend to it. You called me that yourself, you know, and it wasn't for the likes of me to correct the language of a young lady from the city."

"But he's been in town for a month," argued Phillis. "Aunt Laura kept writing a lot of stuff about you — I mean — Dr. Caswell."

"So I was there, but I always managed to get back before you had time to miss me much," explained the poet brazenly. "If you were so very incurious about my movements as not to ask a single question when I came back after a two days' absence, why should I enlighten you? I hated to go, but I had to get around and do the civil to a lot of folks. Then I happened to fall in with Uncle George"— that relative-elect acknowledged this open bestowal of his title by a friendly poke in the speaker's ribs — "and after that things got livelier, for when I found out that he was uncle to the picture in the library I up and told him all about meeting you down here. We felt obliged to conceal it from Aunt Laura for state reasons; but I did assure her of my interest in the original of the picture and the date of your coming home. And I must admit I begged the answer to her letter about your coming to the jamboree Thursday just to see if you were interested in Dr. Caswell. I can't say just how I should have disposed of that gentleman if you had been, but it was all right as it turned out."

He drew from his pocket a dainty sheet of note paper which, being unfolded, displayed only a very big "No!" with a vicious-looking exclamation mark jabbed deep into the paper at the end.

Phillis sighed and Uncle George observed in a didactic vein:

"This teaches us, Phillis, that whenever we hear of a big toad in the puddle, even if it's as far away as Germany, it's safe at least to investigate to see whether he didn't come from an obscure country town somewhere in little old New England. In case he did, let us remember that, ten to one, the obscure country town doesn't care a rap for his fame, supposing they've heard of it at all, but thinks of him as Tom, Dick, or Harry who used to steal their apples and raise the deuce generally. If you bear these points in mind, my young lady, you may not be taken in a second time."

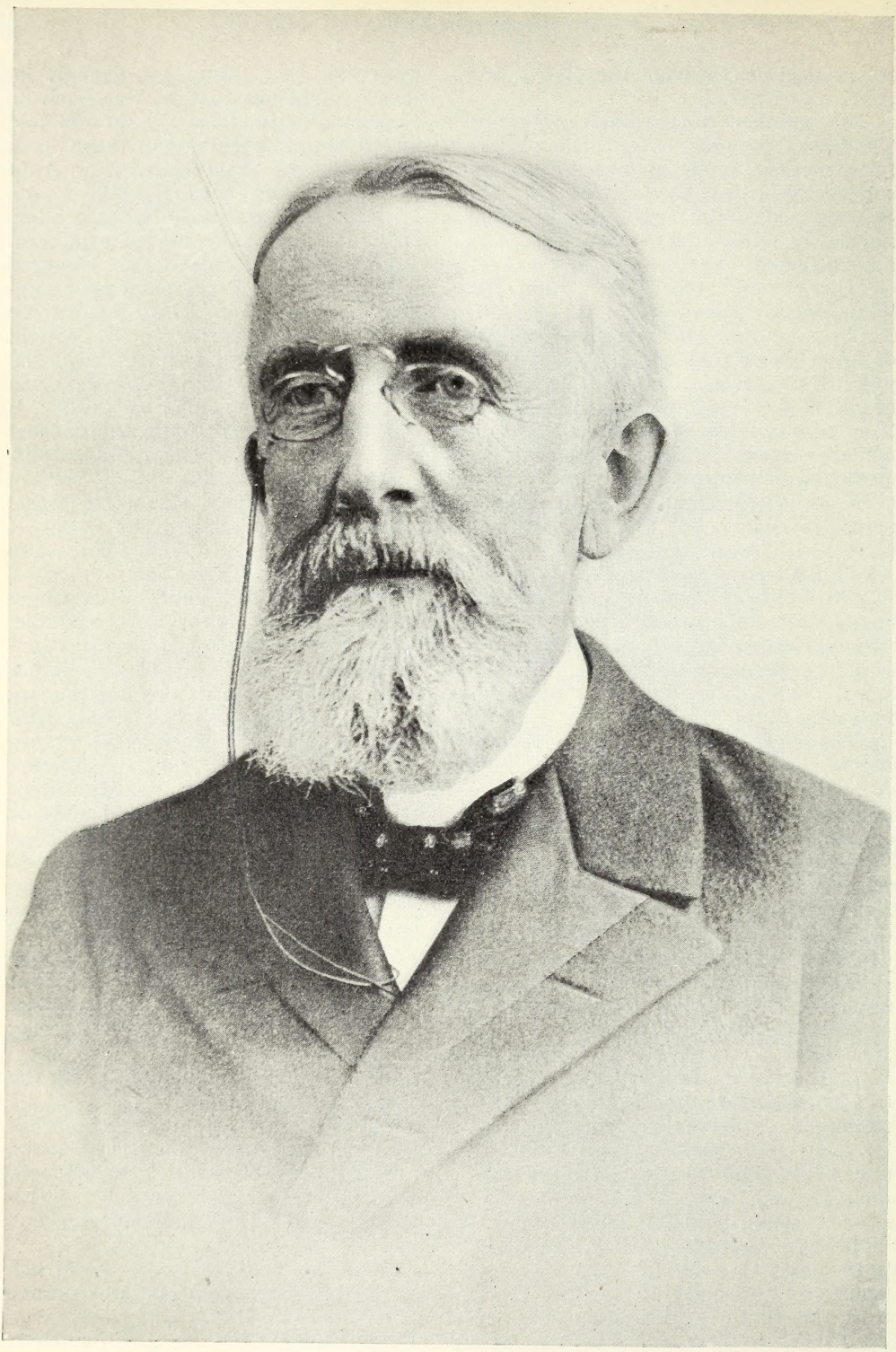
"I'll never trust a human being again," mourned Phillis. "And to talk about living in that dear old house on the ledge when you're only a bemedalled humbug of a scientist!"

She looked unutterable things at the viking who hastened to say:

"Why, of course we'll live in it; it shall be our castle by the sea, and we'll make it a regular air castle materialized. We'll have a coat of arms and a motto and you shall choose a device for our shield——"

The captain who had been a quiet but appreciative listener in his snug corner suddenly held up his knitting work.

"How would a pair o' double mittens do?" he suggested with a chuckle.



ANDREW D. WHITE, FORMERLY UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GERMANY, CHAIRMAN UNITED STATES DELEGATION TO THE HAGUE CONFERENCE, 1899

The World's Legislature Is Here

By R. L. Bridgman

JOSEPH H. CHOATE, one of the delegates of the United States to the second Peace Conference at The Hague, when addressing the Harvard Union on the evening of March 6, last, in company with his colleague, General Horace Porter, told of the unanimous agreement of the conference in recommending a third conference. That such third conference be held was urged upon the delegates of the United States and upon the conference as a whole, from various sources. This urging was a consequence of the United States movement to secure, as a development of the Hague Conference, a regular congress or parliament of the nations. Action to this end had been taken repeatedly by the Mohonk Arbitration Conference, and that action was the outgrowth of previous activities. It was a phase of the movement to secure the organization of all the world as a single political body.

So incredible has been the rapidity and success of the movement that even the uninterested cannot but wonder at it when it is compared with the failure of other progressive efforts which have enlisted many more supporters and have commanded the sinews of far larger financial support. It is a wonderful story of a very few years of nominal activity. But it has been abundantly shown that the ripeness of the world for the movement was far in advance of the watchfulness of even the acutest statesmen, and that it was merely necessary to topple over the first brick to set the whole row falling. Personal initiative counts for little in the presence of these mighty world forces.

At a meeting of the directors of the American Peace Society, in Boston, March 27, 1906, Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, the secretary, said: "The movement for a world congress, as a practical proposition, originated right here on Beacon hill." He also said that he was a member of the committee of the Interparliamentary Union at St. Louis, in September, 1904, which drew the resolution which was presented to the President by a delegation from the Union, asking him to call a second peace conference. It was at his suggestion that the clause favoring a world congress was made a part of the resolution. The advance of the movement has been distinct. It is brief and the success it has attained has been remarkable. Indeed, most of our people are doubtless not aware how much has already been accomplished.

In 1902 a petition for aid in promoting "a world legislature" was presented to the Massachusetts legislature. In March, 1903, was published an article, under that title, setting forth, step by step, the way in which the beginnings of world legislation might be made. It was premised that the invitation to a gathering of delegates of the nations should be issued by the president of the United States, setting forth the object of the meeting, mentioning the principles of world unity upon which the movement was based, and having these words: "The invitation might further say that the people of the United States recognized that there was a true limit to the nominal sovereignty of so-called sovereign nations, and that they were ready to surrender formally their conceded right to control their own course upon certain matters which might better be placed under the jurisdiction of a world legislature."

Other details were named. The second step was to be the acceptance of the invitation by such as chose to accept it, with the probable reservation of right to adopt or reject any proposition submitted by the conference. Third was to come the organization of the conference, to be followed by recognition of

JOSEPH H. CHOATE, FORMERLY UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN, MEMBER UNITED STATES DELEGATION TO THE HAGUE CONFERENCE IN 1907

the sovereignty of mankind as supreme over national sovereignty, and then the practical world legislation, or the preparation of propositions by the conference for submission to the respective home governments for ratification, which step, the fourth, would complete the process and make the world legislation complete. From such a session regular sessions would follow, and mankind, as far as included by the nations represented, would be brought into an organic whole.

This forecast, setting forth the probable form of what was to develop into a true legislative body, was so nearly followed that it is pertinent to note the similarity and the difference in the process as it is now recorded as a matter of history. Upon the initiative of the Interparliamentary Union, taken at the meeting in St. Louis, in 1904, President Roosevelt called a second peace conference. Subsequently, in order that the Czar of Russia, who called the first, might call the second, President Roosevelt waived his invitation. But the subsequent steps, with the exception of the waiving of claim to absolute sovereignty, were followed by the Hague Conference of 1907. That is, various propositions, involving, when complete, the affirmation of the nations, and therefore a true expression of the will of the world, or world legislation, were compared and submitted to the respective home governments for ratification. The source of the invitation was a minor matter, considering the far more important steps which followed in the very form in which they were projected as a probable line of action by a delegate body acting as the germ from which would be developed the true world legislature.

These steps set forth in that article were also set forth, in the very same words, in an address at the Greenacre school, on July 13, 1902, following the petition to the Massachusetts legislature named above, for the promotion of a world legislature. That petition was referred to the legislature of 1903. To that legislature was also presented a petition of the American Peace Society for the promotion of a regular international congress. Upon those two petitions the Massachusetts legislature adopted unanimously resolutions for "an international congress, to meet at stated periods to deliberate upon questions of common interest to the nations and to make recommendations thereon to the governments." Out of that grew the clause in the resolution of the Interparliamentary Union in 1904, for such a congress, which was included in the invitation by President Roosevelt.

In 1905, when the Universal Peace Congress was in session at Lucerne, there was sent to one of the delegates from the United States, a forecast, setting forth the probability and the fitness that The Hague Conference would be the germ from which the world legislature would develop, and urging that an expression to that effect be secured from the congress. In 1906 and 1907 the Mohonk Arbitration Conference, and in 1907, the National Arbitration and Peace Congress, in New York City, adopted resolutions looking to the development of The Hague Conference into a regular international congress.

Now, regarding this Hague Conference of 1907, which was heralded over our country, only a few days before its conclusion as a "fiasco" and "failure," and which was condemned freely in England, especially by the London Times, as Mr. Choate mentioned in his address, this proposition is here maintained: that in the history of the world there was never a more important political gathering, and that there will never be a more important one in the centuries to come. Here are reasons for this affirmation, which is made with all possible positiveness. This second conference was the first official gathering of delegates of the nations where the self-consciousness of mankind as a political unity came to the point of definite expression. At the first Hague Conference the inspiring and unifying idea, as set forth in the call by the czar, was mitigation of the horrors of war and effort to reduce the burdens of national armaments. That conference favored a second conference in order to complete action proposed at the first, but for which the nations were not then ready. Now, before the second Hague Conference

was called there had grown up into perceptible activity this self-consciousness of all mankind, this firm conviction that there is a political world unity which demands and will secure recognition. In consequence of that demand, which was strongly pressed upon the second conference and influenced its action, the second conference recommended the calling of the third. There was a world-wide difference in quality between the recommendation of the first conference that a second be called, and the recommendation of the second that the third be called. Somewhere, outside of The Hague Conference, there was a voice from the mass of mankind. There was a cry of self-consciousness. That cry was in the form of rational language. It was clear. It was intelligible. It was definite. It was brief and urgent. It asked the conference to recognize the unity of all races, of all nations, and of all creeds, and to take steps to make that unity formal and actual.

That cry naturally encountered the conservatism of ages. The members of the conference were there to act as practical, but progressive men, not as theorists. The conference did not commit itself to the whole program which was urged upon it and to which its members might assent in their personal capacity. But it did the very and the only thing it could have done, practically, if it had indorsed the whole program. It recommended the calling of a third conference. Here is the historic language of the recommendation:

"The conference recommends to the powers the convocation of a third conference within a period similar to that which elapsed between the former conferences, leaving the exact date to be fixed in common accord by the powers. The conference calls the attention of the powers to the necessity of having the work of the conference prepared a sufficient time before its meeting, so that its deliberations may be taken with indispensable authority and rapidity. To attain this object the conference thinks it very desirable that about two years before the probable date of convocation a preparatory committee be intrusted by the governments with the collection of different propositions to be submitted to the conference and the gathering of matters susceptible of being embodied in international regulations, and that the committee prepare a program about which the governments will agree early enough to have it earnestly studied in each country. The conference recommends that this committee be also intrusted to propose a system of organization and procedure for the conference."

That is the form in which it was received in this country by cable. Mr. Choate said that the word "analagous" was used where the word "similar" appears above. Now, there cannot be the slightest doubt that such a conference will be held, nor that it will be followed by a fourth, and so on. Nor can there be any doubt that these successive conferences will formulate propositions which will be ratified by the nations, like the propositions formulated by the first and second conferences. So the will of the world will have formal, official, and universal expression. This is true legislation. Whether or not it shall be reached in the routine with which the nations have hitherto been familiar is not to the point, and is of no consequence to the main truth. World legislation will have been accomplished. The body through which the propositions were formulated, even though its function is not yet complete like that of fully developed legislative bodies, is clearly on its way to complete development and is entitled to the name of the world legislature. Now see where this truth brings us, where it brings the world, as a self-conscious unit.

The world legislature is here. As an institution, it has already arrived. Before the meeting of this second conference there was unconscious action toward this end through many successive international congresses and conferences leading up to the first Hague Conference, and what that conference did has become unifying action of the world in the self-conscious light of the second Hague Conference. That self consciousness will increase, and recognition of the unity of mankind as a political body will spread

wider and wider till every nation and every person who thinks on these things shall see the truth beyond question.

The world has moved in this matter far faster than could possibly have been anticipated. Not only that, but it has moved far faster than any one seems to have realized in the presence of the momentous and historic facts. Very few have paid any attention whatever to this marvelous development. We are actually in the most wonderful period of human history, politically, which the world has ever seen or ever will see, and no other era, with the exception of the beginning of the Christian religion, ever has or ever will approximate it in importance. Future growths and changes will be outcomes of the present, but in a way of less importance for any few years than the few years in which we are now living.

Yet this great cause has found it utterly impossible to get a hearing in many circles, even here in the United States, where it would be supposed that it would be welcomed with prompt appreciation. It is needless to specify the many details now, but they can be mentioned when the time comes for retrospect over this phase of the movement.

That this second Hague Conference will stand out in history as the most important of all political gatherings in the development of the race will appear from the fact that in it the self-consciousness of mankind, as a political unit, was felt and shown, and, also,— and it is no small matter,— that there was a distinct beginning of the development of the world judiciary. Whatever may have been possible in way of developing the judiciary from the Hague Court of Arbitration, here is the fact that the proposition to establish a regular international prize court, put before the nations by the conference as the recommendation of a positive proposition to be ratified by them, presents the true germ of a world judicial department. When this court shall have been constituted and a case brought before it, then, in the decision of that case, there will be the formulation of certain principles of world law by the court as the basis of its action. Hitherto there has been nothing higher than international law, with the lack of world authority for its principles and its failure in way of official statement. Here will be a formal utterance by an official world court, lifting certain principles out of the realm of international law into the higher realm of world law, and the formal expression of the world code will have begun. This will be judge-made law, but it will be world law, for all that.

Whatever follows this second conference will be an unfolding from the self-consciousness developed there. It is a reasonable expectation that before the third conference shall meet, about 1915, there will have been a marked development of this world self-consciousness and that the meeting will be under far different international conditions of friendliness, appreciation, and disposition to go forward than prevailed at the conferences of 1899 and of 1907. By that time the statesmen of the nations will have become more familiar with the idea of world legislation and the steps by which it is to be accomplished. There will be a historic perspective for the first and the second conferences. Forces will be more strongly active, situations will be clearer, duties will be plainer than they have been hitherto. It will be seen that the new era is already here, and that the political organization of mankind into one body is so far advanced that the different organs are visibly taking form.

Already it is the fact that, by the action of the second conference, self-conscious world legislation has been proposed, as world legislation had been unconsciously proposed by the first conference of The Hague and by many previous international conferences and congresses. Already several separate germs of the world executive department have been exercising official and formal action under authority of the nations. Now the world judiciary is added to the official list. Taking all these developments together, it is not only timely and true to say that the world legislature is here and that mankind has come into a partial self-consciousness of political unity, but it seems to show lack of a discerning mind to hold otherwise. We are right

in the thick of these momentous developments before we realize it.

Again, the actual development of world forces has outrun the observation of mankind in the matter of arbitration of international difficulties. For years, yes, for centuries, there have been propositions of more or less definite international action for the settlement of differences between nations. In recent years foremost in this endeavor has been the Mohonk Conference. At the second Hague Conference there was an unsuccessful effort for the establishment of a world court of arbitration. But the world judicial system, which that conference inaugurated, will make a special court of arbitration needless. Out of the body of international law, and still higher, out of the world's sense of justice, will develop the world code under which the world judiciary will practice. It will be as much higher than a world court of arbitration as a state court is higher than a state board of arbitration. Such a court of arbitration will be an inferior and needless body under the natural development of the world judiciary. That is, before men have been able to work out their inferior device, the magnificent forces of all mankind, running ahead faster than we have realized, will make our labors vain, just as the return of the summer sun makes hotbeds superfluous. All honor to the men who have worked for international arbitration and who have consecrated their efforts for the peace of the world. Without them this development would have been retarded. But the real forces in mankind have been broader and stronger than any man has dreamed. World unity is nearer than had been supposed. What seemed at the beginning of this century to be perhaps hundreds of years in the future is now proved to be right at our doors as we count time in the progress of the nations.

These world forces are constantly and powerfully in action. Not by spasms do they advance, dependent upon meetings of world conferences at The Hague. Before the third conference shall meet a great change will have occurred from the status which existed when the second conference ended. We are justified in predicting this because of the rapid advance which was made during the years between the first and the second conferences. Great as was the gain then, greater may be expected during the succeeding eight years, because now the world is in the enjoyment of a partial self-consciousness of political unity which did not exist then. There will be all the difference between intelligent effort toward a particular end and a blind groping in obedience to an instinct which does not foresee the end and which has no definite plan of advance. That, in itself, will bring great gain.

But during these coming eight years there will be operative, with doubled efficiency, all the forces of commerce, of travel, and of social intermingling which contributed to the advance of the previous years. Never before was the missionary spirit as widespread as it is to-day. Never before were local populations learning so fast from all the remainder of the world in order that they may the better conduct their own affairs. World unity is being promoted in a hundred other ways than by conscious, intelligent action.

Therefore, considering this intelligent and unintelligent operation of mighty forces, all making to the organic unity of the nations as one, it is fair to forecast a totally different atmosphere for the third world conference from that at either the first or the second. Most surely there will be a better realization of what world unity means in itself and of what it carries with it. When the third conference shall meet there will be far wider trust in the friendly motives and unselfish purposes of other nations than has ever existed in any international conference hitherto. In the delegate sitting on the other side of the table will be recognized a true brother. Mutual trust will supplant, to a degree till then impossible, even if it is not perfectly developed, the suspicion with which every act of another nation has been received. On this basis of trust there will be a readiness to advance to higher relations and an acceptance at face value of promises of friendship which has been impossible hitherto. It will be

easier than ever to carry measures of progress, and the momentum of world faith in mankind will catch even the backward and the distrustful.

Then, without formal persuasion, or much argument, it is fair to expect that the desired progress toward disarmament, more than the limitation of armaments, will be secured. With a true world court in operation, with a body of world law sufficient for the purpose of covering international differences, there will be no more need of armaments than the states of the United States need armaments when they have the courts of the nation for the enforcement of their rights. All this will come about at some subsequent conference, in due, easy, and natural process of development. Conditions will then be ripe, and the fruit will fall into the hands of mankind. It is no discouragement that it has not ripened.

A ROBIN

By ELEANOR NICOL

A robin, a robin. Oh, I heard him sing,
Saw the red on his breast and the brown of his wing.
He came from the blue sky, there over the hills,
And thrilled all the air with his passionate trills.

A robin, a robin, just bursting with song;
Caressingly warbling, while winging along;
An answering call from some hidden retreat,
A rapturous greeting, the song is complete.

A robin, a robin. 'Tis springtime, I ween,
I saw his bright shadow a glint in the stream,
As kissed by the sunshine he paused on his way
To trill forth a promise of blossoms and May.

THE PARTHENON

Architecture and the Public

By W. P. P. Longfellow

THE present condition of architecture is peculiar and new. It has in past ages been the dominant art; to-day it is so no more. Among the Greeks, Egyptians, Romans, and the civilized races of the middle ages, most of their productive labor went into it. It was the embodiment of religious aspirations and civic splendor, the symbol of military power and imperial dominion. The other arts were nursed by it, and brought up in subservience to it. In each of these periods a single style prevailed, in which all the arts were assimilated to facile combination, and the people at large, used to seeing that style in all things about them, were in the best position for appreciating it in large works as well as small, for judging buildings and their adornments of painting and sculpture all in one light.

Now we have changed all this. It has been reserved for our time, and chiefly for our country, to build streets in which buildings of every style we know jostle each other like jugs on the shelves of a china shop. Nothing could have been less fortifying to a safe professional taste or more upsetting to popular judgment than the experiments in style that our country has gone through within a century. We began with our inherited Colonial, of many good qualities if no great ones, which we must needs throw away to try new fashions; then came the Greek revival; then the Downing period, leading up to the so-called Vernacular; then the Gothic revival and the French Romantic, with its accompanying Mansards; the Queen Anne, an excursion into Romanesque; and at last a revival of Italian and Classic forms leading back to Colonial, till we are near where we started, but encumbered with an enormous quantity of baggage picked up *en route*. What wonder that people come to assume, not only that one style is as good as another, but that all together are as good as one? What wonder that architects themselves not only lose that familiar sensitiveness to special forms and their due combinations that approaches an instinct and is the technical secret of their best work, but fail to agree on any architectural language, and so lose much of the mutual help and common impetus due to people who work on the same lines? And if the architect is at such disadvantage under our eclectic habit, the public is still worse off, for it takes its lesson only from what the architect sets before it. If this lacks consistency and harmony, or that subtle quality which we call *style*, how are people to learn what harmony is, or style? How conceive any standard of judgment by which to estimate what they see? The architect has all the architecture of past ages to chasten his judgment and refine his perceptions; the public has none of this. Therefore our public is no guide to the architect. The most he can expect from it is to follow his work with intelligent interest, to line his pocket — rather gingerly — with fees, perhaps encouraging him when it is good, but hardly helping to restrain him when he goes wrong.

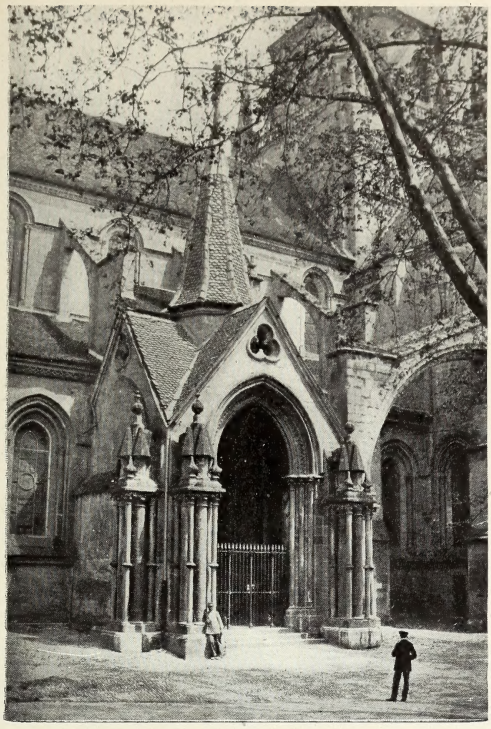
A dozen years ago or more the exhibition at Chicago gave us an opportunity, which architects accepted with delight, of putting together in one large area a great group of buildings — amounting to a town — in a single style and of uniform material. They were arranged with a careful eye to combined effect on skilfully planned lines, with due provision for both continuity and contrast and with a great variety of position and vista. Leading architects were called from all over the country. One or two wayward brothers insisted on designing in styles of their own choosing, but almost all held loyally to the conditions. The result was marvelously successful. The individual buildings were designed with great skill

and variety within the limits of the classic or neo-classic manner that was prescribed. But the illuminating success, as had been hoped, was in the great consistent scheme of architecture, ably conceived, and carried out with complete harmony of parts. It was such a thing as home-keeping Americans had never imagined, and as travelers could not find anywhere. I remember that some critics were so impervious to its teaching as to lament that the buildings claimed attention that should have been saved for their contents — as if American architecture and sculpture were not as important and as worthy of exhibition as American soap and cook-stoves. We hoped that it would be a lesson in largeness of design, in harmony of composition, and unity of style, that would not be forgotten in spite of its perishableness. At least, after it the confusion among us was somewhat abated.

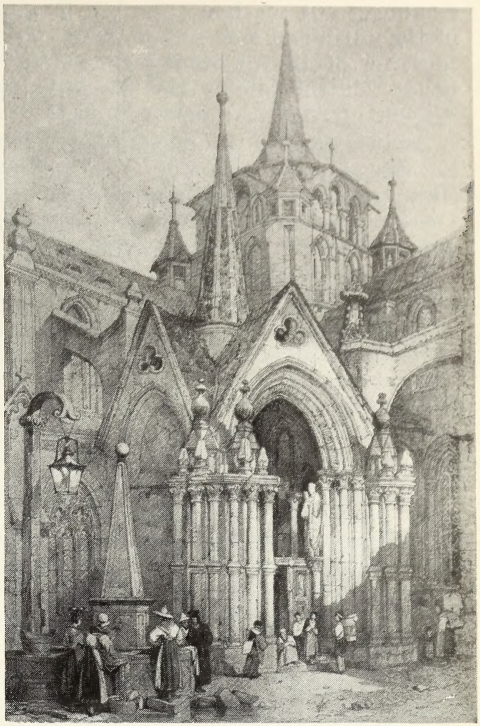
One thing which has influenced, I think, the public's way of regarding architecture is an unconscious substitution of the painter's view of it for the architect's. This is modern, a thing of the last generation or two. Within that time a new art of landscape painting has been developed, and with it the picturesque painting of buildings. Now the painter's way of looking at a building is very different from the architect's. The architect looks for the designer's idea, the shape he has given it in all its parts; that is, the *human quality* in it: to him the work is first and last a work of art. It interests the painter mainly as a work of nature, especially if it is more or less ruinous, as from the painter's point of view every building ought to be. He looks for the natural color, the texture, the stains, the weathering, the accidental lights and shadows. Every mark of decay is precious to him; for the carefully studied proportions, the delicate adjustments of line, the character of details, he does not care. They would even be impediments to him, diverting his attention from things he does care for. Therefore, though painters sketch buildings, it is a rare thing to find a painter who will draw one as it looks to its creator. His drawing, conceived as a sketch, remains a sketch to the end, however far he carries it. But architecture does not accommodate itself to sketching. Buildings are good material for sketching, like other things in a view, but architecture is not. If you want to sketch a building well you must leave out most of the architecture, unless it is very simple; and this the painter does.

Painting being now the dominant art, the public is inclined to take its views of art from the painter, as the master in art, and learns to look at buildings as he does. The great pictorial magazines, which are the average reader's school of art, enforce this habit. They print many good drawings of architecture, but they also shine with painter's drawings which are caricatures of the buildings they represent. Let the amateur of architecture, then, be on his guard against the picturesque view. A drawing of architecture must be a portrait. Its truth, its value, depend on its details as much as music does. Once in studying a statue to be set up in a public place I was criticizing the crude details of the pedestal. "Oh, well," was the answer, "so long as the general movement of the line is right, the details don't matter." It was a musician who spoke; but what would she have said at hearing a nocturne of Chopin or symphony of Mozart shorn of its details — its harmonies reduced to their rudiments, the melodies shaved down to scales and arpeggios, the figured passages simplified, and only the tone coloring of the piano, or of violins, horns, and bassoons left to it? So it is with the architect and his art. Enjoy the painter's views of buildings as parts of his pictures, effects of color, tone, light, and shade; but if you love architecture, or wish to, go elsewhere for that. I have here a painter's view of a porch of the cathedral at Lausanne and a photograph of it. If the reader prefers the painter's rendering it means that he is looking for a picture, not for architecture.

There is a certain firmness and positiveness of design which, though it be foreign perhaps to the taste of to-day, is not only native to architecture, but becoming, befitting its robust origin and uses. Any attempt to shirk this characteristic is foolish, and robs it of its manliness. A building must be well squared, with



CATHEDRAL OF LAUSANNE



PROUT'S DRAWING OF THE SAME

clearly marked horizontal and upright lines, for the most part straight lines, under peril of looking undecided, feeble, and amateurish. He to whom a straight line or a right angle is abhorrent lacks the sense for the commanding qualities of architecture. For whatever doctrinarians or ethical critics may say of it, architecture, as much as painting, is an art of appearances. It is subject to ethical laws, like everything else that man does, in so far as it may fulfil or contradict them, but they are no part of its special code, not even a guide to its production, any more than they are to the art of healing or the production of machinery. While the laws of ethics or practical needs control the design of a building in their sphere they are as useless in determining the artistic question: What will give the visual beauty that the designer is in search of, as the moral law under which the physician must practice is to decide whether the symptoms of this patient call for quinine or opium.

But half a century ago there sprung up in the midst of the Gothic revival, and chiefly in England, a doctrine that had not been heard before: that beauty evolved itself directly out of construction and use; that so the way to give beauty to any work of construction and use was to let it show frankly and simply how it was made and for what, and that this would *ipso facto* assure to it the beauty it was capable of. This doctrine, following a time of decadence in the arts, seemed peculiarly opposite to an art which is based on construction, and led an effective revolt against a great deal of affectation and sham beauty. It helped to encourage freshness and straightforwardness in the arts of design, qualities which are as refreshing in art as in conduct; though they are as distinct from beauty as character is from complexion. But it was nevertheless pure dogma, without rational basis and in direct conflict with experience. Its method produced attractive work in the hands of a skillful designer,

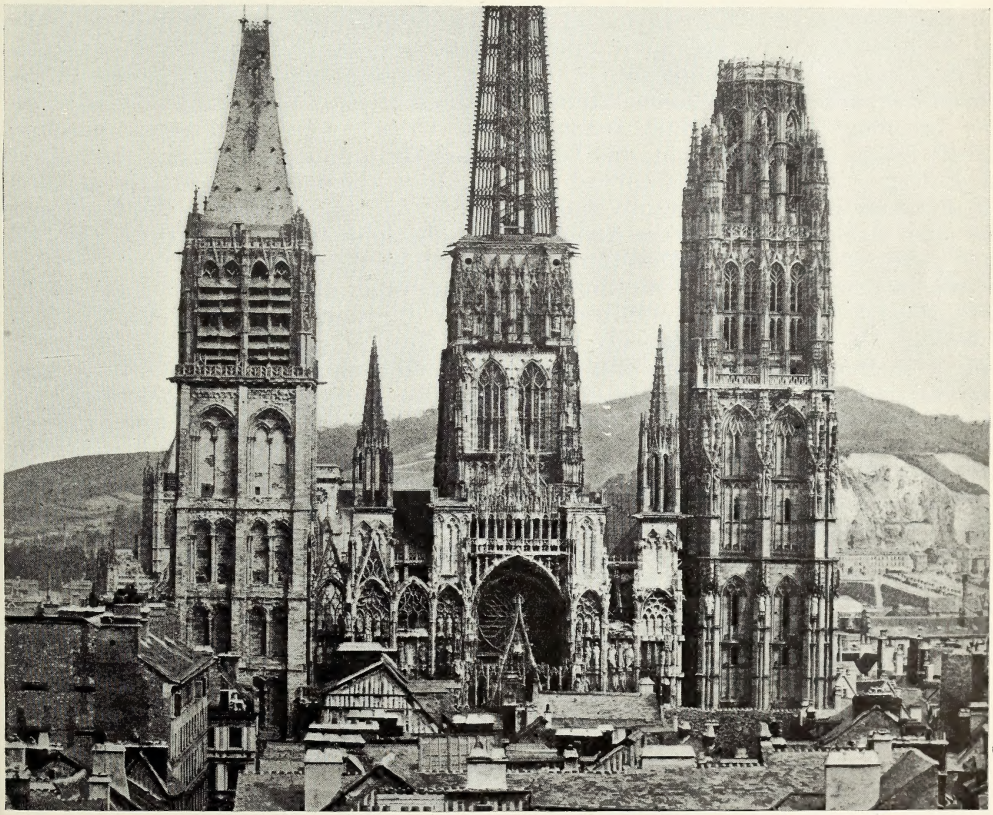
as almost any method does, but in those of the untrained and self-confident amateur, or of the unmoral professional, it begot all the shams and horrors that attached to the Eastlake movement.

Architecture is the more handicapped because its excellence comes of qualities that are not in fashion nowadays. All great architecture has been carefully ordered, formal, stately, with an effort for symmetry, elegance, and fineness of form; above all, harmonized throughout by subordination of part to part, and of all parts to the whole. Now these qualities are not merely neglected, but distinctly out of favor. People like ease and the appearance of carelessness — above all things, freedom. The arts must go in shirt sleeves. A cottage interests more persons than a church, a rural church more than a city church. Up to the nineteenth century all the arts, including music and literature, were based on the study of form. The arts of design were shaped by the rigorous study of the human figure, in which form was followed out to the last degree of refinement. Whether this domination of form had gone too far or not I cannot argue here; but early in the last century the Gothic revival, the Romantic movement in literature, the study of landscape, the era of instrumentation in music, brought new opportunities to the artist, with the dangerous gift of unlimited freedom and disregard of old models and the overthrow of old traditions. The study of form fell into neglect and even contempt. One might often hear the impatient exclamation, "I hate symmetry," as you might hear, "I hate red hair." Fortunately things are not so bad now. We are beginning to see that irregularity is not always beautiful; to rediscover that symmetry is one means of securing beauty in design, that picturesque building is not the whole of architecture, but for the acknowledgment that form is the essence of good design, and for the enjoyment of fine form that lies at the bottom of good architecture, we still wait. The decorative craze of the last generation might have brought this recognition if it had not spent itself in the pursuit of color, but it seemed rather to aggravate the general indifference to form. We could even discover a feeling that fineness of form is not only inferior to fineness of color, but really hostile to it, as unhappy a doctrine as artists have ever evolved. I recall how a while ago, when English potters after long stimulation had attained to a considerable fineness, some of them took up the whim of moulding a jug to a delicate profile and then thumping it out of shape on one side in wanton scorn of the beauty of their own work. For a little while this was in fashion, and I heard a lady exclaim, "I like that because it is so odd,"— a reason worthy of Mrs. Nickleby.

But the criterions of judgment are different for different styles, because the styles have grown up under the dominion of different ideas, and so are shaped to different ends. Greek architecture was shaped by the desire for beauty, and hardly by anything else; Gothic, primarily by constructive exigencies, in the desire to make stone ceilings for churches that should not burn. Therefore the idea of beauty underlies every form in classic architecture, and stone construction every form in medieval. The Greeks were gifted with an exquisite sense for form in all kinds of design and all combinations, and they saw early that the essence of form lay in proportion. So their scheme of design was an elaborate adjustment of proportions not only in large masses, but in the relation of every feature and every detail to the whole and to every other. By this their architects constructed their Orders and their canons of the human figure. Therefore if we are looking for the beauty of classic architecture we shall find it in the proportioning of the Orders and the designs evolved from them. The beauty of Gothic we shall find in the way they carried out their constructive ideas, but also in the beauty of the detail in which they clothed them. The medieval builders were artists, like the Greeks, but, being dominated by their constructive ideas, they had no use for a scale of graduated parts like the classic, and proportioned every part to its work in their constructive scheme. The classic styles embody chosen ideas of abstract beauty; the medieval, no-

bility of aims, abounding individual invention, and an inexhaustible supply of beautiful decorative detail. Therefore we must not look in either for the special beauties of the other, nor condemn because we do not find them, as the men of the Renaissance scorned the Gothic because of its lack of fixed proportion, or as we in the last century pilloried the Roman and the Renaissance for want of moral qualities.

It was the boast of the Renaissance architects that they restored the careful study in proportion of the classic builders, which had been forgotten and buried in excess of detail by the medievals. This was the meaning of "*Tutta quæsta musica*,"— all that musical harmony,— which Alberti and his followers vaunted. Of architectural design this is almost the whole, and this the leaders of the Renaissance exemplified in the forgotten Orders which they brought to light from antiquity. A great many attempts have been made to determine artistic proportions by fixed ratios of numbers, halves, quarters, thirds, etc., but there is no substitute for the trained eye. The architect of the Boston Public Library said one day, as we were looking at a model of the main cornice which he had set up, "You have got to learn to know the value of a half an inch, a quarter, yes, even an eighth of an inch," and he was right. This sensitive perception the architect must have, and to judge the quality of good architecture requires something of the kind in the beholder. The classic builders and the architects of the Renaissance tabulated the lessons of it in minute schedules, not as a scheme of unalterable perfection, but as a record of experience without which the workman or the ordinary designer could not be



CATHEDRAL OF ROUEN

trusted to go right; and at this day it would be well if the amateur of architecture would discipline his eye by them — not that he may know quarters and eighths of an inch, as the architect should, but that he may feel the difference between fine proportion and rude wherever he sees them, as one who listens to fine music should recognize the intervals of chords and their harmonic relations.

As for the general question of porportion, every one sees that a roof may be too high, or a story too low; that a cornice may be too thin, or a tower may dwarf and spoil the front of a church, as we see indeed in many English parish churches. What we need to remember is that proportion is the fundamental excellence, and that its control must pervade the whole of a design, bringing every dimension of every detail into relation with every other and with the whole. It is known that by the system which the Roman builders and the law-givers of the Renaissance laid down for their Orders, whole façades, whole buildings indeed, could be planned so that, given the width of a dentil, and a careful enumeration of the features, ten men could independently design the same front, and when their designs were accurately carried out (if that were possible) the results should not differ much. This was to the Romans, who invented it, a practical system by which they could carry on a vast amount of work with a minimum of architectural direction. To modern architects it is only a theoretical scheme, one of innumerable possible ones, and to be varied in practice at the will of the designer. Yet it embodied so much experience and artistic skill, such a careful and delicate working out of the principle of graduated proportion, that it has stood as a model before the world to this day.

Let us notice as examples some interesting points in the Greek Doric, the progenitor of the whole family of European architectures. We all know the chief attributes of the Doric Temple, and its gradual increase in size and refinement as it developed. Our illustrations show one of the earliest examples, the Temple at Pæstum; and the latest masterwork, the Parthenon. The reverent tenacity with which the Greek clung to his ancestral ideas is in painful contrast to the eager haste with which we moderns rush from one architectural form to another, throwing away each new idea before we have well brought out what is in it. We notice how in the long interval the ponderous entablature is lightened, the heavy columns grown slenderer, and their lines straighter, the soft-looking cushion of the capitol given place to a superbly springing curve which carries its load triumphantly. Of the delicate curvatures that have been discovered in all the leading lines of the building there is no time to speak here. We should not see them if we were standing now before the building in its prime. They are to be detected only by sighting along the lines from end to end, or by a surveyor's instruments. Our illustration (No. 2), from a very carefully made model, will show better than any attainable view some of the effects on which the beauty of the building depends. Notice especially the firm lines, the clear division of the entablature, above all the effects of light and shade, for of these the Greeks were the greatest masters. Mark the unbroken lights and the fretted shadows, the darker band of the mottled frieze, half-toned between the shadowed cornice and the brightness of the fair surface of the architrave.

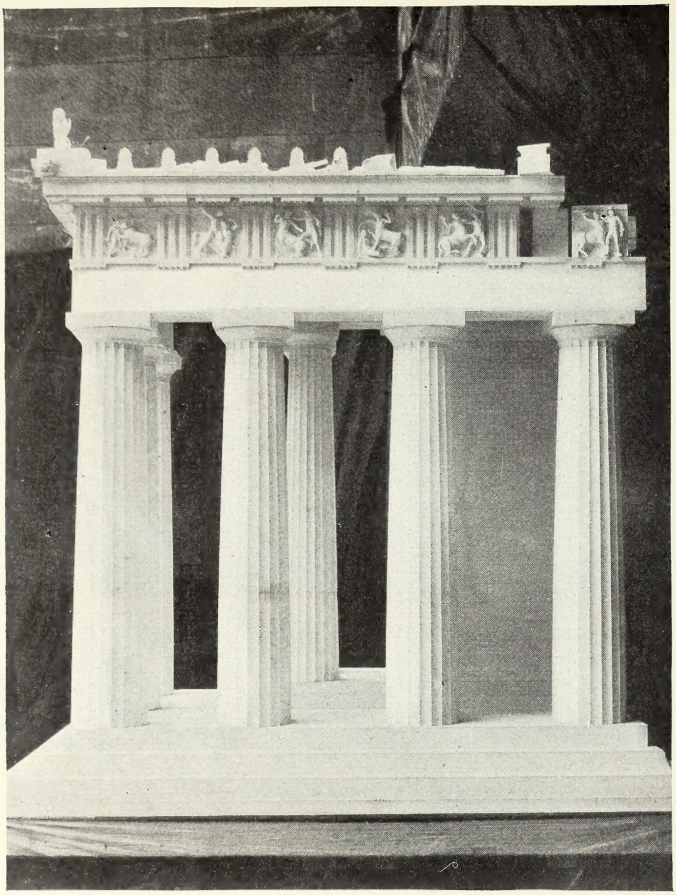
One other detail I wish to mention, to show the fineness of the effects which the Greeks reached by their study of light and shade. This is the little line, the fine rabbet, as the builders call it, which the Greek cut on the lower edge of the corona, or overhang of his cornice. We see it in the illustration of the Order of the Parthenon. Its office is to soften the sudden break from the bright sunlight on the cornice to the deep shadow. The engraver or the painter does the same thing to soften a sudden change of tint; the engraver, by drawing a broken and crumbling line, or a light double line, the painter by slightly blurring his hard outline. The architect, carrying out a severer design, must not attenuate his contrast into softness; so he undercuts the edge sharply to shut off the reflected sunshine from the under edge of his

NOTRE DAME OF PARIS

rabbet, which would otherwise almost obliterate its effect. This is one of the cunningest devices of the cunning Greek: it also serves as a drip for the rain, but unnecessarily, there being other drips just above it and just below. Its real office is esthetic and its effect altogether charming.

These are fine technical points, you may say. Yes, but compare them with the countless tints of black or blue or white in a Whistler portrait or a Sargent drapery, without recognizing which you cannot judge the painting. Details they are; but architecture is an art of details, like music, as well as of broad general effects.

Doubtless one of the things which have kept the Classic Orders alive through so many centuries is their admirable clearness of design, for perhaps the most important quality in architectural design — I do not say the highest excellence, but the fundamental — is clearness. Clearness does not necessarily imply great simplicity, though simplicity is its handmaid. Orderly arrangement will clarify a complex design and multiplied parts, while a much simpler one may be confused by disorder. Classical buildings and modern French buildings have this quality, and in the Classic examples at least it is greatly enhanced by simplicity. The noble front of Notre Dame of Paris also is a fine instance of a clear distribution that impresses the beholder at first sight, whether he sees it from the Parvis before the church, or far off down the river from the *Pont des Arts*, as many of you recall it, no doubt. The clear division of the front, divided horizontally by the galleries of statues, vertically according to the lines of the nave and the great towers, helped by the contrast of the bare wall spaces and the richness of the decorated features, make a design that catches the attention at any distance. Compare it with the approxi-



MODEL OF PARTHENON

mately contemporary front of Rouen, whose greater picturesqueness and vivacity of detail are confused by crowding in the middle stories, and in spite of a fascinating richness, fail to seize attention or hold their place in the memory like the other.

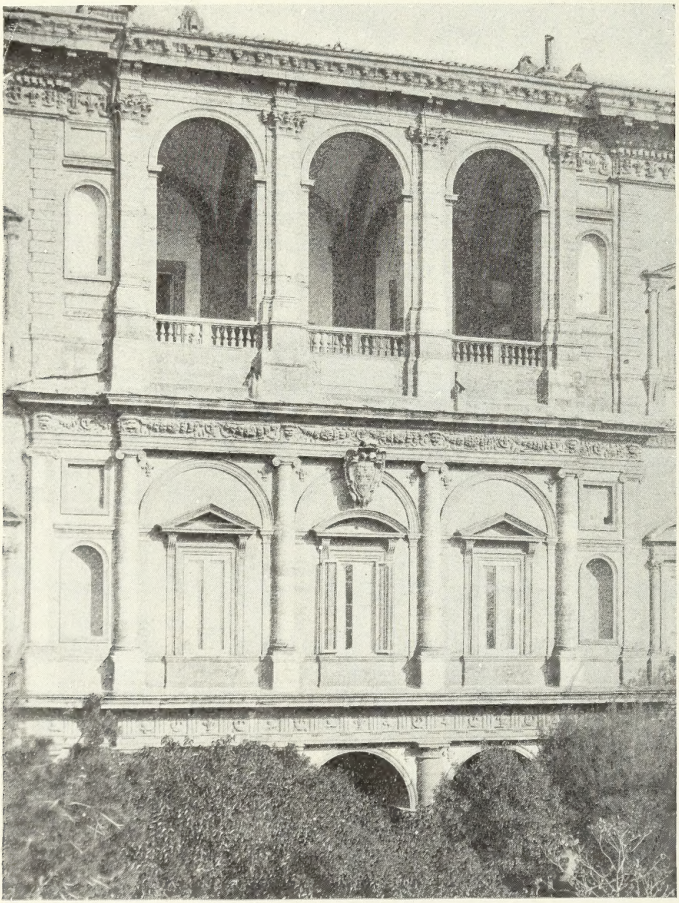
But we must not expect much popular care for the fine arts when all the great interests of the day are drawing men's attention in other directions. And though the practical uses of architecture do claim attention, as they claim a great deal of money, and as they give opportunity for display which is attractive to people who are growing fast in wealth, architecture as an art, we have just seen, is behind the others in popularity. One reason for this I have already implied,—that it is the most subjective of arts, the most independent in its beauty of the world about us; for it is notable how much man likes to be reminded in art of the things he sees every day, the things among which he lives. The source of much popular admiration for works of art is the mere reminder of familiar things, as the sight of one's country's flag in a foreign town thrills the patriotic traveler, but with a feeling as remote as possible from artistic appreciation. Yet I am inclined to say that the representative art of the twentieth century is, after all, not painting nor sculpture nor architecture, but upholstery. I use the word as typical of the qualities that

are popular in decoration; for it embodies most of the artistic aspirations of modern people,— superficial splendor, useless enrichment of surface, absolute subordination of form to color, the search for every kind of effect in quality of material, the cheapening of ornamental forms, the disregard of structural expression, indeed of all expression, and the neglect of self-restraint.

It would be interesting to look back and see how this tendency has grown upon the other arts — painting, for instance, from Rubens, Veronese, Tiepolo, down through Baudry, Bouguereau, to Duran, Whistler, Sargent, and the illustrators of books and magazines. Late sculptors have done their best in the same line to imitate as well as they could the qualities of painting, the textures of stuffs; and in architecture the movement which is called *l'art nouveau* has produced in France, Belgium, and Germany whole facades which look as if they came from upholsterers' shops. The turning of houses, churches, halls, monuments, into curious caskets or jewel-boxes, in which we may accumulate and display our bits of sculpture and painting and upholstery, is quite a modern transformation, although a tendency to this is to be seen in the treatment of religious structures in all ages under the influence of pious sentiment, but restrained there by the tradition of an overruling architecture. The condition of mind that leads to this is much enforced by the development of the amateur artist, especially in our country and England. The movement for what we clumsily call art-education had for its primary object to educate a constituency capable of recognizing and enjoying good art. But the movement once started and the schools filled, it was inevitable that a universal desire to create art should follow. The pleasure of production was too enticing. Innumerable pupils were smitten with eagerness to do rather than to learn, crude production took the place of careful education, and the popular schools of art have turned out many more immature

THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AT PÆSTUM

and self-confident producers than competent and well-trained judges. The amateur painter, decorator, even sculptor, is about us on every hand; we cannot get away from his work. The community is beginning to get a little tired of him; I fancy he will in time get tired of himself, and perhaps the evil will in this way work its own cure. Architecture is a difficult art, and fortunately it is one which the amateur can hardly practice without conspicuous failure, so it is comparatively exempt from this disadvantage; but the effect of absorbing so much of the artistic enthusiasm of the public in other arts has undoubtedly been to divert interest from it, and in a way to starve it. Architecture may have its day again; but before it can again hold the commanding position among the arts which has belonged to it in the great building-ages the world must greatly change in temper and interest. At present, civilization is marching on roads that are strange to art.



TUTTA QUÆSTA MUSICA

Tommy Stevens, Peacemaker

By Harriette C. Baker

TOMMY sat upon the woodpile gazing drearily into space. All the beauty and brightness of a June morning was lost upon him. In vain did Fido, the fat puppy, latest and dearest of his many pets, dance and frolic about him, inviting him to join in the usual romp and race. In vain did the motherly old white hen, with her numerous family tagging leisurely behind, approach him, telling him in anxious clucks that she was still waiting for her breakfast. Even the thin, dejected yellow kitten, which only the day before Tommy had rescued from a crowd of boys, and which ever since had refused to be separated from him, finding her soft, purring caresses disregarded, looked at him keenly from her tired little bleary eyes, and decided in her small cat mind that Tommy wasn't having a good time.

And Tommy wasn't. The worst of it was he didn't know what was the matter. Good times had always been a matter of course to Tommy. In all his short life he had never known anything else. Good times in which he and papa and mamma were always the prime factors. When they had lived in town he had thought none of the other boys had so cozy a home; but since they had moved out to this new home, where there were trees and grass and birds and flowers, where he could have dogs and kittens and rabbits to his heart's content, then indeed did life take on new joys and to-day always seemed better than yesterday, until —

Until what? That, alas, was what Tommy didn't know, and not knowing, had no way of finding out. It wasn't because everything didn't *look* the same. It did. Tommy had been over all that in his puzzled little mind. Nothing was gone, that he could *see*, although he *felt* as if everything, almost, was gone.

"I guess I'm going to be sick," he said aloud. "Maybe I ought to go in and go to bed." This, however, seemed such a terrible thing to do, under any circumstances, that Tommy hesitated and turned his gaze toward a small gray house across the street. "Likely as not she'd know," he said under his breath. "I wish she'd come out."

As if in direct answer the front door of the gray house opened suddenly and closed with a bang behind a flying figure that crossed the street like a streak of lightning and darted behind the woodpile. "Come round here, Tommy," floated over in a cautious whisper, and Tommy obediently slipped from his perch to join the fugitive, followed by the pup, the hen, and the yellow kitten.

"What a string of things you always have chasing after you," came a voice from somewhere. Tommy looked around inquiringly. "Look up, old blind eyes," went on the mocking voice, "in this hole — see — come on — it's big enough for two."

"We didn't think when we built this cave in this woodpile how useful it would be, did we?" panted Tommy, as he clutched the little thin red hand held out for his assistance. "What's the matter, Adelaide Emaline?"

"I thought the baby was waking up. 'Tisn't likely he is, but he was twisting some, and I thought I'd better get out before I was sure. I've tended him all day. He's ugly as a bear!"

Tommy looked at her sympathetically, his own troubles for the moment forgotten. "He does cry lots," he said hesitatingly, "but I think babies are kind of nice."

"That's 'cause you haven't got any," snapped his companion. "If it wasn't for babies and that old parlor organ, I'd stand some show of having a good time. When it ain't one it's the other, all the whole enduring time. I ought to be practising the 'Alpine Hunter' this very minute."

"What a funny name you've got, Adelaide Emaline," said Tommy, hur-

riedly striving to turn the conversation to smoother channels. "It chokes my mouth all up when I say it. What makes you use the whole of it? Every day, anyway?" he amended.

"I've always hoped you wouldn't notice my name, but most everybody does," said Adelaide Emaline, passing Tommy a short, chunky stick of wood. "Here, throw that at that pup, and make him stop that yapping. Ma never'll think of my being in the woodpile unless that pup tells her.

"About my name? Oh, yes. Well, you see ma had a sister Adelaide and pa had a sister Emaline. Both of 'em is old maids, and I guess they've got some money, pa and ma humors 'em so. They both wanted me named after 'em — I'm the first girl, you know — and so to keep from having a fuss I had to take both names. Ma said she tried to mix the names somehow and make just one, but she says it can't be done and make anything that sounds civilized. I've laid awake nights myself, that's all the time I get, and mixed and mixed, but I can't make anything sensible. Pa calls me 'Sis' when there ain't anybody round, but ma says that seems to her like cheating, and she calls me the whole thing 'less she's in an awful hurry.

"Aunt Adelaide gave me the parlor organ and Aunt Emaline pays for my lessons," added the victim with indescribable bitterness.

"Perhaps," said Tommy slowly, as a thought so horrible, so wicked that he hesitated to express it, came to him, "perhaps, if they are old ladies, they will d —, they won't live forever, sometimes old ladies don't, you know — and then ——"

"Yes, I've thought of that," broke in Adelaide Emaline cheerfully. "If that happens, as I hope it will, I'm going to be called 'Maude Agnes Evangeline,' and I'm going to give that parlor organ to the little red-headed Jones girl round the corner."

Tommy's ruddy face almost paled at this sinful determination. How brave and wise she was. If any one could help him, surely she was the one. He wished she knew something of his trouble without his telling her. Somehow it didn't seem right to tell anyone what he hardly dared think even to himself.

A step on the walk made him start quickly and look eagerly over the edge of the cave. "Why, it's papa!" he cried joyfully. "Wait a minute!" and scrambling from the cave he ran as fast as his fat legs could carry him toward the house. Adelaide Emaline, watching him curiously, saw him slip his grimy little hand into that of the tall, broad-shouldered man, and trudging along beside him, disappear within the cool-looking screen door that opened upon the cozy, shaded little vine-covered porch.

He was gone but a few minutes when he came slowly out, closing the door softly behind him, and in a strangely subdued manner approached the woodpile. The pup, the hen, and the kitten, who had followed him down and were anxiously waiting his reappearance, turned solemnly about and trailed sedately along in the rear. That this was a new Tommy there was no doubt, but he should have a fair trial.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" inquired Adelaide Emaline. "Anybody sick?"

"No," said Tommy. "No, there isn't any one sick. I don't know what's the matter." He burst out suddenly, the big tears rolling down his chubby cheeks. "But something's wrong, and I feel bad inside."

"Been eating anything?" questioned the practical Adelaide Emaline, her mind rapidly reviewing the various symptoms constantly occurring among her numerous brothers and sisters.

"'Tisn't that," sobbed Tommy. "'Tisn't like that — it's worse — it's the way things are and seem. You can't see it — I don't know what it is, but it's awful," he said, swallowing hard and rubbing the tears away with his fat fists. "Awful, just awful."

Adelaide Emaline settled back with a look of despair. "If you can't tell me plainer than that, what ails you, Tommy Stevens, I can't do anything for you. When did this thing — whatever it is — begin?"

Tommy reflected. "Day before yes-

terday I noticed something queer," he said; " but nothing much till yesterday, and to-day it's worse, lots worse."

" You don't seem to have much sense, Tommy," said his would-be consoler frankly. " Seems to me if anything was the matter with me as bad as it is with you, I could tell somewhere near what it was. Is it an ache or a sore spot?"

" Oh, it isn't *me!* " cried Tommy. " It isn't me. It's the stillness, and mamma crying, and staying upstairs — and papa not talking and laughing any more — and no rides — nor walks — nor working in the garden — nor anything same as I'm used to," he went on eagerly. " It's just lonesome all the time, seems as if the air was all choky, and no matter what you say it don't seem to fit in good — oh, I can't tell you. There isn't much to *tell*. It's just something that *is*."

" Oh-h! " ejaculated Adelaide Emaline, a gleam of intelligence illuminating her shrewd little thin face. " Well, Tommy Stevens, I know what's the matter. Your pa and ma are having a row."

Tommy gasped. " A — what? " he whispered.

"A row,— they're mad about something," explained Adelaide Emaline. " Maybe your pa has done something your ma don't like, and maybe it's the other way. You can't always tell by just looking on, but that's what's wrong. My pa and ma has 'em real often," she added, with an air of importance. " So I ought to know."

Tommy looked at her doubtfully. He was a polite little boy and not for worlds would he have told her, had he known how, of the vast difference between his papa and mamma and her " pa and ma." Still they were all *folks*. He remembered that his Sunday-school teacher had told him that no matter how different folks looked and seemed and dressed, they had about the same kind of feelings inside. It was a big thought for a little boy. " Well," he said after a long pause, " that may be it. If it is, how long will it last? "

" I don't know, and it ain't likely they do," replied Adelaide Emaline, with a wisdom far beyond her years. " You can't calculate much on things like that. Sometimes something big happens and makes 'em forget all about it. Sometimes, I reckon, they find out they're wrong and are sorry and make up, and sometimes it just wears away slow, like a snowbank in the sunshine."

Tommy sighed.

" I wouldn't mind it so much, if I was you," continued his adviser. " 'Twon't do a mite of good. I'd just love to stay and play with you, but I've got to learn three scales and play that 'Alpine Hunter' over ten times clear through, 'cause to-morrow's the day I take my lesson, and likely's not the baby won't sleep this afternoon. Good land! " she cried, a sense of the inequality of things overpowering her, " if I didn't have anything more to do than *you* have, Tommy Stevens, I guess I wouldn't sit round moping like you do. I'd fix things if I could, and if I couldn't, I'd have a good time with 'em unfixed," and before the startled Tommy could recover his scattered senses, his energetic friend scrambled hastily down the side of the woodpile and disappeared. The short, sharp bang of the door across the street, followed shortly by the wild, weird, discordant notes of a parlor organ, told him that Adelaide Emaline was striving for the goal proudly hoped for by her unappreciated aunts.

Tommy sat pondering upon the advice that had been thrust upon him. " Fix things "— what things? He dwelt upon this part wholly. A good time with things " unfixed," he felt to be quite impossible. Neither could he bring himself to wait till things got fixed by any of the processes mentioned by Adelaide Emaline. Suddenly a scheme so bold, so daring as to almost take away his breath, flashed across his mind. Could he? Dared he?

He started towards the house. As his eye met his three dejected satellites he stopped long enough to provide the biddy and her family with a meal so bountiful as to cause them to feel amply repaid for their tedious waiting time.

" Nora," he said at the kitchen door, " Nora, I want you to please take care of these," with a comprehensive gesture

toward the pup and the kitten, who had seated themselves on the step, evidently curious to see what would develop now, " until I come back, and don't let them follow me."

" I'll tend to them," said Nora good naturedly. " Might I be asking where you're going, in case your mamma wants to know? "

" I'm just going out on the street a little while. Where is mamma? "

" Sure an' she's lying down, she's that bad with a headache." If Nora had any suspicions regarding the mysterious headaches with which her mistress was so suddenly afflicted, she wisely showed no trace of them.

Tommy sighed. " Well, if she asks you where I am, Nora, you tell her I'll be back in a little while;" and with this rather evasive remark, he walked sturdily down street, turned the corner and waited patiently for the car that was to take him to the city.

Mr. Stevens was sitting at his desk. He had told his office boy that he was busy, and was not to be disturbed unless on very important business; but his mail lay unopened before him and there was no evidence that the usual work of the day had begun.

" Such a fuss to grow from such an absurd trifle," he muttered impatiently, as he reviewed mentally the events of the last few days. Perhaps he had been a little unreasonable, but Helen need not have taken it so seriously. If he had known that it was a matter so dear to her heart he might have arranged it, perhaps, after all. In fact, he had purposely missed his car that morning and hastened back to tell her so, but the studied politeness with which she met him at the door, passing him an insignificant document, the forgetting of which she appeared to think was the cause of his return, froze his purpose within him, and caused him to arrive at his office in a most injured frame of mind.

" Oh, well," he said aloud as he picked up a letter from the pile before him and proceeded to open it with great precision, " I suppose these affairs are common enough in most people's lives, but somehow — I —— "

" Gentleman to see you, sir," said the office boy, opening the door abruptly.

" Didn't I tell you not to admit any one? "

" Unless on important business," supplemented the office boy. " This gentleman says his business is of the greatest importance."

" Show him in," said Mr. Stevens shortly, and turning from his desk, his gaze fell upon the dusty, perspiring figure of his only son.

Tommy's cheeks were crimson, but his blue eyes met his father's, so like his own, unshrinkingly.

" I've come, sir," said Tommy gravely, " to have a little talk with you."

His father nodded, but said nothing, and after a slight pause Tommy continued in a voice which he vainly strove to keep steady, " I've been noticing for a few days how different you and mamma have been —— "

" The deuce you have," broke in his father.

" Yes, sir," said Tommy, growing visibly calmer, now that the plunge was taken. " I've been noticing, and seems to me it's very uncomfortable."

" H'm," said his father, somewhat taken aback at this very irregular proceeding. " Suppose I agree with you, what would you advise me to do? "

" Well, I don't exactly know," said Tommy slowly. " You see there's so many different kinds of —— "; he stopped suddenly — he couldn't say " rows," and to save him he couldn't think of any word to take its place. " I mean," he faltered, striving to reproduce Adelaide Emaline's ideas in language a shade more refined and getting things slightly mixed in the attempt,— " I mean, I don't know what's the matter, or whether it's you or mamma — or how long it's going to last — but seems to me," he went on eagerly, " seems to me I can't wait for all those things to happen that she said would happen, 'specially waiting for it to wear away like a snowbank in the sunshine."

Mr. Stevens gazed at his son in bewilderment. Then a dim sense of his possible meaning came to him.

"So you think, Tommy," said he, "that I'd better — better — "

"Better make up," said Tommy simply, coming to his rescue. "Maybe you wasn't to blame, papa, not much to blame, I mean," he added hastily, loyalty to his mamma forbidding the thought of his accusing her as the cause of all this discomfort; "but don't you remember when Cousin Ethel came that time, and we couldn't agree at all, that you told me I must be good to her, anyway, and let her have her own way, just because she was a girl? It wasn't very easy with Cousin Ethel, because she had red hair and freckles and I didn't like her, but mamma's different. She's pretty. Don't you think mamma's pretty, papa?"

"Yes, I do," said papa softly, as a mental vision of his wife's sweet, smiling face rose before him.

"And you love her lots, too, don't you, papa," persisted Tommy, feeling that now was the time to settle once for all the doubts and uncertainties with which he had been struggling.

"Yes, I love her lots, and, honestly, Tommy, I don't believe she's been very much to blame," said his father, speaking frankly as man to man.

"Let's go right home now and tell her so," said Tommy joyfully; and together, hand in hand, they went down the steps.

On the way to the car Tommy hesitated. "Papa," he said softly, "let's go and buy mamma some roses. She loves them so, and maybe they will cure her headache."

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy," said his father under his breath, stepping inside to make his selection, "you are indeed wise in your day and generation."

As they stepped from the car upon reaching home, Tommy's ears were assailed by the piercing cries of a baby, and turning hurriedly he saw Adelaide Emaline hastening toward him, pushing the perambulator. "Oh, Tommy," she cried breathlessly, producing from the depths of her pocket an immense and much battered old cent with a hole in it, "take this and go in there and see if you can't get him a stick of candy, kind of hold it so the hole won't show more'n you can help. It's my lucky piece, but I don't care if it will only stop his yelling. Get white candy!" she called after the swiftly flying figure. "Get white and peppermint!"

Shortly after a much heated but very radiant Tommy appeared before his smiling parents. Keenly he glanced from one to the other. Then turning to his father, he said, "Is it all over, papa?"

And papa, looking into his wife's happy eyes, replied, "Yes, Tommy, it's all over."

APPLE BLOSSOMS

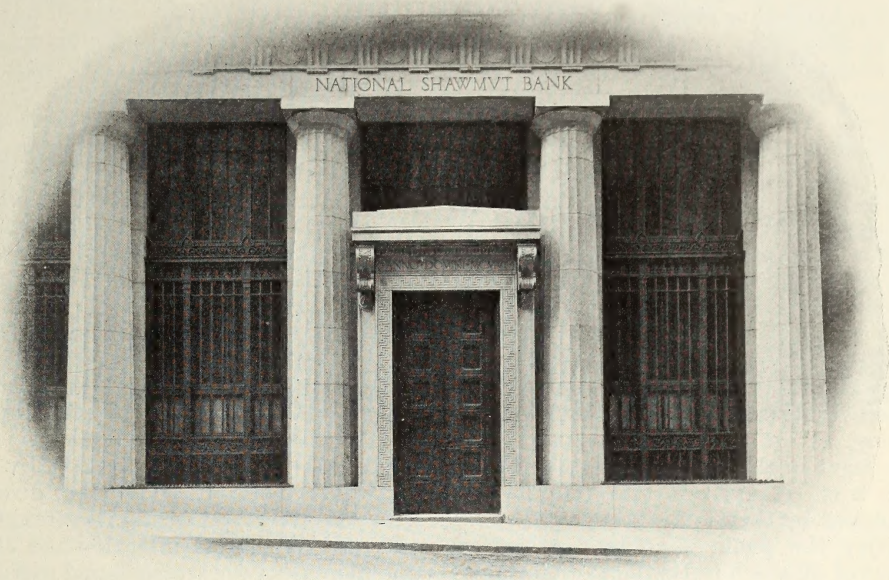
By Jane C. Crowell

Pure apple blossoms that radiant gleam
Touched faint with rose, like a beautiful dream,
Break into bloom as by miracle wrought —
Clusters of wonder with fragrance deep fraught,
Delicate, subtle, that floats from the trees;
Passing the sweetness, each fresh wayward breeze
Drinks of it freely to bear it afar
Under the light or of sun or of star.
More and more wondrous the beauty still grows,
Art in perfection each new petal shows:
Pure apple blossoms that May joyous brings,
Unto your glory the touch of God clings.

Colonel William A. Gaston

New England's Greatest Bank

By A. CROMWELL



New England's Greatest Bank

ANOTHER change in the ranks of Boston banks brings to the attention of the business world the continuing tendency to centralize banking forces. This uniting of banks in Boston has, from its inception, been due to the widespread conviction that banking capital should be more closely concentrated. The banks of the country should stand for the financial protection of the people.

There has arisen in the minds of many people the belief that bank consolidation was due to the greed for power on the part of a group of unscrupulous bankers. Undoubtedly this has been true in certain cases, and unfailingly has followed the downfall of their ill-founded structure, entailing, in its fall, misfortune and loss to its clients. But this is not the spirit of honorable bank consolidation.

There are just, immutable causes for bank consolidations; causes few in number, but always followed by like immutable results. Briefly enumerated, these causes are: the protection of depositors, the protection of shareholders, and the bringing together into one body the strongest, ablest minds in the community. The results, while not as briefly enumerated, can at least be classified thus: the protection to the depositor accorded by a greater capital and surplus; the assurance to the borrower of unfailing loaning capacity, according to his merits; the assurance to both depositor and stockholder of broader men in control through the operation of the unfailing law of the survival of the fittest, and the ability to finance great public service affairs.

The National Shawmut Bank, that

factor in financial Boston which has wrought so many changes on its map of banks, in 1898 absorbed its first bank, since it was incorporated as a state bank seventy years ago.

The position of the national bank to-day is of paramount importance to every individual in the community. Boston banks are reserve banks; that is, banks and trust companies throughout the country may keep the greater part of their reserve in a national bank in Boston. The custody of these reserve funds and the active account of the Boston trust companies, and the holding of the cash reserve of savings banks throughout New England places upon a Boston bank a responsibility and a trust calling for the greatest integrity and conservatism on the part of its officers and board of directors. And beyond this duty owed to its depositors is the duty to its shareholders. Here again we see the guardianship of the people's money, as the stock in a national bank is a legal investment for savings banks and trust companies and one largely employed by them.

After the panic of 1893 the savings banks of Massachusetts found themselves loaded down with the stock of many small, weak national banks, which could not be sold at prices favorable to the owners. As the prices continued to drop, blocks of these stocks were offered for sale, with the result that such a slump was caused in their value that the owners were forced to withdraw their offerings from the market. This state of affairs found the savings banks with several million dollars invested in securities on which they could not realize, and resulted in their choosing from among their officials a protective committee. A syndicate of Boston bankers, acting in behalf of the associated savings banks, undertook the difficult task of liquidating a number of these national banks, and the Shawmut National Bank was reorganized under the name of the National Shawmut Bank, its capital increased to $3,000,000 and used as a depositary of the business of the liquidated institutions.

On November 1, 1898, there were forty-nine banks with a united capital of $47,250,000, and deposits aggregating $214,000,000, clearing daily through the Boston Clearing House. By the process of liquidation and consolidation this number had been reduced, on November 1, 1899, to thirty-nine banks, with a united capital of $39,200,000 and deposits of $213,000,000, which number was still further reduced to thirty-six banks, with a capital of $37,000,000 and deposits of $206,000,000 one year later.

At the present time there are twenty banks capitalized at $25,650,000 with deposits of $200,000,000. Thus we see that the number of banks has decreased sixty per cent, the aggregate capital fifty per cent, and deposits only seven per cent, the latter decrease being offset many times over by the increase in trust company deposits. Of thirty banks which have passed out of existence, ten were liquidated through the National Shawmut Bank by the request and for the benefit of their stockholders; three banks have been purchased by the Shawmut when its board of directors believed it was increasing its strength by adding to it men of integrity and ability and increasing the strength and usefulness of the bank by the acquisition of a valuable line of accounts.

No pressure could be brought to bear on these banks to coerce them into liquidation other than the co-operation of a majority of their stockholders and as the result of liquidation no power was gained over the accounts thus acquired other than that vouchsafed by the strength of the liquidating bank. Every national bank and trust company in Boston gained accounts through the liquidation of these banks.

Previous to the first liquidation of a bank by the National Shawmut Bank three of Boston's banks went into voluntary liquidation and the business was absorbed by other institutions.

In the panic of 1893, which caused such widespread disaster throughout the country, there were fifty-one banks in Boston managed by as many presidents and boards of directors. The officials were striving in each bank to preserve the credit of their institution,

OUT OF TOWN CORRESPONDENT'S ROOM

many courses of action were pursued, concerted action was impossible, and the panic ran its course to be followed by years of depression.

In the panic of 1907, which was in many respects similar, particularly in the great scarcity of currency, much was done to stay the panic which again threatened to sweep the country. The panic of 1893 found fourteen separate banks acting independently, striving by as many different courses of action to protect their own interests. The panic of 1907 found those same banks united in the Shawmut, acting under one president and supervised by one board of directors. At this time the surplus of the Shawmut Bank was in excess of the aggregate surpluses of the fourteen separate banks in 1893, and its deposits about the same. On November 15, 1907, at the height of the panic, William A. Gaston issued over his signature, as president of the National Shawmut Bank, the following letter to the New England banks:

DEAR SIRS: In a period of such stringency of the money market as we are now experiencing, it is of the utmost importance that the banks shall renew, as far as it lies in their power, the notes which may be maturing of merchants and manufacturers and others who are worthy of credit.

In many cases it is utterly impossible for perfectly solvent business houses either to borrow new money or to collect their receivables, which ordinarily are paid, or to sell their merchandise, and if they are forced unnecessarily by the banks to pay their notes, bankruptcy or receivership is sure to follow.

In order to restore business affairs to a normal state a general liquidation of business must take place. This, we believe, every merchant is attempting to do to the extent of his ability, but the banks and trust companies must, in our opinion, do their share by extending maturing notes in whole or in part. The fewer the number of solvent merchants who are forced to pay their debts where it means hardship, the fewer the failures, and, consequently, the sooner a restoration of confidence and a normal condition of the money market will ensue.

We therefore urge you, as far as is in your power, to help the serious mercantile situation in this way. Very truly yours,

National Shawmut Bank,
(Signed) WILLIAM A. GASTON, President

The effect of this letter upon the banking world was very pronounced; it was quoted or copied in numberless publications. Coming as it did from a

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

man of such power as Colonel Gaston, coming from the bank which held the reserves of banks, the working capital of corporations and merchants, the trust funds, incomes, and savings from all over New England, it rang out with the clear note of the bellbuoy which marks the channel to the harbor. It is in such moments as this that the world appreciates the endeavors and accomplishments of a great bank through the efforts of its president and other officers, its board of directors and the trained workers throughout its whole organization.

Colonel Gaston is a man of unusual frankness. His openness in dealing with his depositors may be illustrated from the following incident: Within the doors of another Boston bank it is told of him that it was his custom, when necessary, to show to a depositor the analysis record of his account, showing the expense to the bank of carrying the account in question. He wishes the bank to be regarded as a servant of the public, not merely as a depositary for money, but as a source of strength and assistance through its wide-spread connections with the markets of the great world. As president he regards himself as the custodian of the interests of his stockholders, as is shown by his letter to them written just after the height of the panic and quoted in part below. Here also is noticeable the same frankness referred to:

NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK, 40 Water St., Boston
January 1, 1908.

To the Shareholders of the National Shawmut Bank:

The year has been a most prosperous one, viewed from the standpoint of profits. We have earned a much larger sum than ever before, although the profits for 1906 were most gratifying and were supposed not likely to be equaled.

A most valuable factor that contributed towards our large earnings was the gratifying large addition of new accounts, almost wholly non-borrowing. Permanent borrowing accounts we have refused in every instance, preferring to save our resources for our old customers.

The average deposit for the year has been in excess of $55,600,000, of which some $5,000,000 came from the Exchange Bank. It therefore appears that our deposit other than that coming from the Exchange Bank has averaged over $4,000,000 in excess of the average deposit of 1906,— an increase deemed by us to be exceedingly gratifying in this year of universally low and diminishing mercantile balances.

As you know, our policy in the past, as it is to-day, has been to refuse to pay the excessive rates of interest on deposits that have been so prevalent in Boston; to require in almost every instance some free balance on borrowing accounts; and to refuse to grant excessive lines of credit. No competition has driven us from this policy. It has lost us some business in the past, but we believe the fact that it was known that our policy in these particulars was extraordinarily conservative has brought us business and increased our deposits during these last six months of financial panic. Known as a bank that paid only reasonable interest on deposits, that granted only moderate lines of credit, we appealed to the depositor who looked, not for a half of one per cent or one per cent extra on his deposit, but for the safety of that deposit and for financial strength to protect his business when his business needed protection. We believe we are accurate in saying that at no time during the past year has any of our customers been refused the accommodation to which he was entitled by way of loan at a reasonable rate of interest, or has been refused the currency that he needed; and that in spite of the panic our deposits have increased. In the quarter ending October 1, 1907, our average deposit was $54,800,000, and in the last quarter, $56,200,000.

During the recent panic we were able to loan many financial institutions,— national banks, savings banks, and trust companies,— who were our customers, sums sufficient to enable them to pay their depositors and to do their ordinary business. At one time we were loaning seventy of such institutions an aggregate sum of about $4,500,000. From October 21, 1907, to December 10, 1907, during the height of the panic, we furnished our customers and correspondents over $18,000,000 in currency.

Although the decline in market values of securities has been very great, especially in the most conservative investments, we have charged down our stocks and bonds in all cases to market value. In our opinion there should in the future be a marked increase in the value of these securities over the very low figure at which they are now carried on our books.

The government bonds owned by this bank, amounting to $2,226,000, are carried at par.

We have met with only one loss this year, a note of $10,000, which has been wholly charged off, and we hold, with the exception of one note $184, no overdue, failed, or suspended paper, or paper that we anticipated will not be fully paid. This loss of $10,000 (a portion of which we believe will be repaid) is the first loss this bank has sustained since February 17, 1904. This result is due to the good work of our credit department.

Our investment in our banking house has fully justified the prediction of our former president (Mr. James P. Stearns), that its income would net us four per cent per annum and provide us with our banking house free of rent. We are, however, charging down our investment in real estate by $75,000 per year, that sum being, in our opinion, a reasonable rent for the quarters we occupy for our business.

During the past seven months the strain on all financial institutions has been severe, and we, in common with others, have had difficulty in completely providing for our customers' wants, and, had we not gone into our required reserve, we would have been obliged in some instances to have disappointed our customers. We believe that the purpose of a required reserve was to provide assistance to merchants in time of severe financial conditions, and we acted accordingly. I feel sure that this policy has your approval and support. I am glad to say, however, that the bank has now more than its required reserve.

I ask for your hearty and full co-operation in our endeavor to further build up the deposit and business of this bank. The bank is your property, and should receive all the assistance you can give it.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) WILLIAM A. GASTON, President

The growth in business during the panic referred to in this letter is due to the great public confidence in the bank. The Bank of England's deposits and those of the Bank of France rise in times of panic or unrest because money is withdrawn at such times from smaller and weaker institutions. Fear and unrest in times of panic always attack those of moderate or little means and it is by harboring and protecting this class of merchants that the Shawmut Bank has gained their confidence. Probably no bank in New England, and few, if any, in the country, enjoy the patronage of such a large number of small depositors. At the present time the bank has two thousand depositors, carrying balances of less than $500.

The letter refers to the new banking rooms which comprise two floors in the building completed about a year ago on what is commonly considered the finest location in Boston. The demand for offices in this section called for a ten-story office building which has proved an excellent investment for the bank, and for the stockholders a tangible asset, which could not be found in a building erected solely for the bank's use. The finish of the bank is plain in effect but possessing that dignity and solidity found only in white marble. Below the banking room is the safe deposit vault, in which are safes rented by customers of the bank. Waiting rooms and private offices and committee rooms are provided for its customers. The bank building in whole

and in part down to the fittings of the offices is devoid of ostentation, but is indicative of that strength which characterizes the financial structure.

To one not familiar with the working of a great bank the machine-like speed, power, and regularity of its action is difficult to comprehend. Like a huge chronometer it ticks off the record of events and scores the movement of millions, and all the while a master mind listens for the least click or hesitancy in its mechanism.

As was stated in the beginning of this article, the banks of the country should stand for the financial protection of the people. If the elimination of thirty banks leaves twenty better fitted to cope with existing conditions and better able to safeguard the reserve funds of a million people, the advantage is with the million and not with the banks.

The gain to the holders of thirty-five thousand shares of National Shawmut Bank stock cannot be compared to the greater security afforded to its $65,000,000 of deposits. All gain to shareholders of the Bank of England is insignificant beside the magnitude of security offered its depositors.

The National Shawmut Bank is more prominent for its strength than its size, the latter the result of the former, cause and effect, the law of compensation here as elsewhere. If size alone were the goal, millions could be added to its deposits by a less rigid system of making loans and the added attraction of higher interest offered for deposits. With the bank, as with the merchant or individual, the higher the rate of interest offered the greater the need for money and the poorer the security. The Bank of England, Bank of France, Bank of Germany give no interest on deposits. Size a bank may strive for, strength it must maintain.

Boston is a great city of a great world; its banking must be in proportion.

National Shawmut Bank Building

The Month of Flowers

PHOTO COPYRIGHT 1904, BY THOS. E. MARR

RHODODENDRONS ON SARGENT ESTATE

LILACS ON A BROOKLINE ESTATE

A BIT OF SPRING GARDEN

CRAB APPLE TREES ON A BROOKLINE ESTATE

WISTARIA IN HOOD GARDEN

RAMBLER ROSES AT DREAMWOLD

ONE OF HAMBURG'S PICTURESQUE CANALS

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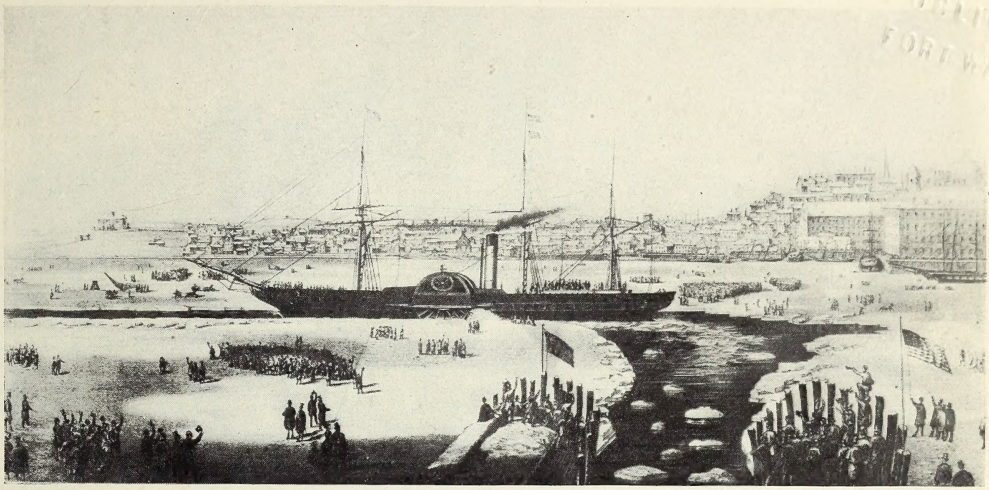
BOSTON AS A WORLD PORT

By THOMAS F. ANDERSON



THE CUNARD ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP BRITANNIA

ON a certain Sunday, sixty-eight years ago, six thousand Bostonians journeyed across the harbor to East Boston to gaze in awe and admiration at a diminutive steam vessel that had been sent hither by the Cunard Steamship Company to inaugurate a new passenger and freight service between this city and Liverpool.

The Britannia, which came here a few months later, was, however, the vessel that in reality inaugurated the new steam service.

Nevertheless, "the beautiful steamer 'Unicorn' now in our harbor," as a writer in a local newspaper of that date described her, was the sensation of the hour in this part of the United States, and the six thousand who visited her on that memorable Sunday were followed by thousands of others in the succeeding days.

It is a far cry from the little Unicorn, with her three officers, her three engineers, and her forty men, to the big fourteen thousand ton leviathans that plow the main between Boston and Europe to-day, and a farther cry from the globe-girdling clipper ships of the '40's that laid the foundation of Boston's prestige and prosperity as a world port.

"The arrival of this ship is a new era in the history of our city," wrote a local historian of the Unicorn's advent; but how amazed he would be to-day could he see the progress in marine engineering and architecture that era has brought to pass.

If the complete history of Boston's foreign commerce were to be written, it would naturally divide itself into three distinct periods — that of the early sailing vessels, finding their venturesome way to every open port on the globe; the

LIVERPOOL'S FAMOUS "LANDING STAGE"

period of the smaller class of steamships, with their slow speed and restricted accommodations, and the later and present régime of the mammoth cargo and passenger carrier, ranging from six thousand to fifteen thousand gross tons, equipped with wireless telegraph facilities, a daily newspaper, submarine telephone, electric log, and most of the other devices and luxuries that modern inventive genius has given the world.

The early record of the sailing vessel and the steamship in Boston and New England is an oft-told tale, though never the less interesting for the retelling. Too many of us have come to believe that with the passing of the clipper ship, with its wonderful history of circumnavigation, exploration, typhoon, mutiny, piracy, and wreck, the romance of the sea is wholly gone.

That is not so. There yet remains a romantic and poetic flavor to most of that which appertains to the waterfront of Boston harbor and the great ocean pathways leading out of it, if one will but condescend to recognize it.

It is a romance, it is true, that is partly expressed in figures of speed, of tonnage, of value, of social life on shipboard, and all that sort of thing; and sometimes in neck and neck races of six thousand or seven thousand miles between fleet barks and ships, or in the story of hardship, disaster, and ocean phenomena that almost every day is brought into port from some corner of the great salt waters.

It is not, however, the purpose of this article to deal with either the present or past sentimentality of the sea, but rather to indicate in a very general way how this great city of Boston, the port of New England, and in part of the American and Canadian Northwest, has grown in the last quarter century to its present commanding position as the

second port in volume and value of foreign commerce in the United States, and one of the leading shipping and commercial cities of the world.

This is a phase of Boston's growth and development, as well as an augury of its future, that too many of its own people are prone to regard with indifference. Its keen-eyed business men and its more progressive legislators, however, are wide awake to its importance; and so also are the three hundred and odd bright and eager and ambitious boys in the Boston High School of Commerce, who are by and by to take up the commercial scepter when the present generation of merchants has laid it down.

How many of New England's busy and striving six millions realize what even the last ten years has brought to pass in the size of the ships that come and go in Boston harbor, in the character and value of their freights, in the size number, and geographical distribution of their passengers, in the entirely new avenues of foreign trade that have been opened up to the modern Athens?

How many know that in 1883, only twenty-five years ago, a steamship of four thousand or five thousand tons was considered a "mammoth" craft in Boston; that in twenty-five years the number of Boston's foreign steamship lines has increased from eleven to nearly twenty; that the tonnage of foreign steamships entering and leaving the port has increased about four million; that the total annual value of the city's foreign commerce has expanded from about $132,000,000 to $228,000,000, and that frequently steamships enter or leave the port with $1,500,000, and even $2,000,000 worth of cargo in their holds?

These are but a few of the strides that Boston has taken, commercially, during the last quarter of a century, and they point to tremendously big totals when the time comes for striking the balance sheet for 1933.

Why is it that Boston has been enabled to make this large and fairly steady progress, in the face of the severe competition for the grain-carrying trade (and grain is the recognized foundation of an ocean steamship's cargo) on the part of other ports, to say nothing of the indifference of the great trunk line railroads to its commercial welfare?

Boston's splendid strategic position on the Atlantic coast, nearly a day's sail

THE HARBOR

nearer to Liverpool than any of the ports to the south; its superb harbor, now being dredged to a depth of thirty-five feet at low water and in time to give accommodation to a Lusitania; its active, energetic merchants and wideawake business organizations, and perhaps more than all, the helpful efforts of its local railroads — these are the principal factors in Boston's commercial progress, although, of course, its position as the natural metropolis of New England itself has had much to do with it, and will in future be an important element.

If one should analyze this increase from eleven foreign lines in 1883 to a score in 1908, he would quickly discover that in almost every instance the various railroads centering in Boston have had the deciding voice in the matter. It is the railroads that have controlled the ocean terminals here, and it is the railroads that have made it possible for Boston to get new lines to Copenhagen, Antwerp, the East Indies, and elsewhere that other ports would have liked to secure. Whether they might have done more than they have done to improve and enlarge their dock and warehouse facilities is neither here nor there. They have attracted the foreign lines, with their policy of friendliness and their virtual relinquishment of dock and warehouse charges; and this attitude has had at least some effect in partially nullifying the handicap Boston has suffered from in the matter of the differential rates against it enjoyed by Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other ports.

From Boston to-day New England manufactures, and western grain and provisions, and in some cases passengers, may be sent direct to Liverpool, London, Manchester, Glasgow, Hull, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Genoa, Naples, Alexandria, the East Indies, the Philippines, China, Japan, Australia, South America, Central America, and Jamaica. To every important maritime country in northern Europe save France, Russia, Norway, and Sweden there is a direct line from this city.

Exclusive of those running to Canadian points and those bringing in sugar, wool, and other special cargoes, more than

OF GENOA

one hundred and fifty different steamships accredited to regular lines came to this city from foreign ports last year. Many of these, of course, made two or more round trips, and some of them made voyages of thirty thousand miles in the interim between arrivals here.

In size they ranged from a couple of thousand up to fifteen thousand gross tonnage. The capital represented in their construction and maintenance would reach a tremendous figure.

In number of individual ships, with their range of gross tonnage, the various foreign lines in Boston were represented last year as follows:

White Star Line to Liverpool, four; 11,394 to 15,378 tons.

Cunard Line to Liverpool, three; 5,599 to 14,281 tons.

Allan Line to Glasgow, eight; 3,488 to 9,597 tons.

Leyland Line to Liverpool, London, and Manchester, fourteen; 4,668 to 10,418 tons.

American and Indian Line to Calcutta and Colombo, etc., thirty-one; 3,430 to 6,117 tons.

Furness Line to Rotterdam and Fowey, seventeen; 2,266 to 4,016 tons.

Hamburg-American Line to Hamburg, five; 4,212 to 5,494 tons.

Houston & Norton Lines, to Buenos Ayres, fifteen; 2,733 to 3,980 tons.

Red Star Line to Antwerp, three; 6,849 to 6,919 tons.

Scandinavian-American Line to Copenhagen, four; 2,134 to 3,015 tons.

Wilson Line to Hull, five; 3,721 to 6,035 tons.

Boston & Cuba Line, four; 703 to 875 tons.

Warren Line to Liverpool, three; 4,909 to 5,204 tons.

United Fruit Co. Line to Jamaica, nine; 670 to 2,109 tons.

Boston & South American ports, three; 3,687 tons.

Progreso, Mexico Line, fifteen; 2,055 to 2,109 tons.

Puritan Line to Antwerp, five; 3,045 to 4,547 tons.

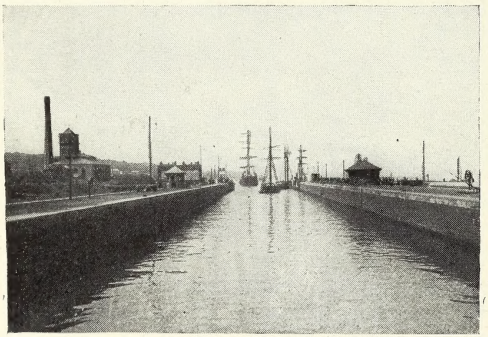
The largest steamships in Boston's foreign fleet are the Republic, 15,378 gross tons, 585 feet long, and of 10,300 horse power; the Cymric, 13,096 tons;

the Canopic, 12,097 tons, and the Romanic 11,394 tons, of the White Star Boston-Liverpool-Mediterranean service; the Saxonia and Ivernia, six hundred feet long, of the Cunard Line Boston-Liverpool service, 14,281 and 14,058 tons respectively; and the Devonian, 571 feet long, 10,418 tons, and the Winifredian, 571 feet long and 10,405 tons, of the Leyland Line Boston-Liverpool-Manchester-London service.

The comparison between these great steel-walled floating cities and the Unicorn and the Britannia of the early '40's is unquestionably a somewhat striking one.

It is not at all unlikely, too, that within a very few years steamships of twenty thousand tons will be entering Boston harbor.

The effect which the opening up of these various new lines and the increase in the size and capacity of steamships has had upon Boston's foreign trade, as compared with those countries with which we do not have direct connection, makes another striking comparison.



MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL

In the former case we have built up an export and import trade ranging in value from $120,000,000 in the case of the United Kingdom to $2,000,000 in the case of the Philippines.

As to the countries with which Boston does not have regular steamship connection, but with which it ought to have such connection, it is sufficient to note that in 1906 the value of our commerce with Hayti, Brazil, and Venezuela was only $38,000, $13,000, and $5,000 respectively.

In looking over the statistics of the city's annual foreign trade published by the Boston Chamber of Commerce, it is difficult to believe that as late as 1875 foreign steamships from Boston could not be provided with cargoes in the summer season with the regularity and at rates of freight that would put the port on a favorable basis with other Atlantic ports.

A tremendous change has also taken place in the rate situation, with the expansion of business and the increase of facilities. Thirty years ago it cost from 8d to 10d a bushel to ship grain from this city to Liverpool, against the 1½d or 2d charged to-day, and provisions that are transported for 10s a ton to-day formerly cost 40 to 50s. Even the rates on cattle — and Boston always has been a favorite cattle-shipping port — have decreased in thirty years from 80 to 90s a head to 30 and 40s.

In 1882 the total value of Boston's exports and imports was $132,322,475. The commerce was carried in steamships of the type of the Warren liner Kansas, 5,276 gross tons, the Allan liner Parisian, 5,393 gross tons and the Cunarders Cephalonia and Pavonia, 5,600 gross tons.

In those days, to have "come over in the Cephalonia" was a badge of distinction equivalent to that of the Pilgrim families who came over in the Mayflower.

Mark the increase in the value of Boston's foreign trade in 1907, twenty-five years later, as a result of these changes in ocean transportation facilities and policies. The value of Boston's exports and imports that year was $228,025,076, an increase of $18,321,090 over the previous "banner" year, 1906.

Not only had Boston's foreign commerce jumped to that altitudinous figure, but the city led New Orleans, its nearest competitor, by $18,838,127, Philadelphia by $40,399,913, and Baltimore by $101,430,412. This makes it the second port of America in value of foreign commerce, only New York leading it, and that imperial commercial center gained only 7.9 per cent over its previous year's

foreign trade, while Boston's gain for the year was 9 per cent. Of Boston's total increase, $13,080,198 was in imports and $5,240,892 in exports. A far better showing would have been made in exports had it not been for the handicap of railroad differentials.

Even the most casual observer must have noticed the immense strides that Boston has been making as a transatlantic passenger port. Last year the total number of passengers, outward and inward, carried by its foreign steamships totaled 131,094, an increase in ten years alone of 101,757.

There are various reasons why Boston is, and is going to remain a favorite point of departure and arrival of transatlantic passengers. In the first place, the historical attractions of the city are a strong incentive to many residents of the West and Canada to come to the home of Paul Revere for a few hours' visit on their way to or from Europe. In the second place, the steamship accommodations are now so excellent that all save those whose chief object in life is to save a few hours' time in traveling would just as lief sail from Boston as from New York.

GLASGOW

The most fastidious tourist may safely count on both the comforts and luxuries of the usual transatlantic voyage in taking passage on a Boston steamship.

One of the most noteworthy examples of what steamship enterprise can accomplish along this line is furnished by the experience of the Dominion line, which, after doing much to increase the prestige of Boston as a passenger port, was merged with the International Mercantile Marine Company a few years ago.

This company, in the face of strenuous opposition from the big New York foreign lines already engaged in that business, established in 1901 a first-class passenger and freight service between Boston and Naples, Genoa, Alexandria, and other Mediterranean ports. To this service two of the company's big twelve-thousand ton ships were assigned, having accommodations for three hundred cabin passengers and fifteen hundred steerage passengers.

This was something absolutely new for Boston, and there were not wanting prophets who predicted failure for the enterprise.

Since it was established, this line has brought to Boston from Mediterranean ports about one hundred and fifty thousand passengers, and it annually carries, inward and outward, about forty thousand. During the great "hard times" emigration a few months ago one of these Mediterranean liners took out from Boston seventeen hundred steerage passengers. And yet, there is no perceptible decrease in the population of "Little Italy."

Another ship of this line not long ago brought to Boston 2,518 passengers, in addition to its crew of five hundred (how they would smile at the Unicorn's forty)! Of these 2,278 were steerage passengers, of whom 365 were casually picked up at the Azores en route. The previous record for the port was 2,349 passengers, brought in by a Cunarder in 1903.

Altogether, nearly one hundred thousand steerage passengers from various countries of Europe were landed at Boston in 1907; and this is one of the reasons why Congress has authorized the construction of a new immigration station here, to cost $250,000. Likewise, it is one of the reasons why Boston's population looks so much more cosmopolitan than it did when the Unicorn's advent created such furore in the town.

THE CROWDED "POOL," LONDON

THE ALBERT DOCK, HULL

Nearly three million passengers are crossing and recrossing the Atlantic annually nowadays, and prospects that Boston will continue to get a fair share of this business are exceedingly promising.

In passing, it is worthy of mention that since the Cunard Line, about 1900, added the Saxonia and Ivernia to its Boston-Liverpool service, its Boston business, both passenger and freight, has increased fully 50 per cent.

The history of the latter-day increase in Boston's transatlantic freight business is even more interesting, but can only be touched on briefly here. In every class of exports and imports there has been a tremendous gain, with the exception of grain shipments.

Headed by provisions, breadstuffs, leather manufactures, live animals, and cotton, the list of important exports includes iron, steel, lumber, paper, and rubber manufactures, agricultural implements, apples, cheese, and most of the miscellaneous products that are turned out of New England's mills and factories.

Sometimes a big ship, drawing its maximum thirty-one feet of water, will leave its dock with holds completely packed with freight valued at $1,500,000. A few months ago three Boston liners left port with twenty-eight thousand tons of freight between them, including vast quantities of grain and provisions, and the largest shipment of flaxseed ever sent from this port.

It is a not uncommon thing for a single steamship to take out fifteen thousand or twenty thousand barrels of apples for the British market (the record single shipment from Boston was 40,000 barrels), two thousand bales of cotton, two hundred thousand bushels of wheat and corn, five hundred or six hundred

tons of provisions, one thousand head of cattle, six hundred tons of refrigerated beef, two thousand boxes of cheese, four hundred or five hundred tons of flour, and so on. As much as fifteen thousand tons of dead weight freight has been carried from Boston by one of its largest steamships.

Then there is the great lumber exports to South America, carried largely by sailing vessels. Of late years Boston has come prominently to the fore as a lumber-shipping center, and in some years thirty or forty ships and barks (all flying foreign flags, of course) take from Mystic Wharf for South America thirty or forty million feet of New York, Western, and Canadian lumber, brought here by the Boston & Maine Railroad and its connections.

This great lumber trade is surely pointing to the urgent necessity of a first-class steamship line between Boston and the South American countries. It is in this trade, at least, that some of the romance of the sea still persists, and frequently such interesting events as a seventy-five hundred mile race between lumber-laden barks from Boston, or an effort to see which ship can make the greater number of round trips in a year, take place.

Old-timers along the water front will recall that back in the '70's sailing vessels were still carrying the bulk of Boston's grain exports to Europe, more than one hundred vessels loading such cargoes in some years. This business, of course, is all carried on in these days by steamships.

From the Boston & Maine ocean terminals, during the year ending Sept. 30, 1907, not including lumber for South America, 701,000 tons of freight was loaded for export, and 517,000 tons of import cargo was received, not including coal. During the year three hundred and eighty-six steamships and other vessels berthed at these docks.

During the same period two hundred and twenty-one steamships used the docks of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, and during the year ending November 30, four hundred and

A CORNER OF ANTWERP'S BUSY HARBOR

ROTTERDAM, CENTER OF THE GREAT RHINE TRAFFIC

eighty-eight steamships and three hundred and twenty-six sailing vessels used the New York Central terminals. A total of 1,491,993 tons of freight was handled here, including 202,285 tons eastward and 153,505 tons westward. One outgoing steamship for Liverpool last autumn carried out freight that required four hundred and fifty-five cars to bring to Boston, and the total weight of which was about eight thousand tons.

Even more interesting, because of its picturesque diversity, is Boston's import freight. In these days, as a result of its gradual reaching out to the countries of the Orient and the antipodes, the harbor of Boston is almost as picturesque as the docks of London.

On one day, not long ago, five big steamships from different parts of the globe came into port with cargoes valued in the aggregate at $6,000,000. Liverpool, Hull, Antwerp, Calcutta, Cuba, and Mexico were each represented in this notable fleet.

The characteristic imports at Boston include wool, cotton, hides and skins, and fibers and vegetable grasses, in the order of value named, and sugar, chemicals, drugs, dyes, leather, leather manufactures, iron and steel manufactures, fruit, nuts, china, earthenware, wood and manufactures of wood and India rubber and manufactures thereof. Of wool alone we received $21,350,000 worth last year, and our imports of hides and skins and cotton amounted to $14,202,000 and $16,692,000 respectively.

On one day a ship from Hamburg will bring in a thousand crates and packages of Christmas toys and a big consignment of crockery, glassware, souvenir cards, musical instruments, chromos, artificial flowers, hardware, etc., ten thousand or twelve thousand tons sometimes making up the aggregate of such a cargo. Next day a steamship will come in from Cuba

ONE OF AMSTERDAM'S NUMEROUS CANALS

laden with ten million pounds of sugar, valued at half a million dollars and bringing to the national treasury $120,000 in duties. Boston's refineries consume a vast amount of raw sugar in the year.

A one hundred thousand barrel consignment of Malaga grapes, accompanied by a liberal quantity of macaroni, olive oil, oranges, and nuts, may next be brought in by a Mediterranean liner, to be followed later by the arrival of one of these always interesting visitors from the Far East bringing a motley crew representing half a dozen tongues and a miscellaneous freight in which monkeys, tropical birds, Australian wool, Chinese firecrackers, sisal grass, hemp, silks, joss-sticks, Oriental curios, kangaroo and rabbit skins, tea, copper ingots, spices, tapioca, tin, rubber, gum, and nut oil are represented.

The value of the cargoes brought by these vessels will be anywhere from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000, and sometimes the duties paid amount to $200,000. The success of this service between Boston and the Far East is one of the most encouraging symptoms of our twentieth century commercial history, and, with the new Mediterranean service, it points to the open door of opportunity in other directions.

In the first five years of its existence (it was inaugurated in 1902) this Boston-India service increased our city's trade with the Indies from nothing to $13,000,000. In the very first year these steamships, which previously had landed only at New York, brought to Boston fifteen thousand tons of valuable cargo that otherwise would have had to be transhipped by rail to New England from New York. At the present time practically all of the supplies of raw material used by the great rubber factories near Boston must reach them by way of New York. There is a vast and increasing market for New England

in the Far East, just awaking to its own commercial possibilities, and an equally promising one in South America.

A consideration of Boston's foreign commerce naturally suggests the transatlantic cities and countries with which the New England metropolis has regular steamship connections; and how many, even among our business men who have visited these places, have anything more than a general idea of how these great and growing ports are administered, and in what manner the vast volume of merchandise discharged upon their quays by the steamships from Boston is distributed to the consumers?

For instance, how many New Englanders who have been in the great port of Liverpool, who have viewed with interest the busy scene in the Mersey, or have stood on the landing stage and watched their "luggage" go up the escalator to the inspection room, could tell how many lineal miles of docks there are in Liverpool, how many millions it cost to build them, what becomes of the Yankee grain that is poured out from the holds of the big ships, or how and where the live cattle that are landed at Birkenhead are slaughtered and dressed for the British market?

Too many American tourists go abroad with only one eye open, anyway. Few of them have ever spent two solid months in Europe, as did the writer, for the special purpose of learning all that could be learned within such a period concerning the shipping, the commerce, the transportation facilities and the dock and harbor management of these foreign countries.

It is a fascinating if wearisome study, and more of our people, especially our business men, ought to pursue it when they go abroad. Maybe there is not much sentiment connected with commerce, but to some of us it is decidedly interesting to see, in the course of a few weeks, big steamships discharging articles of New England manufacture at Liverpool, American cotton at Manchester, Canadian cheese and butter at London, Kansas wheat at Glasgow, and Australian wool, New Zealand apples, and Sumatra tobacco at Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Hamburg. In some of these great ports you begin to realize that you are in the clearing-house of the world's commerce.

In point of commercial enterprise and specialization, Liverpool and Hamburg are the two greatest ports of the old world, and if the American visitor could do no more than to spend a week or so at each of these cities he would yet be able to acquire a liberal education along this line.

Liverpool, the great and pulsing port on the Mersey, has always been Boston's most important transatlantic connection. From the earliest days of steam navigation this bond of commercial and social union has existed between the two cities, and Boston sometimes likes to call itself the Liverpool of America.

The White Star, the Cunard, the Warren, and the Leyland Lines all maintain a first-class service between the two cities, and the freight and passenger business they have built up has now reached vast proportions.

The world furnishes no more interesting maritime picture than the famous Liverpool landing-stage, the great floating platform at which all steamships entering the port receive and discharge their passengers. The tremendous dock system, administered by the Mersey Docks and Harbor Board, includes seventy-five great enclosed docks and basins. There are thirty-six lineal miles of these, and the entire system embraces two thousand five hundred acres. Nearly $250,000,000 has been expended on the construction of this magnificent dock and harbor system, and millions more are being lavished on extensions and improvements, including one thousand foot dry docks. Liverpool is already preparing to accommodate the one thousand foot steamship, which shipbuilders say is pretty sure to come in the near future.

The result of all this public spirit and expenditure is that Liverpool is to-day doing an export and import business valued at nearly $1,500,000. The annual earnings of the system in tonnage, dock, and harbor dues amounts to about $6,000,000. The total register tonnage entering the port each year is between fifteen million and sixteen million.

HAMBURG'S VAST HARBOR AND FREE PORT

The enormous quantities of grain and merchandise brought hither from Boston and other American ports is forwarded by rail and coastal vessel to various parts of the United Kingdom, even to London, Glasgow, and other ports which also have direct connection with "the Hub."

Manchester, near neighbor to Liverpool and in some sense its rival for interior trade, is one of the most interesting maritime propositions in the world. By means of its famous canal, this great British manufacturing city enjoys direct steamship connection with many of the chief ports of the world, including Boston.

The canal, a monument to the enterprise of the people of Manchester, is thirty-five and one half miles long and twenty-six feet deep and cost about $75,000,000, of which the city of Manchester itself contributed $25,000,000. About four million tons of merchandise go through the waterway every year and is distributed throughout a territory containing several millions of people. In thus making a seaport of Manchester, the canal has had a tremendously beneficial effect upon the prosperity of Manchester and its surrounding communities. Recent financial statements of earnings have been very encouraging to the forty thousand stockholders of the canal company.

The Leyland Line maintains a regular service between Manchester and Boston. One of the most interesting experiences of the writer was a trip through the canal in the company of a fleet of eight British torpedo boat destroyers — the first war vessels to ascend the wonderful waterway, with its five locks, its sixty feet of rise, and its intersecting overhead canal.

Glasgow, connected with Boston by the Allan Line, is another of the world's maritime wonders, for it is almost as much

an artificially created port as is Manchester. Its magnificent dock system, covering five or six miles, together with the dredging of the Clyde River, has cost about $100,000,000. About eighteen miles of the river front in all are devoted to commerce and shipbuilding. The docks and harbor are in control of an organization known as the Clyde Navigation Trust, representing the steamship and mercantile interests of the city. It is one of these beneficent trusts we sometimes hear about, for the docks are administered without regard to returning a profit. The docks occupied by the Allan Line — another good foreign friend of Boston's — are among the best constructed and most commodious in the world. Both passengers and freight are carried by this line.

Another important British city with which Boston has long had pleasant relations is Hull, a quaint and interesting community on the east coast of England. The Wilson Line maintains the Boston-Hull service, and its steamships carry miscellaneous cargoes back and forth. Much of the American grain and merchandise landed at Hull is transhipped to various Baltic ports.

The fine dock system of Hull is controlled by two railway companies, and the quays and warehouses are large and modern. The tonnage handled here annually approximates four million five hundred thousand.

With Bristol, on the west coast of England, Boston has had an intermittent steamship service, at present abandoned. Efforts are at present being made to revive it, and it is to be hoped they will succeed, for Bristol is the center of a large population. Its real port is Avonmouth, six miles below the city. Many millions have been expended in constructing the dock system here, including $10,000,000 recently put into a new dock. A committee of the Bristol city council controls the system.

London, to mention the largest and greatest of the British cities last, is linked with Boston by the Leyland Line service, accommodating both passengers and freight. The enormous dock system of the world's metropolis — not counting the "annex" at Tilbury — represents an expenditure of about $300,000,000 and covers over six hundred acres. It is controlled by the London & India Docks Co., representing various commercial and maritime organizations, and it costs about $10,000,000 a year to run it.

London's annual exports and imports amount to about $1,500,000,000, and the commerce of practically all the countries of the world is represented in this vast mart. For years the London docks have been badly congested, and many millions are to be expended in modernizing them. In order to secure sufficient depth of water for the eight hundred foot steamships of the present day and the one thousand foot ones of to-morrow, the project of damming the Thames and converting part of it into a sort of Charles River basin has even been suggested.

Most of the races, colors, creeds, and languages of the world are represented in the cosmopolitan shipping that comes to the London docks, and nowhere is there a more fertile and interesting field for the student of commerce and human nature, to say nothing of the writer, the painter, and the photographer.

Boston, unfortunately, has no regular steamship line to France. It ought to have one, for this is too important a country to be left out of our world-port scheme.

To Antwerp, the busy and progressive commercial capital of Belgium, however, we have a Boston service — the Red Star Line, one of the "I. M. M." companies. The building up of this interesting river port represents an investment of about $30,000,000, and $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 more is to be expended on a series of improvements that will include an entirely new channel for a part of the river Scheldt. There are seven miles of quays and basins. About five thousand ocean-going vessels enter the port annually, and the commerce of Antwerp is growing at a tremendous rate.

Rotterdam, another inland port, has also spent about $30,000,000 in dock, harbor, and warehouse improvements. Of this amount, $17,000,000 was invested in a new waterway to the Hook of Holland. The system is under muni-

cipal control, like that of Antwerp. In common with most of these continental ports, Rotterdam is very intimately connected with the vast interconnecting river and canal commerce of Germany and the Netherlands.

Amsterdam, Hamburg, and Copenhagen are the three other ports of northern Europe in which Boston has a special interest at present. There is a possibility that Bremen may some day be added to the list.

Amsterdam is, in many ways, one of the most picturesque ports of Europe. Its harbor, having a frontage of about eight miles, is reached from the ocean by the North Sea Canal, thirteen miles long. A million vessels, including canal boats, enter the harbor annually. At present goods consigned from Boston thither are transhipped from Rotterdam. The dock system is under municipal management.

Of the work performed by the people of Hamburg in building up the great dock system and commerce of that enterprising German city it is impossible to speak in too high terms. Boston is fortunate in being linked with Hamburg through the splendid Hamburg-American Company, whose lines practically encircle the globe. In the docks estate, managed jointly by the state and the municipality, there are ten great tidal basins, covering, with quays, twelve hundred acres, a "free port," such as Boston is looking forward to possessing, and a magnificent system of warehouses and graving docks. Nearly $100,000,000 has been expended in improving the harbor and dock facilities of Hamburg and Cuxhaven, and between $200,000 and $300,000 a year is spent for dredging the river and harbor. The total import, export, and coastwise trade of the port amounts to about $1,150,000,000 annually. There are great trade possibilities for New England in the German empire, and Hamburg is destined to play an important part in their development. Nowhere, in the course of the writer's investigations in Europe, was he treated with greater consideration and given more valuable co-operation than in this "most highly developed commercial port in the world."

Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, is Boston's remotest connection in northern Europe. Being somewhat out of the beaten track, it is not visited by the average tourist, and more's the pity, for Copenhagen is one of the most delightful cities to include in a vacation itinerary that the Old World possesses.

It has a splendid modern dock system, dating back only a few years, and on which $6,000,000 or $7,000,000 has been expended. Its special feature is an up to date "free port," a duplicate of Hamburg's on a smaller scale, in which half a hundred flourishing industries have found lodgment. This is managed by a private corporation, the dock and quay system proper being under the control of a harbor council, representing the state and city.

With its important steamship connections with Russia, Norway, and Sweden, northern German and other countries near and far, Copenhagen's harbor always presents an animated and interesting picture. Through the efforts of the Boston & Maine Railroad, the Scandinavian-American Line inaugurated a regular freight service between this city and Copenhagen a few years ago, and many of New England's commodities find their way to that part of the world through its agency. There are still opportunities for a further expansion of our foreign trade in that quarter.

Lack of space forbids a detailed mention of the other foreign ports to which the screw-driven shuttles of the sea are sent from Boston. Genoa, Naples, and the possibilities of the Mediterranean countries in general would of themselves make an interesting story. In Genoa, which shares with Naples in the important passenger and freight business that is being built up by our Mediterranean lines, $10,000,000 has been spent in dock and harbor improvements.

In Bombay, where $12,000,000 has been invested in similar work, an annual trade amounting to $225,000,000 is done; and in Calcutta, another "Boston" port, the yearly commerce amounts to nearly $300,000,000.

New England, indeed, has marvelous trade opportunities in the Orient, if only she knew it. Everybody in a position to know the facts realizes that the Far

Section of Copenhagen's free port

East is just beginning to arouse itself in a commercial sense. In British India, Egypt, China, Japan, Korea, Australia, the Philippines, vast changes in commercial and industrial affairs are impending, Shanghai to-day almost comes next to Liverpool in total commerce.

In these places, as well as in Italy, Austria, Spain, Russia, Scandinavia, and especially in South and Central America and the West Indies, the commercial opportunities for Boston and the section it serves are practically unlimited.

If any proof of this were needed, it is furnished by the letters which the City of Boston's Publicity Bureau has been receiving from our consuls and the importers in their districts since it began to make an investigation along these lines some months ago. It will pay our business men to keep in touch with these consuls, as the Publicity Bureau is doing. It would also pay Boston, or at any rate the great manufacturing state of Massachusetts, to maintain commercial agencies and exhibits in some of these foreign countries; and no one will for a moment question the wisdom of the Boston merchants who have provided traveling scholarships, so that some of the pupils of the local high school of commerce may visit and study a few of these foreign fields.

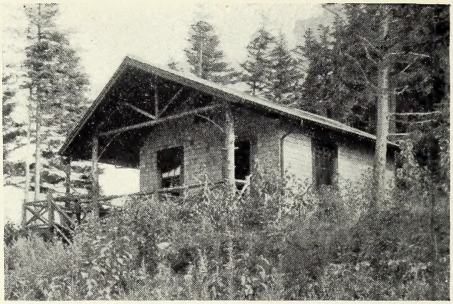
Already there is talk of additional steamship lines to countries not already connected with our city, the most important possibility being a first-class passenger and freight line between Boston and Mediterranean ports under the auspices of the North German Lloyd Company.

In a recent statement, President Roosevelt remarked that what the United States lacks most is a comprehension of the fact that she has interests throughout the entire world. It is to be feared the President is quite right in this.

Certainly the people of Boston and its contiguous territory do not as yet fully appreciate the commercial opportunities that are to-day knocking at their doors.

It is time for New England to wake up!!

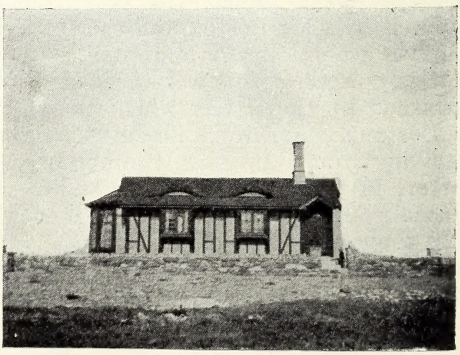
SEMIRUSTIC COTTAGE, PETERBORO, N. H.
BY MISS LOIS HOWE, ARCHITECT



CAMP, SOUTHWEST HARBOR
FRONT VIEW

BUNGALOW ON BORDER OF MIDDLESEX FELLS, WINCHESTER, MASS.
BY F. MANTON WAKEFIELD

THE "MANNING MANSE," BILLERICA, MASS.
BY WARREN H. MANNING



A SOUTH SHORE BUNGALOW, DE LUXE
BY CHAS. E. PATCH

Go—Be a Camper

Build yourself a bungalow or cottage. Bring nature up to your very threshold,—and across it, and learn each day a new lesson in the joy of the world and the freedom of life

By F. W. BURROWS

AND the last art to be brought close to nature is the art of living.

We have wielded the ax and the drill for so many centuries that it is not until we have had reason to fear that we might be forced to gaze upon a world of our own rather than of God's creation that we have laid aside these weapons of devastation and have gone forth to build more lovingly.

And it is delightful to discover that nature needs very little coaxing to come into the friendliest relations with human dwellings. The difficulty is that we ourselves find it so hard to escape the conventions. We will still be building marble palaces by the sea that cast up at our very feet a wealth of building material more beautiful for the purpose, and we essay to garden while our palms still itch for the mattock and the grubbing hook. The utilization of natural advantages both for commodity and beauty is a creed taught of old, but up to date your summer camper would seem to be the only real believer.

The present article seeks to illustrate a little of what may be done in that way with a big heart, a fond imagination, a modicum of common sense and a very little money.

In building a summer camp, bungalow, or cottage location is the first consideration. By this I do not mean location in the general sense of locality, but in the more exact sense of the precise placing of the building on the chosen site. It is quite possible by a fortunate or an unfortunate location to conserve and emphasize or to destroy the natural advantages of the situation, and it is truly amazing what a touch of genius can do in this direction.

Study, for example, the views which we reproduce of the summer cottage home of Mr. Warren H. Manning, the landscape designer.

The location of the house was fixed by two broad masses of the common juniper, a single elm with top leaning toward the house and a picturesque group which includes a pitch pine, a white pine, and a gray birch growing practically from the same stump, with branches interlaced. This latter group and the elm frame the house into a picture as seen from the road, the juniper forming an attractive foreground, and being on either side of the passage over turf to the front door. An attractive background is formed by mixed woods of pitch and white pine, white birch and some scattered oaks, chestnuts, elms, and cedars. From the windows vistas have been cut in several directions through the existing woods, through which also trails have been developed in a passage that is wide enough for vehicles. Vistas are opened at intervals along these trails, and the most characteristic native growth of each locality developed,— in one place a group of white birch, in another an individual chestnut or cedar, a ground cover of juniper, or other natural details. At the end of the house is a little flower garden into which the occupants look from the dining-room window.

The original cost of the cottage was $1,500, including hardwood floors throughout and steam heat. The bathroom was added subsequently. The house was built with a substantial frame,

BUNGALOW, WINCHESTER, MASS.
BY F. MANTON WAKEFIELD

THE "MANNING MANSE," REAR VIEW, SHOWING WHITE PINE GROUP

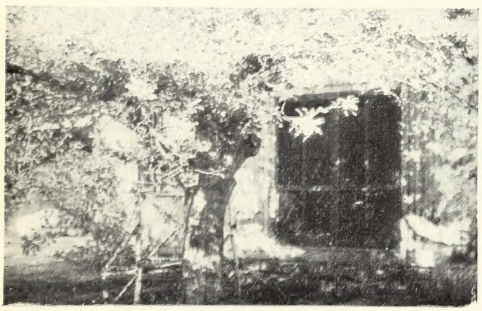
lathed inside and out with ordinary boarding. Ordinary plaster was used for the interior finish, and the three-coat lime cement concrete for the outside. It was an experiment in the first place, but as it has now stood for six years without evidence of deterioration it would seem to be a success.

Still more inexpensive is the lovely little cottage by Miss Lois Howe, architect, interior and exterior views of which are presented. This little camp is situated at Southwest Harbor, Maine. Its original cost was about $500. It is framed, boarded, and shingled in a substantial manner. The roof extends over a broad rustic porch commanding a noble and variegated outlook, and a delightful little bay window affords cozy interior possibilities. The white birch columns add a "woodsy" touch to the interior, and nature creeps up to the very doors and knocks for admission.

At Peterboro, N. H., is another of Miss Howe's attractive summer homes, from which we reproduce the "apple tree porch" with its lovely sparkle of sunshine and shadow.

Of a very different character from these and equally delightful in its own way is the bungalow on the border of the Middlesex Fells, built for Mr. Preston Pond, by F. Manton Wakefield, architect.

The field stone was picked up n the site and the little building is constructed in the most workmanlike fashion, with interesting details that our photographs unfortunately do not show. It is a summer and winter camp, equally beautiful and equally comfortable at any season of the year. The original cost was $1,500. The big, buttressing boulders and the dainty vines and shrubberies are in splendid contrast and the place is full of light and shadow. Compare it with



"THE APPLETREE PORCH." FROM SUMMER COTTAGE, PETERBORO, N. H.

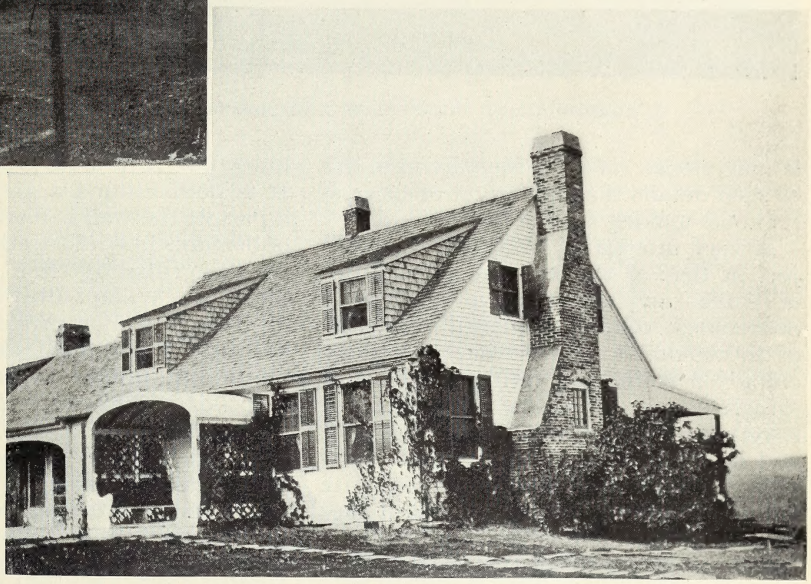
A CAMP WINDOW-SEAT, BY MISS LOIS HOWE, ARCHITECT

the dreary things that are rented to laborers for twelve and a half dollars a month, and yet ten dollars a month would be a fair rental for such a structure as this, with its uplifting beauty and wholesomeness!

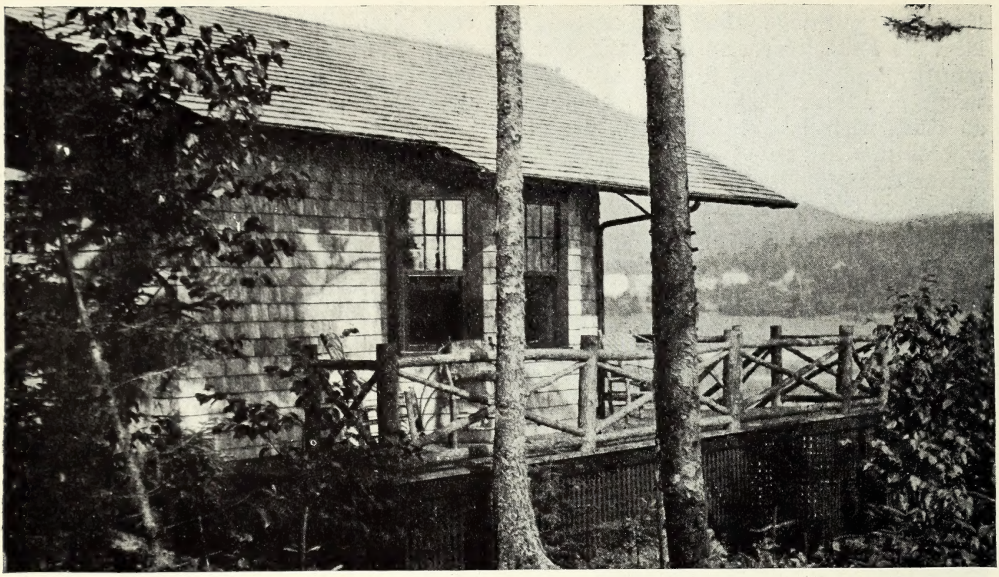
But economy is not always the point of view of the projecting builder, and yet he may desire the ease and simplicity of the bungalow. We illustrate a little seashore dwelling of this type that stands on the south shore and is the property of Mr. Alfred Douglass of New York. The architect was Mr. Charles Patch, of Boston. Expense was not spared on this tiny building. It is built of hewn granite, heavy oak beams, and brick filling for the interstices, and a heavy sea wall protects the front. Here the owner may combine his enjoyment of cozy simplicity and exquisite workmanship. The detail of the doorway shows the manner of construction of this tiny palace.

Very interesting in quite another way is Mr. Patch's design of a cottage studio for a Connecticut hilltop. The effect is delightfully broad and easy and the building is of the $1,500 class. Better than the finest blue grass is the daisy-covered lawn, and the ground plan is such as to admit of the most comfortable domestic arrangements.

Sometimes an old farmhouse has stood so long as seems of itself to be a bit of nature. However difficult a problem it may present the summer home-maker would not think of sacrificing it and he is often well rewarded for his pains. Note the renovation effected under the supervision of the architectural firm of Kilham & Hopkins in the bare and dilapidated structure that furnished the beginning. Particularly praiseworthy is the way in which the throwing out of the chimney brings out the beauty of the old shrubberies that before seemed to be but evidences of sloth and decay. Two or three touches of this kind is all, but the change



A CHANGE EFFECTED BY PORCHES, CHIMNEY, DORMER WINDOWS, AND PAINT
BY KILHAM & HOPKINS



A BEAUTIFUL AND INEXPENSIVE CAMP DESIGNED BY MISS LOIS HOWE

is marvelous. It is in the careful study of such details that the secret of successful home-making is to be found.

A very interesting branch of the subject in that of the æsthetic possibilities of rude and inexpensive materials. Sometimes rough, unplaned boarding of the common type is very effectively employed merely by giving it a coat of shingle stain, and the saving in expense is very large. In the Adirondack district and in some parts of Maine where sawmills abound, slab wood is a favorite material for the camp builder, and it may be very effectively employed.

The possibilities of field stone are endless. Out Lexington way a unique bungalow is now in process of erection. It is built around a great oak tree and a part of the wall is made by a huge pile of boulders heaped together, with the roof springing directly from the slant of the pile. Mr. Willard Brown is the designer of this novel structure which gives promise of no small degree of artistic merit. An Irishman, a horse, and a stoneboat are the principal requirements for this style of architecture, the New England fields not being at all chary in the matter of boulders.

CAMP INTERIOR, BY MISS LOIS HOWE

The possibilities of concrete both as to economy and beauty are still an untold story, and its economy in construction has been demonstrated. In the interior finish also there is room for endless ingenuity, particularly in taking advantage of structural and natural features and the quantities of materials.

In an old house in Lexington there is a great rock jutting out into the cellar that has long been an annoyance until Mr. Willard Brown opened out the wall and with a little paving and a little care transformed that part of the cellar into an exquisite little grotto. This little grotto is walled apart from the rest of the cellar. It was a very simple matter to introduce a tiny fountain connected with

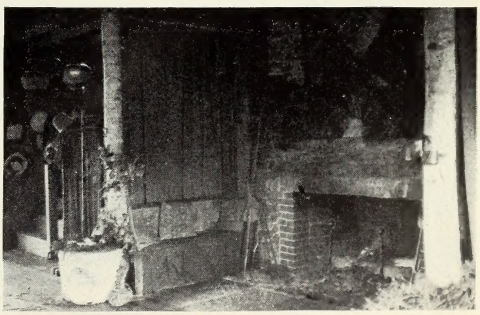
The cottage studio on a Connecticut hill-top, by C. E. Patch

the house water supply. Unique at all times, it makes a convenient and delightfully cool resort for hot summer days. This is but an example of what can be done by a little thought, a little ingenuity, and a very few dollars.

If all this were merely a matter of summer camps it would still be very much worth while, for the summer outing has come to be almost a necessity in our modern life. But the story is more far reaching than the summer camp. First comes the discovery that it is not necessary to go very far from the heart of the city in order to find the spot that the little bungalow transforms into the loveliest of retirements, like the little stone cottage in Winchester illustrated above. And hard upon this discovery comes the awakening to the unnecessary rigidity, the frozen conventionality of the traditional suburban home. A thousand possibilities of enhanced beauty and simplicity arise that the most elaborately conceived villa need not despise.

The truth is that the lessons of the summer camp are certainly creeping city-ward. Its possibilities in the way of housing wage-earners are one of the most encouraging and beautiful signs of the better day. Its influence is felt in the city park and is not unfelt on the city street. The small shop is learning something of its own charm and of the architectural possibilities of a twelve foot high façade. It is a notable fact that one of the prettiest of these little buildings in Boston was designed by an architect who has had a good deal of experience and success in bungalows and camps. In the suburbs the close observer can already detect the signs of the coming change.

The transforming power of the outdoor spirit can be readily traced in the course of an afternoon saunter through almost any of our residence communities. Low walls, native shrubberies, woodsy



Camp interior, by Miss Lois Howe

corners, airy doors and windows, softened angles, more thoughtful placing of buildings, and above all a more sympathetic conservation of natural beauty everywhere.

Now, surely, all this is a part of the life more abundant. Your nature-lover and camper has been a pioneer in a movement that is not without its moral significance. He has taken counsel of the birds of the air and learned that nature is of itself a home — the most beautiful of all homes, and that man's abode is at its best when it is closest in sympathy and spirit with the great home that our Father has built.

And the straining for the dollars grows lighter, and the struggle for luxury more and more distasteful, as home contentment waxes.

Go, be a camper. Build yourself a bungalow or cottage. Bring nature up to your very threshold,— and across it, and learn each day a new lesson in the joy of the world and the freedom of life. And all the while, unconsciously, you will be learning that other lesson of the inscrutable beauty of nature's adaptations and the liveability of her ways.

In this movement (for it is no less) toward a renaturalization of civilized life, New England, by virtue of its incomparable advantages, takes inevitable leadership. Nowhere will the home-seeker or the summer camper find that which he seeks so near or so engaging or so varied. Whether his purse be slender or plethoric he will find that which art will love to utilize and develop but will never desire to replace.

A DELIGHTFULLY COOL AND INVITING GROTTO

The Country Road

For a photograph by Clifton Johnson

By Nathan Haskell Dole

The valley is filled with a violet mist
That rises light from a hidden stream,
Whose silvery murmurs you hear if you list
When the woods at nightfall dream.
The road dips down to mysterious haunts
Where elusive echoes hide,
And the lonely wood thrush sweetly chants
From morn till eventide.

WHALER ON RAILWAY FOR REPAIRS, THE METHOD IN USE AT PRESENT

Whaling, Past and Present

By ALBERT C. CHURCH

FEW industries possess a more remarkable history, than that of the whale fishery, and although forever past its former commercial importance, the story of its origin and development presents much of historical interest.

Primarily, these monsters of the deep were prized chiefly as food, but the discovery of their commercial value naturally led to their capture, the Biscayans claiming they were first to hunt whales, while others claim that the Norwegians were pioneers. The ancient Greeks and Phœnicians are said to have practiced whale fishing, and it is also mentioned as being practiced along the French coast by the year 875, but whether this referred to capturing stranded whales or an established fishery is uncertain. However, most authorities give the Biscayans the credit of being the first to capture whales, and agree that the date was about 1575.

By the sixteenth century the Norwegians, French, Icelanders, and English had all been engaged in the fishery, but to what extent is not definitely known. The fishery had reached such development by the English and Dutch by 1620 that the New England colonists were undoubtedly familiar with its methods, and Captain John Smith turned aside from the original object of his voyage to pursue whales, they were so plentiful along the New England coast.

Finding the soil barren and unproductive, the colonists naturally turned to the sea for their livelihood, as whales and food fish were abundant; while during the warmer season whales swarmed around the shores, and many were captured by stranding on sand bars along the coast.

Massachusetts, with an eye to the importance of the fisheries, passed an act in 1639 to encourage them, and by its provision vessels engaged in whaling were exempt from taxes for seven years, while the men employed were excused from military service during the whaling season.

It is probably safe to assert that the first organized American whale fishery was conducted along the shores of Long Island. The town of Southampton, settled in 1640 by an offshoot from the Massachusetts colony of Lynn, was divided into four wards of eleven persons each to cut up the drift whales cast ashore, working in. The whales were cut up and tried out, the profits by decree being shared by "every inhabitant with his child or servant that is above sixteen years of age," while those performing the labor received an extra share.

Whaling rapidly assumed proportions of a permanent enterprise, and in 1672 the inhabitants of Nantucket were busily engaged in carrying on the industry from shore in small boats. They secured skillful whalemen from Cape Cod to teach them the best methods of killing whales and boiling out the oil, and soon became so expert that they were famous the world over for their skill.

Try-works were built upon the beach and the blubber was cut up, sliced and tried out. These try-works were in use many years after exclusive shore-whaling ceased; for whales grew wary and passed farther off shore to the banks, where they were pursued in sloops built for this purpose. Until 1715 sloops of twelve to thirty tons were used in the fishery, and among them the Hope, of forty tons, was considered a very giant.

An entry in the log book of sloop Betsy states that the "try-works were knocked down," when returning from a voyage in 1762, indicating that the trying-out was then done on board, making longer and more profitable voyages possible.

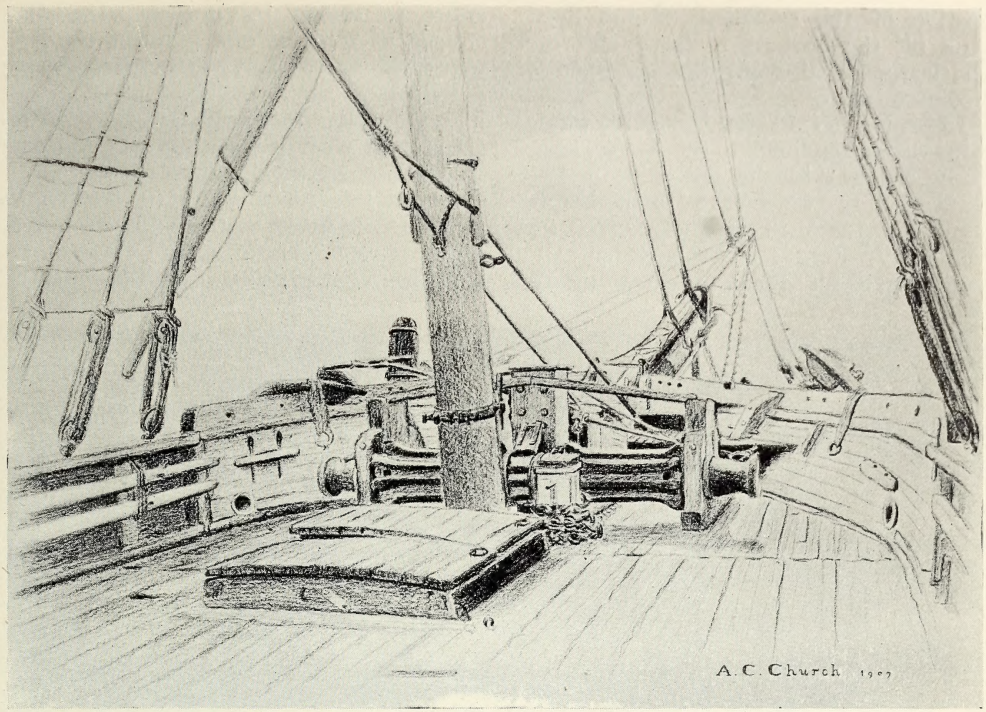
About this time the Revolutionary war dealt a terrific blow to the American fishery. British frigates seized American whaleships and forced their hardy crews into the king's service. They were given their choice of manning British men of war or whaling vessels, the British endeavoring by this means to grasp the fishery from the American colonies. Nantucket suffered the loss of one hundred and thirty-four whaleships, her fleet numbering one hundred and fifty before the war. Even when thus demoralized, the fishery revived rapidly at the close of the war in 1783, although England and France made strenuous efforts to transplant the industry to their own shores.

These early whaleships of the eighteenth century were hardly equal in model or build to the vessels that came afterwards, when merchants and captains had accumulated both wealth and experience. They were short, bluff-bowed craft averaging two hundred and fifty tons, slow and unwieldy under the most favorable conditions. They went to sea uncoppered, and passed nearly their entire voyage in warm latitudes, where weeds and barnacles form quickly on uncoppered hulls, and the wonder is that these old craft ever managed to crawl back to Nantucket.

They shipped home from foreign ports the oil taken on the outward cruise, enabling them to carry more on the return voyage, and it was also customary to call at the convenient islands of the Pacific to overhaul hull and gear, and replenish the stores with vegetables and tropical fruits. Later these ships were larger, better built, and were coppered. As larger whaleships were built, New Bedford took the lead, and soon outstripped Nantucket, as the larger whaleships could not enter the harbor at Nantucket when deeply laden, placing them at great disadvantage.

The war of 1812 and the British practice of impressing crews of American ships created great damage to the whaling industry, and many whalers fell a prey to British privateers before they received knowledge of war. This wholesale destruction proved their undoing, however, for upon learning that the

BARK CANTON, THE OLDEST WHALER AFLOAT, SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD



DECK VIEW, OLD WHALESHIP

British were seizing American whaleships in the South Pacific, the U. S. frigate Essex recaptured their prizes and destroyed the whaleships of the enemy. The Essex practically swept the sea of British whaleships, and their Pacific fishery never recovered.

After the treaty was signed in 1814 the impressment ceased, and whaling began to pick up lost ground. The three decades following 1820 were the golden age of American whalemen; voyages were carried to greater extremes, and became more profitable. Three and four year voyages were the rule, and even longer in many instances.

New cruising grounds were located where whales seemed to exist in countless numbers, and in 1835 the ship Ganges of Nantucket opened the northwest coast right-whale fishery. Pushing further into the frozen north, the ships Hercules and Janus of New Bedford captured the first bowhead whales off the coast of Kamchatka in 1843; while five years later the Sag Harbor bark Superior sailed through Behring Strait and attacked the bowheads of the Arctic.

The fishery reached its highest development and prosperity about 1857, New Bedford alone having a fleet of three hundred and twenty-nine whaleships at that time. But with the Civil War came a series of disasters which doomed the fishery and from which it can never recover.

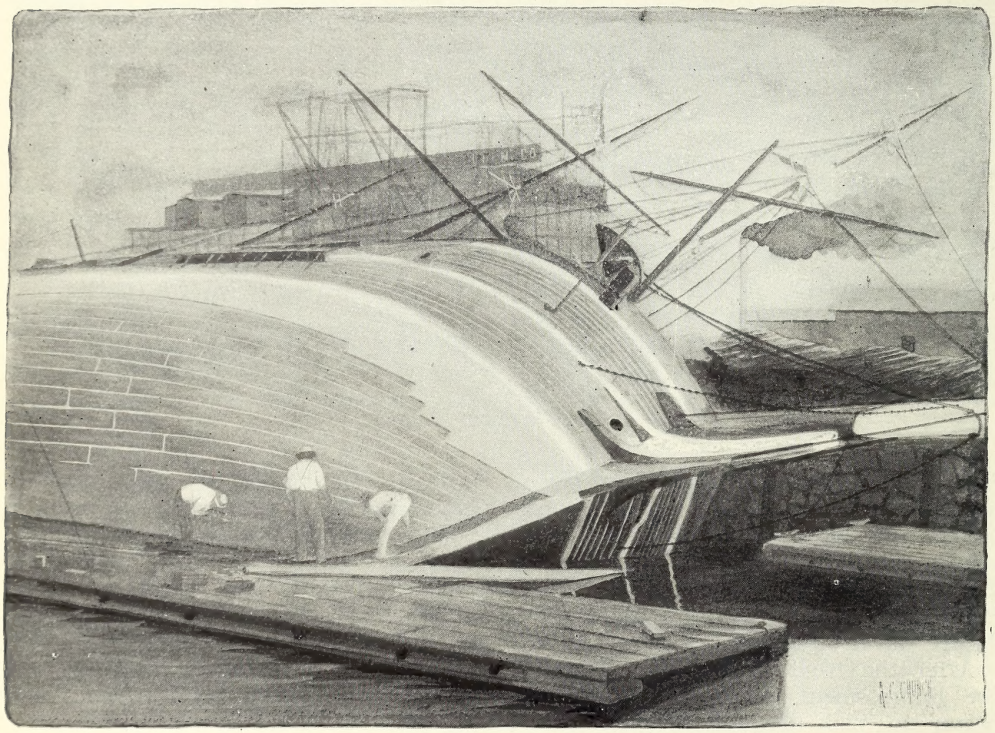
From natural causes the fishery began to decline before these disasters occurred, and shipping was never replaced save by the building of an occasional vessel.

During the Civil War, in 1865, the Confederate cruiser Shenandoah caught the Arctic whaling fleet unawares, captured and burned twenty-five ships, mostly large ones, and bonded four others. The rebel cruisers destroyed fifty whaleships, of which twenty-eight were owned in New Bedford. Many whalers were sold; others were transferred to the merchant service, while forty were purchased by the United States Government to furnish the larger

portion of the so-called "Stone fleet" sunk off the harbors of Savannah and Charleston to prevent the entrance of blockade-runners.

In September, 1871, thirty-three whaleships were abandoned in the Arctic, hopelessly crushed in the ice, and in 1876 twelve more were lost in a similar manner. Again in August, 1888, five whaleships were lost, this time by a terrific gale off Point Barrow, in the effort to regain its prestige, the discovery of mineral oils reduced the demand for sperm and whale oil such an extent that there was no longer profit in conducting the industry, and many ships were withdrawn from service upon completion of their voyages.

About 1880 most vessels for the Arctic service were fitted with steam as an auxiliary power. These steam whalers, as they were called, were much handier to



WHALESHIP HOVE DOWN FOR REPAIRS, THE OLD METHOD

Arctic Ocean. Scarcely a season went by without several disasters, although these were the most notable, and many a stanch ship left her bones to bleach on some distant shore, while the perilous ice fields, tropical hurricanes, and sunken coral reefs claimed occasional victims from the gradually diminishing fleet. The hunted whales themselves sought revenge, and three instances are on record where a whaleship has been sunk by an infuriated whale in midocean. Although the fishery made a feeble navigate among the ice packs than the exclusively sail-propelled craft, and for a time were very successful. They made voyages during the season when the ice pack separated, and usually returned at the close of the season to San Francisco, where they refitted.

But whales in the Arctic grew scarce, and the fleet dwindled until but a few steam whalers remain, while the sail-propelled whaleships abandoned the Arctic fishery a season or two ago.

The decline of the fishery is commonly

WHALESHIPS FITTING OUT AT NEW BEDFORD

attributed to the low market value of sperm oil due to the abundance and cheapness of petroleum, the scarcity of whales, and the heavily increased cost of conducting the industry. In 1790 a ship with a capacity of nineteen hundred barrels could be built and fitted for twelve thousand dollars, while in 1858 a vessel fitted with modern equipment involved an expenditure of sixty-five thousand dollars. Voyages had also become much longer, owing to the scarcity of whales, and were more expensive to provision, while as profits decreased it became more difficult to ship an experienced crew, and vessels were forced to recruit at the Western Islands, the Cape Verdes, and other touching ports. While the Portuguese developed a remarkable aptitude, still in general their substitution for whalemen of the old stock meant a further decline in efficiency and profits. The general decay of the merchant marine must have had its effect upon this industry, so closely were whaling and freighting interests allied. These depressing factors could have but one result, that of slowly but surely undermining the industry that had flourished extensively so many years, and to-day whales are sought principally for their bone, which is very valuable, and for which no satisfactory substitute has yet been found.

The methods of conducting the sperm and right-whale fishery at present differs but little from those in practice a century ago. Bomb lances and darting guns for killing whales were introduced, but although still in use, never entirely displaced the hand lances and harpoons.

The few remaining old ships still sail from New Bedford, quaint bluff-bowed craft they are, with their curious carved eagles and queer old figureheads, which have ploughed the seas for a half century or more.

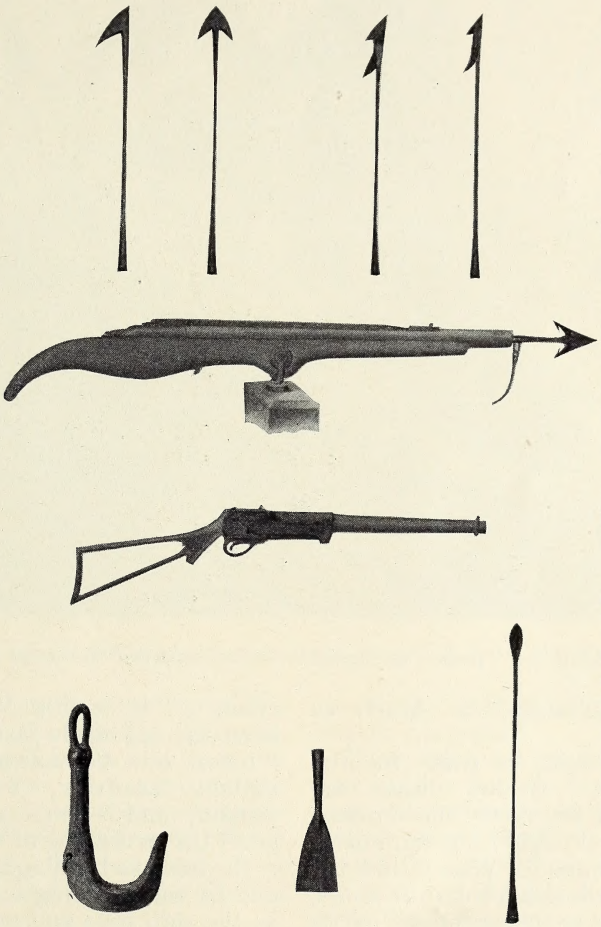
No wonder they reached such a ripe old age, for better ships were never built. They were thoroughly repaired from keel to truck before sailing on a voyage; unsound planks and timbers replaced, and seams carefully caulked. Whaleships were strongly rigged and carried extra spars and sails, in case they became damaged at sea; for they met severe storms and hurricanes upon the ocean, with no possible hope for shelter.

It was not uncommon for them to remain in service seventy-five years or more; in fact the bark Rosseau was in service eighty-seven years, while the ship Maria was broken up in 1872, after being in commission ninety years. The oldest whaleship afloat, bark Canton, of New Bedford, is now on a voyage in her seventy-fifth year, and in good condition.

WHALESHIP JUST ARRIVED, DRYING SAILS

Repairing and fitting out a whaleship is a difficult and complicated task, requiring the services of a large variety of mechanics. Before ship railways were common, whaleships were "hove down" on their sides by tackles, making it convenient for the ship carpenters to recopper the hull from float stages, the ship's position being regulated by heaving her down more as required.

After recoppering, the ship is painted, spars scraped and oiled, and the rigging set up. The try-works, erected on deck forward of the main hatch, consist of a brick furnace in which two iron try-pots are set, holding about two hundred and fifty gallons each. Around the base a low wooden framework is built, called the "goose pen," which is always kept filled with water. The ground tier, built of brick, is laid in checkerboard fashion in such a manner that the water flows freely beneath the furnace, preventing the ship from catching fire. A copper tank for cooling the hot oil is secured alongside the furnace, and usually an extra try-pot, while the cooper's bench is set up between the furnace and the hatch. At the stern of the ship two small deckhouses are built, one each side, leaving room for the wheel, and connected overhead by a flat roof which shields the helmsman in severe weather. These houses contain the cook's galley and lockers for cooperage tools, supplies, etc., while just forward of the cabin skylight a pen is built for potatoes and other vegetables, important items of the food supply.

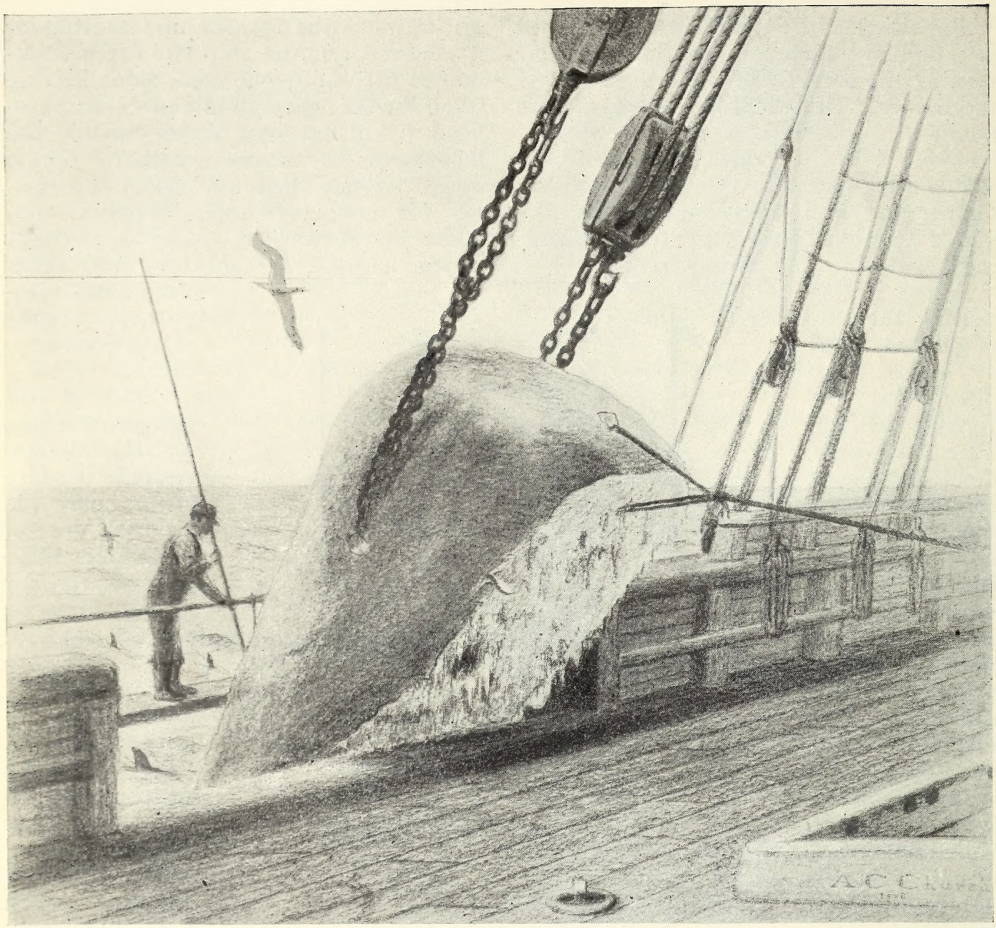


Key, numbering from upper left-hand corner.

1 and 2. Early types of harpoons. 3 and 4. Swivel harpoons, no. 4 being the one now in use. 5. The "Greener" Scotch harpoon gun. 6. The "Pierce" American bomb gun. 7. Blubberhook, used to hook on the blanket pieces when "cutting in" the whale. Actual size, about three feet. 8. Cutting spade, used to cut the blubber clear when "cutting in." 9. Hand lance, used to kill whales after harpooned. Length, six feet.

Cord wood fuel and casks for the oil are stowed in the lower hold; the ground tier of casks being filled with water for use during the voyage, while the others are taken apart and hooped together in "shooks," to be reassembled during the voyage as needed.

The wharf is covered with barrels and boxes to be hoisted aboard, and blocks creak overhead as the heavy casks are lowered into the hold. Barrels of beef, pork, hardbread, flour, and the assortment of harpoons, lances, and whale craft are stowed in such a manner that the ship is trimmed properly and the various articles may be reached



HOISTING ABOARD THE " JUNK " OF A SPERM WHALE, SHOWING THE HUGE BLOCKS IN USE

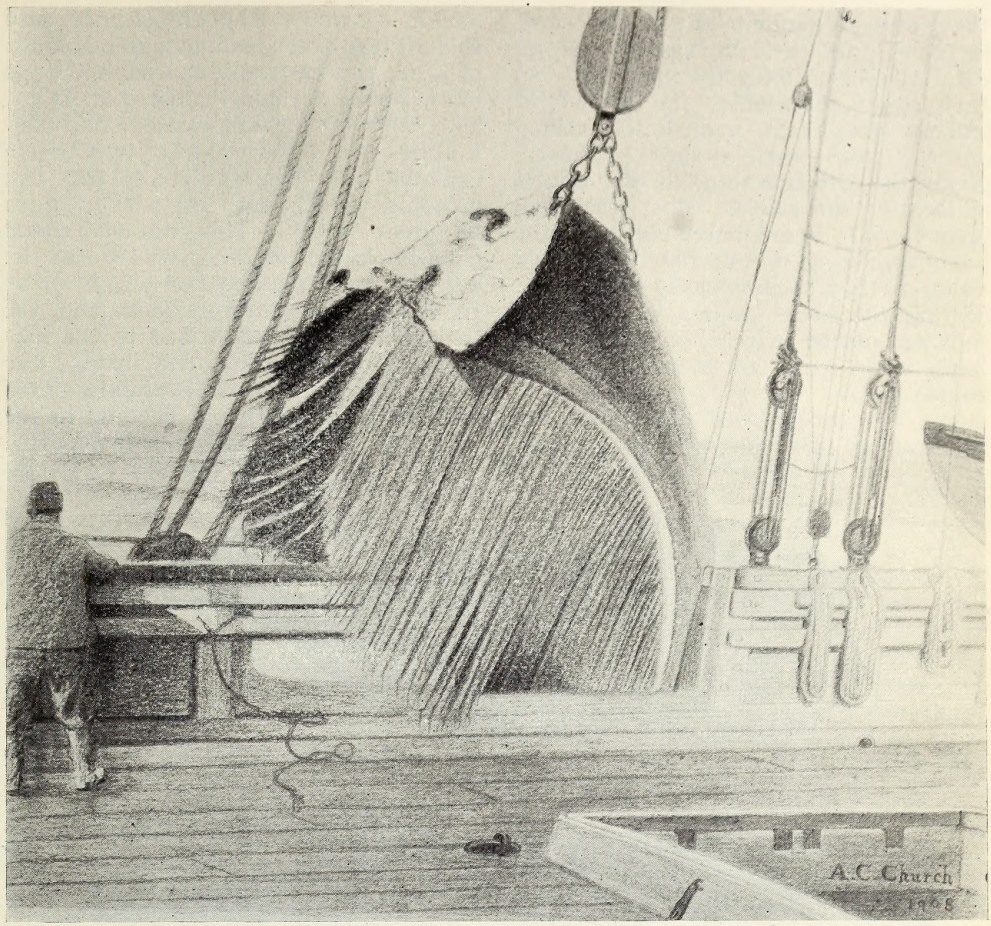
in order of requirement, as nearly as can be foreseen.

At last, everything is ready for the ship's departure. Below, dishes are stowed neatly in the racks; the compass is poised in the skylight; the barometer and hanging lamps in place; and the ship's clock in the cabin rings the hours, adding a homelike cheerfulness to its cosy surroundings.

The remaining members of the crew are rounded up, and the guests who are to take dinner with the captain during the outward passage arrive. The captain boards the ship with his chronometer, and all is ready. Hasty and tearful good bys are said, and last messages sent to loved ones left ashore. The anchor chain is " hove short " and the hawser from the tug made fast, while the crew " break out the anchor " as the ship gathers headway, swings gracefully around, and sweeps proudly seaward, amid the screeching of whistles.

Beyond the headlands the sails are set, one by one, making a beautiful picture as the ship rolls and nods to the gently heaving swell. During the passage down the harbor the captain entertains his friends, who are rowed to the tug in a whaleboat when the hawser is cast off, the vessel's progress being checked meanwhile by " backing the yards."

The boat returns and is hoisted in place; the yards braced around again, and the ship is off on her voyage. Once



HOISTING ABOARD THE HEAD OF A BOWHEAD WHALE, SHOWING THE WHALEBONE

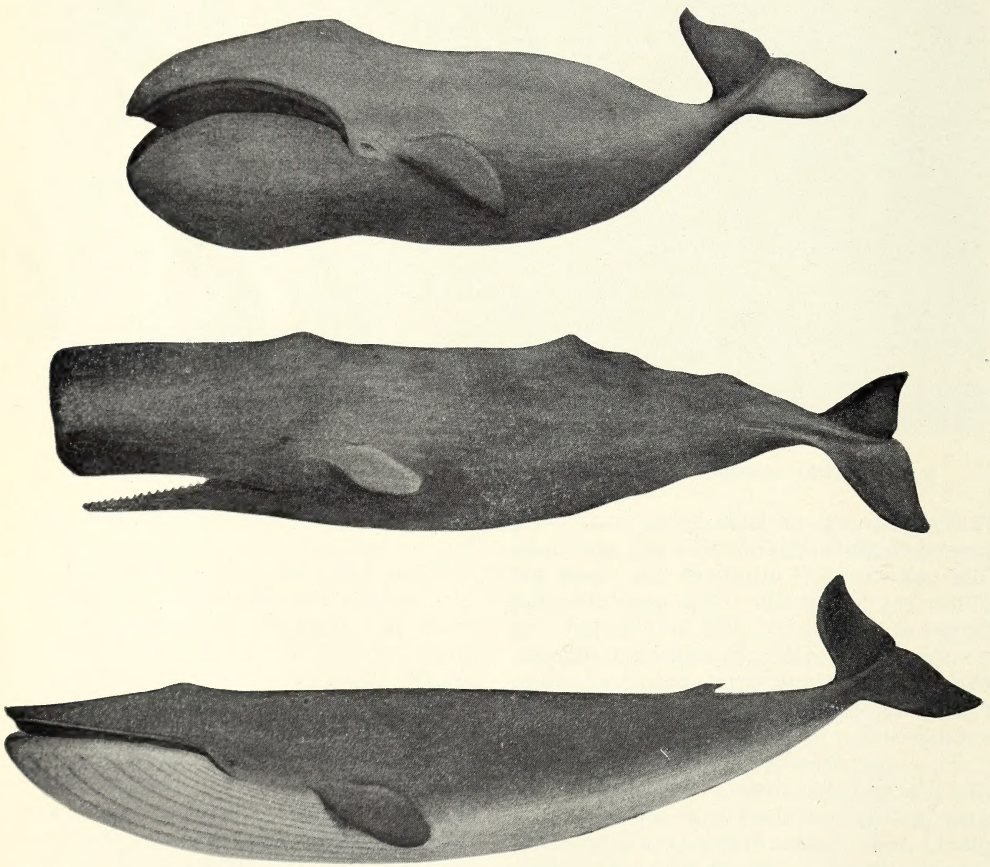
fairly off shore, no time is lost in making preparations for the whaling grounds. The captain calls all hands aft, reads the rules governing the ship, explains the object of the voyage, and the necessity for co-operation. Officers and crew receive their instructions, watches and boat crews are chosen, and the ship's routine established.

The gear for the whaleboats is sorted and placed in position, tub lines stretched and coiled, harpoons and lances sharpened, and shafts fitted to them. The "green hands" are taught the ropes, and during favorable weather are familiarized with the boats and gear, while occasionally when porpoises or blackfish are sighted they have an opportunity to see the gear in practical use as the fish are harpooned.

These fish are a species of small whale, and yield a fine quality of oil from the head, that from the blubber not being of much value. Blackfish jaw oil is highly prized for watch purposes, and is very valuable. A sharp lookout is maintained from the "crow's nest" at the masthead from sunrise to sunset, and the sea is eagerly scanned for whales. While breathing on the surface whales spout frequently, and exhume a vapor or spray in appearance not unlike a jet of steam, which rises to such a height as to be plainly visible a number of miles. Sperm whales, after breathing a while on the surface, "sound" below to feed, and as

they always remain down the same length of time, their movements are predetermined by timing the intervals. As they spout repeatedly, the eagle-eyed lookout spies them, immediately crying out "Blows,— there — she — blows," giving the direction to guide the officers in locating the whale. Most whalemen allow them to sound before launching the boats, prefering not to risk frightening them, as they become easily alarmed at hearing the boats approach. The line tubs are placed in position, and everything made ready to launch the boats immediately.

The whaleboats used are thirty feet long and six feet wide, each manned by six men, and although slender and shallow, they carry an incredible amount of gear; the harpoons, lances, and tubs of whale line being most important. Two tubs of line are carried, one containing two hundred and twenty-five fathoms and the other seventy-five fathoms, used in case the whale sounds to great depth. This line is coiled carefully in the tubs and run aft over the oars around a small post or loggerhead at the stern, then leading back over the oars to the bow, made fast to the harpoon ready for use. The instant the whale sounds, the time is carefully noted and the boats launched, heading in the direction in which the whale is expected



1. Arctic Bowhead whale, extreme length known, sixty-five feet
2. Sperm whale, extreme length known, ninety feet
3. Sulphur bottom whale. The largest species. Extreme length known, ninety-five feet, but said to have been taken one hundred and ten feet

to appear when he rises again. As they near the locality, the boats spread out to cover a greater surface and eagerly watch for the whale's reappearance.

The boats head towards the most favorable point of attack the moment the whale appears, and the harpooner or boat steerer, who pulls the forward oar, takes his place at the bow. Stealthily the nearest boat creeps up to the unsuspecting monster, his first intimation of danger being the sudden plunging of the harpoon deep into his body. Instantly upon getting fast the boat is backed away from immediate danger, while the harpooner throws out a few fathoms of slack line and changes ends with the officer, who wields the deadly lance in killing the whale.

The astonished whale wallows and rolls, beating the sea furiously with his flukes, wondering, no doubt, what strange calamity has befallen him. But surprise swiftly turns to anger as the harpoon refuses to be dislodged, and elevating his tremendous tail into the air, the whale dives swiftly into the depths of the sea. So great is his speed that the line shrieks and whistles as it burns into the loggerhead and rushes out through the chock at the bow.

The whale's progress is retarded by the turn around the loggerhead, the line being allowed to run out as sparingly as the limits of safety permit. An extra turn is taken as his pace slackens, and water thrown on the smoking line to prevent catching fire as it roars and groans from the terrific friction. The bow sinks to the water's edge as the extra turn brings up solid, but just as they are about to be drawn under, the line is slackened a trifle, and the whale allowed more freedom. This is repeated, and more line bent on if necessary, until the whale returns to the surface, when the slack is hastily hauled in and recoiled, enabling them to get closer.

Although usually rising some distance away, it sometimes happens that the wounded whale rises directly beneath the boat, smashing it to atoms, and crushing the unfortunate crew.

Nor do whales always sound, sometimes swimming at a terrific pace with the boat in tow, a performance termed the "Nantucket sleigh ride" by old whalemen. But at last, becoming tired, the whale slackens his speed, and the boat is hauled up alongside, clear of his flukes. At a favorable opportunity the officer thrusts the lance deep into the lungs of the victim, repeating the thrusts vigorously until the labored spouts become tinged with crimson. The boat is hastily worked clear from the thrashing whale, now swimming around in an unbroken circle. The death struggle or flurry is near, and death merely a question of time.

In intense agony the huge cetacean follows its circumscribed course, laboriously ploughing its way through the bloody water, until the throes of death are about to convulse its enormous frame. The clotted blood ejected through its spiracle becomes "thick as tar"; the sea is lashed into a maelstrom of angry, bloody water; and the ponderous whale rolls slowly on its side, the dorsal fin projecting above water. Satisfying themselves of the whale's death by inserting a lance point in the eye, the tow line is passed through a hole cut in the head and the whale towed to the ship, or in case the ship is near, the tow line passed aboard and the whale hauled alongside.

On board, preparations have been made for "cutting in," as the process of removing and transferring the blubber to the ship is called. The cutting spades, blubber hooks, knives, etc., are assembled on deck; the heavy cutting tackles and blocks sent aloft, and a portion of the starboard bulwarks amidship removed, making a gangway for the huge blanket pieces to swing inboard.

The "cutting stage," now lowered in position opposite the gangway, consists of a heavy plank extended out over the whale by a plank bolted to each end, forming a platform upon which the officers stand when cutting the whale's body beneath them. For convenience and safety, a railing waist high is bolted to the outer plank which enables the cutters to steady themselves and work more freely, as in rough weather it is very dangerous.

"CUTTING IN" A SPERM WHALE, WRENCHING OUT THE JAW

The heavy iron "fluke chain" is passed around the body near the flukes, one end slipped through a ring at the other end, and hove taut by the windlass, forming a slip noose around the whale by which it is securely moored to the vessel. The loose end of the chain is hauled inboard through a hawse hole in the forward bulwarks, and made fast around the fluke bitt at the bowsprit heel, and although sail is shortened, the ship retains enough headway to keep the whale close alongside, towing it tail first. The officers may now "cut in" the whale handily, as it floats directly beneath them under the stage.

The methods of "cutting in" whales vary somewhat on different ships, the kind and size of the whales also making quite a difference in the methods of procedure. The description following is typical of methods in use aboard whaleships at the present time in cutting in a large sperm whale.

Cutting off the head, the first operation, is exceedingly difficult, and requires much skill. The whale is first turned on its side until the jaw faces the ship, and secured in that position. The officers then make an incision around the socket of the jaw by thrusting their cutting spades into the blubber, extending the cut around the eye in a semicircular curve to a point forward of the fin. The cutting tackle is lowered, and one of the crew goes down on the whale to insert the blubber hook in the first blanket piece. This done, the crew heave away on the windlass, the loosened blubber peeling off readily as the officers cut it clear on each side. As the blanket raises, the whale rolls slowly over until the jaw faces away from the ship, when the heaving is stopped. The second cutting tackle is lowered and hooked into a chain strap slung over the jaw, while the officers cut around the other socket and sever the throat, thrusting the spades down until they reach the backbone. The jaw, thus loosened, is then wrenched out and hoisted aboard; while the blanket piece remains suspended by the other tackle.

The crew now heave in more on the blanket piece until the whale is rolled right side up, when a chain strap is rove through the back part of the head, forming two loops. Through these a fluke chain is passed and the noose drawn taut, the other end being taken inboard through a hawse hole and made fast, thus securing the head when detached.

The whale is again rolled on his back, and another strap rove through the front of the head. The tackle is hooked on, and all hands heave on the windlass until it is raised as high as possible to facilitate separation from the skull bone. As the sperm whale has no real upper jaw, this skull bone takes its place. The officers on the stage now thrust their sharp spades along the edge of the skull, while the enormous weight of the bulky mass hanging down opens the gash. The other tackle is then slacked down, thus throwing the entire suspended weight upon the head, which is soon cleared from the skull bone by vigorous jabs of the cutting spades. The incision around the throat is now deepened and the backbone unjointed, leaving the severed head attached to the ship by the chains previously rove through. This completes the most difficult part of the process of cutting in the whale, and after securing the head farther aft, the process of removing the blubber proceeds.

The tackle hooked in the blanket piece, which was slacked away when cutting the head clear, is now hove up again, and the huge blanket piece raised until the blocks meet at the slings from the lower masthead. The other tackle is now lowered and hooked on at the gangway, and the blanket piece severed just above it; swung inboard, and lowered into the blubber room down the hold. The next blanket is stripped off, heaving continued, and the process repeated; the officers cutting a spiral line around the whale as it rolls over and over. The blubber is thus removed until near the flukes, which are severed and allowed to slip through the fluke chain; while the carcass, being of no value, is cast adrift to become a source of contention for hordes of ravenous sea birds and sharks which have gathered to enjoy the feast.

The head, the most valuable part of the whale, being almost a solid mass of

blubber and spermaceti, is now brought alongside and again subdivided, the entire mass being far too heavy to be hoisted in at one time. Even then its enormous weight taxes the strength of the tackle to its utmost, and causes the ship to careen heavily.

Accordingly, the lower and heavier part, termed the "junk," is separated from the rest and taken in first, both tackles being hooked on. It is then made securely fast by chains and ropes to prevent its becoming loose on deck by the rolling of the ship, and the upper part, called the "case," which contains the spermaceti, is then hoisted on deck and secured in a similar manner.

The blubber, cut into strips called "horse pieces," is piled into the try-pots, boiled out, and the "scraps" thrown into tubs, to be fed to the fire as fuel. Meanwhile, the "case" is slit open, and the clear, snow-white spermaceti baled or scooped out, the men plunging waist deep in the pulpy, cellular ooze. When first removed it is quite fluid, but quickly congeals upon exposure to the air. After baling out it is thrown into the try-pots and carefully heated to the proper temperature, when it is again cooled and drawn off into casks. The empty shell, a fibrous mass of muscles and tendons yielding no oil, is cast loose and allowed to slide overboard from the gangway at a favorable lurch of the vessel. The "junk" is cut into "horse pieces" and tried out separately, the oil being regarded as greatly superior to the rest, the spermaceti of course being the most valuable.

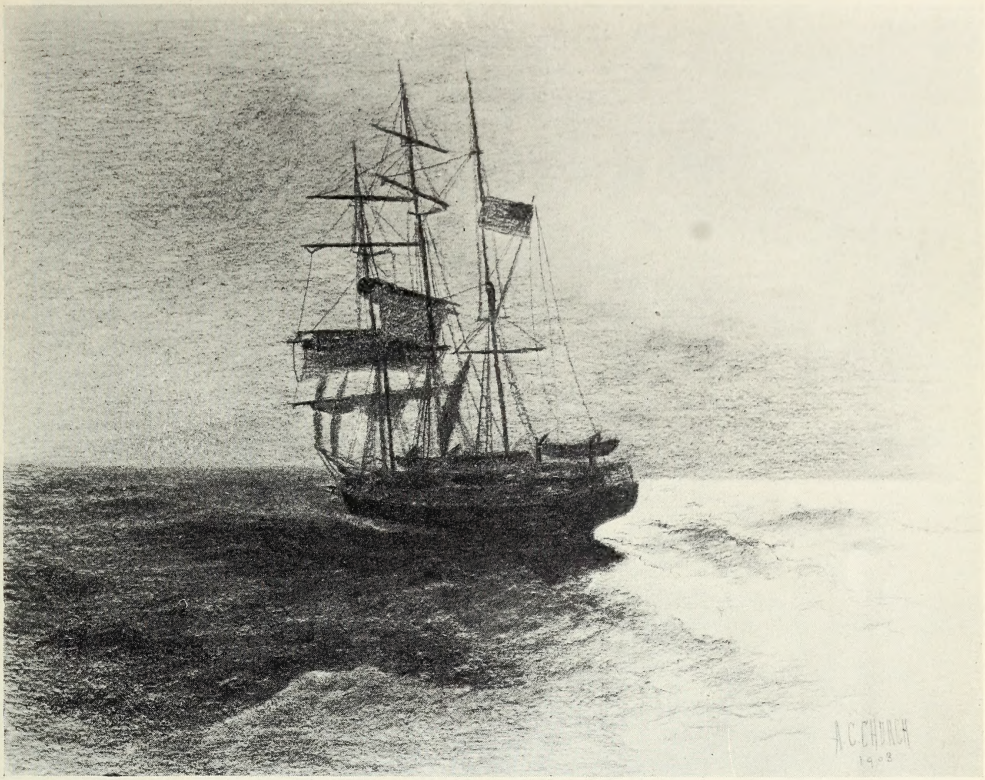
The trying-out proceeds without cessation day and night, half the crew being on deck at a time, while the other "watch" is below. At night the ship presents a highly picturesque scene, the flames darting high above the try-works, revealing spars and rigging in an uncanny glare, while the crew slipping and sliding about deck appear like demons capering about an incantation fire. However, with this picture the romance departs, for everything is drenched with oil, which washes about ankledeep, and the smell of the burning scraps is too nauseating for description. The smoke from the fires is choking in density, while the rigging and spars are blackened and reek with soot, from which there is no refuge.

The trying-out completed, the various implements are stowed away; the oil drawn off through a canvas hose into casks below decks, and the ship cleared up, ready for more whales; when the whole laborious process is repeated.

Cutting-in a "right" whale, or a "bowhead," from which the valuable whalebone of commerce is obtained, the process differs, the upper part of the head, containing the slabs of bone, being hoisted on deck, and the bone cut out with cutting spades. Afterward, the process of stripping the carcass and trying-out is similar to that of the sperm whales, although the oil is of a lower grade.

The most valuable whales are the "bowheads," pursued in the Arctic seas by the steam whalers. The bone which these monsters yield is of excellent quality, the slabs sometimes reaching a length of seventeen feet or more, while the blubber, being very thick and heavy, yields a large quantity of oil. The size of these huge cetaceans may be readily imagined when it is stated that one has been known to yield three hundred and seventy-five barrels of oil, twenty-six barrels being obtained from the tongue alone. The blubber on this whale was two feet in thickness, and the six hundred and twenty slabs of bone contained in the mouth weighed three thousand pounds.

What the future of the whaling industry may bring forth is uncertain indeed. At present the tendency of New England whaling seems to incline principally toward the fitting out of small, seaworthy schooners, which cruise along the Atlantic seaboard during the summer months for sperm whales. Although some hail from Provincetown, on Cape Cod, and others from Connecticut seaports, they nearly all make New Bedford their home port, and return there at the close of the whaling season. Some of them, instead of returning home the first season, cruise over to the Azores, ship home their oil, and spend the winter months cruising on the South Atlantic



WHALER OUTWARD BOUND

whaling grounds, returning home to New Bedford after another season of summer whaling.

These small schooners are much less expensive to fit out and maintain than the old type of square-rigged vessels, and for that reason are gradually superseding them. Some of the more venturesome, after cruising for whales in the South Atlantic, sail further south in search of seals and sea-elephants, thus increasing their profits by combining the interests of whaling and sealing.

The perils of the Arctic fishery increase year by year as the whales recede farther north, and it is becoming more and more difficult to reach the elusive bowheads. Each year the few remaining steam whalers venture farther north into the ice fields; but some day they will fail to return. It is likely that then, and not until then, the Arctic fishery will be abandoned.

CARVED EAGLE ON THE STERN OF AN OLD WHALER

DESTRUCTION OF THE FINEST REDWOOD TIMBER IN CALIFORNIA. THIS WAS NOT IN A FOREST RESERVE. IT IS TYPICAL OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

Is New England's Wealth In Danger?

IV. OUR NATIONAL RESOURCES IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

By PHILIP W. AYRES

Forester of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests and of the New Hampshire College Grant

A typical slash on Squaw Mountain, Maine, in the proposed White Mountain National Forest

THE commercial importance to New England of the White Mountains can hardly be overestimated. The forests are of the utmost value as a source of timber supply, especially in view of the practical exhaustion of timber in the middle Western states north of Ohio, and the probable exhaustion throughout the country, in thirty or thirty-five years. But in addition to their timber value the White Mountains influence the stream flow in five great rivers from which a large part of New England's manufacturing enterprises derive their power. These are the Kennebec, the Androscoggin, the Saco, the Merrimack, and the Connecticut, upon which are located the largest cotton mills, the largest woolen mills, and the largest paper mills in the world.

EXCESSIVE DEFORESTATION

With so much at stake the mountain forests should be most carefully pro-

DESTRUCTION OF THE FINEST REDWOOD TIMBER IN CALIFORNIA

A MOVABLE LOGGING CAMP IN THE PEMIGEWASSET WILDERNESS, WHITE MOUNTAINS. THE LAST LARGE TRACT OF PRIMEVAL SPRUCE

tected. As a matter of fact what do we find? The high slopes are slashed over in a manner so recklessly wasteful, that from one third to two thirds of the total forest cover, all of the small trees are felled and left on the ground, prostrate and dead, cut merely to remove more easily the few trees of larger size. This mass of débris invites fire, which almost invariably follows, and consumes the soil itself, made up largely of vegetable material, and permeated by the resinous dead roots of spruce and fir. So destructive are the fires that in the Zealand Valley, a tract of thirty-five thousand acres sloping toward the north between the Twin Mountains and Fabyans, in twenty-two years since fire first swept through, not a single camp or house of any kind is found, few if any trees of value have grown, the soil is permanently crippled, and over large areas, such as the greater part of Mt. Oscar, the Sugar Loaves, and parts of Mt. Hale, the exposed rocks are completely barren. In the upper part of this valley thirteen immense slides of earth and forest have fallen down the mountains, loosened by fire that consumed the binding roots in the soil. This is indeed the "Death Valley," but it is not alone in its desolation. Eighty-four thousand acres in the mountains burned over in the single year of 1903, and upwards of two hundred thousand have burned over at one time or another. It takes a forest on the high slopes at best from one to three centuries after a severe fire to recover a useful growth. Repeated fires, which are common, render the soil barren, or capable of producing only a scrub growth of bird cherry bushes.

There is steadily growing in the mountains a progressive and permanent evil effect, the result of our system of lumbering, which is gradually, surely, and not slowly reducing them, like the mountains of France or of China, to a condition of sterility. Moreover, the rate of cutting is excessive, owing to the unprecedented demand for paper pulp to supply the great newspapers. Three

hundred acres daily, or thirty-five thousand annually are cut over. While this waste and rapid consumption are going on, we are told plainly by the forest service at Washington that the hardwood timber in the country in which the White Mountains abound will be gone in fifteen years, and that within thirty-five years the timber famine with which we are now threatened will have reached a climax.

PROTECTION OF STREAM FLOW

But the mountain forests on the high slopes are of priceless value, also, because of their protection to stream flow. Where the mountains have been cut over, the earth freezes in the fall, forcing the melting snows in March and April to run off in torrents, with corresponding low water in July and August. On the other hand, under the deep forest the ground seldom freezes, and when the snows melt late in spring, lasting sometimes into June, the water percolates through the soil slowly into the springs and brooks. Mr. Pinchot, chief forester at Washington, tells us that a protected mountain soil will hold back five times its own weight of water! How vast is this power! How important to manufacturers and navigation on the great rivers below — important, also, to agriculture, for mountain floods carry down silt and stones that cover up fertile fields in the valleys, and destroy the farms and buildings. Floods fill the rivers also with silt and obstruct their channels, requiring ever larger expenditures upon rivers and harbors to keep them open. Would it not plainly be better, and vastly cheaper, to protect the sources of the streams, and keep the silt where nature first placed it?

Low water is even more destructive to business than floods, for when water is lacking there is no power to run the great mills, except by the construction of expensive steam plants, and even when these are at land it is expensive to run the mills by coal. New England

IN THE BLACK HILLS NATIONAL FOREST. THE YOUNG GROWTH PROTECTED. BRUSH PILED TO GUARD AGAINST FIRE

DOUGLAS FIR IN ONE OF THE WESTERN FOREST RESERVES. MATURE TREES ARE SOLD AT THEIR TRUE VALUE

is far from the coal fields. On the five rivers whose sources are in the White Mountain region, upwards of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars have been expended in dams, factories, and other structures about the waterfalls. These employ hundreds of thousands of wage earners. When water is lacking steamboats must tie to the banks. All of the rivers are navigable from ten to fifty miles at their mouths, having 1,210,979 tons of freight transported over them in 1905. It is apparent how vast the interests are that depend upon the mountain forests. To treat them as we do is puerile.

WHERE RESPONSIBILITY RESTS

Who is to blame for this treatment? Not the lumbermen who are simply using the rights guaranteed by the common law to do what they please with property which they have legally bought and paid for. It is the states that are chiefly at fault. The interest of the state is far greater than that of any individual or corporation can possibly be, for the state is the guardian of the soil for all future time. It is primarily the duty of the state to protect the resources upon which great industries and future population depend, a duty which as far as forests are concerned no New England state has adequately realized. The preceding article in this series has pointed out what each of the New England states is doing for forest protection, and has shown how inadequate these efforts are toward supplying either the demand for timber or for steady water power.

But the final solution is beyond state action, for there are larger responsibilities, such as the protection of navigation in interstate streams, that no single state can properly bear, *and which the Constitution of the United States has directed Congress to provide for.* The President has pointed out that national forests in the White Mountains and in the southern Appalachian Mountains are clearly a matter for federal action. The federal government has been created

REDWOOD TIMBER IN CALIFORNIA. THESE TREES WERE SOLD AT THIRTEEN CENTS PER THOUSAND FEET

to do certain things which the state governments cannot do for themselves.

It is often asked, why does not New Hampshire preserve the White Mountains. One reason is that her interests are less at stake than those of other states. Having the timber supplies her people will not suffer from the approaching timber famine as soon as those in Massachusetts and Connecticut or the states in the middle West. The great water powers, which the mountains feed, are largely beyond New Hampshire borders. It is fitting, therefore, that people in other states that are more directly affected should take a strong part in securing the proposed national forest. It is often said that New Hampshire derives a revenue of eight million dollars a year from summer visitors, and that the beauty of the White Mountains is necessary to its continuance. Much of this sum goes to the railway companies, while a sum double that from summer visitors, sixteen million dollars annually, is derived from forest products, which goes largely into the pockets of wage earners. At the same time New Hampshire is earnestly doing her part. Her legislature appropriated five thousand dollars to have the White Mountain lands examined and classified, and two of her governors have gone to Washington to urge the measure before committees of Congress. No other state has done as much. New Hampshire is a forest state, having about seventy-five per cent of total area under forest cover. The state has a vastly important forest problem to work out, whether or not the national forest is established. Her people are not awakened to their needs and responsibilities, and self-preservation will compel an awakening. But the duty of preserving the White Mountain forests is not primarily hers, nor would the benefits accruing belong more to her than to other states.

PROPOSED BOUNDARIES

The national forest in the White Mountains, if established in accordance

SPRUCE ON GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN, NORTH CAROLINA. IN THE PROPOSED SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN NATIONAL FOREST

with recommendations made to Congress by the Secretary of Agriculture, will include 668,000 acres of the highest and steepest slopes in the mountain region, nearly all in New Hampshire, with a small portion in Maine. The government surveys include a much larger forest area, 2,157,000 acres in northern New Hampshire and northwestern Maine, which is naturally very mountainous and fit only for growing timber, and which it is expected may be included ultimately in the national forest. This is called the White Mountain region, and includes all of the headwaters of the Androscoggin and the Kennebec. In the smaller area are found the several ranges of mountains that constitute the White Mountain group proper.

Seventy-four peaks reach a height of over 3,000 feet, of which eleven are over 5,000, and one, Mt. Washington, 6,290. The Presidential range, which includes nine of the eleven highest mountains, occupies the center, extending some twenty miles from Mt. Madison to Mt. Webster, and flanked by the Carter-Moriah range, the Franconia range, the Sandwich range, and Mt. Moosilauke. The parts of the reserve would not necessarily be contiguous, nor would they interfere in any way with agricultural or hotel holdings. Indeed, the several bills introduced in Congress have all stated expressly that agricultural land should not be included, and if purchased in acquiring certain tracts, should be offered for sale.

FOREST CONDITIONS

Spruce leads all other trees in the White Mountain region both in quantity and value. It once spread over the high mountains in a vast stand, unbroken except by the rocky summits; but uncut areas are rare now. Had the government established the reserve five years ago when the bills were first introduced in Congress, much could have been accomplished. The whole north slope of the Presidential range, the most majestic forest in all New England, now a mass of débris, could have been saved. The

A HOMESTEAD IN THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS

SPRUCE ON GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN, NORTH CAROLINA. IN THE [illegible]

prices then were far below those of the present. In five years more there will be nothing on the high slopes to save! It is too late to control fully the stream flow from the high mountains, yet much can still be done. Five years from now, protection of stream flow from the high mountain slopes will be a matter of the irrevocable past. Erosion has already worn down vast areas of cut-over and burned-over soil. Five years from now its work will be far more nearly complete. We may then, like France, begin laboriously to carry up the soil again, and bank it in with masonry at vast expense, in order to keep free from floods and their more disastrous counterpart — low water. Our present policy of unrestricted cutting on the high mountain slopes is one of gross ignorance. A fundamental source of our life and prosperity in New England is disappearing.

Let me illustrate. More than thirty million dollars are now invested in the pulp and paper industry in northern New Hampshire alone, an increase of about one and a half million dollars a year since the industry began about twenty years ago. In Maine the increase has been from seventeen to forty-one million dollars in five years! This investment feeds exclusively on spruce and fir, the latter amounting to about twenty per cent. The two grow together in the mountains. It is significant that in Massachusetts and Connecticut, which do not produce spruce, the paper industry is well developed, showing the interstate nature of the business. The forty-one million dollars invested in Massachusetts and the six million dollars in Connecticut depend for supplies of pulp upon northern New England. The total investment in the six New England states in 1905 was $107,910,058. A business of this magnitude, with a vanishing supply of raw material, is itself a matter for serious thought.

Another noteworthy feature of the several bills that have been introduced in Congress is that private owners may secure for themselves protection to their properties on any watershed

DÉBRIS ON A FARM IN SOUTH CAROLINA WASHED DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTH CAROLINA

IN THE BLACK MOUNTAINS, SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS. SHOWING EROSION FROM CLEARED AREAS

where the government may hold forest land, provided they agree finally to cut the timber under the same rules that the government cuts its timber. This does not give to the government the final profit, nor does it give to the government the initial expense, but it accomplishes for the protection of stream flow and navigation all that government ownership could accomplish.

THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS

During the last two years the plans for national forests in the White Mountains and in the southern Appalachian Mountains have been before Congress in the form of one bill. I would gladly put into this article something of the inspiration derived from a long walking trip through the highest parts of the southern Appalachian Mountains twenty years ago. The route lay through eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina. The vast elevated domes rise distinctly before the eye, all timber covered in those days. The highest mountains have a tract of thirty miles of unbroken spruce all growing above five thousand feet, supplemented lower down by some ten million of acres of the finest hardwood forest that American soil has produced. The oaks, hickories, and tulip poplar here attain their most magnificent proportions. Noble trees they are! The forest was then in its primeval glory, broken only by farms in the "bottoms." Above and surrounding them was the forest. This was more than a decade before the clearings by the lumbermen that resulted in the eighteen million dollar floods of 1902, or the still more destructive floods in the tributaries of the Ohio last summer. A night on Mt. Mitchell was weird indeed, six thousand seven hundred and eleven feet above the sea, the highest point between the Alps and the Rockies, the North Pole and the Andes, in a little cave under a grave! Professor Mitchell, of the University of North Carolina, who

SHOWING HOW TO MAKE A FIRE IN THE WOODS. YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

lost his life on this mountain while proving its height, was buried with loving respect by his students on the summit. Locally it is called the Great Black Dome, and the group is known as the Black Mountains because of the spruce growth. On either hand the Blue Ridge and Great Smoky mountains wall in a wide plateau of which more than fifty thousand acres lie above five thousand feet, from which more than forty peaks rise above six thousand feet. The ridges of these mountains are rounded, the slopes precipitous, and the valleys deep and narrow. In those days the whole forested area could be had for two dollars and a half an acre. While Congress has been considering the purchase of them their market value has twice doubled. The arrival of three or four thousand immigrants in the country every day in the year to be supplied with houses, furniture, and tools, but adds to the timber pressure and forces the logging operations more inevitably up the mountain slopes — operations whose methods are the antipodes of those recommended by the Forest Service.

As forest fires remove the soil from the White Mountains, so erosion removes it from the Southern mountains. They were not under the great ice sheet that extended only as far south as the Potomac. The clay soils disappear like magic, fields are soon worn off and abandoned, the silt and stones heaping up on distant fields in the valleys below — valleys in other states. The rainfall here is sometimes one hundred and five inches annually — forty-five inches is a high rate, — surpassed nowhere in the country save on portions of the Pacific coast. It has been pointed out by a Mr. E. J. Watson, Commissioner of Agriculture in South Carolina, speaking before a committee of Congress, that in his state alone $103,000,000, largely northern capital, have been invested in manufacturing plants on rivers rising in North Carolina, $18,000,000 of which are in constant danger of destruction by floods. Damage amounting to $3,800,000 was

DESTRUCTION OF A VALUABLE WATERSHED AT THE WEST. CALIFORNIA

accomplished in one month! The Forest Service reports that eighty-three per cent of these forests have already been lumbered over more or less completely. Is it any wonder that President Roosevelt has sent repeated messages to Congress urging action, and that he seldom writes a message without mentioning it? And yet Congress hesitates, jealous of the President's powers—a stupid, slow country boy in a pet.

OUR NATIONAL FORESTS IN THE WEST

This hesitation of Congress might be excusable were it not that the national forests at the West afford such a striking example of what can be done, both to conserve the timber and to protect the streams. Witness the cutting in any one of the Western national forests. Only the mature trees are removed, under careful supervision of a trained forester. The young growth is carefully protected, so that in a comparatively few years another crop is ready. Meantime the crown of the forest is hardly broken, the cool, moist soil has not dried out, neither fire nor erosion have influenced conditions, and the balance of nature, so dangerous when disturbed, remains unbroken. The illustration on another page from the Black Hills national forest shows a condition after lumbering almost exactly similar to that shown last month in the Connecticut State Forest. It costs more to lumber in this manner, a cost to which the private land owner is unwilling to submit. The government can afford to wait for returns beyond the limit of any private owner or corporation. It can get the fullest returns from the soil, and ultimately get far larger profits, as the history of French and German state forests abundantly prove.

It is important to note that since the national forests came under the direction of the Forest Service three years ago, having been transferred from the gen-

eral land office, they have been changed from a source of expense to one of revenue. This year the gross returns amount to two and a half million dollars.

The first national forest, adjoining the Yellowstone National Park, was established in 1891 by President Harrison, under an act of Congress authorizing the President to withdraw from entry, and proclaim as forest reserves such forest-covered portions of the public domain as in his judgment were more suitable for the growth of timber than of the middle Atlantic states as far as Maryland. It includes about one fifth of the total forest land of the United States, and will supply enough timber, by good management, to meet the growing needs of the West. It cannot be hoped that they will prevent timber scarcity in the East. Possession of this timber was rapidly passing to the large lumber companies, who were getting it by fraudulent means, and but for its being withdrawn from entry would now belong for the most part to them. It would

PLANTING THE OPEN SPACES ON A NATIONAL FOREST AT THE WEST. NOONTIME

agricultural crops. Other large areas were set aside by him; the policy was followed by Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt, each adding large areas, until Congress last year withdrew the power, and national forests can now be established only by special act of Congress. During sixteen years one hundred and sixty million acres were thus withdrawn from entry, and set apart for public instead of private use, a territory equal to the combined area of New England and have gone at the price which the timber and stone act compels the government to sell, namely two dollars and fifty cents per acre, irrespective of its value, whether forty or one hundred dollars per acre, or more. This nefarious act it has been impossible so far to persuade Congress to repeal. The best of timber in the West, worth at the time of sale ten dollars per thousand feet on the stump, has been sold for *thirteen cents per thousand feet.* Only the creation of the reserves

prevented much more of this business. Why Congress withdrew the power from the President to establish forest reserves, and at the same time refuses to repeal the timber and stone act, it is difficult to see. It looks as if some of the members of Congress were interested in the continued giving away of our heritage. Would that it could be proven that they are not! It is characteristic of President Roosevelt that in the midst of tremendous pressure and great impatience on the part of those whose less important measures must suffer, he used the last fifteen minutes of the last Congress in adding seventeen million acres to the national forests. It was his last chance!

In the Lewis and Clark National Forest. Young growth in the foreground destroyed by sheep

National resources and the president's conference

It is clear that the plan to establish national forests in New England and the southern Appalachians grew out of the fact that national forests had been established at the West. There is this difference. At the West the public domain was set aside. At the East it is necessary to purchase, for in the original thirteen states the federal government owns no land. Those who oppose purchase forget that the public domain is a part of the nation's wealth as well as money in the national treasury. They have not realized that it is an asset. There are other outgrowths of the Western forest movement as follows:

First, the regulation of the sheep range. As the herds increased in number and size they tramped out all young growth in parts of the forest, causing erosion and more or less complete disappearance of the range itself. Regulation has brought order from chaos.

Second, the conservation of water for the great irrigation projects now under way by the government. It was dis-

AT TIMBER LINE IN THE MT. RANIER NATIONAL FOREST, WASHINGTON

covered that the mountain forests are essential both to establish and maintain fertility on the plains.

Third, the storage of water in the interests of navigation. This concerns the proposed Eastern reserves. The larger part of the headwaters of the Ohio lie within the proposed southern Appalachian forest. Steamers on the Connecticut have serious difficulty, owing to the diminished flow of water at certain seasons of the year. Storage reservoirs, to which the mountain forests are essential, can remedy this.

Fourth, the control of water power. Both East and West this is a vital matter, for with the depletion of our coal fields and the advance of electricity, running water becomes an essential factor in the production of light and heat and in the distribution power. To keep the water powers out of the hands of a group of powerful corporations that have combined to get possession of them, is a task now confronting the nation. Bills giving away these powers have been repeatedly introduced in Congress, and but for Mr. Pinchot, supported by Mr. Garfield and the President, would have accomplished their end. The worst of the bills was introduced by Senator Crane, and backed by people prominent in

Boston, with others from Washington, Chicago, and Los Angeles, all of whom had better have been out of it.

Fifth, the control of coal and mineral lands within the public domain. This is another important consideration, leading to inquiry into the wasteful methods of mining coal and the minerals throughout the country.

Sixth, the drainage of swamp land for forest and agricultural crops. Some of these matters Congress controls. Others the states control. To arouse attention, and if possible secure cooperative action between the government and the states, the President has called a conference at the White House of the governors of all states and territories, which before this article is printed will have taken place. This is the first gathering of its kind in our history. Among other large results anticipated is a concentration of public opinion upon the Eastern forest bill, and the establishment of a system of inland waterways to which the forests are essential. All of the New England governors and five Southern governors have already co-operated in asking speedy and favorable action from Congress on the Appalachian forest bill.

THE ATTITUDE OF CONGRESS

Had the President's conference occurred in March the impetus given might have carried the Appalachian forest bill through Congress at this session, in spite of the opposition from leaders of the House. The bill may pass yet before the session closes if it is actively supported by its friends throughout the country. At this writing it is pending before the Agricultural Committee of the House, from which a favorable report is expected. Let every member of Congress, both senators and representatives, hear strongly from his constituents, urging prompt support in securing the immediate passage of this bill! Every friend of the White Mountains should write to his Congressman, and should get friends outside of New England to write. Letters from the middle West are particularly needful, for members coming from the level states do not appreciate the mountain problems of slow growth, of fire and erosion, of timber waste, of crippled stream flow, and injured water powers. To them a commission of inquiry is all that is deemed necessary!

The bills originally introduced in this session have been declared unconstitutional by the Judiciary Committee; hence new bills have been drawn in the interest of navigation, for which purpose alone Congress may purchase forest lands within the states. It is probable that the Senate, which is favorable, will pass promptly a bill satisfactory to the House. The Senate has repeatedly taken action on this measure.

At a previous session of Congress the Eastern national forests would have been established but for the opposition of Mr. Cannon. The bill passed the Senate, and was recommended to the House by the committee on agriculture, both by unanimous votes, but the speaker refused to permit the bill to be discussed on the floor of the House. His present opposition is believed to be no less active. Like the irrigation measure this will have to be passed in spite of the speaker,— a difficult task. Public sentiment, however, can do it. Let the friends of the measure rally to its support. The great sources of New England's wealth are indeed in danger. It is unpatriotic to permit destruction in the White Mountains to go on for another year. The political leaders of the House of Representatives have a narrow view which must be overcome by intelligent, vigorous, prompt expression of public opinion.

(NOTE — Photographs for this series have been used by the courtesy of the U. S. Forest Service, Mr. L. F. Cutler, of the Appalachian Mountain Club, and Mr. H. K. Barrows, photographer, Boston, Mass.

A Word to Young Writers

In which the Publishers announce a Short Story Prize Contest for undergraduates of New England's Colleges and Universities and a series of articles on the opportunities and compensations of literary work.

THE tendency of the modern age of business seems to be away from literary shrines. We have not to-day, we are told, the great writers of a generation or two ago. Why kneel, then, at the feet of the inferior Man of Letters of this generation? Why, if one is busy with money-getting, and other more important matters? Why, indeed, if one is intimate with the acknowledged masters of the past?

And this bugbear, this seeming waning of the hour when the Man of the Pen was the lion of every social circle, seems responsible to a great degree for that ever more frequent word of advice, thus vulgarly put, "Oh, don't go in for story writing and that sort of thing. The returns are too small. And as for poetry, the chances are that you'd not only starve, but be thought weak-minded for your pains."

How one-sided and twisted out of shape some of us are getting to be in our mad scramble for the dollars. Need we demand that we become objects of fawning adulation if we feel that the best gift God has given us is the power to talk on paper, and decide, if necessary, to sacrifice a little, if necessary a great deal, to bring that gift to its full power? Because the *hoi polloi* think and talk in terms of dollars and cents, are we of this time and generation to give up that good old belief of our fathers that there is more satisfaction in reflecting upon a bit of pure gold spun from the fine web of our better selves, than in contemplating the wide sweep of acres and countless herds of cattle?

And yet we do not mean to give it as our belief that the present day is without real Men of Letters; nor again, that there are not now more aspirants to literary honors than at any previous time in our history. The point we want to make is this — that in thousands and thousands of instances, and some few have come under our personal observation, "the man with the gift" is the man who is discouraged from following his natural bent. And why? For the very reason that he is gifted and that his friends recognize that his gifts have a bigger money value in other walks of life and a surer market elsewhere than in literature. But the thought is not a new one; how often have you

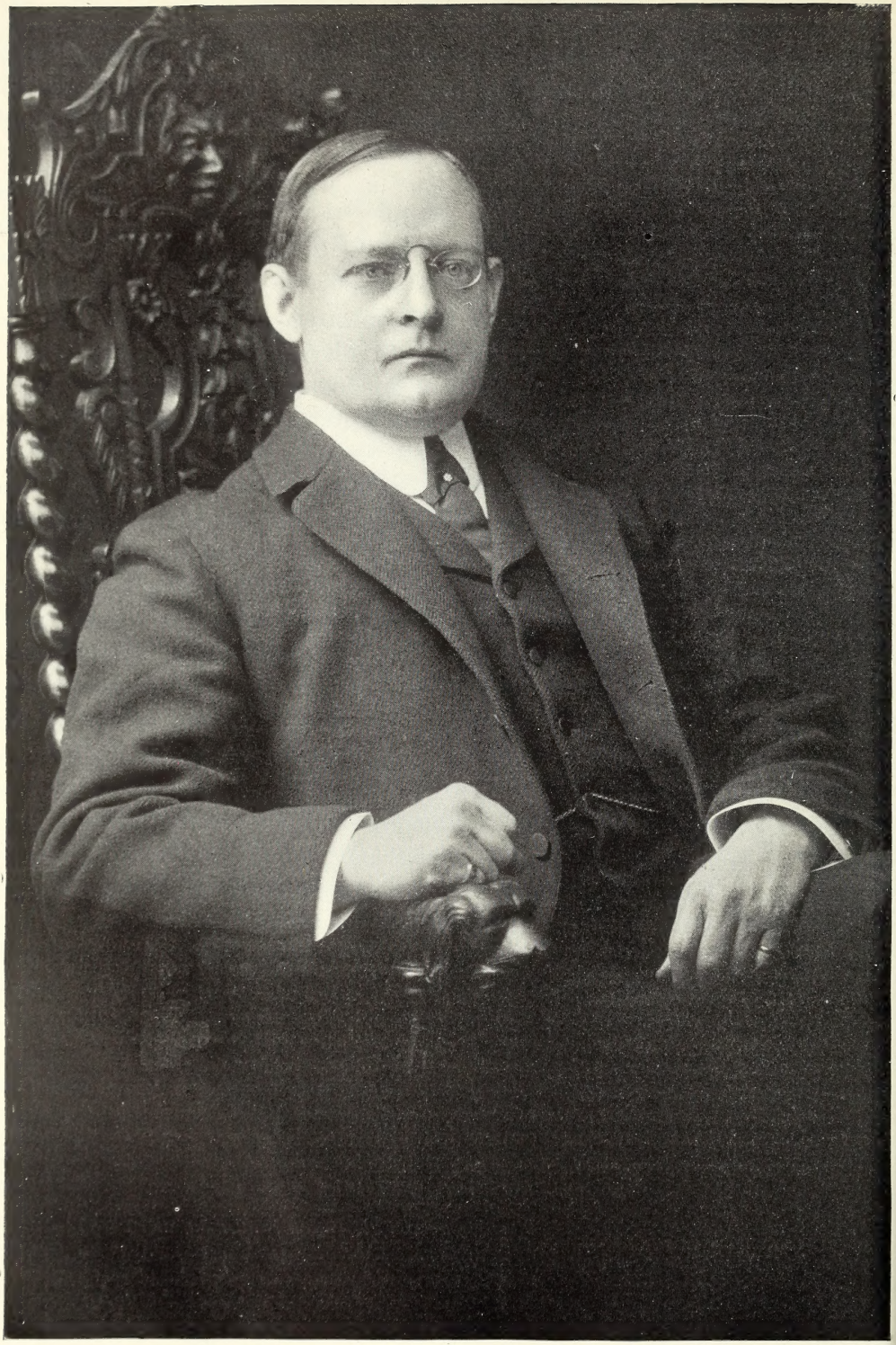
heard it applied to that noble profession, The Ministry; " This brainy man, now lawyer or merchant," you have heard some one say, " about to enter the theological seminary, at the last moment decided upon law. If only those ' with the gift ' were not so easily turned aside! "

Come Publishers, come Editors, come Literary Workers, come Educators, come lovers of things literary — join hands. Vow that whatever your past, you will not again deny your deity, the Goddess of Literature. Swear that the words of discouragement that you are tempted to speak to the literary aspirant " for his or her good," shall henceforth remain unspoken, unless you have taken the trouble to make sure that " there is no gift."

But we who write and you who read pride ourselves on the fact that New England is the brithplace of American Literature. With exceptions that may be named in a breath, the American writers whom our critics have adjudged great were New Englanders. Is there reason to believe that "the gift" of their fathers has not been transmitted to the young men and women of the present day? We believe that " the gift " is with us yet, and that the New England of the future will continue to lead in American Letters.

From time to time, as often as occasion offers, we shall hope to do something to help " make our dreams come true." As a first step in this direction we wish to announce a Short Story Prize Contest for undergraduates of New England's colleges and universities. There will be a first prize of one hundred dollars, a second of fifty dollars, and third and fourth prizes of twenty-five dollars each. The only conditions of the contest are, (1) that the story be by an undergraduate of a New England college or university; (2) of from three to six thousand words in length, and (3) be submitted to us before October first, next. We hope that this contest may arouse widespread interest among students of English, and that the contestants will be many. The prizes are not large; on the other hand the honor to winners will not be small. Announcement is made at this time, in order that those who wish to compete may have ample time for preparation and may not be inclined to submit a story that is hastily written.

Those who propose to contest will do well to read the New England Magazine during the coming months. We shall not only have something to say on the subject of the Contest from time to time, but in the July, August, and September numbers a great Publisher, a great Editor, and a great Writer will turn the leaves of their experience for your benefit, and tell of the opportunities and compensations of literary work. These articles of inspiration you cannot afford to miss.



HON. CHARLES S. HAMLIN, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY UNDER CLEVELAND

What New England Says on the Great Issues of the Coming Presidential Campaign

A Symposium by Charles S. Hamlin, Samuel J. Elder, William Lloyd Garrison, Ex-Governor John McLane, Hon. Patrick J. McCarthy, Hon. George L. Lilley, Hon. Theodore Bodenwein, and Hon. Alexander Troup.

TARIFF REFORM THE MOST IMPORTANT ISSUE

By Hon. Charles S. Hamlin, *of Massachusetts*

I AM asked, as a Democrat, to express my views for the New England Magazine upon the great issues involved in the approaching National Campaign. I understand this request to call for an opinion as to what the issues are on which the Democratic party may hope to win in the coming elections.

At the outset we must face the fact that the Republican party is in power in the National House, the Senate, and the Presidency. For many years the Republicans have held this power, and the question for the consideration of Democrats is in what manner can they be dislodged.

We must first of all recognize the inevitable. It will be utterly useless to hope to win in the coming elections by wasting our ammunition in attempting to prove that the Republican administration has stolen its most popular policies from the Democratic party, however true this may be in fact. Nor will any assaults upon the personal character of the nominee, whomsoever he may be, be of any avail.

In order to win, the Democratic party must declare policies of its own and must convince the people that a change in the administration will be beneficial for the people of the United States.

If possible it would seem the part of wisdom to adopt a line of attack which will place the Republicans on the defensive. Such an opportunity is open to the Democratic party.

What are the vulnerable points of the Republican administration?

First of all it stands for gross extravagance in public expenditures, entailing huge treasury deficits. It stands for a fixed policy of centralization in utter disregard of the rights of the states and for the surrender to the Chief Executive of powers never intended by the Constitution. It stands for a policy of force in the Philippine Islands, a policy which, not daring to refuse to the people ultimate independence, yet would put off the time of giving independence to such a remote period that, as regards the present generation at least, it is equivalent to a complete denial of liberty. It stands for a practical alliance with trusts and combinations for the perpetuation of the present system of unjust tariff taxation giving over the entire American people to be plundered by the tariff monopolists. It stands lastly for a policy of militarism; for a huge army and navy. Its conception of peace among nations is simply an armed neutrality; its emblem of peace is the battleship.

The Democratic party should not hesitate to take issue upon all these policies. It should stand for economy in national expenditures; for the restoration of constitutional government; for liberty for the Filipinos; for equal enforcement of the laws of the country against law-breakers; for an immediate reduction in tariff taxation, and for publicity of all campaign contributions.

In an article such as this it will naturally be impossible to dwell at length on all of these issues; this must be left for campaign discussion. I must content myself, therefore, with briefly alluding to them.

So far as the necessity for economy in national expenditure goes, the present deficit of fifty millions of dollars and the certainty that the deficit will amount to seventy millions of dollars for the present fiscal year speaks more eloquently than any words.

As to the need of restoration of constitutional government, we have but to remember the events leading up to the Panama revolution, the general policy of our government in the Philippines, the Santo Domingo agreement, made and put into effect without ratification by the Senate, the pension order, the German trade agreement, which changed laws of the United States without the sanction of Congress, and the discharge of the negro troops without trial. These and other instances will furnish ample material for attack.

Turning to the Philippine Islands, we should not fear to force the fighting on that issue. While they are of us, they should have privileges of trade with us on equal terms, in spite of the protest of frantic protected industries. A definite policy should be laid down giving these people freedom under the protection of the United States or the neutralization of the islands. Exploitation of the islands should be vigorously attacked as one of the fruits of the protective policy. The Act of Congress, of February 26, 1906, placing a surtax of one hundred per cent on cotton splits, so called, the clothing worn by the masses of the Philippine people, in order that certain American manufacturers might secure a monopoly of the trade and force the people to pay higher prices for their clothing, should be publicly denounced. This grant of monopoly alone should be sufficient to secure the removal from power of the national administration responsible for it.

When we approach the subject of the law prohibiting trusts and combinations, we should promise that the law will be enforced against every offender, regardless of power and influence, and regardless of whether it is labeled a "good" trust or a "bad" trust. We should, however, recognize that there are many combinations which the common law and the consensus of opinion recognize as beneficial to the community. Under the existing law, however, if any direct restraint of interstate trade is brought about, the court must declare the combination an illegal one. Such a law gives tremendous power to the executive. Under executive favoritism one combination may be pursued with all the power of the government, while another, equally injurious to the public, may be permitted to exist without government hindrance. We see many combinations generally believed to be illegal as yet unrestrained by executive action, and we must recognize the demoralizing effect of having a law upon the statute books which can only be enforced by executive judgment, or if you will, by executive caprice. It would seem the part of wisdom to amend this law so as to forbid all combinations and trusts in unreasonable restraint of trade, leaving to the courts rather than to the executive the determination of what such an unreasonable restraint is.

We now come to the most important issue of all in the coming campaign,—reduction in customs taxation. On this issue the Democratic party has won in the past and on this issue it can most assuredly win in the future. Probably there never has been a time in the history of our country when there has been such universal dissatisfaction with the customs tariff. It operates as robbery upon the American people in its present application. It is the one cohesive force to-day which holds together the Republican party as an organization and provides it with funds to wage its campaigns.

Reform in customs taxation is the one great policy upon which all Democrats can unite with an absolute certainty of important support from within the Republican ranks. While the Republican party, it is true, has felt obliged by the force of public opinion to state that it will revise the tariff, yet every one must appreciate the hypocrisy of such an announcement, and must realize that

there can be no hope of genuine reduction of customs taxes at its hands.

Under this form of legalized robbery, the American people are being daily plundered. Prices are kept up at exorbitant heights while the protected manufacturers gladly sell the same goods for export to foreigners at greatly reduced prices. The benefit of ultimate lower prices which the protectionists used to say our people would obtain under the protective system, is now refused to our people but given freely to foreigners. Under the protective system we cannot obtain true value for our purchases. If we pay a dollar for protected goods we do not receive back a dollar's worth of goods,— we are fortunate if we get sixty or seventy cents' worth; the balance is taken from us as a tariff tribute for the benefit of protected manufacturers.

We have heard much lately of the evil of railroad rebates, and stringent laws have been passed which it is believed has made such rebates impossible in the future. There is a rebate, however, given to-day by our protected manufacturers which is of greater injury to the American people than any railroad rebate, bad as that may be, could possibly be. What greater evil could be imagined than the tariff rebate by which protected manufacturers give to foreigners rebates of from ten to thirty per cent on purchases of American goods! Yet to many of our people a railroad rebate is sin, while a tariff rebate is righteousness!

So, also, we have heard much of excessive railroad rates. While excessive rates are undoubtedly an evil, as a rule they would seem to be infinitesimal as compared with the excessive prices brought about by high protection. If the freight rate on a ton of steel billets from Pittsburgh to Boston should be increased by a railroad by ten cents a ton our people would be thrown into a frenzy. Is it not time, however, to realize that every time we buy a ton of steel billets in New England, at least five dollars of the price we pay represents a tax paid to the protected manufacturer for which payment we receive no equivalent in billets.

We should endeavor to keep a proper proportion in reforms, and we must recognize that reform of the tariff is the most important issue before the American people.

Another important matter is legislation providing for publicity in contributions and expenditures in Presidential campaigns. It should be known to all our people whoever contributes towards the election of a president. With such knowledge secret bargains or understandings will become impossible.

Finally, the Democratic party should not hesitate to proclaim itself as the party of peace as opposed to the party of militarism. We should demonstrate to the people that peace does not bring lethargy nor dishonor. Let us restore as the emblem of peace the dove, in place of the Republican emblem, the battleship.

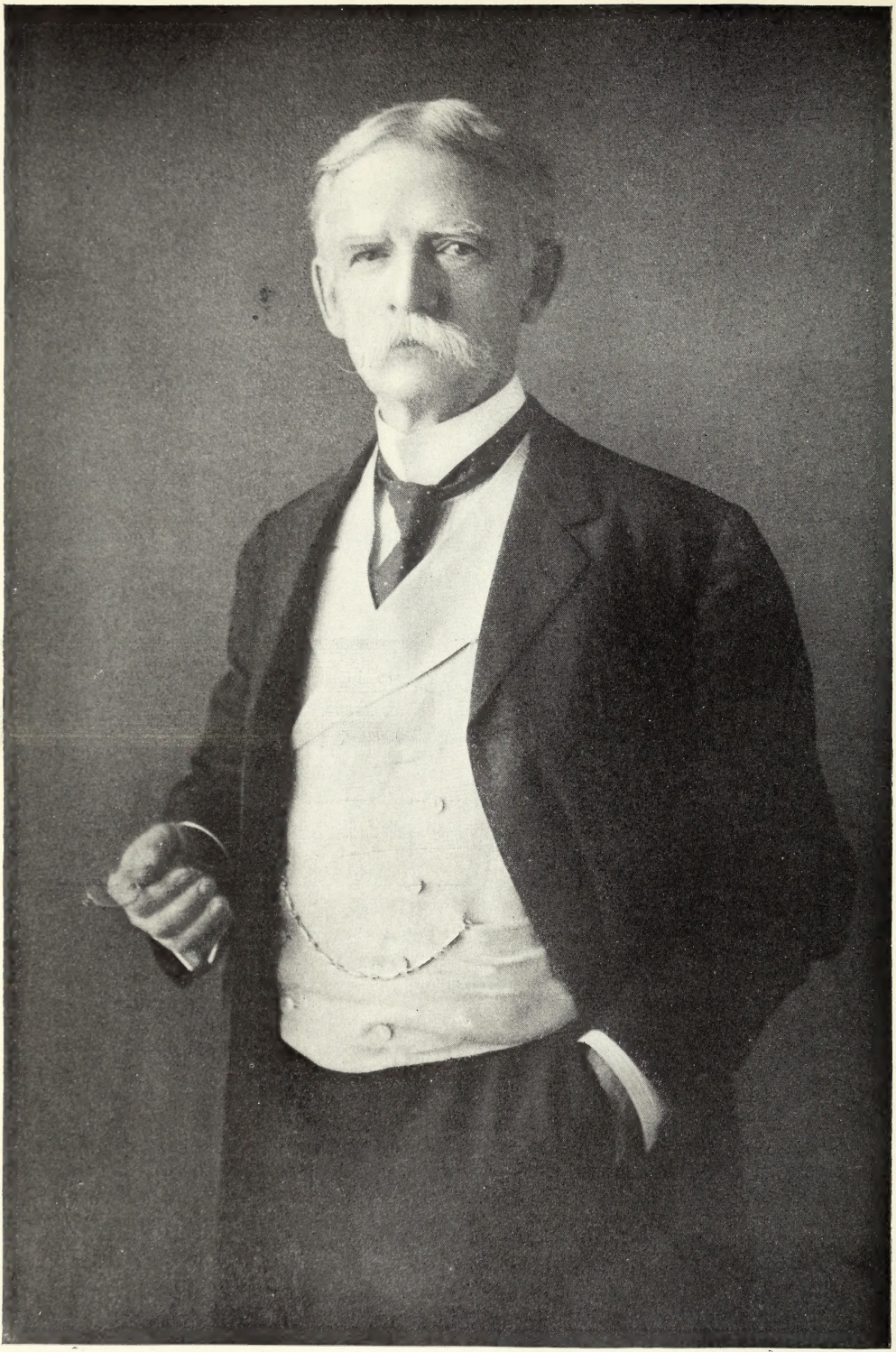
If the Democratic party will carry on the coming campaign on issues such as these it will enter the campaign thrice armed, for we shall know that our quarrel is just.

THE NOMINATION WILL DETERMINE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN

By SAMUEL J. ELDER, *of Massachusetts*
Delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago this year

A novel situation arises, in that two contests are imminent. One is the contest within the Republican party to determine by the personnel of its candidates more than by its platform what its policies are to be, and the second the usual and expected contest between the two great parties of the country.

It has rarely happened in American politics that so serious and far-reaching



SAMUEL J. ELDER, DELEGATE TO THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO THIS YEAR

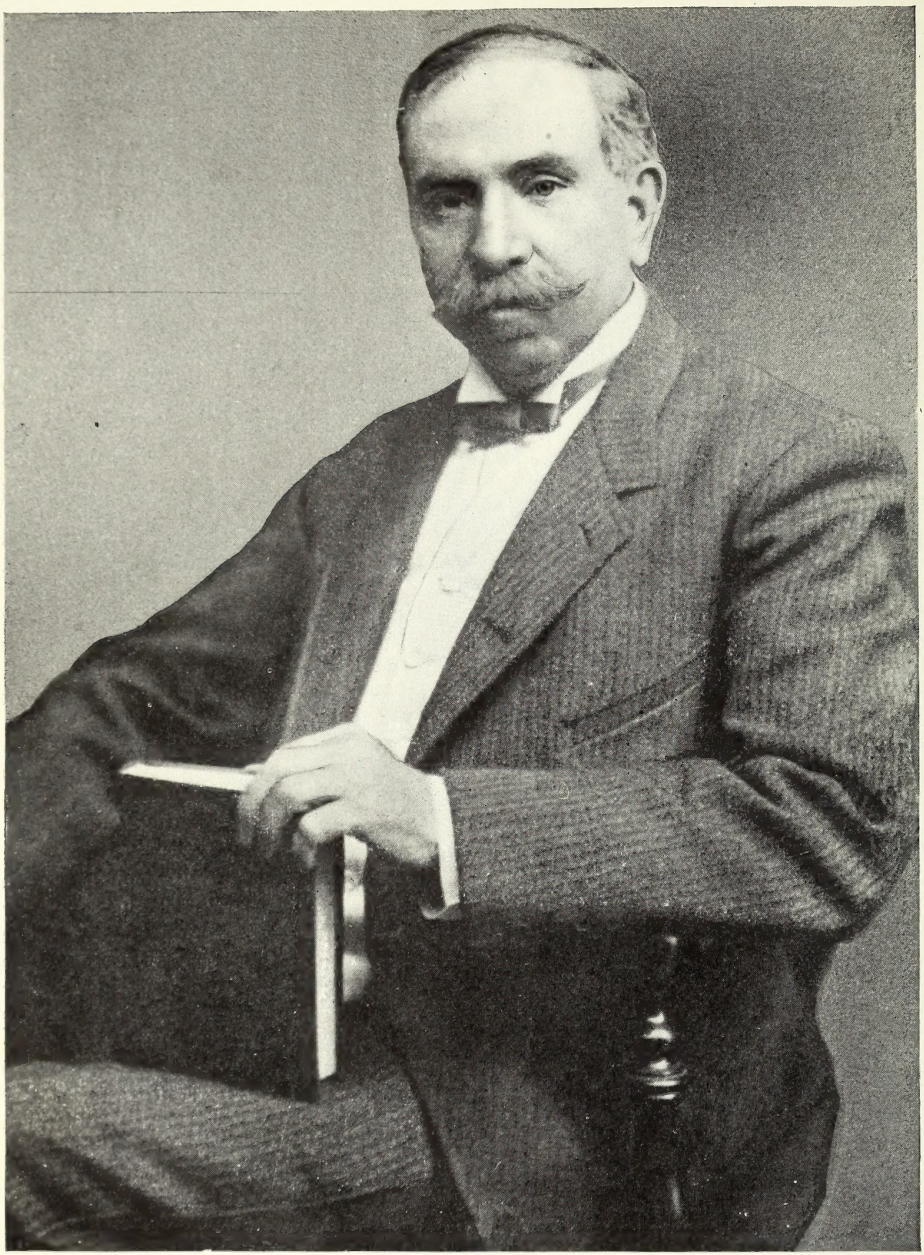
a contest has been made for the Republican nomination. Of course there have been contests every eight years, and sometimes oftener, as to who the standard-bearer should be. The claims of different candidates have been vigorously presented and their states have been profoundly interested in the outcome. In this campaign the claims of individuals and "favorite sons" have also been vigorously presented, but behind and underlying the whole was the question whether the policies of the Republican administration during the last eight years were to be upheld and maintained, and that contest has crystallized around the candidacy of Mr. Taft.

During the many years of almost uninterrupted Republican supremacy it has become more and more the representative of the conservative forces of the country. Its opposition to inflation, its opposition to the silver movement, and its consistent adherence to the protective policy have made it the representative of the financial interests of the country.

It has always been felt, and whenever necessary the feeling has been justified, that a Republican President and a Republican Senate could be relied upon to check wildcat legislation, both on questions of currency and of business generally. Of course, throughout it all the farming and laboring classes have felt secure in the protection of the moderate wage and of the scale of living which that wage permitted, and the persistence of the Republican vote has been due to that confidence. But, at the same time, the actual control of the party and its campaigns more and more fell into the hands of rich men and the representatives of great industrial and transportation interests. The result has been that a Republican Senate has come to be largely representative of great interests, and however honest, was inevitably prejudiced in favor of the existing order, and of financial industrial conditions which made enormous individual accumulations of capital. The continued prosperity of the country seemed to justify the soundness of the situation. Undoubtedly it was and is sound, but great abuses grew up and great oppression resulted. Stupendous accumulations of wealth in industrial enterprises dictated to the railroads, and enormous combinations of the railroads, controlling the highways of commerce, dominated the entire industry of the country. Whether a Worcester County manufacturer could sell his goods in Iowa depended on the rate that he could obtain. Whether he could live at all depended on whether some greater rival secured better transportation terms. And, on the other hand, the price the farmer received for his wheat, his prosperity, and the value of his farm, depended on the rates for east-borne freight. The small accumulations of the people drifted into the hands of insurance companies, which together with the trust companies provided the life blood for new combinations, and held the securities of the old.

Representatives of all these companies and combinations sat upon the same boards of directors, and the business of the country was lodged more and more in the hands and brains of a few men.

Into this situation came President Roosevelt. He urged the doctrine of the square deal. He persisted in the demand for equal rates of transportation and against violations of the law. His policies have met with both open and secret opposition. The established order sought perpetuity. It regarded him as a dan gerous man, and his policies as perilous, but it was impossible for a Republican Senate, responsible to Republican Legislatures, in the last instance to oppose those policies, but they could look forward to the next election. President Roosevelt had declared that he would not again be a presidential candidate, and within the last year it has been well known that his choice for successor in his work was his Secretary of War, and the opposition to him became opposition to Mr. Taft. He was accused of dictating his own successor, of intending to be the power behind the throne, and almost in the same breath from the same quarters, with really conniving to secure his own renomination under the pretence of the Taft candidacy. It made little difference how emphatically he restated



HON. PATRICK J. MCCARTHY, MAYOR OF PROVIDENCE

his determination. Doubts, again, were cleverly inserted in various newspapers and found their way through the country.

The tide, however, set strongly in favor of Mr. Taft, and there seemed little possibility of preventing his nomination unless large numbers of delegates could be diverted.

The nomination to be made at Chicago will then largely determine the campaign which the Republican party will make. It is entirely true that Governor Hughes

and Senator Knox are also committed to the administration policies, but the situation is such that the country regards the nomination of Mr. Taft as the most effective committal of the party to the restraint of illegal combinations, and granted his nomination, its position would be entirely clear.

Where, then, would the contest be? It is difficult to see what positions the Democratic party can effectively or even hopefully take. The adminstration has already inaugurated intelligently and safely all the measures of restraint upon trusts and upon aggregate capital that the country is prepared to support. The question in the East has been whether it had not gone too far. Bryan, if nominated, cannot hope to carry it to extremes. Mr. Bryan cannot say much about the tariff, because the Republican party will undoubtedly be committed in its platform to a revision. Mr. Taft, a year ago, placed himself squarely not only in favor of revision, but of absolute commitment of the party in its platform to that course. The country will not experiment again with Democratic revision.

The Brownsville incident furnishes no basis for a campaign. Whatever appeals were made to negro voters to desert the Republican party on that ground would be sure to react savagely upon a party which depends for its electoral vote upon the South and cannot risk antagonizing the older democracy of the North. The incident itself is not national. Granted that two companies of a United States regiment were severely treated because of an outrage by some of their number, the sober second thought of every man, black or white, will be that the President would have acted with equal severity had the regiment been white.

Nor does the question of centralization offer any better campaign issue. So far as it is not a judicial question it is highly academic. No one proposes to change the Constitution of the United States to give the federal government greater powers, and the question whether new legislation is in excess of the constitutional powers of the government can be, and must be, left with the Supreme Court. It has dealt with it effectively and will continue to do so.

Mr. Stimson's scholarly address upon this subject at the Massachusetts Democratic State Convention seems to have failed to touch any popular chord in that party. The enormous growth of commerce between states has inevitably led to increased and at times exaggerated importance being given to the interstate clause in the federal Constitution, but the people are prepared to see the federal government deal to the limit, under that clause, with illegal combinations.

With the nomination of a judicial tempered man such as Taft or Hughes or Knox, this issue would fail of any carrying force.

The silver issue is dead and its skeleton must be locked tight in the Democratic Chamber of Horrors. Every time there is a crack in the door that party will listen to the crack of doom.

Government ownership is another skeleton whose perturbed spirit has long since flown and whose return to the flesh would work only Democratic vexation and loss.

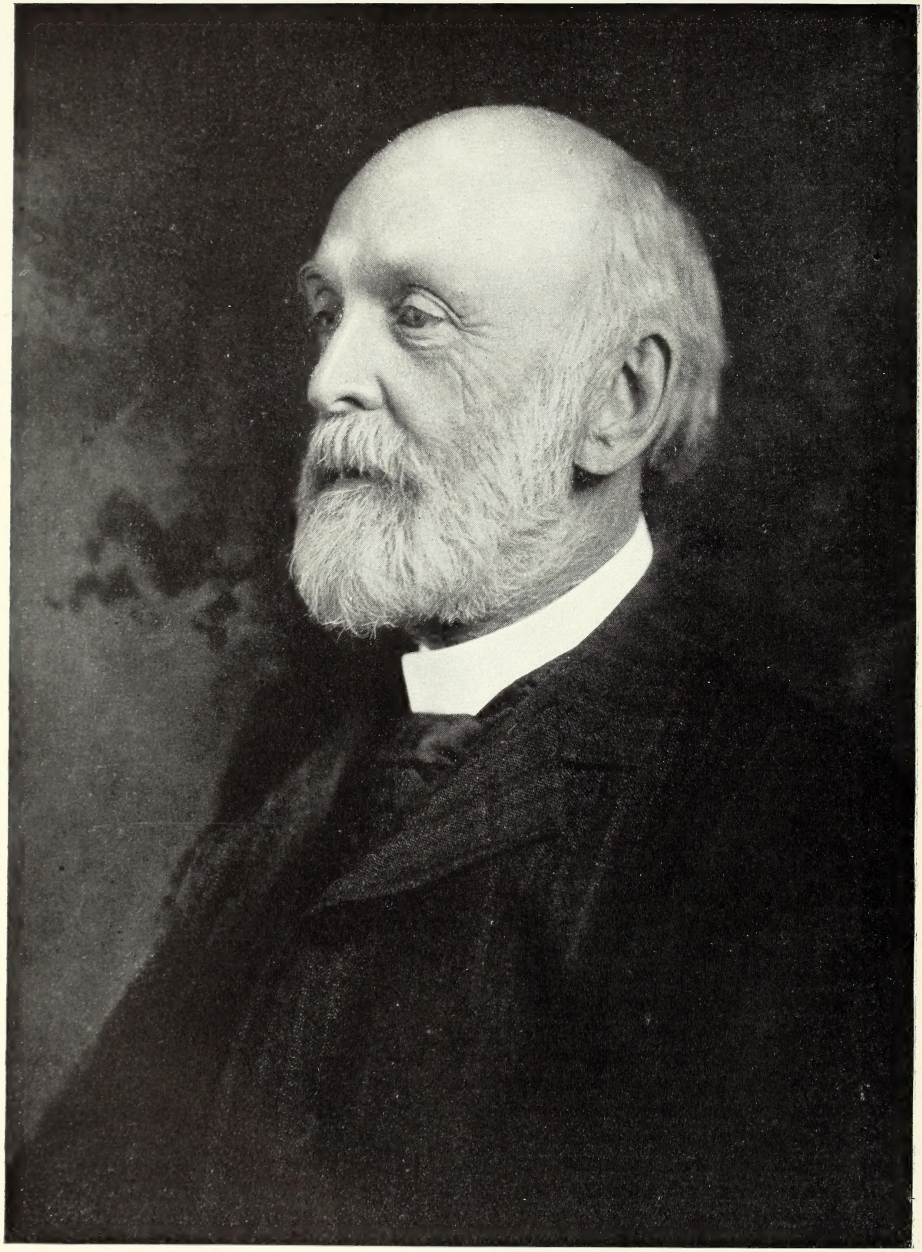
Any other nomination by the democracy would perhaps free its hands from some of the past, but could not provide it with a live issue not long since anticipated by the Republicans.

The campaign is one to be determined in large part by the nominations, and the nomination and election will determine whether the Republican party is still the party of the people.

FOUR IMPORTANT ISSUES OF THE CAMPAIGN

By Hon. Patrick J. McCarthy, *Mayor of Providence*

Patrick J. McCarthy, Mayor of Providence, and one of the most faithful public servants the city has ever had, expresses his views on " The Great Issues of the Coming Presidential Campaign," as follows:



William Lloyd Garrison, Secretary of the Free Trade League

1. Revision of the tariff seems to be necessary, bearing in mind always that the home market of the United States is the best market in the world for our country. That that market should be protected within reasonable lines, adjusting the duties at revenue standards on things that we can successfully compete with foreigners upon, and at the same time ensure the advantage to ourselves. Lumber as raw material should be put on the free list, to save our forests and stimulate building trades and cultivation of forests.

2. Amendment of Emigration Laws should be made an issue.

3. If President Roosevelt is nominated, the Third Term will receive more stump attention than any other form of issue.

4. Amendment and enforcement of the interstate commerce laws.

NEITHER HORN OF THE DILEMMA CAN SATISFY THE INDEPENDENT

By WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, *of Massachusetts*
Secretary Free Trade League

Party government is an ingenious device to prevent an intelligent verdict of the voters upon distinct issues. In a presidential contest the framers of each party platform strive to embody many diverse and unrelated questions, to the end that when the votes are counted no one can comprehend the mandate of the people.

Primarily, the candidate is the chief issue, for the reason that his vast power of patronage affects a large and ever-growing body of men seeking office or influence through politics. They are masters of chicane and management, and skilful in vague declarations of principles. The catch-all planks must have a double interpretation to be available. The party, for instance, boldly declares for, or denounces tariff reform, but — . And the qualifications indicate how cowardly is the boldness.

In a town meeting the voters, freed from party shackles, naturally divide on single questions. In city, state, and national elections the people are constrained, first, to vote for party leaders, and, second, for measures dictated by the politicians in control. This device to checkmate popular government ideally fulfills the purposes of its inventors, but it holds democracy in chains. Hence the effort of the people to regain effective suffrage through the initiative, the referendum, and the recall.

To name the issues upon which the coming national election will turn is as difficult, but no more difficult, than it will be to decide, when the polls close, what the issues have been. It is idle even to speculate upon the weight which the different pressing contentions now have upon the public mind. The one truth clearly discernible is that a forward movement of democracy against privilege is in active process. Yet, so confused and chaotic are the questions involved that the individual standard-bearers afford small index to the situation.

The protective tariff dominates the question of trusts, the latter relying upon the shelter of the former, over these extortionate combinations the country is angrily excited, but many tariff reformers will vote for the Republican, and many protectionists for the Democratic candidate, the solid South voting for the latter regardless of its tariff opinions.

Mr. Roosevelt, or the candidate dictated by him, will probably lead the Republicans, but let us suppose that Mr. Taft will be the convention's choice. From present appearances Mr. Bryan will again be the democratic nominee. Between the two men a preference may not be difficult, but between the issues of the two parties, when Mr. Bryan's addresses are largely laudatory of Mr. Roosevelt's policies, the man on the street must be puzzled.

Ex-Governor John McLane of New Hampshire

Note the dilemma of one who holds convictions on free trade, imperialism, the race question, as involved in the violation of the right of negro suffrage at the South and Oriental immigration, not to name other urgent problems demanding settlement. As regards free trade he would incline to Bryan, not because Bryan is a free trader, but because he is more of a tariff reformer than Taft. On imperialism he would unhesitatingly vote for Bryan, notwithstanding the monumental blunder of that gentleman in aiding the purchase of the Philippines. On the race question, in spite of the republican Brownsville injustice, Mr. Bryan would repel the voter with anti-slavery predilections, because of his censure of President Roosevelt for entertaining Booker Washington; because of his affiliation with Vardaman and Tillman, and his recent approval of negro disfranchisement, indicating a democracy for white people only. Mr. Bryan's anti-immigration sentiments, when yellow complexions are in question, again show the parochial nature of his democracy.

To my mind, neither horn of the dilemma can satisfy the independent. Unless the lines are more sharply drawn between the contestants, the refusal to grasp either horn is the natural course to one who repudiates the necessity of choosing the lesser evil. I appreciate the force of the partisan argument that one can never expect to obtain an ideal candidate while availability is the controlling factor in a nomination. To a degree that is true. Sir Robert Peel became prime minister as the avowed opponent of free trade, and Abraham Lincoln, in assuming the presidency, had no thought of touching the institution of slavery. Yet Peel gave the finishing stroke to the corn laws, and Lincoln decreed emancipation.

These examples give ground for hope, whichever candidate succeeds, for more powerful than presidents or parties are undeveloped forces and events which inevitably sway the future and determine the trend of civilization far more than do the glittering personalities upon whom the eyes of the people are chiefly fixed.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY WILL GUARANTEE A SQUARE DEAL

By Ex-Governor John McLane, *of New Hampshire*

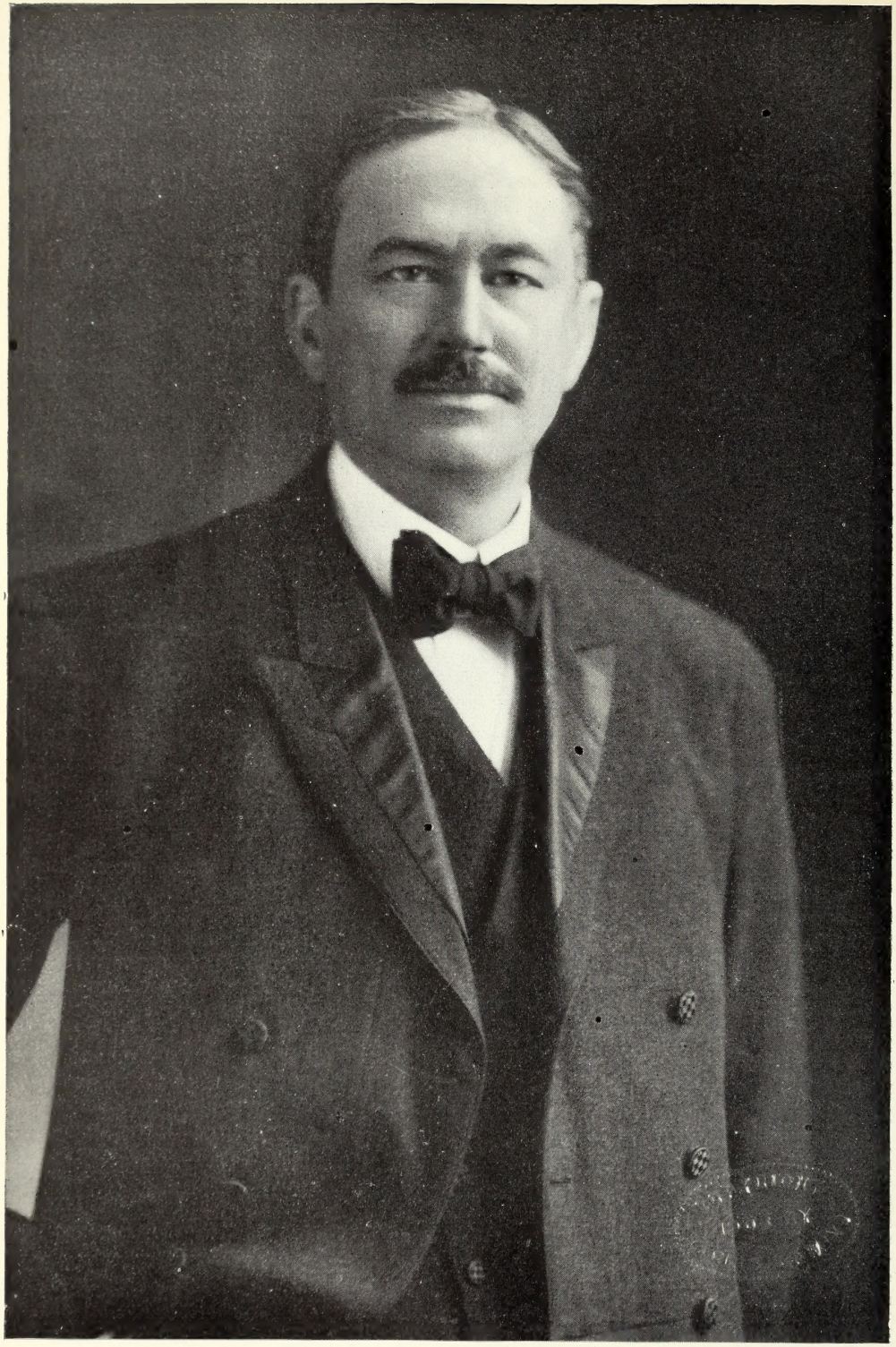
The issues of the coming presidential campaign are indeed great. To my mind they have not been exceeded in importance since those first days of the Republican party when the unity of the nation and the freedom of a race were at stake.

Our unity and freedom again are threatened; not by the arraying of section against section, as in those days, but by the growth of great distrust, not to use a stronger word, between those who should be in alliance, capital and labor, the public and the corporation which serve and live upon the public.

How best to deal with this dangerous condition is an issue of the coming campaign.

This issue the Republican party will meet with the guarantee of a square deal to all the people, a guarantee supported not only by the personality of that greatest living Republican, Theodore Roosevelt, his deeds and his words, his promises and his performances, but also by the record of the party itself in the enactment and amendment of the railway rate law and by other legislation designed to keep the rich and powerful within the pale of righteous law and to prevent the weak and poor from losing the protection which is their due.

The tariff will be an issue, as always, for a protective tariff is fundamental in the policy of the Republican party, and attacks upon it never fail of prominent display in the stocks of trade of opposition leaders. Some tariff schedules need revision and will be revised, but the principle of Protection, protection for American labor, American industry, and American agriculture will be upheld without qualification.



HON. GEO. L. LILLEY, CONGRESSMAN AT LARGE FROM CONNECTICUT

The national financial system scarcely can be considered an " issue " of the campaign, since the soundness of the system established, developed, and maintained by successive Republican administrations is not questioned. Even the probable Democratic candidate for the presidency shows no desire this year to refurbish the speeches upon this topic which he made in his previous campaigns.

The Republican party will be pleased to make the question of more ships under the American flag an issue of this campaign, but it remains to be seen if its opponents will do battle on this field. The Republican party believes in a strong navy, strong enough to command the respect and preserve the peace of the world. It believes in and hopes for a much greater fleet of American ships of commerce, owned in America, built in America, manned by Americans, carrying Americans and American products.

The question, which President Roosevelt is so wisely making prominent, of the preservation of national resources, may not become a campaign issue, but it is a matter upon which every intelligent voter will desire to express an opinion.

In brief, the issue in November is that of a record, the record of the Republican party and its presidents from Abraham Lincoln to Theodore Roosevelt. Is that record so satisfactory to the American voter that he wishes to continue it for another four years? I believe it is.

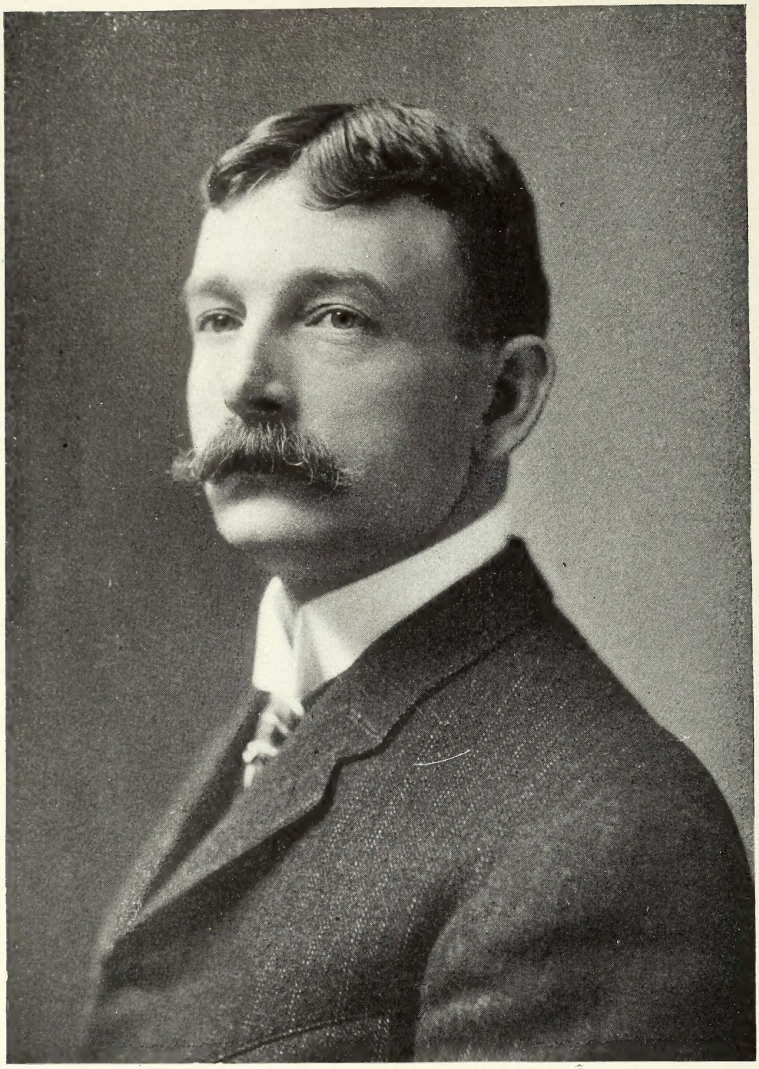
PROMPT AND FRIENDLY REVISION OF THE TARIFF IS WHAT THE COUNTRY NEEDS

By Hon. George L. Lilley, *Congressman at Large from Connecticut*

It seems quite possible that there may be but one great issue in the coming presidential campaign, and that the tariff. That is the issue that has stayed by us for a good many years, always figuring more or less in presidential campaigns, though obscured to a considerable extent in recent campaigns by other issues which were either based on no sound basis or have settled themselves in the progress of events. It has been for some years now the business of the Democratic party to raise issues for presidential campaigns, and of those the tariff is about the only one which has proven anything but ephemeral. To be sure, the money question is with us in one form or another pretty regularly, but the tariff is the real survival of the fittest in issues.

Not only that, but the call for tariff revision comes this year quite as much from the ranks of the Republican party, ever the firm friend of the protective tariff, as from those of the Democratic party, if not more so. It is perhaps a significant fact that in their recent state convention the Democrats of Connecticut, a state which benefits as much from a high protective tariff as does or can any in the Union, hesitated when it came to declaring themselves on the tariff and dodged around a definite stand on this point. The first draft of the platform adopted by this convention declared for a tariff for revenue only, but the protests of a wealthy member of the committee on resolutions resulted in the change of this to call for an equitable revision of the tariff. The Republican state convention, on the other hand, called directly for a "prompt and friendly revision of the tariff."

This is what the country needs, beyond a doubt. No nation, no body of citizens, no church, even, can successfully cope with the conditions of to-day by use of the methods, the means, or the language of yesterday. The fundamental principles, doctrines, laws prevail, but action under them must change as the times change. This is a busy, moving, progressive nation. We have had no material changes in tariff schedules in eleven years. It would surely argue ill for the progress of the United States if the tariff of 1897 were fitted to the conditions of to-day. It is not, and any sane man who stops a moment to consider the matter realizes that it is not.



HON. THEODORE BODENWEIN, SECRETARY OF STATE OF CONNECTICUT

Dozens of tariff schedules ought to be rewritten, how many I do not know. Nobody knows, really. An investigation of the situation would very likely astonish even those most familiar with the subject. For this nation moves faster in every department of its life than any nation has ever moved or than any nation is moving to-day. No man ought at this time to attempt to say just what schedules call for revision and the chances are that the whole document will have to be rewritten.

So great is this work, and so important, that it is doubtful if any Congress can do it satisfactorily or successfully. Congress cannot specialize; there are too many matters to be taken care of in a single session and of too many different kinds. The proper handling of a subject so near to the material prosperity and welfare of the nation it cannot receive from Congress. No committee has the time to specialize on it as it requires. The tariff should be taken in hand by a commission authorized to go to the

bottom of the whole matter, with time enough to do it and composed of men able and willing to do it. Congress will have quite enough to do to handle the report of that commission.

There is a very close connection between the revision of the tariff and the empty dinner pail, an issue of the coming campaign which has sprung into existence with a suddenness which makes it none the less vital to the average man who casts the votes that elect presidents. Yet industrial conditions of a less rosy aspect than was the case a year ago and back of that are chargeable, in reality, to the lack of confidence which had its birth in the financial upset of last fall. That confidence is gradually returning and it will be by no means surprising to find that the presidential nominations to such an extent discount the future that confidence will be practically restored and the empty dinner pail as a campaign issue disappear before the campaign shall have hardly begun.

Without doubt the currency question will be a live issue in this campaign. This is so abstruse a matter, however, when one goes into the technicalities upon which it is based, as to lend itself far less readily to the purposes of the campaign orator or the campaign writer who is coming more and more into prominence as a factor in politics. The workingman wants a dollar that is worth a dollar, and he wants it on such a basis that it will continue to be worth a dollar, but his main interest is in having it. A lack of currency with which to do business or an inelastic currency are neither of them at the bottom of the depression which has obtained during the past winter. We have inflated to the bursting point, or Wall Street has, and there had to come a time of reckoning.

As an issue, the trusts no longer occupy a place of prominence. Pretty much everybody recognizes now the fact that the trust is a logical outgrowth of modern business conditions. The vastly enlarged efforts that to-day characterize commercial and business affairs in general require combination of energies and resources. The tariff is the mother of trusts only in so far as tariff schedules fail to meet the conditions which prevail in certain industries and provide a false protection far greater than is reasonable, and trusts are evil only in so far as they are operated outside and without due regard for the law.

Because it affects the newspapers, there is little doubt that a prominent issue of the campaign will be the duty on wood pulp, a matter which is really included in the revision of the tariff. There isn't a question that this schedule should be changed and a party platform that did not call for that would be incomplete.

Another very important question that will be an issue in more than one state is that of the preservation of what forests we have left. This is a commercial and materialistic age, but even the most callous is aware that the destruction of the forests of the United States has gone beyond all bounds and must be stopped at once and measures taken to insure a supply of timber to coming generations, as well as to preserve the waterways of the nation.

REAL ISSUE OF THE CAMPAIGN WILL BE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S POLICIES

By Hon. Theodore Bodenwein, *Secretary of State of Connecticut*

The issues of the coming presidential campaign depend to a very large extent on who is nominated by each party. There is little doubt, however, that the real issue of the campaign will be President Roosevelt's policies. Whatever may be the feeling on the part of capitalists, manufacturers, the big men of Wall Street, and others, the people favor the Roosevelt position as to the curbing

of the power of great aggregations of capital, the protection of the small investor, and an enforcement of the obligation that rests on great and small alike to respect and act within the law.

If Theodore Roosevelt were to be nominated again, he would be elected just as certainly as he was four years ago, and any man who does not profess sympathy with and allegiance to his policies will find himself facing a handicap that will go far toward making it impossible for him to win. This does not take into account the fact — and it is a fact — that many manufacturers, bankers, and other men of large interests, lay the industrial disturbance which we have not yet got clear of at the President's door. They do, and if he were to run again he would lose votes because of this; but he would gain enough votes to fully offset that from quarters where he did not get them before.

There is no doubt about the feeling of relief in the minds of many men of affairs who are just now becoming convinced that the President does not mean to accept a renomination this year. Some do not credit it even yet. The average voter, however, would not fail to strenuously urge his renomination if it came to a choice between him and a reactionary who did not hold with him in his main beliefs and policies. The country has needed a shaking up. But it has had it, and what the people now want is a period of relief from strenuosity and tension, a chance to readjust and recuperate, but with a chief executive in the chair who will, in a milder and better judged way, go right ahead along the same lines that the present administration has followed.

On the Democratic side, in case the nomination of Bryan comes about, he will be the issue. His personality will obscure other issues and such policies as he chooses to bring forward will constitute the platform on which he will run. Perhaps it will be a revision of the tariff that will seem to him of most importance, perhaps an income tax, perhaps government ownership of the railroads, whatever it is, the issues of the campaign from the Democratic viewpoint will be embodied in Bryan.

Doubtless the tariff will play some part in the issues of the campaign in any case, though it seems to me some give it a more important place than it will really hold. That there are schedules which need revision no one can gainsay, but there are many men who are not yet ready to admit that a general overhauling of the tariff is necessary, and would regret the insertion in the Republican national platform of a plank calling for this. At the same time, to touch the tariff at all doubtless means a general overhauling, and certainly some of the schedules ought to be rewritten. Perhaps the portion referring to this in the platform adopted by the recent Republican state convention in this state covers this matter as well as may be. That calls for a "friendly revision of the tariff of 1897 by a Republican Congress that thinks American industries and the American wages paid in them should be protected."

In any case, whatever is done about the tariff should be done by a commission and not by Congress in the first instance, a commission of experts, as far as possible, which would go into the matter thoroughly and intelligently and report back to Congress, which would then have quite enough to attend to to pass a tariff bill. Nor is this commission idea anything new. Time was when we didn't feel like taking hold of the tariff in any other manner.

Undoubtedly the removal of the duty on wood pulp will be used largely as an illustration of desirable changes in the present tariff during the campaign, though this is a matter which touches too limited a number to make a general issue. That is to say, primarily; of course the price of newspapers is a vital subject with the public at large. It is a question, however, if the removal of this duty would result in cheaper white paper. Canada might very readily put on an export duty, for one thing, and prevent our taking advantage of the Canadian forests to our own relief. What would be of great benefit in the present situation would be that more capital should go into paper making and more independent mills be established, so that two great combinations could not control the market.

When all is said on campaign issues, though we come back to the fact the country at large is awakened to the conditions that have been repeatedly pointed out by President Roosevelt and to the need for changes and remedies and his policies are the real issue. More diplomacy, more tact, a more peaceable method of gaining the end sought are desirable and desired, but that the evils of the period of unprecedented prosperity through which we have been passing should be overcome and the possibility of other evils growing out of the manner in which business must be done in these days should be guarded against and the methods of big business subjected to a proper control is the feeling of the mass of the American people. They believe that Roosevelt has the accomplishment of these things seriously at heart and approve of him for it. They want his policies along these lines to remain in force.

Other issues are subsidiary to this, to my mind. Much is being said about the currency and that may have its place among campaign issues. It usually does, in one form or another. The people in general are concerned more keenly about getting enough of it, however, than in the technicalities surrounding the subject. Closest to their hearts is the desire that the nation shall have such a government that it may become structurally sound, if it is not, and remain so for the great work in the world's progress which the United States is to do.

ROOSEVELT'S INTERPRETATION OF EXECUTIVE POWERS TOO BROAD

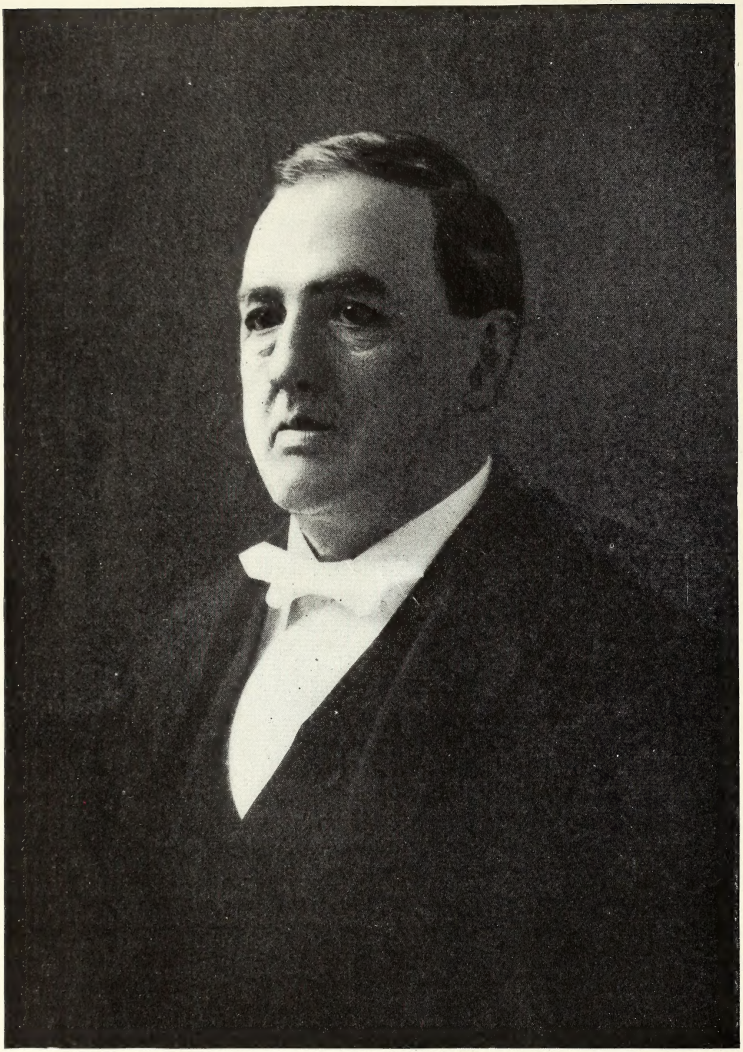
By Hon. Alexander Troup,

Editor of the New Haven Union and intimate friend of William J. Bryan

The issue which now seems likely to occupy a great deal of attention, and perhaps will become the principal issue of the campaign, is that based on the usurpation of power by the President of the United States, who has been in office for nearly two terms. Theodore Roosevelt's recent letters to three United States Senators, asserting that he is the abolute master of the army and navy, and expressing sentiments which he is said to have privately expressed by likening himself to King Edward, his action in the Brownsville matter and in the matter concerning Colonel Stewart, are incidental proof of where he stands. The several states have delegated certain powers to the federal government and to the chief executive, but no chief executive has ever presumed to see the breadth in those powers that characterizes Mr. Roosevelt's view of them or upon which he bases his acts in exercising what he deems the functions of his office.

There are thousands of citizens over this land who hold no uncertain view of such high-handed procedure, as they consider it, and to whom it appears important that the position of the next president on such points should be plainly outlined before the votes are cast. This is not a return to the doctrine of state rights; it is simply a desire that the distinction between the separate functions of government shall be maintained that the Constitution provides for and our scheme of government contemplates and depends upon largely for success. President Roosevelt not only uses the powers of the executive branch of the government, but usurps those of the legislative and judicial. There is a feeling of uneasiness over this by no means slight among the people in general, and it seems bound to cut a figure in the coming campaign.

Industrial and commercial conditions may have returned to the normal of a year or two ago long before the ballots are cast in November, and if so, the Republican party will doubtless benefit from this; but if present conditions prevail, they will have a bearing on the situation, and the desire for relief from



HON. ALEXANDER TROUP, EDITOR OF THE NEW HAVEN UNION AND INTIMATE FRIEND OF WILLIAM J. BRYAN

industrial depression will undoubtedly be an issue of prominence in the campaign. Not that this will be by way of a labor issue, for a separate labor party is being formed and purposes to nominate candidates, and the labor vote is hardly likely to have the same importance in the contest between the two great parties that it has sometimes had in the past.

To some extent, certainly, Mr. Bryan and his beliefs will be the issue of the campaign. He does not now propose government ownership of the railroads, but does stand for a revision of our currency system which will oblige banks to put up a guarantee sufficient to pay their depositors the amounts of their deposits in case trouble comes to the bank. The tariff we have always with us and the Democratic party stands for an equitable revision of the tariff, with the ultimate end, at least, of getting a tariff for revenue only.

The Camp Fire of Company C

A Modern Fairy Tale

By WILLIAM ARNOLD JACOBS

THE old stove which stands in Jerry Snyder's grocery store at Higginsport is of a type that is now well-nigh extinct. It is about five feet in height, and from a girth of generous dimension, not to say portly, it narrows down at the top to the diameter of the stovepipe which it supports; it is furnished with one small mica window, like a solitary eye, to let the fire shine through; and the whole stands in an arrogant attitude upon four straddling, short iron legs.

A person with a whimsical turn of mind might easily fancy a resemblance between the stove and its owner. But in this observation, be it understood, there is no offense intended to Mr. Jerry Snyder, who is a most excellent man: a short, stocky little man, personally, with a waist measurement out of all proportion to his height, and who walks with his feet wide apart — a habit contracted in early life when he "followed the sea." He invariably dresses in black, and when he takes his walks abroad, he wears an antiquated stovepipe hat; the one thing otherwise wanting to complete the resemblance hereinbefore noted. And aside from this curious correspondence between their external appearances, Jerry and his old stove possess in common one very noteworthy quality: that of extending welcome, warmth, and good cheer to those around them.

The middle of April usually finds the old stove relegated to a shed in the rear of the grocery store, there to spend the summer months in rusty idleness. But this year, by the merest chance, it was allowed to stand until the last of May. And a fortunate chance it proved to be; for the thirtieth of May was as raw and ugly a day as one would care to see even in midwinter.

Upon entering the store that morning shortly after nine o'clock, the stranger from the hotel across the way was surprised to find the place practically deserted. There was no one in evidence, indeed, but Jerry himself; and he had fallen asleep in a comfortable chair near the stove.

The stranger walked in and closed the door softly after him. He was perhaps sixty-five years of age; an elderly man, if you please; but with an uprightness of figure, elasticity of step, and ease of carriage, that would have precluded his being called old. The scrupulous neatness of his attire, from his collar and cravat to his shoes, bespoke the city man — a gentleman of affluence, it appeared; but from the habitual compression of his lips, and a certain steely glint in his eye, it might have been surmised that long years of rubbing against the world had not only polished him, but hardened him.

For a few seconds he stood silent and motionless. Then he coughed slightly, and took a step forward.

Jerry awakened with a start, and, at the sight of the stranger, arose and bowed awkwardly — just exactly as the stove would have bowed had it been endued with life. "Good morning, sir," he said politely.

The stranger nodded coldly. "Is there any mail," he asked, "for J. C. Mackenzie?"

Jerry, among whose various duties were those of postmaster, crossed over to a case of pigeonholes, from one of which he took out two letters. "J. C. Mackenzie," he muttered, reading the superscription of the one; "J. C. Mackenzie," reading that of the other. "They're both for you."

The stranger, after a careless glance at the letters, thrust them into a side pocket of his light overcoat, and started towards

the door. But there, with his hand upon the latch, he paused, apparently disliking the thought of going forth again into the chilling wind and rain.

Jerry felt it incumbent upon him to say something. "You'd better set down," he suggested genially, "and wait for the rain to slack up a little."

To this the stranger made no reply,— no spoken reply, that is,— but turning halfway round, cast an inquiring look at the unoccupied chairs which stood in an irregular semicircle about the stove.

Jerry observed the look, and nodded. "The place does seem kind of forsaken this mornin'," he acknowledged; "everybody's down at the station to see the boys off."

"What boys do you mean?"

"Why, the Grand Army boys — the remnants of the old Fifty-seventh Regiment. They're holdin' a reunion down at Gettysburg this week. All the boys from around here that went into the army in sixty-one went with the old Fifty-seventh, you know. And their reunion this week'll be the biggest one they've ever had. Every last one of the boys from town here's goin'— every one, that is, except old Amos Beswick: he couldn't."

"Amos Beswick!" echoed the stranger. He had again taken hold of the latch preparatory to going out; but once more he withdrew his hand. "Amos Beswick — Fifty-seventh Regiment — what are his initials?"

"C. A. Beswick," replied Jerry. "Do you know him?"

The stranger, ignoring this last question, turned and looked out the window. A dilapidated wagon was passing along through the drizzling rain, and this he watched until it went out of sight roun the next corner. Then again he faced the postmaster. "You say that Amos — Mr. Beswick — Beswick is the name, is it not?"

Jerry nodded.

"You say," repeated the stranger, "that Mr. Beswick is not going down to Gettysburg with the rest? How is that?"

"Well," said Jerry, "he couldn't do it, that's all. What with havin' lost one leg at Cedar Creek, and havin' rheumatism in the one that's left, Amos ain't much of a traveler any more. And besides, he couldn't go even if he was. Between you and me, the poor old chap's in pretty bad luck."

"In straitened circumstances, eh?" inquired the stranger, gingerly seating himself upon the edge of an overturned store box.

"That's it exactly," Jerry agreed, "that's it exactly." He cleared his throat, a sound suggestive of the notion that he might have had a cinder in his flue, and struck an attitude, his back to the stove, his feet wide apart, and his hands behind him. "You see, to begin with," he said, "Amos's old home, the old Beswick farm out the Valley Pike, has been agoin' to rack and ruin now for years and years.

"Now Amos ain't able to do the work right, crippled as he is; and his wife died away back in the seventies, and he has no children. So he's left pretty near all alone, without anybody to help him but an orphan niece from up in New Hampshire that he took in and give shelter to a couple of years back. She keeps house for him in a way: does the cookin' and sweepin' and such. She's a nice little soul, and does the best she can; but — she ain't much use on a farm."

"Well, three or four years ago Amos mortgaged the old home to Cal Miller, just to get money to buy what he really needed, and to put a few improvements on the place. He hired a man that season, too, and folks all hoped he'd get along. But he didn't. Things went from bad to worse, and the experiment was a clear loss."

Jerry took occasion here to put a shovelful of coal into the stove; then he went on with his story, in which the stranger seemed much interested.

"Last winter Cal Miller got hard up, and not bein' a very neighborly sort of man, he up and sold the mortgage to some New York millionaire. Well, there's considerable interest due, and no prospects of it bein' paid; and all the money Amos got for the mortgage has been used up by this time, and he's a little in debt besides; and now this here New York man is agoin' to take the farm and make

a — a country home out of it,— fix it all up, you know. And — well, things look pretty dreary for Amos." Jerry gazed vacantly at the floor, and shook his head: " Things look pretty dreary for Amos.

" He'll have to say good by to his old home in a few days now, I guess. His pension'll be enough for him to live on if he's careful and economical. for he can get a room and his board reasonable with somebody in town; but of course that won't be home. Then, too, he'll have to part with Janey, his niece; and that'll be hard for them both; for him and Janey think an awful lot of each other. Yes, sir, it — it looks pretty dreary for Amos. But here's Amos now." And Jerry stepped forward quickly to open the door.

A one-legged old veteran swung himself in on his crutches, and, without so much as nodding either to Jerry or to the stranger, hobbled slowly back to the stove. He was clothed in a threadbare suit of blue and a Grand Army cap: a costume which exhaled a faint odor of camphor, and which, it is safe to say, was brought out and worn only upon very special occasions. Selecting a big elbow chair near the stove he sank wearily into it, and dropped his crutches one by one to the floor.

As Jerry had observed, what with having lost one leg at the battle of Cedar Creek, and being afflicted with rheumatism in the one that remained, Amos Beswick was not eminently qualified for traveling. But it is doubtful whether the knowledge of this fact, even when coupled with the knowledge of the additional fact that he could not have afforded the Gettysburg trip any way, was of any comfort to the old soldier. For there was that in his face, and in the way he dropped his crutches to the floor, which indicated the deepest dejection.

At his entrance a sudden silence had fallen upon the two other inmates, a silence intensified by the slow, regular ticking of the clock on the back wall. Nor did Amos make any effort to dispel this silence. He seemed to be unaware of any presence save his own, and all unconscious of the close scrutiny with which the stranger was regarding him.

" Well," Jerry inquired at length, " did the boys get off? "

The old man shook his head. " I didn't wait," he said. " The train's behind time, and it's cold and rainy, and I was tired — There! " He paused and listened, " there's the train whistlin' now. If I'd aknown it was comin' so soon, I believe I'd 've waited."

" I suppose they will have a fine time down at Gettysburg," ventured the stranger.

(Jerry scowled, and muttered something under his breath about the uselessness of making a poor old chap feel any worse than he did. But the remark was not heard.)

" Yes, yes, indeed," replied Amos, seeming to notice the stranger's presence for the first time. " They'll have a fine time."

" And what will their program be for to-day? " the stranger asked.

" Well," Amos reflected a moment, " they'll get to Gettysburg a little after one o'clock, have dinner at the Pitzer House, and then march out to the National Cemetery and help decorate the graves, and listen to an oration — I forget who's to be the orator; then they'll spend the rest of the afternoon in goin' over the battlefield — that is, if it don't rain; and to-night they'll hold a camp fire up in the courthouse. You know what a camp fire is, I reckon: they just sit around and talk over wartimes, and tell old stories — remind each other of this and that and the other thing, that so and so of such and such a company did or said just before or after the battle of such and such a place; and so on, and so on. I've only been to one of our camp fires, and that was just the second one we'd held — in seventy-two or three. There were twenty members of our company alive then, and thirteen of us were there." The old man sighed.

" And now," interrupted Jerry, "Amos is the last survivor of his company."

" I'm the only survivor of Company C," Amos conceded, nodding, " the last living member."

" For how long," inquired the stranger, " have you been the last one? "

" Just about six months," Amos

answered. "For a long time there'd been two of us: me and a fellow named Mackenzie — Skinny, we called him, he was so thin." The old man chuckled reminiscently. "Poor old Skinny! You see, when he joined the company the fellows made it pretty lively for him. They was all bigger and stronger, and, for the most part, older than him, and of course they'd never miss a chance for any fun. Well, it was pretty rough fun, and Skinny had a rather hard time of it till I began takin' his part. I had to do all his fightin' for him — all his private, personal fightin', I mean; for in a battle he could fight as well as any of us; yes, better. Poor old Skinny! I never saw him after we was mustered out at Harrisburg in sixty-five. He died last November. And now, as Jerry says, I'm the only one left: and I — I ain't fit to represent Company C."

"Why not?" demanded Jerry.

"Well — it may sound foolish to you," explained Amos apologetically, looking from Jerry to the stranger, "but I've always claimed that Company C was the — the banner company of — of the American Army. We never missed a battle, and we "— again he chuckled — "we always had enough to eat. Our good old colonel used to say, 'If you boys back there don't stop stealin', I'll resign.' My, oh, my, what times we did have!

"But I'm not an educated man, and I can't describe Company C right. I — I couldn't do it justice." And he lapsed into thoughtful silence.

The stranger arose from the box upon which he had been sitting, and strode to the window; turned and came back as far as the stove; hesitated for a moment, and then, approaching the Grand Army man, he laid a hand gently upon his shoulder.

"Mr. Beswick," said he, "Skinny Mackenzie is not dead."

"What!" cried Amos. "Not dead?"

"No," replied the stranger, "he is not dead. It was his cousin who died last November, and whom the newspaper people credited with Skinny's war record. Skinny Mackenzie is alive and well: in fact — don't you know me, Mosey?"

Amos half arose from his chair, but immediately settled back into it again.

"Well, my stars!" he gasped, gripping his old comrade's hand. "Skinny Mackenzie! You — you old scamp, you! Why — why "— his eyes were searching the face before him — "why you haven't changed a bit; except that you ain't quite as thin as you used to be, nor quite as young. And here I set and talked to you, and never knowed you! But set down, set down, and tell me all about yourself. There ain't any reason now why we two survivors of Company C shouldn't have a little camp fire here all of our own."

At this conjuncture Jerry Snyder got another cinder in his flue, and after a violent fit of blowing and coughing, he clapped his stovepipe hat onto his head, and made for the door. "If you'll just keep your eye on the store for a minute," he said, "I'll trot up street. I have an errand." So out into the rain he went, slamming the door behind him, and leaving the two old cronies to themselves.

The conversation of the succeeding quarter of an hour could not be better summed up than in the words uttered by Amos only a few minutes before! They talked over wartimes and told old stories — reminded each other of this and that and the other thing that so and so, of such and such a company, did or said just before or after the battle of such and such a place; and so on, and so on.

But at length there came a pause. Mackenzie was quick to take advantage of it.

"Mosey," he said, "you observed a while ago that you were not able to represent Company C. You are right Theodore Roosevelt himself couldn't do it. But of all that great old company — the banner company of the Union Army — only two members are now left; and they have histories that are very different.

"The one has had no end of trouble and bad luck. His whole life has been a struggle. And now, to top it all off, it seems that he has had to mortgage his old home; that the mortgage is about to be foreclosed; and that he will probably be turned out in a few days to find

an uncomfortable home among strangers, or, worse, to end his days in some charitable institution."

The old man made no comment, but buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

Mackenzie paused a moment, and then continued,—

"The other survivor has prospered. His whole life has been a series of successes — successes, I mean, in the way of gaining the world's goods. People call him a millionaire, and he is that, and more! He has also missed a great deal, for old times and old friends have had no place in his thoughts for many a year; but he hopes to make amends for all that now.

"But to make the story short: He had an opportunity three months ago of securing for a mere song the mortgage on a fine old farm here near Higginsport — a mortgage, be it said, which had run its full length."

Amos started slightly, but did not look up.

"He wanted that farm," Mackenzie proceeded, "more, perhaps, than you have any idea of. He saw in it the possibilities of a most magnificent country home, and he felt that he must have it. He was in Higginsport then for more than a week, and every day he drove out the Valley Pike and looked at that old farm. The temptation was greater than he could resist; and — in short, he bought the mortgage, and has made preparations to eject, after thirty days' notice, its occupant, one C. A. Beswick." He paused again; and it might have been noted that his face wore an expression very different from the cold, apathetic one that it had worn when he first came in.

"Mosey," said Mackenzie, after waiting a minute for him to speak, "Mosey, do you think that any one member of the banner company of the Union Army would knowingly stand idle while another member — the only other living member — was in trouble or in want?

"Why, it fairly took my breath away when I learned, not more than half an hour ago, that C. A. Beswick was old Mosey Beswick of Company C. And here ——"

From an inner pocket of his overcoat he had drawn forth a long, fat envelope, which he now held out to Amos. "Please open this," he said, "and examine its contents."

At a repetition of this request, Amos raised his head, and mutely took the envelope. With trembling hands he opened it, and extracted a large paper, which he unfolded and spread across his knee.

"Do you know what that is?" asked Mackenzie.

The old man studied the paper intently for a few seconds, and then handed it back to Mackenzie. "It's the mortgage," he said huskily; and again he covered his face with his hands.

"Mosey Beswick," said Mackenzie sharply, "look at me!"

He stepped over to the old stove, and removing the lid, crammed the paper, envelope and all, in onto the bed of live coals; whereupon the stove gave vent to a loud, convulsive chuckle, and then fell to humming contentedly; while its kindly eye, after winking once or twice in a very sly manner, gradually brightened until the whole end of the room was illumed with a rosy glow.

"Why, wh— what" — exclaimed Amos, who had watched the performance with open-mouthed astonishment — "what are you doing?"

Mackenzie laughed boyishly. "I was just feeding the camp fire," he replied. "See our shadows dancing on the wall! Mosey, you must have been a famous dancer in your day, or your shadow never could begin to cut such outlandish capers."

"But that was the — the mortgage!" gasped Amos.

"Well, it seemed to burn all right," said Mackenzie; "and you know as well as I do, that there is no fuel too good for a camp fire of Company C."

Spencer Stream yields speckled beauties galore

Down in Maine

By CHARLES EVERETT BEANE

III. ALONG ARNOLD'S LINE OF MARCH

HERE THEY TELL HOW IT WAS DONE

"AFTER all is said and done the compelling influences are the silent forces ever waiting the psychological moment to seize and retain in their grasp and decree a divorce from their opposites. What better cure for overwork, worry, too strenuous application of every energy to severing the knotty problems of commercial rivalry and torturing persistence of brain concentration upon questions that stalk through every minute of the day and haunt us, ghostlike, in the watches of the night, than to throw all away like a threadbare garment, leave no address to be misused by phone or wire, and resign oneself to the embrace of the big woods to woo Dame Nature to the utter exclusion of other tempters.

"If one will do this he will find her in moods most entrancing, an amiable mistress who veils no beauties, withholds none of her secret charms, and invites to still greater intimacy. Her approach within the door of your tent will be heralded by no beat of drum or blare of trumpet, nor tramp of hosts with wild acclaim, yet she is queen of all.

"Independent is she of messengers and courtiers — she answers her lovers

through no media, but touches them with her hands, lets them feel the impress of her lips, and bears them away in her arms to bowers in paradise, the price of admission within whose confines is the open mind and the open heart. Any who are unwilling to pay the last tithe in response, will find unsurmountable obstacles to striking one harmonious note in a realm where no discordant voice is ever tolerated.

"The sighing zephyrs of a calm evening, wafting balsam across the unruffled bosom of an inland sea whose caressing wavelets softly gurgle among the rocks at our feet and brush the grasses together in continuous lullaby accompaniment to-night calls from forest depths, bring to us legato passages of liquid sweetness, the better appreciated because they are the tremolo of tenderness after the diapason of the thunder and the oboe of the gale. But there is not an instant day or night when the song of creation is jangled, unless the bray of man is heard.

"We have the record that God pronounced His work satisfactory to Himself after creation. So fair was the world that to this day any part of it untouched by the hand of man is heralded abroad upon discovery as nearest the realm of perfection, and hosts flock to it as a veritable wonderland. Just so long as they are content to penetrate elysian bowers, and drink of their beauties in oneness of spirit with their surroundings as children of one father, they are part of an inspiring picture, but the first attempt to change and improve what they have found sublime has the same effect as the daubing of an infant on the canvas of a master.

A SMOKE TALK WITH A YOUNG PASSENGER

"The better one catches the inspiration of the mountains and valleys, forests and plains, lakes and rivers, and seeks to come into intelligent touch with their tenantry, using the good things provided and *abusing* nothing, the better he will fill the requirements of the true sportsman, the only man who should be permitted to ramble at will through the grand treasure house of the wilds.

"A bull in a china shop cannot work

greater disaster than the careless and selfish ignoramus who 'wants what he wants when he wants it' without regard to the God-given rights of others to the goodly heritage of the out of doors.

"Hold up there — you don't suppose the chap who wrote this knew anything about that 'jacking party' of ours up in Bingham, do you? I never get in line with a spasm of such talk without feeling the creeps going up and down my backbone. B-r-r-r — my ulster, please."

"Never mind, Jim, no sheriff got near enough to tag us with the Indian sign, glory be. I am throwing bouquets at myself for getting out so easily in the face of the furious cannonade of four distinct misses. You're a lemon with a rifle."

"Have a smoke, your head's bad, Clyde. My noble instinct to refrain from law-breaking prevented a bull's eye or a deer's eye. Say — the sentiment of that article you have been reading aloud has been growing within me ever since we took the steamer from East River and little old New York began to fade away. On the level, I find my attitude toward the woods has vastly changed in the last two years, and I approach my annual outing with feelings that resemble reverence in a way. I remember reading somewhere that it never occurred to the primeval man to admire the beautiful evening lights falling upon a mountain or the foam-flecked surface of a moonlit river. To him that mountain and that river simply represented obstacles in his path to be overcome as soon as possible, that he might attack and slay the succulent saurians that dwelt beyond them. In short, he was a pot hunter. I feel competent to grapple with Wall Street puzzles, but dwindle in my own estimation from a full-grown man to the stature of a little child when I turn my face to the woods."

"There's nothing like seeing yourself as others see you, old man,—you never loomed very high to me."

"Quit your everlasting kidding, can't you? If the trip down the sound and along the glorious eastern coast hasn't given you food for better thinking than the ceaseless endeavor to do what comes naturally, make a long-eared spectacle of yourself, fasten your lamps on this beautiful country, breathe the fragrance from those pines, and help me untangle the mysteries of this latest freak of Jack's, sending us to Greene's Farm, which we have found to be the jumping-off place at the end of this branch of a toy railroad, with an outfit I can only guess the meaning of. I am just daffy to get into that new suit he says will shed water 'like a duck's back,' lace on those high larrigans that came all the way from New Brunswick, and strike out into 'the only life there is worth mentioning' as Jack says."

"'Thou must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold,'"

quotes Clyde. "The chief has something fine up his sleeve, I'll take a gamble on that. We'll be living images of President Roosevelt's Rough Riders when we get those big revolvers and dirk knives about our waists, sombreroes on the backs of our heads and packs on our shoulders. An ax slung in its case over our shoulders, woolen shirt open at the neck — give us a heap of room, for we're bold, bad men."

"*Your* best weapon is your speed on a sprint. Your legs will never stand to see your head in danger. Twice eleven and a half for yours. Bear-rip in the atmosphere — red head missing."

"Who's kidding now, eh? Wiggle Raggle for your ears. Gee, but they are a prize pair. No flies or mosquitoes will ever — GREENE'S FARM — all change! Come on, tumble out with your truck. Do you see the old warhorse anywhere? Not a sign of him, as I'm a living sinner. What's that — Dinner? Not a bit of coaxing, please, we're right on the job."

"Seen anything of his royal highness, Jack the giant of the apochrypha? Very well, Mr. Savage, we'll live with you till he comes, and should that never happen we won't sit down and nibble our thumbs very long in this country of brooks and ponds. Bully fishing near here, you say? I don't doubt it. Don't worry about us — we're happy."

Dinner over, the two chums seek friendly shade and have a pipe consultation over the strange tardiness of their friend who has never failed to be on hand to greet their arrival at a designated point. He has always inculcated the principle that while "it's better *late* than never, it's better *never* late," and has been most punctilious in observing his own rule. Introduce whatever subject they will, conversation reverts persistently to the theme of Jack's absence.

"Get that letter, Clyde, and let me look it over a minute. There's a colored gent in the woodpile somewhere. If he had been delayed by any circumstance beyond his control he would move heaven and earth to send us word. Thanks, scanning his writing is next to shaking hands with him, though I prefer the latter. Here it is. 'I have a lot of hiking around to do before cutting loose, but will meet you at Greene's Farm at noon, *June 5th.*' You lunkhead! You said *June 3d*, and here we are two days ahead of time!"

Further strenuous arraignment is indefinitely postponed at this juncture as they overhear remarks from one of two men standing near the highway on the other side of the tree against which they are reclining.

"Clap your eye on that streak of brown comin' down the hill, Ben — Guess that's goin' *some*, eh? I see them two fellers over in Rangeley t'other day when they come tearin' up the street and stopped ter the drug store fer a drink of soda. They wuz covered with dust and said they come ten mile in eighteen minutes. They'll git a hist some day when they're highfalutin' roun' on that stinkin' gasoline motorcycle, and a fine-mesh landin' net won't hold the remains. Talk about yer autermobles, they leave 'em all straddlin' the startin' line."

CHANGE "SILVER DOCTOR" FOR "PARMACHEENEE BELLE"

BEYOND THE REACH OF WORRY AND HEADACHE

" Two to nothing it's Hinds and Jack! On your job, Jim, and cover up. Don't let them see the tip of your beery proboscis and we'll score a feazer."

Crouching behind the tree they hear a succession of spiteful snorts from the motor that comes racing along the road, whirls madly into the turn at the driveway, and around the house to the front door, where Jack dismounts and holds the machine for Walter to alight.

" I ought by good rights to pull that throttle wide open and shoot you into the duck pond, cycle and all," he laughingly remarks. " *I* don't mind at all, but you'll give *these* good people heart disease with your Garrison finishes. Not a dismount, Albion, from Rangeley into your yard. Uphill and down this double cylinder has ripped her way along and — I'm glad to be here, that's all. We just dropped in to tell you to keep your eye peeled for two young tramps when the train arrives a couple of days from now. Put them in feather beds, tuck them in safely, and hold them for us if we should be late. Just a glass of that real cream right off the ice, and we are off again for Flagstaff after a call on Ed Grose to cinch a canoe for a trip up the north branch along Arnold's old line of march to Quebec."

The genial proprietor catches a glimpse of a couple of wild gesticulations from behind the tree trunk, grins and disappears with his unexpected guests. Clyde and Jim lose no time in extracting the plug from the machine and retire to await developments.

In the course of a few moments the cyclists reappear smacking their lips, across which they pass the backs of their hands, and waving adieu to their host, consign to his care two packs they have brought with them. They mount the motor, and Walter strenuously pedals, but no answering " chuck " comes of all his efforts to turn on the power.

" This may be a good joke, but it looks stupid to me," he ejaculates. " Some fresh guy has held us up by copping the plug. That's an old stunt of Clyde's

CONSIDERED BY SOME *the* HOUR OF THE DAY

and — there he is! Hello, you beggars, by all that's rambunctious, how do you happen in? Jim, you're looking slick and fine and dandy; where did you drop from?"

"Sad to relate, Clyde is all gone in his garret, had a bad attack of Maine fever and went off his trolley regarding dates. Poor dippy one, take him down to the brook and soak his head, Jack."

"Couldn't have happened better, boys, we gain two days, and time is mighty valuable just now. Albion, can you take these orphans over to the river in the morning? If you can, Walter and I will sail along and have all arrangements made when you arrive. I'll be mighty glad to give them a day with you."

"If whipping a brook this afternoon is any inducement I'll do my best to keep them from getting homesick and land them with you at sun up in the morning, if that's the time."

"Agreed. Give me that plug, Clyde — come on now, or I'll make you eat it when I find it in your clothes. Good — now we're off. So long," and the two disappear in a cloud of dust.

The remainder of the day is a busy session for Jack and Walter. They gather supplies, including shelter tent and cooking utensils, and night finds all ready for the start on the first leg of the journey, which will be made by canoe to the various points along the Dead River, from which branch off the buckboard roads and trails leading to the many famous resorts which make this one of the most notable outing countries on the map.

Much has been written about the Rangeley and Moosehead regions, the valley of the upper Kennebec and Aroostook County, and richly do they deserve the good things said of them. But here is a tremendous tract of magnificent country, commanding a limited patronage, be-

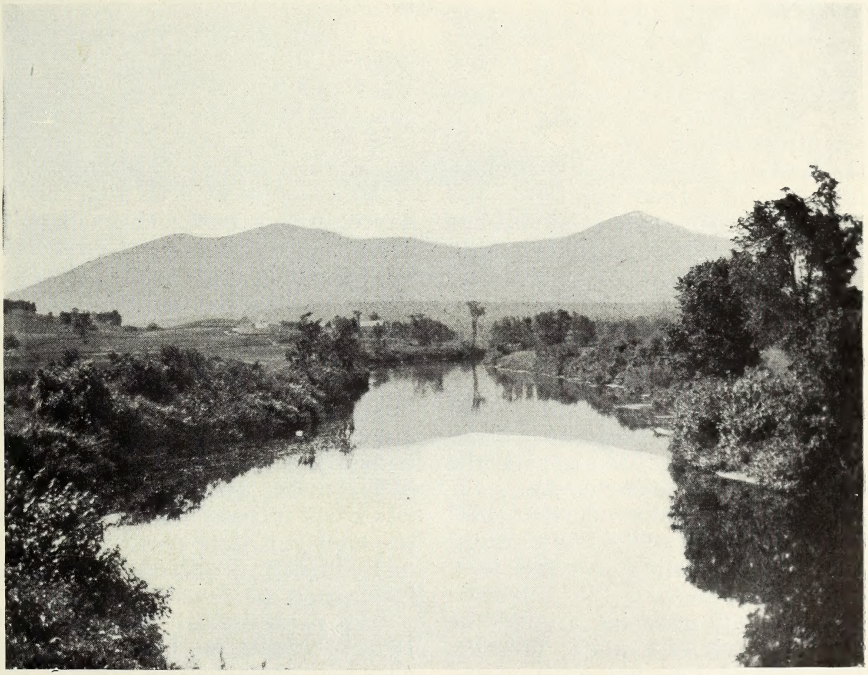
cause not so easy of access by rail, demanding persistency and endurance to penetrate its farthest retreats, and unfortunately little advertised by the men doing business there. They are seemingly content to take the goods the gods provide them from words spoken by some fortunate visitors in the ear of friends in the large cities, with the result that a few cabins do the work where many more should be.

There is no danger of overcrowding this great area, or that the streams and lakes will be sought by more anglers than can well be rewarded by excellent catches, for waters there are legion and grand sport is the rule. About all the ponds are liberally and systematically stocked by the watchful agents of the fish and game commissions of both state and nation, the exceptions, like Tim Pond, being waters that are natural breeding-grounds for gamey fish. The unwisdom of adding fry of other variety to waters already alive with trout and salmon that breed to advantage in their native depths is apparent.

The evening marks the cyclists' return to Stratton, a little village nestling under the protecting shadow of Mount Bigelow, from whose height Arnold's scout, whose name the mountain bears, eagerly looked for signs of the spires of Quebec. Here they find an enterprising place ablaze with electric lights, boasting a fine water system, and remarkably progressive for a town in the wilderness. A yell of recognition and their welcome by the landlord of the hotel is beyond question.

"You fellows are just what the doctor ordered," declares Ed. "There's a hop in the hall to-night and the girls of the village will be mighty glad of a change of partners from us old stiff legs."

"That might do, Ed, if I had never doped out this situation. You 'stiff legs' have a frisky way of cavorting over the beeswax that puts us all to the blush. When it comes to smooth work on the terpsichore stunt, you Strattonites are all to the plush. Supper first — one of those crack-a-jacks Belle knows how to spread, even if we are late, and we'll take a whirl or two just for luck.



MOUNT BIGELOW FROM THE DEAD RIVER

Better call Savage's and get the Broadway twins over here for the fun."

This suggestion is immediately acted upon, but for some reason no answer to the call can be secured, and Jack mutters, "The lazy hounds, they are probably sound asleep over there. Guess there would be a few smoke-talks if we were present, eh, Walter?"

"Just a few round the edges."

Several guides who are on their way to the Megantic preserve by way of Chain of Ponds are greeted as old acquaintances in the hotel office, and just as the two friends emerge from the dining room one of them is telling of the prize tournament of the three stars of the local Ananias Club, Beaver Pond Ed, Dead River Fred, and Buckskin Sam.

"Yer can bet when them three liars had rasseled truth till he had ter wear a mask ter git by, there jest hed ter come a time when they got up on their hind legs an clinched. Course there hed ter be er champeen in ther lot, an' they jest hed a set down ter see who took ther biskit. Wal, when they got tergether they jest sed 'How be yer,' jest pleasant like, but yer could see there wuz nothin' to it. Sam led off with his dog yarns, Ed stole er base with his eddercated trout fables, an' Fred slung in a few erbout bar an' wolves. As ther meetin' went along all ther smooth talk jest sorter died an' yer cud see with half an eye they'd lock horns fer a finish. Fred won out — too long-winded fer men out er trainin,' but yer kin still smell brimstone in ther cabin whar the lies was spun."

"Too bad he died — he had such lovely hair," chuckles Walter.

It is nearly nine o'clock when the hotel party enters the dance hall and the fun is running fast and furious. Many old friends are there, and they come along with vigorous greetings that engage the entire attention for a moment.

"Holy snakes! Will you look at that! Ring for the ambulance!" Walter drops into the nearest chair and howls in a paroxysm of laughter.

There, blissfully sweeping around the room to the music of a waltz, Jack beholds the twin cherubs he had supposed snoring away at Greene's Farm, Clyde contentedly hugging to his manly bosom the "lady from the Windy City," and Jim swinging a long-legged miss of fourteen summers, who evidently aspires to be the belle of the ball. As he passes the group he disdains to recognize, they hear him say, "Ida, as dancers you and Inez are all to the velvet."

"Stung! and in the house of a friend. You here too, Albion? Here's where I smell smoke. I'll bet you had this cut and dried before I was out of sight this noon."

"My hands are up, Jack. You're a fine guesser. We left orders for no answer to phone calls for an hour after we came away. I brought all the traps along. This bunch is too hot for my ranch, but you may bring them to me when *you* are here to keep them in the collars."

Stratton people are very hospitable, and before the evening is over their visitors, dressed in their khaki outing suits, are the heroes of the occasion. Jim dances so many times with a fetching little blonde from Eustis that Clyde remarks to him in exasperation, after two attempts to secure a two step are met by the answer, "Your friend has this dance," "To the pen for yours. You're all bristles, Jim."

"Hands off another man's property," chuckles his chum, as he returns to the side of the fair damsel and is lost to all the world.

"It is quite evident that an unseen dancer with a bow and small quiver of arrows has touched that New Yorker in a tender spot, as the man said when another stole coal off a locomotive." It remains for after-events to prove the truth of the adage of the word "spoken in jest."

Long after midnight a group on the broad verandah of the hotel awaits the arrival of Jim, who finally strolls in and up to bed with an air that plainly says he little relishes the chaffing he gets. To all Clyde's rallying he turns a deaf ear and responds to the question, "Are you really in love?" with an impatient grunt, "Sell your papers, child."

"Rap! Rat-a-tat-tat! Bang! Bang! Bang! 'Come on here; wake up, you lobsters. Breakfast is ready and we must be moving."

Drowsy indeed are the answers that come reluctantly to Jack's ears, but with sturdy persistence he succeeds in rousing Clyde and Jim.

"Everything is to be left right here, fellows, except the outfit you can carry in those packs. From the time Ed leaves us on the bank of the Dead River, at Flagstaff, until we return, there is nothing to it but canoe and paddle, with occasional buckboards, but mostly the two horses inside your boots will be depended upon. No hotels for yours. Tents until we leave the river and after that the houses we build with our axes for the only chest of tools. Two flannel shirts, four pair of socks, a change of union suit, and your sweater, that's about all with what you stand in. Don't forget your ax, revolver, and knife. That tin cup, combination knife, fork, and spoon, waterproof case filled with matches, your compass and your camera will complete your personal outfit. Walter and I will take the cooking stuff besides and after we cut loose from the canoe we'll divvy on the grub. Savvy?"

"Jack, old scout, you're a wonder. Just the kind of a trip we have dreamed about when the snow and sleet piped up in Manhattan. We never suggested it to you, for we knew it would come some day when you thought we were fit for it. Going to make men of us, eh?"

"With Walter's help I have high hopes. Here's Ed with the team, the last lift you get for many days. Take a long look at that wagon, it will seem good to you when we find it again on the return trip at Eustis."

"Eustis — do we go there, Jack?"

"Several times, Jim — are you interested? I don't see any particular need of blushing at my question, but it's none of my business, is it? I thought so," and Jack smothers a grin as he busies himself with the baggage.

The crooked course of Stratton Brook

Six miles of good road through an interesting bit of country, the hill-bordered highway crossing brooks of goodly size, and there is the village of Flagstaff guarded by the mountain of like name, from the pinnacle of which the American flag was thrown to the breeze by General Bigelow when his chief, Benedict Arnold, made his camp in the valley.

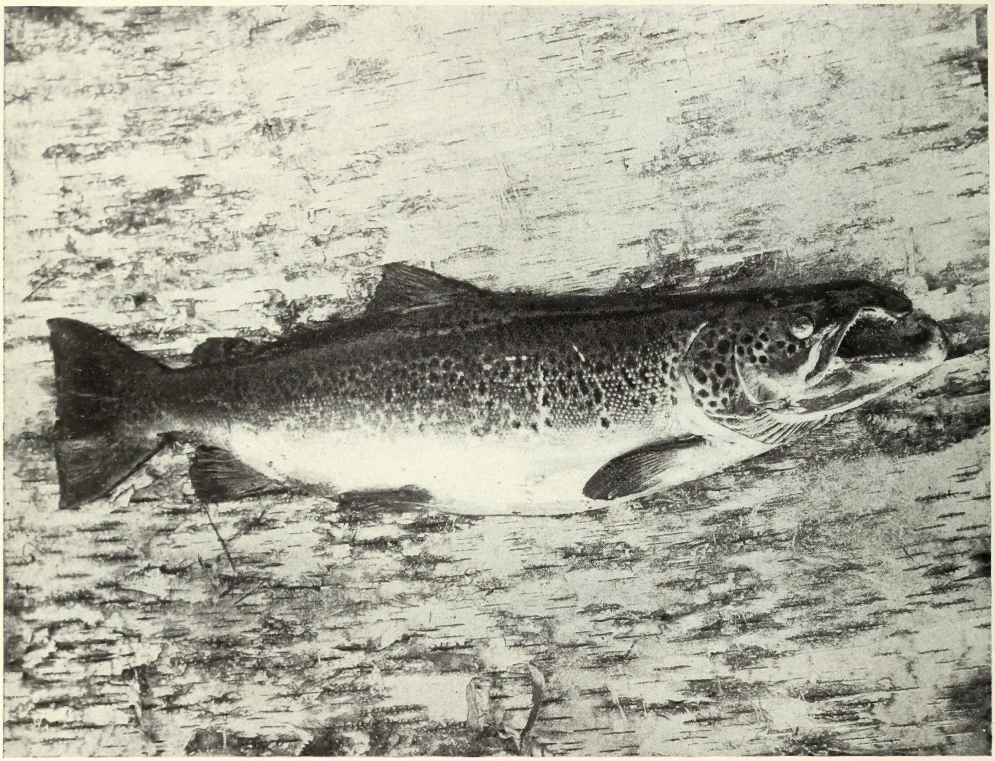
What impressions must have been set deep in the hearts of those brave men in the wilderness as they pressed along the

course of the Dead River. One gets the fuller sentiment of it all on the way to Eustis from Stratton, and here in a lesser degree of the broad mountain-inclosed amphitheatre, a fit arena even for a tournament of the gods. But a slight stretch of the imagination presents countless hosts of spectators straining forward to note the determined struggles of devoted patriots against appalling odds.

near them thundering through the gorge. At the very spot on which our friends are now standing their craft undoubtedly touched the shore to afford the oarsmen a rest after such exertions.

"Here is our put in and the canoes are waiting."

"Why *two* of them? We are only four, and it's a mean canoe that can't carry that number."



A FIGHTER AND LOOKS THE PART

Past the mouth of Enchanted Stream and Alder Brook, they come to the spot where Spencer stream hurls the flood of Spencer, King, and Bartlett, and many smaller lakes, into the lap of the Dead River at the foot of Grand Falls, a tumbling cataract, seventy-five feet in height, that descends with a deafening roar.

Around this place Arnold's men transported their heavy boats, again at the canon of Long Falls and once more at Hurricane Falls, catching occasional glimpses of the foaming, rock-cleft waters

"Wait until the quick water is under you, Jim, and you will see that a canoe cannot be heavily loaded if you would pass in safety."

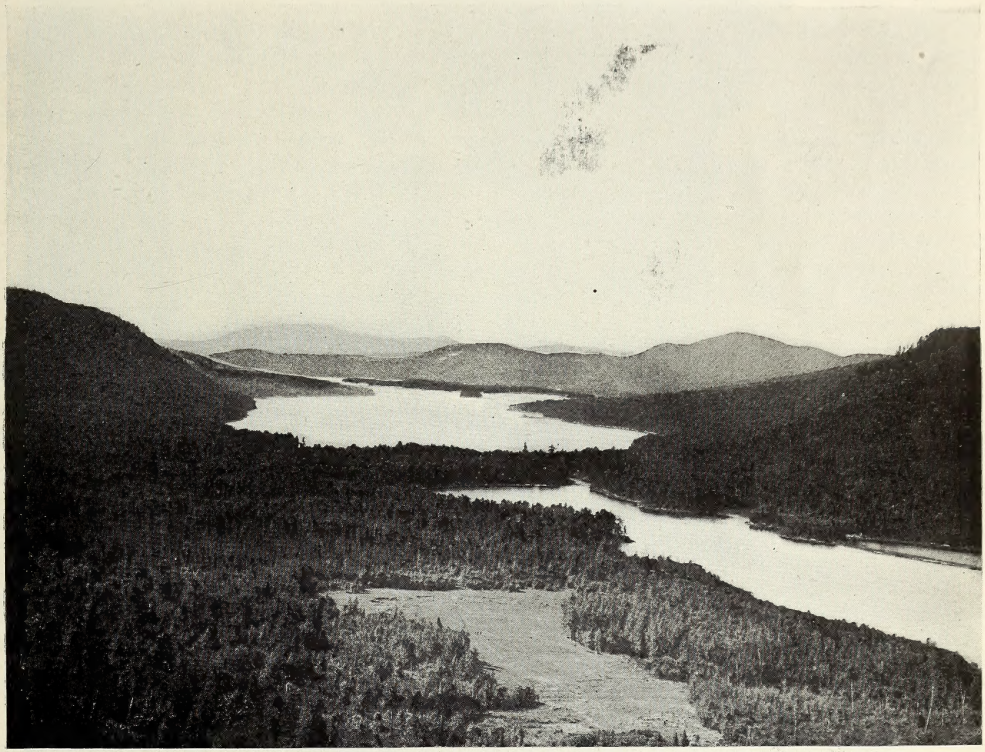
"You city sports will know a lot more about this business when you get back than you do now. You've a good teacher. Good by and good luck." And Ed's outfit rolls away across the bridge.

"Dip! Dip! and I thrill with a start
For the ripples run and the waters part
At the song the paddles sing,"

carols Clyde. "This is the poetry of boat-

ing and I always feel as though I never want to stop when once the glide of the fairy craft is mine to enjoy. You just *can't* beat it."

With Jack and Walter at the stern and Clyde and Jim at the bow paddles, the light sixteen-footers skim along following the tortuous course of the river's flow, which seems at times to double back upon itself with deep pools at the bends, and



Out of doors at King and Bartlett Lakes

spreads into a smooth, steady current to suddenly fret itself into rips and shallow places where anything but a canoe would go aground.

The wisdom of light loads is at once apparent, for there are several places where so little water is found that poling becomes necessary. This is a new experience to half the crew and much merriment is aroused by their awkward antics with the pole. But like everything a little practice in canoe handling, and they get much of it, gives them the right

knack and their aid is a valuable asset. Again signs of Arnold's march are found in familiar names and Arnold's Falls compel the first carry.

"Now, let's see how you do that trick with the canoe on your head and shoulders, Walter. It's a new one on us."

"Not half as hard as it looks. Just get that cross bar adjusted so it bears on both shoulders, so. Take hold of the sides well in front of you, thus. Now tilt the bow of the canoe so you can see where you are going, and keep the stern just off the ground. That's right, now forward march. Just the proper caper, you're doing great. No more toting for you and me, Jack."

"Great stunt. Put in here, boys. There's Stratton Brook and it's mighty good fishing too. Off there to the left is the south branch of the Dead River. You've seen it before — flows past Greene's Farm at a little distance away."

BEYOND IS THE DEEP WATER TREASURE HOUSE

" We finished it and took a dozen nice ones our first day in this region."

" Now for Eustis — don't break that paddle with your quick strokes, Jim! We'll get there soon enough and stop over night."

" You go lay an egg, Jack. I didn't even have the paddle in the water, did I, Walter? "

" No, and I guess you haven't killed yourself since we left the Falls."

" Any good fishing in this river, Jack?"

" Not until after you pass the dam above Eustis. Some chump who ought to be hung for his pains put pickerel into Flagstaff Pond, they cleaned out the trout and got into this river, where they did the same thing. They can't get over that dam and there's good fishing all the way up."

At Eustis, after portaging the dam and making things snug, there is a short consultation, and they decide to push on a half mile to the mouth of Tim Brook. Jim is anxious to stop at the town and finally does so, while his companions hit the buckboard trail for the ten-mile tramp into Tim Pond, where they arrive at evening and are royally greeted. A pleasant session with the proprietor and his guests follows some flyfishing they will never forget. The trout run small, but just the right size for pan fish, and Clyde is forced to acknowledge the truth of tales Jack has told, as he sees cast after cast rewarded by a catch of three at a time.

" If I had the rigging I could duplicate that conductor's punch business in keeping count, ding! ding! ding! for which story you were dubbed, " ' The Twentieth Century Baron Munchausen.' "

" Sure thing, Clyde. Never doubt any of *my* fish yarns. I'm sorry I can't say the same for Walter's.'

" My hat's off to you, Jack. Never had the power of description to put me in your class."

At noon the next day Jim joins them at the brook, looking very sleepy, and frequent yawns during the day tell the tale of a Eustis dance — and a little bit more. Every time Jim stretches himself and opens his mouth wide Clyde does the same thing, to his friend's utter exasperation, and a good part of the day an exchange of wits causes roars of laughter, until it is plain Jim is getting restive under the volleys, and Jack calls Clyde aside to warn him against too much kidding.

" I just can't help it, old pal. It's no new wrinkle for Jim to be in love, but he has it *bad* this time. He strings so easy it's great sport."

" Chop it for the sake of harmony, honey."

At Ledge Falls they take out for the night and devote the early hours before dark to various tasks. Walter gets out his tackle and catches a fine mess of trout in the quick waters, while Jack, Clyde, and Jim poke about in the river bottom, and are rewarded by finding several of the old bullets lost overboard when Arnold's men had an upset of boats in getting around to the upper stream.

Soon the call to supper hurries them to the opening where Walter has made a fire, and they do full justice to broiled trout, fried potatoes, and biscuit he has cooked in the open baker. Washed down by a cup of fine coffee, the meal is pronounced the finest in Dead River, after which pipes are alight, stories of the north region are told, and plans are laid for a visit across country to King and Bartlett camps. No shelter is provided except that of the overturned canoes, for the night is an especially fine one, and before the last story has been told a snore from Jim calls forth a yell of laughter, and all soon join in the music.

At break of day packs are shouldered after coffee and muffins, bacon and eggs have been dispatched and they are off on the side trip of fifteen miles past a series of small ponds to Douglas Camps, where they have lunch and press on to King and Bartlett lakes.

Word has preceded them, and in this grand locality they find some of the finest fishing of the entire East. Two days are given up to whipping the two lakes and Spencer Stream. Trout, land-locked salmon, and togue are here in great abundance, and for fly fishing all through open season there are no better waters.

With every convenience for enjoying a perfect outing, the camps in this leased

SQUARE-TAILS OF FRYING-PAN PATTERN

section of 50,000 acres, located 2,037 feet above sea level, are ideal. All too soon they hit the back trail over a buckboard road, the peer of which does not exist in Maine, and along at nightfall find their canoes as they left them, for all things except food are your sacred property and not to be meddled with in the wilderness.

"Looks like some wet coming, Walter. Don't like the appearance of those clouds. What do *you* say?"

"Bad spell due. Better get busy with the tent. Come on, you back woodsmen, turn over those canoes and go to cutting firewood, which you can stow away under them, where it will be good and dry. Jack and I will set up housekeeping."

To the merry ring of the axes, poles are cut the right lengths, they dig a ditch about the rising plot of ground upon which the tent is pitched, and fine spruce tops, carefully laid with the bough ends down and soft parts up, make a flooring of the finest bed one ever rested upon. The front flap of the tent extends far enough to give protection to the fire, which will in turn give warmth to the tent in a cold rainy night, and soon all is snug in the face of the oncoming storm. For two days they are held up at Ledge Falls until Jim calls the place "home." Between heavy downpours they often find excellent fishing, and with crib and whist and smoke-talks wait a favorable opportunity for continuing the trip.

"When do you think it will clear," asks Clyde.

"Most any time. I never knew but one storm that didn't. This one."

"Guess that will hold me for a while. I don't give a rap. We're in the woods — that's enough for me."

This storm proves no exception to the general rule, and towards evening of the third day the wind shifts to the west and the sun breaks through. What clothing has been soaked is brought to the air and packed to be ready for an early start. As the night shades lower they are sitting around the fire in perfect quiet, when a sudden hoot brings Clyde up all standing.

"For the love of Moses — what's that?"

For answer another dismal call breaks upon them close at hand, and Walter replies to it with so good an imitation that Jim jumps a foot away and ejaculates, "Ye gods! I thought I had em."

Other owls take up the chorus and soon the trees overhead are alive with them. Walter's persistent calling seems to annoy them beyond endurance. They are all excited and answer together as fast as they can hoot. It is Bedlam let loose, and one of the most laughable and ridiculous performances imaginable, to which all respond with yells of mirth, until Jim cries, "For heavens sake and the sake of my buttons, will you cut it out."

"Wish we had time to take in Round Mountain Lake and Big and Little Jim. Either of those would make a fine trip."

"Especially the *latter*—Jim might locate a fine cabin for a honeymoon trip."

As Clyde delivers himself of this speech, he is sitting on a rock close by the stream with Jim not far away, and before he can even guess what's coming he disappears into the drink under the pressure of a quick push. As he comes to the surface, Jim dashes water in his face until he staggers out on the bank, grabs his assailant around the body, and in an instant two very wet fellows find themselves in need of an entire change of clothing. The fine wetting has considerably dampened the ardor of both, but from this time on Clyde takes a second look to locate Jim before cutting loose any of his pleasantry.

For five miles they glide over unruffled waters the next morning, rounding a point to be met by Alder Stream rushing in from the south. Just off the outlet Clyde hooks a big trout that gives him the time of his life. He first notices a roll as his lordship comes up after a fly and fails to get him.

"Hold up, Jack, I'll have that fellow. Here goes a cast right over the spot where he disappeared. Gee whiz — he's on! Must weigh six pounds sure! The biggest thing I ever tackled in Maine waters."

The fish is gamey, for the water is good and cold. Rush succeeds rush until

A BIG TROUT OR A FISH YARN — OR PERHAPS BOTH

LISTEN TO "THE SONG THE PADDLE SINGS."

Clyde gets very anxious lest his line be too short.

"Snub him all you dare, old chap. That's a new rig and will hold well if you give it to him steady. Don't throw your arm back, but take your slack from the rings with your other hand — never mind the reel at all — just the line. Keep your tip down as well as you can. Six pounds, did you say?"

"Sixteen I say *now!* Look at that rod bend! He's a *whale!*"

After a quarter of an hour of the grandest sport he ever had, Clyde brings his fish carefully to net, the dispeller of all illusions gives it's verdict and the "six sixteen-pounder" weighs exactly *three pounds and one ounce.*

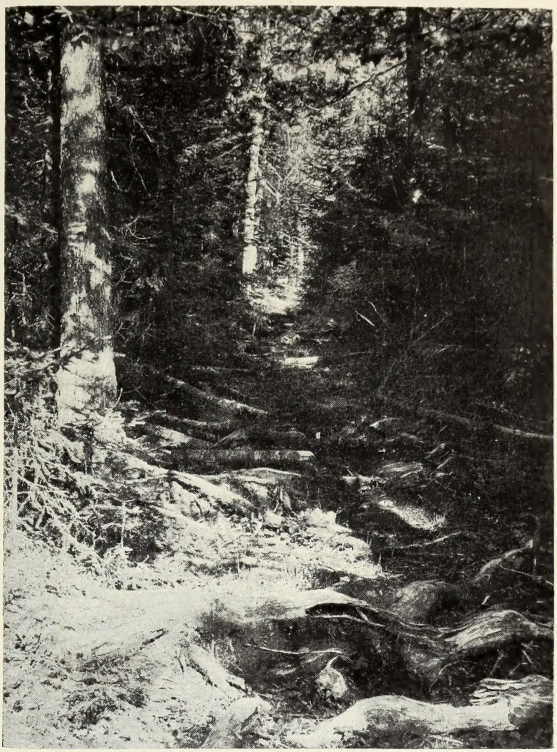
"Never mind a pound or two — he's the best I ever tackled for sport. I'm perfectly happy," and Clyde looks the part.

Up the North Branch carrying a quarter mile past Shadagee Falls, and on to other carries by Serampus and Little Serampus, they make their way to the Old Farm Dam and around where they put in at Lower Pond, the southern body of Chain of Ponds.

Here they leave the tent which has been promised to a party of sportsmen who are to come after them and push on through Bag, Long, and Round ponds, calling at the Megantic Club camps en route. These are located at various places throughout two hundred and fifty square miles of territory in a perfectly wild country, one of the finest preserves in the world.

In this vicinity are found many traces of Arnold's presence, though many so-called signs are without doubt evidently those left by the "skedaddlers" who sought the wilderness to get away from

the danger of drafting, and made clearings for their temporary settlements during later wartimes. Unmistakable, however, are those attending the discovery of an old bayonet in a spring in this section, where it had been dropped by some thirsty soldier who stopped to drink.



A TYPICAL "CARRY"

Between Long and Arnold ponds and about five miles below the latter are still the plain markings of the log foundations of an old camp about fifty feet square, a birch tree growing in the center setting back the date of its erection at least a hundred years. These foundations were accidentally discovered by a sportsman who crept in to observe the drumming of a partridge.

We might tell of several grand days' fishing in the north branch through Horseshoe, Mud, and Arnold ponds, all connected by small streams and affording a splendid canoe trip; of the hike across the tote trail for five miles to Arnold River and into Megantic Lake with one of the Megantic Club canoes; of the pleasant days at Spider Lake and the steamer trip fourteen miles the length of Megantic to the station on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, from which place they decide to return to the States via Quebec and Montreal; of experiences on lean-to with open front to the blazing fire replenished through the watches of the night; of graceful deer and moose down along the waterways in the dusk of the evening, neck deep to escape the flies, and of hours of practice with revolver at inanimate targets, but with these come themes galore, each worthy stories of its own.

Come rather with us to the smoking-room of one of New York's exclusive clubs, where our friends sit in an after-dinner theatre-party of sportsmen enthusiasts, and hear these tales with the setting of good cheer always there found. Don't fail to catch that mysterious beck of Clyde's forefinger to Walter and Jack.

The waiter responds to the call of the push button, disappears, returns, and bending close to the ear of his friends while Jim grins, Clyde whispers, "Here's to Dead River, old Benedict Arnold's men and *Jim — his cards are out.* Yep, — the little Eustis blonde."

THE SPINSTER'S WEDDING JOURNEY

By MARIE ANTOINETTE McKIM

GOOD EVENIN'! Yes, it does seem a long time since we met, considerin' our houses are always lookin' at one another! I'll just drop off my gums, as I've come in pertic'lar to sit a while; it won't trouble you guessin' why, 'tis the same subject everywhere.

"There's more versions of Maria Joy's weddin' trip than folks in Hillslope. It's the topic all over town; every time it comes up each one gets a new idea 'bout how 'twas, an' the reports spread. There's a whirlwind of talk so that the minister an' Deacon Griggs have conferred — Maria bein' a church member, you know — an' she has assented that Selina — who seems to have been party to a good deal from the first — may give out an authentical version. Selina was at our house this afternoon, so I thought I'd step over while it was all fresh. . . .

"Selina Griggs! ! Oh, no! she's lively, always goin' round, folks like that run into a prodigious amount, more than we stay at homes ever think of seein'. She's good company, Selina; whenever she steps in it seems as if the world was set to a quickstep, lively movin'. You can trust her not makin' trouble; you see she never stirred her tongue tossing about Maria's affairs. . . .

"Of course! I knew you always liked Selina! . . .

"As I was sayin', you know Maria hasn't a confidin' nature, even at such times as some women make an exception of bein'; an' Joshua Bodley! — Well, Maria has always been so far-seein' inter everything — but then! when a woman's head is turned towards matrimony, much or little sense all goes for naught!

"Selina says 'tis seven years he's been goin' home from evenin' meetin' with her reg'lar, though no one's ever made ercount of it! He boards up to Conant's, so their way was the same, an' it's certainly the darkest piece of road in town, past Maria's little wood lot at the rise of the hill; — 'tis lonesome enough ter make the most bigerted enemies feel sociable! Sunday nights the single men like to drop in to evenin' meetin' an' see who 'mong the young folks are courtin', then the set-pieces they sing are takin'!

"Selina says as she looks back she thinks it begun 'bout the same as all middlin'-aged folks takes up keepin' company. Maria'd always known him to pass the time o' day as they met 'long the road; she remembers bein' to Maria's one evenin' when Joshua came to the door, an' Maria asked him in, an' he stopped and set a while, not sayin' much; when he went to go out, Maria spoke kinder distant-like, 'Glad to see you, Mr. Bodley; call agen sometime, when you happen to be this way!' Selina thinks now that was the beginnin' of it. Though at the time, she only wondered how he came there in his Sunday clothes.

"You know Deacon Griggs is great at jokin', an' Maria is spry with her tongue. He was chaffin' her 'bout gettin' married — when she was there doin' Mantha's sewin' for her weddin' set-out. Maria talked lively, how 'cordin' to town records there wasn't equal popylation to match the women to husban's, but when she stepped off, no buggy-ride to the next town would do for her a weddin' journey! Selina says 'twas real prophetic, for since it's all happened, she's confided to Selina how she'd always longed to see the world outside these shut-in hills; that's how it was she an' Joshua planned a trip to New York, goin' by boat to get exper'ences both on land and water. She says they talked it so long he had plenty time to make suiterble calcerlations. . . .

"Yes: they was united two weeks last Sunday afternoon at the minister's, Selina standin' with her an' one Sam Hurtle, a cousin of his — not much more

likely sort than he, — was his witness. He hired Hurtle to drive them to Deerbrook, where they took the cars for the junction to catch the boat-train. When the conductor got along Joshua had the tickets, an' nothin' pertic'lar happened at first — strange Maria hadn't sensed him in those seven years they'd planned that trip to New York! — not 't'l they got onto the boat, an' was sittin' in the grand saloon, all gilt an' mirrors an' red velvet, she an' he reposin' on stuffed chairs, lookin' at themselves reflected in tall mirrors — Selina says she has a picture of the boat, an' the way she describes it, 'tis somethin' splendid. As I was sayin'; while they was sittin' there thinkin' how it seemed to be travelin' on water 'stead o' land, a man came along callin', 'Supper served hot for one hour'; she said there was gold on his hat an' the same trimmed on his sleeves, so that he matched perfectly with the ship. As soon as he came toward them, Joshua said sort o' quick, ' Did yer bring lunch, Maria? I don't want eny hot supper; if *you* do, I hope yer brought money to pay!'

" Maria said for much as a minute seemed to her as if the boat was swimmin' in the air, 'stead o' the water, 'twas as if she didn't realize nothin' at all! Then it all came clear, sudden-like, how she'd wanted all her life since she'd been grown up, to have a journey, an' have it nice, an' it seemed as if she'd cry, right in sight of the man with the gold lace, an' all those people lookin' at her.

" Jest think how well he'd played his part those seven years, goin' reg'lar to Maria's house an' seein' that timber lot o' hers advancin' every season, an' knowin' she had money in the bank. . . .

" Yes. All the Joy family hed pride; they aint the airy sort, puttin' themselves before their neighbors, but when they can have things they like 'em nice, an' to feel they're somebody themselves — Nature made 'em genteel!

" As soon as Maria begun to think, she said she got right up from her chair an' never noticin' Joshua no more than if he'd been a great stranger, she followed along after the man with the gold trimmin's. Everything, she said, was the same as a royal banquet you read of in novels. Flowers on the table made to look as if they was growin' all the time; silver spread all around, an' if you looked up at anything a servant wanted to help you to somethin'.

" When she walked back to the saloon agen, she began to think 'bout Joshua. She stood way off where he couldn't see her an' looked at him. He couldn't 'ave looked very spruce 'mongst all them fine surroundin's, an' I guess Maria's wits was beginnin' to get on edge, though she don't allow there was anythin' but accerdent in the way their weddin' journey was conducted.

" Just where she happened to be standin' viewin' Joshua was a lady with a little girl, both sittin' on the stuffed chairs that are everywhere in the picture. Maria saw the little girl lookin' at her, an' you know Maria ain't made childrun's clothes all her life 'thout understandin' how to manage. She had a box of pep'mints in her pocket what Sam Hurtle gave her when he set 'em down at Deerbrook. Right away she was sittin' next the child, feedin' her pep'mints an' talkin', when what should happen but the man with the gold lace came along agen, jinglin' keys an' callin' ' Staterooms.' The lady wanted one, but thought them high — costin' at two dollars. The man explained there was two sleepin' places, an' if any other lady would like to take the room with her, 'twas a dollar apiece. So 'twas agreed between them, an' Maria paid her dollar, an' the lady said if she'd get her things they'd go an' look at the room. When Maria went back to where she'd left Joshua, a lady sittin' oppersite told her how he'd gone to find her, while she'd have an eye on the bags. So Maria thanked her for tendin' the bags, an' takin' hers, walked away to her new friend. . . .

" What could Joshua do to look her up? He couldn't go round tellin' how he'd lost his wife. 'Twas all done plain-sighted before every one, an' how slim he'd seem talkin' 'bout it to strangers, or even the man with the gold lace. There was no place Maria could run to, because of its bein' all water everywheres outside the ship. I don't see what Joshua could do, 'cept to keep still! ! But I'm thinkin' if

Sam Hurtle had sensed the use Maria'd put them pep'mints to, he wouldn't a treated her to so pop'lar a flavorin'.

"So Maria had a stateroom with the best, an' she paid for it! She said the beds was on shelves draped with lace curtains; she had a place to wash fixed with the water to run in an' out, just whenever you wished it should. . . .

"Joshua! Oh, Maria says he could have a berth in the gen'lemen's cabin, free; or he could sit up in the velvet chairs all night; you may be sure she didn't trouble herself 'bout him! She got to talkin' to her new friend, an' when Maria told her the address where she was goin' in New York — 'twas one that Elviny Whittle's nieces gave her, the one that's practisin' to be a nurse in the great hospital there, — 'tis a place where she stays when nursin' is dull; an' when Maria got out the direction, an' showed it to the lady, she said she was goin' near there, an' offered that Maria should come along with her an' she'd take her to the street. So Maria volunteered either to look after the child or carry the lady's travelin' case, which was big, an' 'twas fortunate they struck an agreement, for in the mornin' when they came to leave the boat, there was Joshua astandin' close to the narrow plank walk that every one had to go down to get off the ship.

"'Maria!' he called, crowdin' up to her. Maria says she turned her head right squar' toward him an' looked him steady in the eye; 'Don't talk so loud,' she says, you know she always speaks rather *um*phatic! 'I've been on the boat, where did you suppose?' She said she looked back and saw she was bein' separated from her friend. There was a great crowd carryin' them forward, an' Joshua close up to her. 'I'm goin' to see New York,' says Maria. 'I'm on my way to Miss Dobson's'—he knowin' that was the place she'd corresponded with; 'Good by!' says Maria. She said she just gave one last glance to Joshua, then pushed quick through the crowd to join her friend; she saw how he looked terrible bewildered, as if he hadn't understood nothin' she said, but the lady hurried so fast to get ahead of the crowd that was swayin' an 'pushin'; an' everything, everywhere, was such a hubbub an' racket, men an' trucks an' horses an' teams, an' people all distributed among 'em runnin' in every direction; Maria said it took all her senses to keep her eyes on the lady an' the child. I suppose Joshua, findin' such an extra surprise in store for him, as Maria runnin' away into New York all alone by herself — as he thought — just collapsed in amazement right where he stood, for Maria saw nuthin' more of him 't'l she got ready to come home, when the first person struck her vision, standin' close to the plank walk leadin' onto the boat, was Joshua, lookin' as if he'd been dodgin' 'bout 'mongst the wharves all the while she'd been seein' New York. . . .

"An' you ought to hear her tell about her trip! Miss Dobson an' all the nurses that stop at her house, an' they're changin' all the time, did everything for her, an' showed her all round, so Maria got to feelin' quite at home to go by herself. She's bought three dozen postal-pictures, an' to hear her tell 'bout them is like readin' out of a book, she goes along so smooth an' interestin' with every word. Well! you see when she got back to the boat, there was Joshua, an' it wasn't any longer a question of a weddin' journey, or seein' the world; she had done it all by herself! 'Twas just the plain reality of takin' Joshua into her house an' livin' with him every day of the year, reg'lar. P'r'aps it's come to lots the same way, but every one's case is somehow dif'rent. . . .

"What? Oh, yes, he tried to talk, an' asked if she was mad 'bout the supper. Maria said when she looked back on it 't seemed childish to be making cause over such a matter as the cost of a supper; you know it's always what lies underneath that is the real stumblin' block; it's what we feel folks to be underneath their explanations that appears their true self. 'Twas the supper, an' yet 'twasn't properly that, either; so Maria said she let Joshua talk 'imself all out, 'thout really knowin' exactly what was goin' to happen, 'cept that she'd done with discussions an' wranglin's years ago; words, she contends, are nuthin' but excuses for one or 'nother gettin'

their own way. But when they got back to Centerville, an' stood out on the depot platform, waitin' for Hodge to drive up an' load 'em into the stage for Hillslope, Maria said when she recognized the hill-tops loomin' up so familiar all beyond Centerville, knowin' how her house was standin' back there just as she left it that Sunday afternoon, ready an' waitin' for her to unlock the door an' step in, 'twas as if she'd suddenly come to herself. 'You an' me, Joshua,' she says, 'have had our weddin' journey, an' that's enough. I can take in sewin' for one, but not for two. You can go to your home, an' I'll go to mine. . . . '

"Reconciliation! I venture to believe Maria will continue as good as her word, marryin' or not! Though I suppose when Sunday evenin' meetin's are over, an' she turns off by herself that lonely walk, goin' silently into her house if she's feelin' dull, the steady stillness is discomfitin'. I always thought, lookin' from her winders 'cross those acres o' pine tops that shuts off the view of the village, must be sort o' gloomy, 'thout any stir in the house. I fancy that's what influenced her to the point of tryin' to make somethin' of Joshua. . . .

"Yes, she told Selina he hadn't been there but once, 'twas last Sunday mornin' early, — he must 'a known she'd been stayin' at Deacon Griggs; — when he saw the smoke risin' from her chimney, I reckon he hurried straight down from Conant's, where he boards. Maria said she skipped up garret, an' raisin' the winder spoke down to him. She said she was busy settlin' things upstairs, but she could hear anything he had to say, an' she'd said all she wished. Husban' thinks Joshua has given up tryin' an' is sittin' back trustin' to circumstances, which Sam Hurtle keeps fo'mentin'. He doesn't give the subject any rest; he's full o' talk an' insinuations; you know he's the kind that never has a definite 'pinion 'bout enything, or knows enything for certain; he's always sort o' hintin', or conjecturin', surmizin' all sorts o' notions into people's minds, 'til he's got so much talk started, it's fired up that young Methodist exhorter preaching Sunday afternoons in the schoolhouse at Factory Corner. He hasn't called names to illerstrate his figgers of speech on the sacredness of matrimony, but he might as well, an' he's had himself noticed in the Centerville Enterprise. The schoolhouse was packed with young folks at his last weekly prayer meetin'; there wasn't even standin' room, expecting what he might say, an' I suppose Sunday'll see the place overflowin' to hear what'll come next. The young fellows who ride out with their girls Sunday afternoons like that sort o' church-goin'.

Deacon Griggs has conferred with Maria. She says she's considered with conscience the seriousness of gettin' married. She feels 's if the sacredness of it all was in the way the words are lived up to by the parties united, an' not in the way the minister emphersizes 'em. You can't deny there's reason in her way o' thinkin'! Deacon Griggs feels that considerin' Maria has earned her house an' livin' all these years, she knows better an any one else whether 'tis to her happiness to support Joshua or not; he don't think she ought to be made a cause o' comment because she was just a little too slow in comin' to her senses; every one must admit he's got argerment on his side. Neither does the minister blame the young Methodist exhorter for tryin' to work himself forward by gettin' into public notice; though the subject o' marryin' an' stayin' united, or breakin' bonds, he says, is one too vexin' an' complercated to be settled by any young man in a schoolhouse at Factory Corner. But he an' the deacon both is wholly roused at havin' a member targeted out by a shiftless man like Sam Hurtle — keepin' all the idle tongues of Hillslope in an uproar! An' soon the young Methodist man will find that the Centerville Enterprise has filled its columns for some time to come, 'thout his elerquence takin' part.

Selina says if Maria wants to take another weddin' journey in the spring she'd like to see Ner York—if her father'll let her. I can't see, as everything happened, but what Maria's weddin' journey has turned out jest as fortunately for her as a good many of 'em do in the end.

"The Egyptian Princess," by Louis Kronberg

FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND ARTISTS SERIES

IV. Louis Kronberg's "The Egyptian Princess"

By Frederick W. Coburn

AMONG the more important canvases painted by Louis Kronberg, who about a year ago left Boston to practise his profession in London, is "The Egyptian Princess," a strongly characterized portrait study. This picture, with its insistent line and monumental modeling, represents a very capable artist at his happiest. It is not less distinguished because it is somewhat unlike most of Mr. Kronberg's works, with which the New England public is very familiar.

That means, of course, that the subject is not associated with the theater. Picturesque attitudes of ballet girls Mr. Kronberg has painted with enthusiasm and success since student days in Paris when he made a reputation through his studies of Miss Loie Fuller, the dancer. "The American Degas" he has sometimes been called, through a pardonable exaggeration, for it is no disparagement to say that he lacks such wonderful gifts of style as make Degas notable among a nation of stylists. The American painter's drawing, as a matter of fact, while showing the good effect of years of severe training sometimes lacks refinement. He now and then seems to be unable to carry his work to just that point to which the very great artist would take it and leave it, knowing the execution to be precisely commensurate with the idea. Yet Mr. Kronberg is undeniably clever and resourceful. He almost invariably chooses motives which every other painter recognizes as something that he should personally find amusing to do; and at his best he has been singularly successful in executing his original artistic ideas.

The loss to New England of this gifted painter will, it is hoped by friends and a very large acquaintance, be only temporary. No artist, certainly, has been more distinctively a Boston figure than Mr. Kronberg, born at the Hub in 1872, graduated from the Eliot Grammar School, a pupil of the school of the Museum of Fine Arts, and winner of the Longfellow traveling scholarship, which permitted study in Paris under Jean Paul Laurens, Benjamin Constant, and Raphael Collin. After the residence in France there came several years of incessant production at the convenient studio on the top floor of 3 Winter Street. There were painted very many portraits, amongst others those of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, George Proctor, and Lillian Lawrence. There, too, were composed "The Lotus," subject of Edward H. Clement's enthusiastic poem, "Souvenir of the Orient," shown in the exhibition of Fair Women at Copley Hall, in the spring of 1902. "Behind the Footlights," recently purchased for the permanent exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, "Preparing for the Dance," bought by the Boston Art Club in 1905; "Judith," "The Girl with the Parrot," and many others. All the while Mr. Kronberg was an efficient and stimulating teacher in the classes of the Copley Society. He was one of the five original members of the Society of Odd Brushes, organized in 1905.

Boston from time to time loses talented painters and sculptors, who become restive under the apparent indifference of the community to the welfare of its artists. Some such feeling of restlessness may perhaps have influenced Mr. Kronberg when he suddenly, in the spring of 1907, sold out all his studio belongings and went to London, where from the time of West and Copley many American artists have met with cordial welcome. Whether he will remain abroad, perhaps to become a respectable painter in the solid British fashion, with prospect of making the Royal Academy, or will return to the city of his birth, cannot now be predicted.

THE WORM

By FLORENCE MARTIN EASTLAND

THE back door of the parlor opened cautiously and an inquiring white head bobbed in, followed by a lean, bent body. After a reassuring survey, Joshua Merrill shut himself in. His chin and lips were white with lather and in his hand was an open razor.

"She's been here a'ready," he grumbled, as he noted the parlor table pushed beneath a soldier's picture opposite. On the crazy-patchwork cover lay disordered heaps of white lilacs, snowballs, and smilax. Joshua advanced threateningly.

"You!" he exclaimed, shaking his fist at the smiling young face in the gorgeous gilt frame, "you didn't live long enough to make Lavinny mise'ble, but for thirty odd years you've made me wisht I was dead too. Every Decoration Day I feel I'm an outcast in my own house and that you were the only husband wuth mentionin'. Died in Libby Prison, did ye? Well, that ain't a mite worse than to starve every Decoration Day with plenty of stuff in the house to cook; and you know what she does — sets here all day after hangin' flowers round your picture and works herself into hy-sterics think'n how you starved to death. Though she ain't ever said a word, I b'lieve she thinks I should be snifflin' too."

He paused to listen to some noise outside; but the soldier's boyish face still declined to take the little old man seriously.

"Yes, sir," resumed Joshua, "I've been treated meaner than pusley. I've been a worm, a mise'ble, downtrodden worm all these years"— his eyes watered in self-pity— "and I ain't never once complained when you was made over and cried about; but now the worm is goin' to turn. When I git through shavin'," he concluded impressively, "I'm comin' back and break your picture into a thousand pieces"

The step in the garden sounded nearer and he hastily backed out. Through the entry and into the parlor came Lavinia, her arms encircling fragrant masses of blossoms which she laid with the others. As her eyes lovingly sought the picture a stray sunbeam relentlessly fell on her thin white hair, while it made still brighter the gay face above.

"My Charlie," she whispered, "sunshine of my happy girlhood — gone forty-four years. Do you, can you know that from each year of my life I set apart one day sacred to your memory and the cause you died for? And does it hurt you to know that like these flowers it blooms and fades under the peace and comfort of my old age?"

The tears streamed unchecked down her withered cheeks. After a little she began twining a wreath, but paused and gazed anxiously at the face above.

"No," she said, as if in answer to some argument, "he was too generous to ever blame me for lovin' again. If he knows, he's glad I've been happy all these years with Joshua, who's never said one mean word at my neglectin' him Decoration Days."

Resuming her labor of love she hung the wreath over the gilt frame and arranged the rest of the flowers in neat bouquets on the table. Hardly had the fallen leaves been brushed from the braided rug before the unfamiliar noise of a motor car drew Lavinia to the window.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed, taking a hasty peep from the side of the shade, "what's an automobile doin' on this road? Why, I declare it's stoppin' at our gate."

She watched a gray-bearded man in a faded uniform assist an elderly lady to alight before she satisfied herself by a quick glance about that the room was in its usual order. After smoothing her

hair and retying her white apron she opened the door to receive her visitors. The man spoke first.

"Will you allow us to sit here a little while? The car needs some repairs, and although early, the sun is very warm."

Lavinia's cordial assent was accompanied by a hasty drawing out of the most comfortable chairs. It chanced that the man sat with military precision directly opposite the soldier's portrait. Noting the decorations he adjusted his glasses for a better scrutiny. At once he rose and crossed the room with an exclamation of surprise.

"Is this not the portrait of Charles True? I surely cannot be mistaken."

"Yes," answered Lavinia, her features round with wonder, "how did you know?"

"He was one of my most trusted men — my name is Currier. When I returned to Andover after the war I could learn nothing of you."

"Charles enlisted there where we were living for a time; but my home was in Haverhill and I went back as soon as he left."

"And he never returned, poor fellow. A noble boy he was, cheerful and brave. I knew him well indeed and felt his loss most keenly, Mrs. True."

Joshua, clean-shaven and curious, slipped into the room with evident surprise at the Captain's concluding remark. With gentle dignity Lavinia made the correction.

"Mrs. Merrill now, Captain Currier." Indicating the other man she explained, "This is my husband, Joshua Merrill."

The Captain's wife, who had been an interested spectator, approached Joshua with extended hand.

"A day of discoveries," she laughed. "Although I have not seen you for over forty years, I know you. I recognized you by the scar on your forehead. Do you remember where you got that?"

"O' course. It was when the sleigh tipped over one night on the road from meetin'," returned Joshua perplexed. His face suddenly cleared. "Good land! you ain't Mary Pike?"

"I was. Captain Currier is my husband."

"I want to know! Why, I ain't heard of you sence wartimes." Joshua's face beamed while he repeatedly shook her hand.

"No; my last visit to Pond Hills was in '61. You had just got over a long run of fever and I remember your bitter disappointment at not being able to enlist after the first call for volunteers."

A shadow crossed the old man's face.

"The effects of that fever kep' me from ever enlistin', though I tried at every call."

"Why, Joshua," burst in Lavinia, "you never told me that. I thought you didn't want to go to war."

Instantly the New England habit of repression asserted itself. His features grew stolid, while he remarked uneasily: "'Twa'n't wuth mentionin'."

"But that wasn't all," added Mrs. Currier. "An old woman whose son had enlisted that same day was bemoaning her condition when her only support was gone. I saw Joshua slip to her side and overheard him promise to take care of her till her boy's return. I have no doubt that he did so."

Lavinia's surprise knew no bounds. "Was that Hannah Dow?" was all she could ask. He nodded in a confused way, muttering:

"She'd been on the town if I hadn't. 'Twa'n't nothin';" but Lavinia continued:

"Her son was killed in the first battle. She lived ten years after the war was over, and I'm ashamed to say I've nagged Joshua many a time for supportin' her. I wisht I'd known."

The Captain, consulting his watch, looked out of the window anxiously.

"I am afraid," he observed, "that the man won't finish his repairs in time. I am to speak at the Laurel Hill cemetery. The driver came this way to avoid the dust. The question now is: How am I to get to the cemetery by ten o'clock?"

"Why," replied Joshua briskly, "I can hitch up the old mare and take ye. Would you — will you go, Lavinny?" he asked doubtfully.

"I b'lieve I will," she answered surprised, adding in explanation, "We ain't never gone before."

"It will be good for both of you," the Captain remarked. "You will feel better to see how others remember your dead; your husband's disappointment will seem less when he lends his presence to a service for those who fell in defense of a cause he so wished to serve."

The old white mare, because of her objection to horseless vehicles, was tied under the pear tree at the side gate after being hitched to the old-fashioned carriage. Thither went the three, Joshua remaining to put on his shiny old broadcloth coat. While passing through the parlor after closing the windows, he noticed that the bouquets were gone from the table. Glancing through the side window he saw them in a basket on Lavinia's arm. He stared for a moment at the bare table, then cast one guilty glance at the portrait. The smile of the gay soldier-boy was reassuring. As he locked the side door he appeared thoughtful; and the grim lines about his mouth were softer.

Through the green lane between rows of odorous apple trees the old horse ambled, the four white heads swaying in unison with the erratic motions of the carriage. At the public road they swelled a passing procession bound for the same destination. The crowd of vehicles and flower-laden men, women, and white-robed maidens grew larger every moment. At the gate they were met by a reception committee of old soldiers in battered uniforms who escorted the Captain to a platform prepared for him near a huge monument inscribed "Our Honored Dead."

To the brief address which preceded the decoration of the graves Joshua listened with attention. His eyes grew moist as the Captain eulogized the heroes who fell in battle. The picture the orator drew of those who died after years of pain and disease, the effects of hard campaigns, brought tears from his listener's winking eyes.

"But friends," concluded the speaker, "we must not omit a tribute to other heroes as well. There are some unsung and unhonored, perhaps lying here in graves where not a blossom has been placed, who served their country as valiantly and as effectively. Prohibited by physical disability from becoming soldiers, without the inspiration of comrades and action, they faithfully, unostentatiously sought the needy and ministered to them in the absence of lawful protectors. Are they to be forgotten because they never bled on the battle field nor fired a bullet in their country's defense? Although no scars bore testimony to their loyalty, yet in their hearts welled the same patriotism which made their brothers soldiers. Perhaps in some aged breast before me there is a wound no surgeon could detect — a hidden disappointment that his body was not sound enough for active service. Who can deny that his acts for individual and municipal good were as effective as fighting for his country? But an enthusiastic, unseeing multitude passes him by to praise the men in blue, who, though maimed or diseased, sink into their long rest gladdened by the homage of a nation. Who can say that, given the opportunity, the weaker brother might not have been as great as Grant or Sherman? Let us honor these unknown heroes. They upheld the cause. They helped to preserve the Union."

With a look of compassion on her shining face Lavinia turned toward Joshua. His eyes were lowered and he was nervously grinding the gravel beneath his foot. After the ceremonies they found the motor car waiting at the gate for their new friends with whom they were reluctant to part.

Both were absorbed on their slow homeward ride, until Lavinia noticed they were not in the accustomed road.

"Where you goin'?" she inquired.

"Oh, jest round by the Point for a longer ride," he replied with some embarrassment.

Beyond the Point, however, he drew up before a little greenhouse. Handing the lines to his wondering wife, he walked up the path. Presently he came back with some flowers wrapped in tissue-paper.

"For Charles's picture," was all he said as he grasped the reins and clucked to the old horse.

With dimmed eyes Lavina gazed at the spotless hyacinths and waxen lilies and then at her aged husband. Perhaps to the relief of both the training of a lifetime rendered the tense situation natural by the query,—

"What did you have to pay for 'em?"

"That don't matter a mite," he averred.

Both were silent the rest of the way. When Joshua had changed his coat and put the horse in the barn he found his wife smiling happily in her rocker by the kitchen window.

"See how pretty the posies look," she said, "and be sure to go in from the entry."

Silently he obeyed. The bible-stand placed between the front windows arrested his attention. On its snowy cover rested a vase containing half the flowers he had bought. Above in a little cardboard frame hung a faded photograph of himself.

Across to the other picture his trembling old feet carried him. With the lilies' incense in his nostrils he again sought the boy-soldier's smiling eyes.

"Charles True," he quavered, "I ask your forgiveness."

VISIONS

By Dorothy King

A whirr of wings,
  A streamlet's rippling laughter;
A burst of sun,
  Where raindrops follow after;
    And Spring, and Spring is here!

A finger touch,
  A thrill, an unknown gladness;
Some faltered words,
  Sweet joy, a sweeter sadness;
    And Love, and Love is come!

And ebbing day,
  The yearnings fainter growing;
Then gentle night,
  With rest past all our knowing;
    And Death, and Death has won!

Among the New Books

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

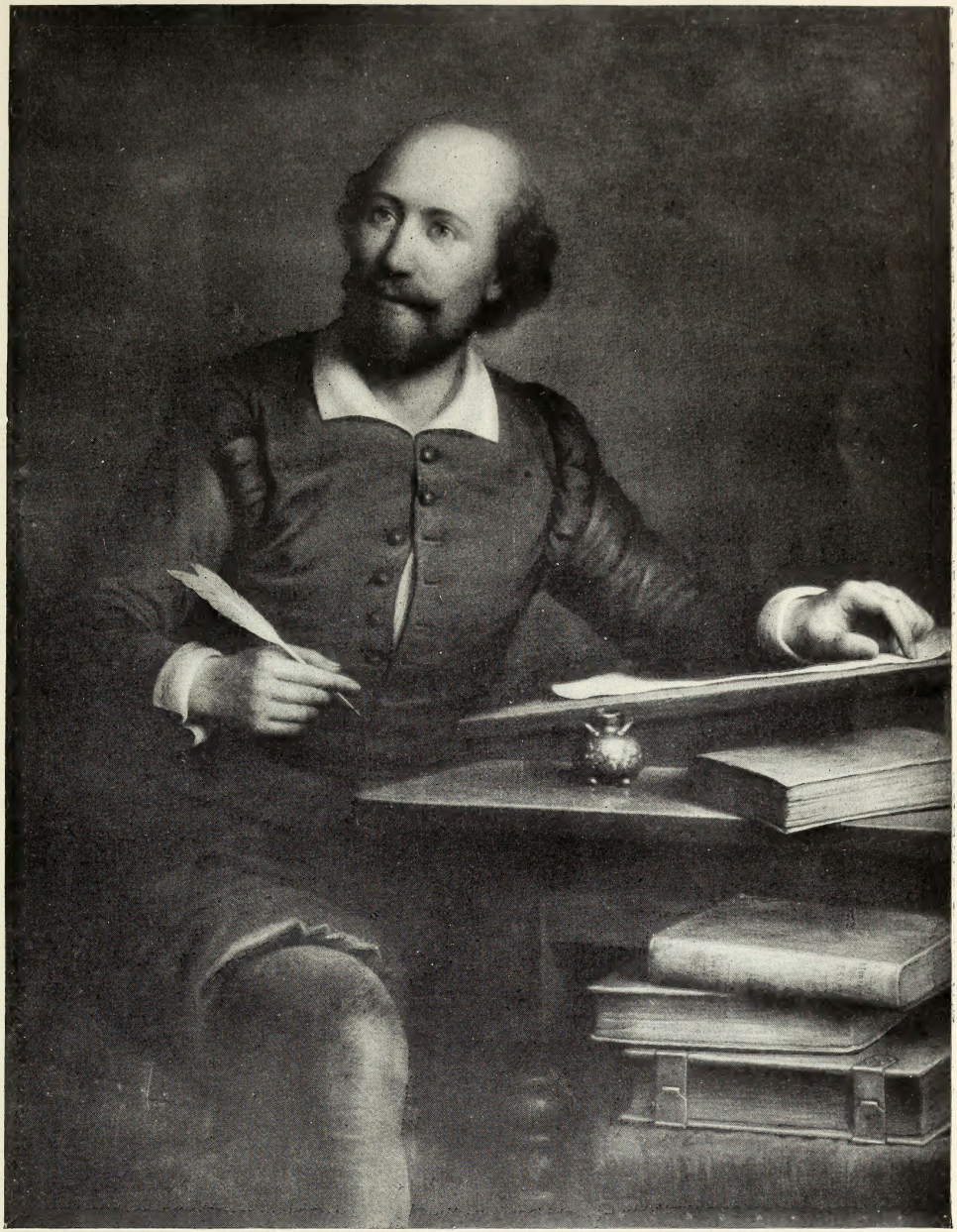
THE Elizabethan age, with its romantic glamor and its blood and iron heroes, who dreamed big things and did them, has always been a favorite theme of historian, novelist, and poet. It has been studied most of all, perhaps, in its literary phases — and not without reason, for it was in the reign of Elizabeth that the inarticulate consciousness of the English people first found full and free expression, and blossomed into a literature that left an enduring mark on the national development. Still, closely as Elizabethan literature has been searched into, there remains a wide field for exploration, for fresh discoveries, for approaching it from new points of view; and the earnest investigator, who digs and delves even where others have labored before him may reasonably expect rich rewards.

A timely illustration of the truth of this is the success that has attended Professor Felix E. Schelling's researches in the drama of the period. The results of his labors, extending over many years and now made public in two handsome volumes on "The Elizabethan Drama" (Houghton, Mifflin. $7.50 net), form a treasure trove of information absolutely indispensable to the student of the development of the drama. To those, and there are not a few, who think loosely of the Elizabethan drama as the drama of Shakespeare, Professor Schelling's work will be a revelation. As he shows, no fewer than fifteen hundred plays, at a conservative estimate, were written by some two hundred playwrights between the accession of Queen Elizabeth and the closing of the theatres upon the advent of Puritan supremacy. They were plays of every variety of species and excellence, "extending in scope from trifling dialogues of a single scene to trilogies of consummate dramatic art, and in quality from bits of actual life, conveyed bodily from the streets and taverns, to deeps of wisdom and flights of imaginative poetry such as other ages of the drama knew not."

They found production through actors good, bad, and indifferent — very much as is the case to-day — and in face of violent opposition. "The cause of plagues," cried the Rev. Thomas Wilcocks, preaching at St. Paul's Cross in 1577, "is sin, and the cause of sin are plays." But the clergy might rail, and the authorities might interfere; the English people wanted plays, and English playwrights were found to write plays for them. As is well known, such was the passion for theatrical performances that inn-yards were often turned into theatres; in fact, Professor Schelling does not hesitate to declare that the inn-yard was structurally the original of the Elizabethan theatre.

"The contemporary inn," he reminds us, "was often made up of a collection of straggling buildings constructed around a quadrangle to which there was usually but one entrance. The structure contained few windows on the sides which abutted on the streets, and the life of the inn centered in the inn-yard, whence was obtained such light and air as was afforded. The lower stories were used for kitchens, storehouses, and stables, and were called, as even now in private houses, 'the offices.' The rooms for guests were situated, as on the continent generally to-day, in what we should call in America the second story; and about the yard, which lay open to the sky, ran a balcony, sometimes two, on which all the better rooms of the house opened.

"Here are most of the conditions of the later theatre; a single entrance, at which 'gate money' might be charged, the stable from which might be dragged out a wagon on the top of which a stage could be erected. In the barn the players



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, BY GEORGE HENRY HALL, SHOWING A VETERAN NEW ENGLAND ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE GREAT DRAMATIST. ORIGINAL IS HANGING IN THE MEMORIAL GALLERY AT STRATFORD

could dress, and before its door might be hung a rude curtain to cloak entrance and exit. Its loft, with a window looking out on the courtyard, might be used for the walls of a beleaguered city, for Juliet's balcony, or the heavens out of which celestial personages appeared. Moreover, as to the auditors, his lordship and company might ascend to one of the rooms of the second story and bring thence chairs and stools on which to sit in the balcony overlooking the stage. The poorer gentleman or man of the city might ascend a flight higher and be nearly as comfortable, save that his chair was not so soft and his view of the actors not quite so near; whilst the apprentice, tapster, or other common fellow, stood in the yard on the cobbles and craned his neck to see over his fellows' shoulders, and endured, if need be, a sudden downpour of rain."

Professor Schelling's chief concern, however, is not to depict the condition of the Elizabethan stage, admirably as he does this; it is to give an understanding of the plays acted on that stage, and of the men who wrote them. In successive chapters — each a carefully studied essay on some special topic, such as "The National Historical Drama," "The Domestic Drama," "Romantic Comedy," "Romantic Tragedy," and "Historical Drama on Foreign Themes"— he describes and analyzes the hundreds of plays produced and the art of the men who wrote them. Of Shakespeare, of course, he has much to say, but he studies with equal attention Lyly and Peele, Greene and Kyd, Marlowe and Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the host of lesser lights obscured by Shakespeare's greatness. And besides all this, he prefaces his examination of Elizabethan drama proper, by surveying in detail the evolution of the English play through its earlier phases of miracle, morality, and interlude. His is truly a monumental undertaking, conceived and worked out in noble proportions.

American Sea-Fights and Fighters

The view recently set forth by Captain Mahan that the brilliant victories of the American navy in the war of 1812 had in reality little or no determining effect on the outcome of that war is vigorously combatted by Mr. John R. Spears in his "History of the United States Navy" (Scribner's $1.50 net). Mr. Spears, who writes with a robust Americanism and in good, straightforward prose, entertains not the slightest doubt that Captain Mahan has unwarrantably shorn the "mere naval duels" of the glories that were theirs before he began his work of destructive criticism. To Mr. Spears, indeed, the fight between the Constitution and the Guerrière was the "decisive battle" of the war of 1812 — and this although it was fought almost at the very beginning of the long struggle.

It is a capital picture he draws of the sensational sea fight that followed the departure of the Constitution from Boston harbor on August 2, 1812, under the command of Captain Isaac Hull. Seventeen days later, when about eight hundred miles east of Boston, the Constitution fell in with the British frigate Guerrière, Captain James Dacres.

"At 6 o'clock," writes Mr. Spears, "the Guerrière squared away before the wind in a way that was a plain challenge to a combat yardarm to yardarm.

"At that Hull made sail, and as the Constitution swept down within pistol range (say the breadth of a country road) off the Guerrière's port beam, the British crew began to cheer and work their guns.

"On the Constitution the sailors stood at their posts erect and silent, but manifestly impatient. They were so eager to return the fire, especially after a shot from the Guerrière happened to strike the bulwarks and kill two men, that Lieutenant Morris went to the captain three times and asked permission to fire. But Hull, with his eyes on the enemy, refused, while the Constitution forged ahead until every gun in her broadside would bear. Than he stooped until he split his knee breeches from waistband to buckle, leaped erect, and shouted:

" 'Now, boys, pour it into them:'

"The broadside sounded like a single explosion, and the crash of the shot piercing the plank and timbers of the Guerrière came back like an echo. The

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE CONSTITUTION AND THE GUERRIÈRE

gunners of the Constitution had *aimed* their guns — they had aimed to avenge the wrongs that had been inflicted on twenty thousand Americans by British press-gangs, and every shot struck home. So plainly seen was the havoc wrought by the broadside that Hull exclaimed exultantly:

"'By ——, that vessel is ours!'

"It was so. . . . The Constitution ranged ahead and, luffing across her bows raked her. Then, turning back, the Constitution raked her again. This time the Constitution was so close that she fouled the Guerrière's bow, and Lieutenant Morris, seeing a loose rope hanging from the Guerrière's bowsprit, used it to lash the two vessels together, bow to stern. . . .

"Then the rope holding the two ships together broke, and as they were drifting apart the foremast and mainmast of the Guerrière fell over the rail. The Guerrière was left a mastless hulk in the trough of the sea, with the muzzles of her guns dipping into the waves at every roll. She had received thirty shot through her hull at points far below the water-line, besides many in the hull at points further up. She was not only helpless, but sinking. It was just 6.22. After replacing a few ropes that had been cut, the Constitution was as fit for battle as when she left Boston. Seeing this, the Guerrière at 7 o'clock hauled down her flag."

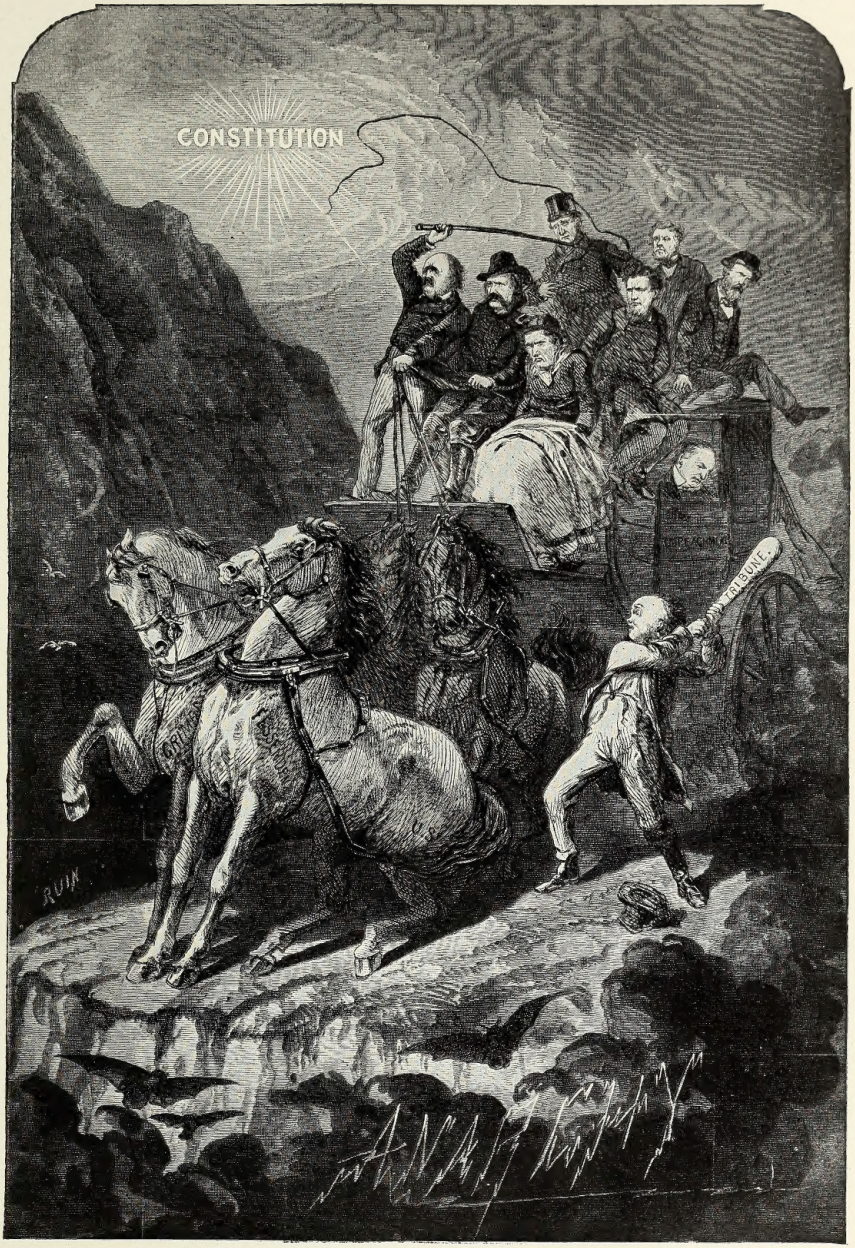
Many another stirring sea-fight is commemorated in Mr. Spear's book, which, true to its name, tells the story of the American navy from its rude beginnings in the Revolutionary period to its present high development. Historians are likely to take exception, here and there, to the opinions and conclusions which Mr. Spear voices in characteristic outright fashion; but his pages are certain to be read with interest even by the most captious critics.

A Great New England Statesman

When on the eve of the bitter Kansas-Nebraska struggle the State of Maine for the first time sent William Pitt Fessenden to the United States Senate, that old war-horse of freedom, Charles Sumner, hailed his arrival as "like a reinforcement on the field of battle." Fourteen years earlier Fessenden had come to Congress almost unknown, had made his presence felt in the House of Representatives, but after a single term had retired in disgust to private life, wrathful at the subserviency of the "Northern hirelings" to the slave-holding interests of the South. In the intervening twelve years he had come out strongly as an anti-slavery extension, if not a liberty man. And now that Stephen A. Douglas had roused the North to vehement indignation by his bill opening Kansas to slavery, Fessenden had once more been sent to Washington — this time not merely as a Whig, but also as the spokesman of the anti-slavery Democrats of Maine.

How he acquitted himself in the angry debates that followed, and during the war which ensued, is in chief measure the subject of the biography, "William Pitt Fessenden" (Houghton, Mifflin. $5.00 net), written by his son, the late General Francis Fessenden. Naturally enough it is somewhat colored by filial prejudices and prepossessions, and it is not one of those biographies which, according to the set formula, read like a piece of fiction. To tell the truth, it is in spots pretty dry reading. But it contains the record of a splendid career, and of a career that makes a peculiar appeal to the people of New England, for Fessenden was, in many ways, a reincarnation of the best to be found in the early Puritans,— scrupulously honest, unflinchingly devoted to the truth as he saw it, and immovable on a question of principle. The severest test of his manhood came not during, but after, the Civil War, when the frenzied Republicans sought to oust Andrew Johnson from the presidential chair. Of all the Republican members of the Senate, which formed the court of impeachment, there were only seven brave enough to defy the dictates of their party and vote against convicting Johnson of the charges brought against him. One of the devoted seven was Fessenden.

"Whatever may be the consequences to myself personally," he manfully declared, "I will not decide the question



"The balky team at the edge of the precipice"

against my own judgment. Everybody seems to forget that senators have taken an oath to try the man impartially. But whatever I may think and feel as a politician, I cannot and will not violate my oath. I would rather be confined to planting cabbages the remainder of my days."

From all quarters the greatest pressure was brought to bear on the stout-hearted "man from Maine." General Fessenden tells us that the letters the senator received from his own state were particularly savage. He was warned that if he voted against conviction he might as well leave Maine; that a Republican senator who voted for acquittal could never look his constituents in the face. One man even wrote to him:

"Is it possible that you have turned traitor and that your name will be handed down with that of Benedict Arnold?"

Another asked him to name his price, and thus save his name from dishonor worse than that of the slayer of Lincoln. Against this storm of invective Fessenden stoutly steered his course; and, on May 16, 1868, when the fateful vote was taken, rose in his seat and delivered his judgment in clear and even voice — the first Republican senator to vote "Not guilty."

It only needed the change of a single vote to send Johnson from the presidency in disgrace, and heavy was the punishment meted out to the Republican senators who had blocked the party program. Six of the seven were retired to private life; the seventh, Fessenden, died on the eve of a campaign for re-election, a campaign which threatened to prove futile, so bitter was the opposition concentrated against him. Time, however, has vindicated the memory of this stalwart champion of conscience, and to-day he is seen in his true light,— a statesman of whom New England and all the country may well be proud.

The Truth about Bohemia

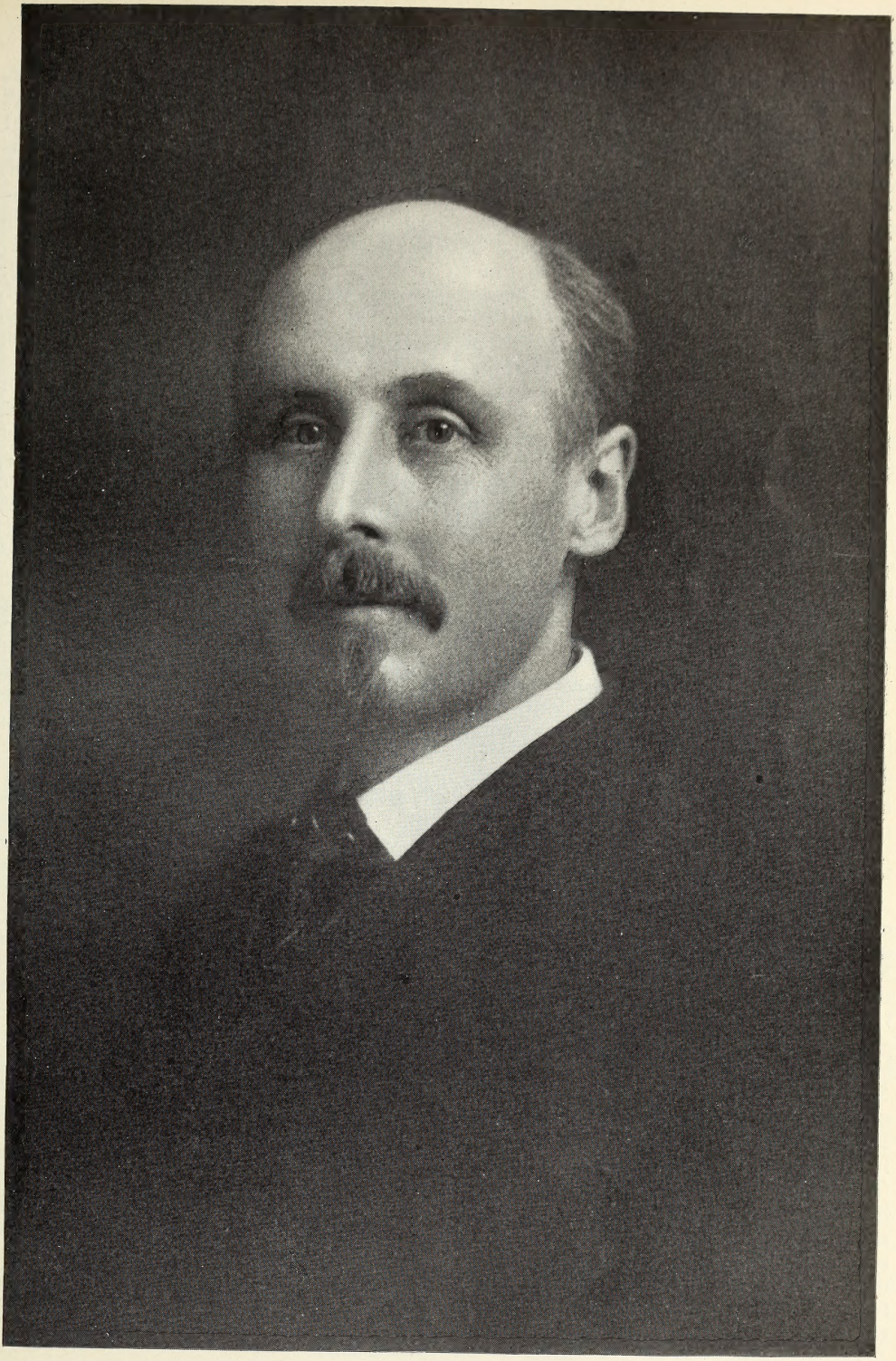
Things literary and bookish occupy a good deal of space in Professor Charles Sears Baldwin's "Essays Out of Hours" (Longmans. $1.25), as is only natural in view of the character of Professor Baldwin's work at Yale. But quite the most fascinating, albeit perhaps not the most soundly didactic, are the essays in which he lets himself go with delightful abandon and discourses cheerily of all manner of whimsical fancies and fanciful whims. If he would point out the secret of the perennial popularity of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and would instruct his readers in the genesis and development of the short story as a distinct department in literature, he is not above informing them as to the proper way to make a salad, and how to use an ax to best advantage. He has even been, it seems, a dweller in Bohemia, that mystical land of enchantment and youth, where all who enter bring hope with them, and where life is one melodious round of eating and drinking and song.

"To have hope rather than faith, to be idle under the guise of research into humanity, to indulge a smattering of French and a taste for spirits, to talk dispassionately of vaudeville — these made you eligible; this was Bohemian. *Deux mazagrans*, said with quiet assurance, was almost equivalent to conversation. If you expatiated upon symbolism without boggling at the absinthe you were a Bohemian professed."

And at the long tables in this captivating country of Bohemia, "one was free to wear his own guise without apology, and sure of the welcome he gave. It was the code that you might not address a novice, however promising he, however talkative you, until he opened the way; but that you might smoke your rat-tail cigar on the back of a friend's chair, or on the table after the apples and cheese. When music came in from the street, harp or guitar and violin tucking themselves between tables against the wall, the whole room would sometimes clink the measure on glasses, or sing a chorus from Trovatore."

Happy Bohemians! But happy, alas, only for a time. Listen again to Professor Baldwin.

"To be free, to be worthy of your neighbor's keen question, to give and take the ease of simple gayety that you may the better summon yourself,— it is a colored life. But not for long. . . .



Professor Charles Sears Baldwin

They that dwell in Bohemia because they have unlearned the way forth suffer dreary and repulsive decline. . . . Perpetual youth is perpetual limitation; once the limitation is seen, intolerable to any zeal for manhood. . . . Bohemia must be a country of inns — inns for the poor, adventurous young, responsive to the freedom in others which they must have in themselves. Like the actual Switzerland, it is only for our summer. . . . Clap pack on back, then, or ship as stowaways for the seacoast of Bohemia. But be ready for random fare and a truss of hay; be ready also to go on, or else to return, even to Philistia, not ungrateful for memories."

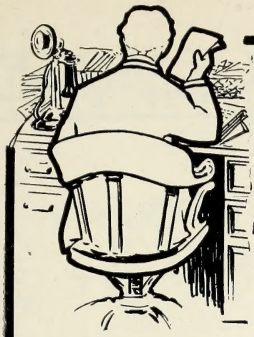
A good book, this, to slip into one's pocket for the railway journey; or to read before the glowing fire, after the day's work is done; even to study and ponder. It answers many moods.

Briefer Mention

It is a strange mixture of truth and nonsense that one finds in Mr. George Otis Draper's "More" (Little, Brown. $1.00 net). According to the subtitle, the book is a study of the existing financial situation. It is this, and it is something else,— a business man's counterblast to the campaign of exposure and condemnation that has been in progress since President Roosevelt took charge of the ship of state. Dishonesty, cries Mr. Draper, is not confined to the business man and the financier; it is rampant throughout the land. Let the "muck-rakers," then, turn their rakes on the criminal poor as well as the criminal rich. Mr. Draper himself would do his part by exposing, in true "muck-rake" fashion, the misdeeds of the masses,— their thefts from government, from their employers, from every one they can plunder. Yet he recognizes the necessity of some measures of reform if confidence is to be restored. Agitation looking to socialistic remedies he deplores as useless, harmful, and unnecessary. The thing to do is to make people obey the law. "There would be much less suspicion in the ranks of the restless if some well-to-do thief went to jail once in a while and served out his sentence without a pardon." This is certainly hitting the nail on the head. For the rest, Mr. Draper would have the American nation as a whole educated up to higher standards of morality.

With the French Revolution as a background Mr. Frederic S. Isham has written, in "The Lady of the Mount" (Bobbs, Merrill. $1.50 net), a delightful tale of love and adventure. It catches up and carries to its readers the tang of the salt sea air on the northwest coast of France, where unhappy peasants, bowed under the crushing load of extortionate taxes, hear at last the echoes of the fall of the Bastile, rise in their wrath and slay their tormentor, the cruel lord of the mount. And all the while the idol of the peasants, the "Black Seigneur," forest wanderer and sea rover, is in love with my lady, the cruel lord's daughter, whose fate is deservedly, though narrowly, happier than his. Mishaps and deeds of reckless daring, tragedy and comedy, follow one another in alluring alternation, in a story that is always clean, wholesome, and fresh.

Miss Mary Imlay Taylor's "The Reaping" (Little, Brown. $1.50 net) can hardly be called strikingly original as to plot. It is the familiar story of a woman married to the wrong man, and, on discarding him via the divorce court, awakening to the realization that the right man has outgrown his love for her. There are, however, some really strong scenes, especially as the tale hurries to its tragic climax; and Miss Taylor's handling of the dialogue is as a rule brisk and entertaining. But, in all probability, the book will receive little favor save from readers whose peculiar delight is in the doings of smart or semi-smart society. And even they are likely to gasp at finding, for instance, that the hero, an oratorical prodigy, is not above speaking of his successful rival as a "chump"; and that the hero's cousin, a most artistic artist, uses such delightfully esthetic language as "chewing the rag."



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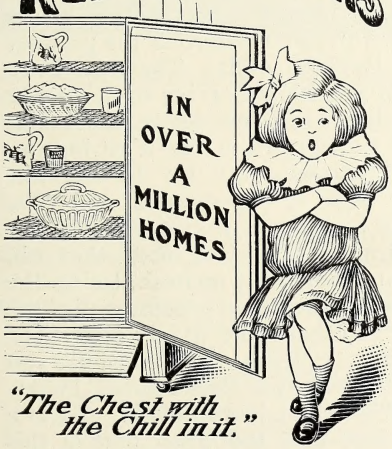

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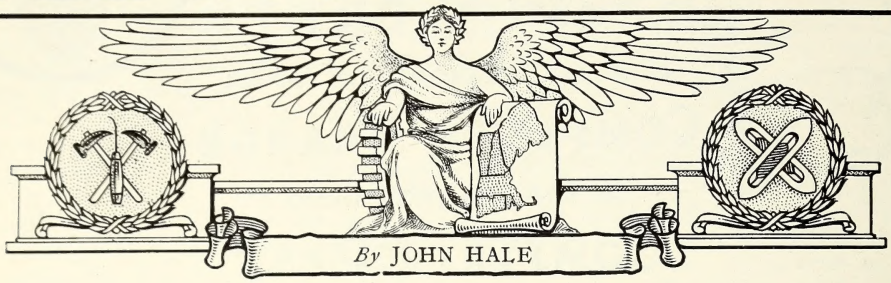

By JOHN HALE

WHILE economists are insistent about the "inexorable logic" of economic laws, the business world is full of the most illogical inconsistencies.

Why, for example, should New England not buy New England-made farm machinery and farm implements? Bellows Falls, Vermont, is a center for that product, and yet our farmers persist in sending West for their goods. Our advertisers can show you a better way.

Up in the lumber districts of New England are many chair, lounge, and table factories, and yet the average New England home is furnished with Michigan-made furniture. There are in Boston and elsewhere some of the finest furniture emporiums in the world that handle New England-made goods almost exclusively. They not only deserve, but will fully repay your patronage.

In the matter of clothing you can be furnished from head to foot by the looms and knitters and stitchers of our New England mill towns and clothing houses. New England mills are now turning out worsteds that vie with the finest imported goods. Everybody appears to be aware of it but the New England consumer, who insists, as a matter of tradition, in being fitted with the imported article. Try a New England-made piece of blue serge on your summer suit and see if it does not equal anything that you ever wore.

As to shoes, it hardly seems possible that any New Englander would be so foolish as to buy anything but a New England-made shoe, so fully have they demonstrated their superiority, not only in the United States but in the markets of the world. It is a leadership that should be maintained as a matter of pride as well as of economy.

Another item. There are still no carpets made that are better designed or will wear as well as those which have made New England's great carpet looms at Lowell famous. If you are caught by the words "Scotch," "English," or "French," attached to some showy importation in that line, you have allowed yourself to be exploited at the expense of your native states.

Not only may your homes be furnished with New England-made furniture and your clothes be of New England-made fabrics, but, to a larger extent than you have believed, you can be fed from the product of New England mills. The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is not trying to make war against the breakfast foods that pour into our territory from the West in hundreds of carloads, but we do feel like giving a little of our space to call your attention to the fact that there are New England-made breakfast foods that will reach your table fully as fresh, to say the least, and will be found to possess all of the qualities of other more widely advertised products. Try them! And then did you happen to know that Maine canned sweet-corn is the finest in the world? It is a curious fact that the larger part of this product goes to Chicago. We must at least credit the breezy West with knowing a good thing. Ask your grocer for

(Continued on page viii)

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Before we close the subject we should like to say a word for the great, historic New England publishing houses. They have done for literature in America and for the national welfare what has never been even approached elsewhere, and they are still upholding a standard both of honesty and of merit that is the most hopeful and significant thing in American literature to-day. They deserve a better support from New England people than they receive, strong and numerous as are their friends. At the risk of seeming to say too much for ourselves, we feel that we are perfectly right in insisting that your table should be supplied with the best New England publications if you are to do your part in the development of your own inheritance and the maintenance of its best traditions.

Of course we should be the last people to urge the "home consumption" idea in any narrow way. But New England people are far from being narrow. They are, in this respect, a little too broad for their own good. It is not narrowness but good economy, good common sense, and good feeling to stop and think as you dispense that tremendous power, the purchasing ability of the New England purse,— an item that makes the mouths of the world water — and to see to it that your own business interests, the prosperity of your own section receives at least its due share of the wealth that you distribute.

(Continued in July)

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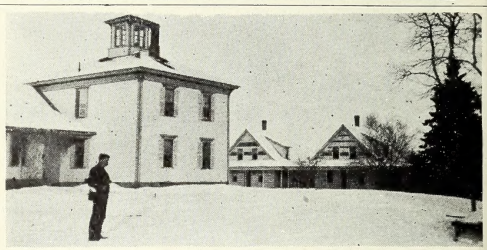

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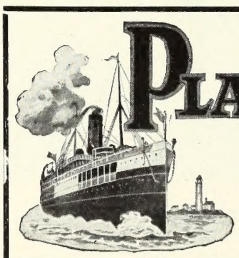

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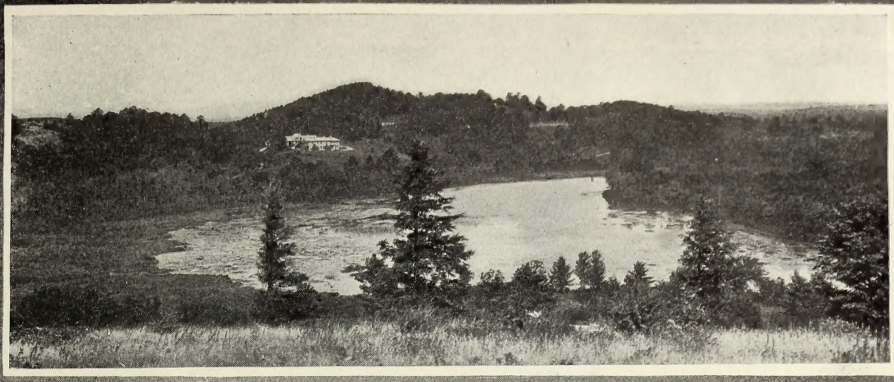
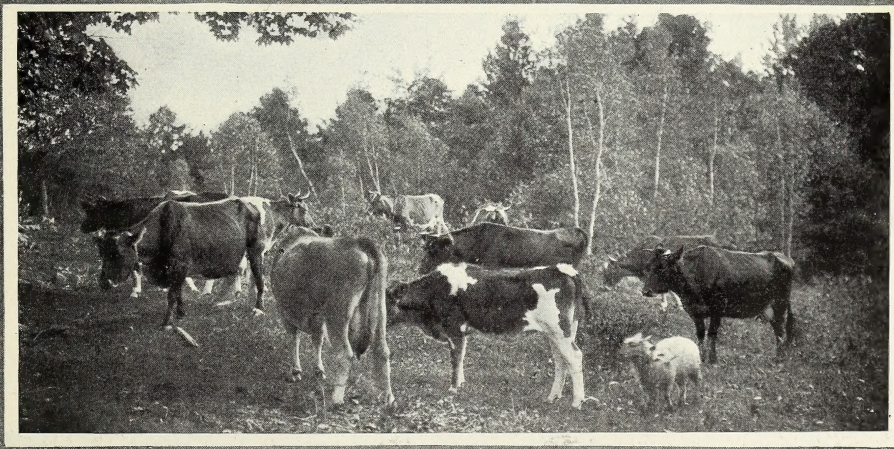
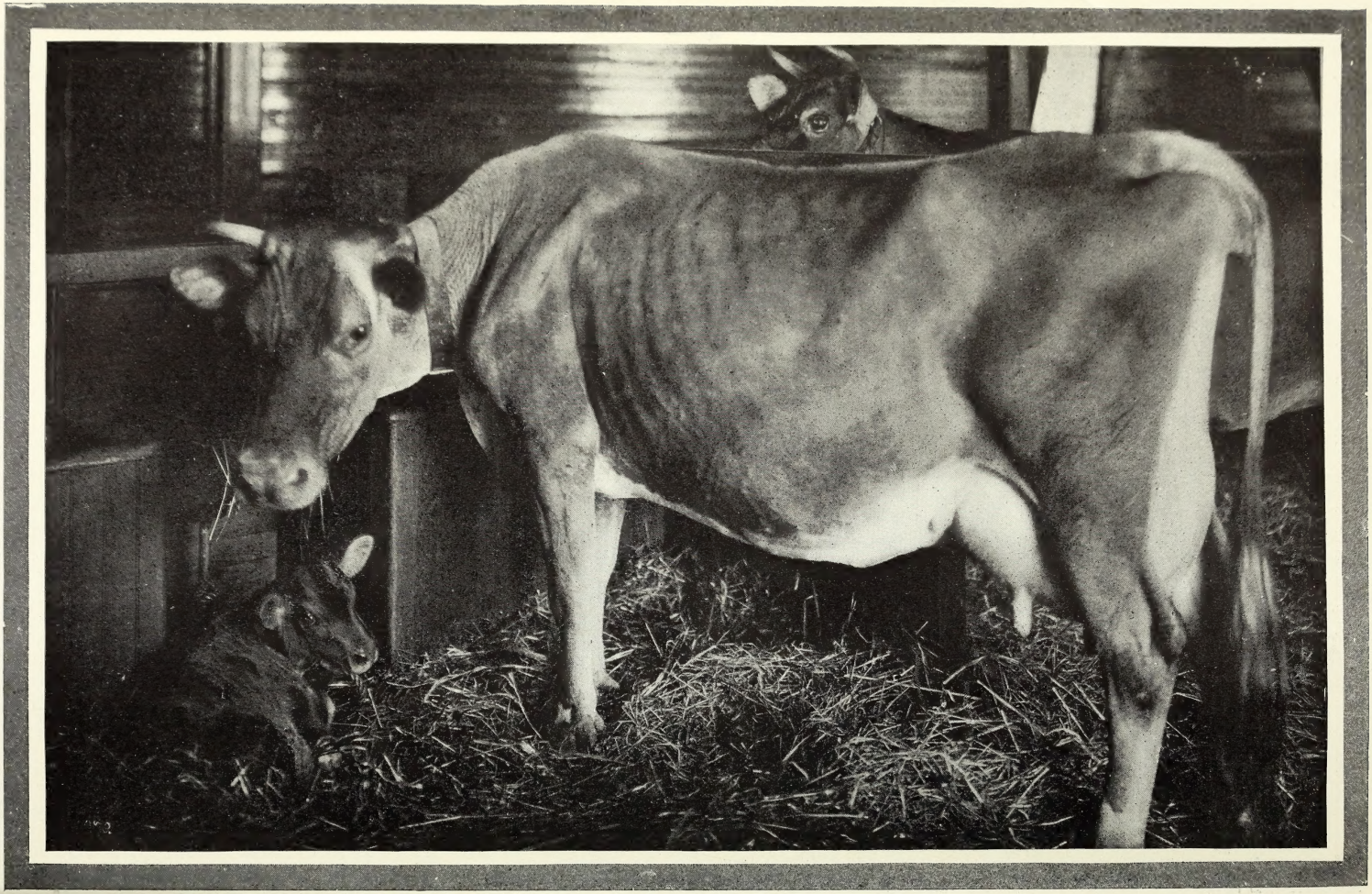
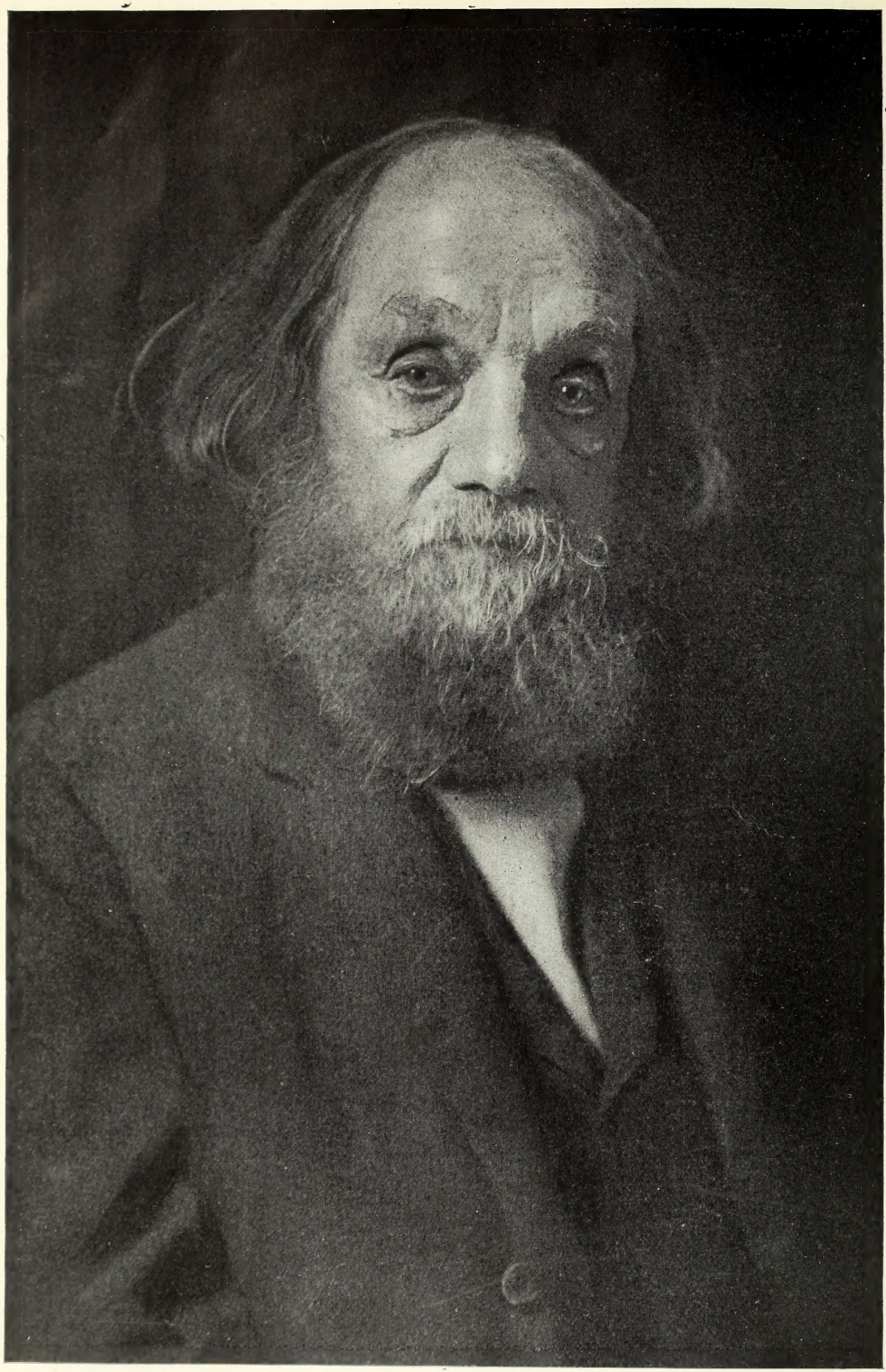


On the Farm







DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVIII JULY, 1908 NUMBER 5

DOING AND WRITING

By DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

[*Dr. Hale's Article is the first in a series designed to be of practical help to young writers, particularly to those who are competitors in our Short Story Prize Contest for the undergraduates of New England's Colleges and Universities.*]

I AM the senior minister of the church in Boston whose first minister was Mather Byles. He was an eccentric man, who showed his eccentricity in the times of the Tea Party by taking the Tory side, when all Boston was in rebellion against George the Third. So he had to go to Nova Scotia with General Howe and the rest when they sailed out from the port of Boston on St. Patrick's Day, in 1776. But in forty years before that time Mather Byles had done a good deal of honest work in Boston. Among other things he had shown his own good taste and spirit in writing for the newspapers and for the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE in its early days. And it happened that a century or more after he died a collector of curiosities brought to me the little memorandum book which showed how much or how little Mather Byles received in pecuniary compensation for one and another contribution to the literature of the time. Commercialism in literature is thus early in Boston, though I believe Ben Franklin was not paid for the ballad of the "Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter," nor his other ballad, of "Blackbeard."

It is clear enough that Mather Byles did not become the authority which he was among the literati of his time from any temptation to grow rich by the work of his pen. At the same time it is very clear that he made his daily work give him the subject, and if you please, the inspiration, for what he wrote. I speak of this little detail because commercialism as connected with literature is discussed just now as if we had new problems before us. But it is not so. Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith found out early in life that they could keep soul and body together by what the booksellers paid them. I do not think that before the American Revolution any one in America suspected that he could earn his living by his pen. But the question arises among young people more often than I wish it did whether they may not select pen-work for a profession, as it is called,— a vocation or occupation for the lives before them. It is clear enough that Mather Byles never dreamed of what is called now a literary life. Mather Byles was a hard-working, vigorous parish minister, and with him literature came in simply as what old-fashioned people used to call "pin money." If you please, it oiled the wheels of his professional endeavors.

It is here that we must find the keynote for anything that we plan or execute in literary composition. When I edited Old and New, in the early seventies, an excellent magazine now forgotten by all but the choicest of the elect,— I received a short story from the middle West. I was obliged to return it with a civil note, because it was not good enough. Pray believe, young readers, the editors of magazines really want to "get the best." By return of mail I received a plaintive note asking why it was not good,— what faults could the author correct in another literary venture? To which I made the answer, which an editor must make when one thousand such letters come in in a year, that this was not my business; that my business was to make the best magazine I could make; it was not to instruct

authors in their business. But my young friend was resolute. He wrote a pathetic letter. He said that if I knew him I should answer his appeal; that he was an invalid, that he was shut up at home, he took pleasure in reading magazines, and he was really ambitious. He hoped to succeed in writing. My heart melted,— for the hearts of editors can melt; they are not made from quartz or porphyry. I wrote him what my mother used to call a nice letter, by which she meant a letter of more than three pages and less than four.

I told him that he wrote about things of which he knew nothing. I said, "I am twice as old as you say you are, and I have seen a good deal of life. But I have never known an American mother who wanted to marry her daughter to a German baron and who persevered until she succeeded. That is what you have written about. I have read of many such mothers in Godey's Lady's Book and in Graham's Magazine, but I have never met with one. I do not believe that you have. And I added that I had not liked it that he addressed me with a masculine name while it was quite evident from the article that he was a young woman. I got in reply a very cordial letter of thanksgiving. The young man assured me that he was not a girl; he said it was true that he had written something he knew nothing about and that he never would do so again.

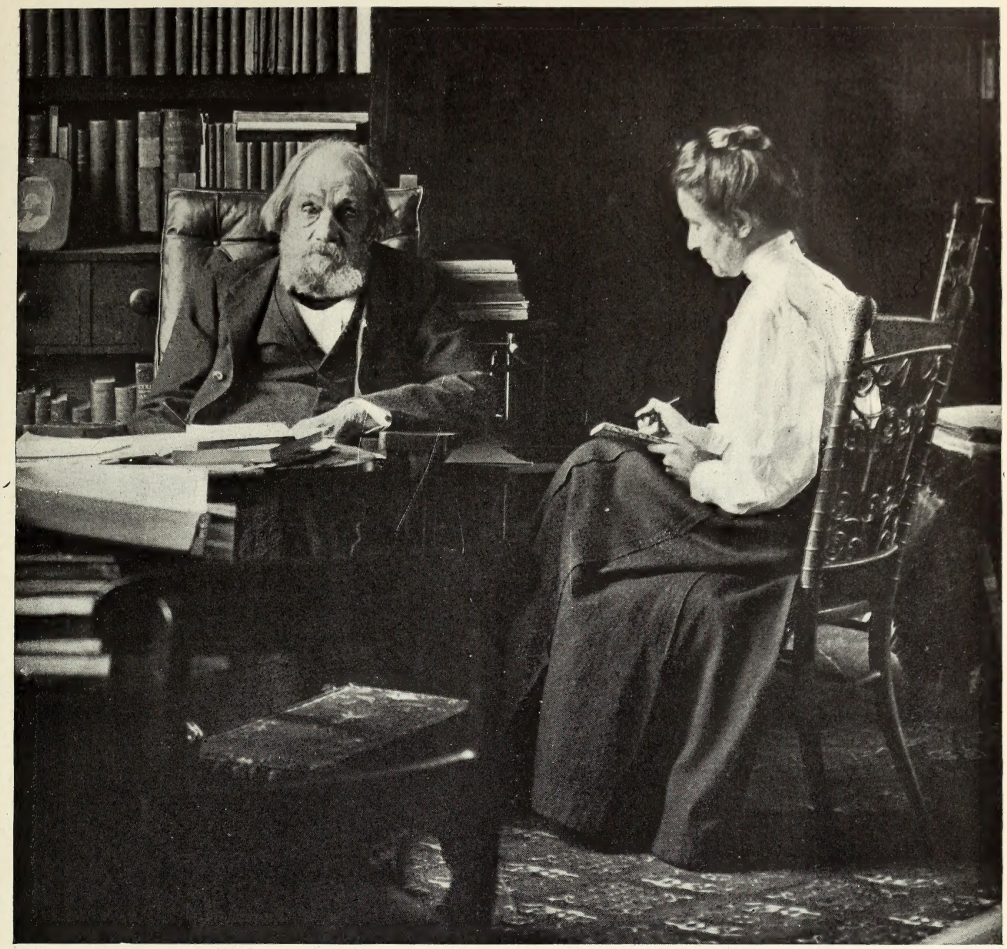
This was the last I heard of him for nearly twenty years, when I received a letter from him written in a distant city. He wanted to thank me, he said, for advice given him at a critical moment. He had checked his pen, as I bade him, till he had something to say. He had never rushed in to describe what he could not describe. He had never said he saw what he had not seen; and he was kind enough to give me the credit for his success in literature since his recovery from illness. At the time he wrote me he was in literary work of the first importance; he had the opportunity of giving to others the advice I had given to him; and if anybody cares for that, he had been so far a benefactor to his kind.

I believe it is Frere who said that he read most of the English novels of his time far enough to see if there were one good chapter in them. Generally speaking, there is not; but he said that if there were, it was a chapter describing what the man himself had seen and had done. If the hero or heroine rushes upstairs, five stories, and penetrates through a suite of rooms to the cot bed on which a sick baby is lying and seizes the baby and rushes down another staircase, more and more confused by the smoke, and falls upon the ground on the third floor, to be dragged out by Private Thirteen and his foremen, senseless, only to awake in the Emergency Hospital in Ward 44,— if this chapter really thrills you, and awakens you to read farther, it is because the writer "has been there" and has done and seen that thing. In other words, the short story, if it is to be a good story, must obey the laws of Realism, which are so severe in all the phases of the life of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

An accomplished friend of mine, a lady whose career in letters was somewhat distinguished, asked me once if there were any rules for short-story writing. There are many such rules. But I have already given the first. Do not, as you love mankind, as you love the truth, as you love the kingdom of heaven and the God of truth, do not write unless you have something to say.

The second rule is important also, but nothing can be as important as the first. It is, do not write splash-dash. Do not enclose your manuscript to an editor, saying, "I have thrown this off because I am moved to, though I can do a great deal better." There are very sacred reasons why you should do what you do as well as you can. And when you have your idea for the short story, you had better let it lie, screened from frost, screened from fire, but still in your mind, carefully tended, until you are quite sure that you can elaborate it well.

Three, this is a very carnal and philistine rule, the shorter the story the larger its chances of approval by the working editor. It will happen a hundred times that he wants a two-page article to fill up a form for once when he wants ten



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IN ADDITION TO HIS WRITING DR. HALE OCCUPIES EDITORIAL POSITIONS ON SEVERAL AMERICAN PERIODICALS AND SPENDS MANY HOURS EACH DAY IN DICTATING TO HIS SECRETARY

pages. You had better remember this, or as Charles Reade would say, "Put yourself in the other fellow's place."

Fourth, partly because of the third rule, every word must stand for its life. Why should I say, "The diaphanous and transparent air" when transparent alone would do. Nay, why should I say transparent, if air alone would do? And this process may go so far as to make me say, why not strike out the whole sentence?

It follows from these rules alone, that the best short story has and indeed needs no introduction. It may be necessary that the reader shall understand that there were eight of you in the stage coach at midnight riding down one of the descents of the Catskills, half an hour after the moon was up, when an old gentleman who still wore short-clothes and shoes with buckles told you the story which the reader has before him. But unless every word of this is necessary to the understanding of the story, it must be left out.

And lastly, though I write this with trembling, I think that the best short story differs from the best novel, or the best play in this: the short story has but one plot. You read right on from the beginning to the end, not interrupted by any side adventure. Now I think that every novel or play which has won real

success has a double plot. At one moment it is Dogberry and Verges and at the next scene it is Hero and Claudio.

Walter Scott is said to have said that he believed literature was a good cane or walking staff, but that he hoped no friend of his would ever have to make it a crutch. By this Scott meant, I think, what Andrew Peabody meant when he said every man should have a vocation and an avocation. Every child of God should be at work to bring in the kingdom of God. For this he must work with his best on the duty next his hand as each day wakes him to life. Beside this daily duty each man may have, probably should have, an avocation. This avocation may well be what is called "literature." But Scott meant, and I think it is true, that the moment a man gives himself up to writing or talking without doing something is a bad moment for him and for a world which listens to him. I think that in that moment his literary work takes on a kind of unreality,— as somebody says, you smell the oil. And certainly, the moment that in reading you begin to say to yourself, "This man was thinking of his style or of his reputation or of his money," that book falls from the level of the book which he had to write, because he knew that he could say things which nobody could say, or that he could say them better. It is just as an artist might paint a landscape in a place which he enjoyed, loved, and knew. That picture is separate from any one of ten pictures which an imagined picture dealer might order from him, saying, "I want ten pictures painted in the New Hampshire valleys."

In the year 2908 there will not be many English books of the last twenty years of our time remembered or read. I think that the words of English which have the best chance of being read then are General Grant's narratives of some of the critical points of his eventful life. I do not suppose that in writing them he had once a thought that they would be read a thousand years from now. I do not suppose that he recollected one of the instructions which the English professor at West Point had given him; I do not suppose that he recollected that the "nominative case governs the verb," or that a "short sentence is better than a long one." But he had something to say. He wrote perhaps within an hour of victory or of defeat. And he said it because it must be said and must be said then.

Now that is a fair example of what the young author or writer must keep in mind. He must learn to write; yes! Just as in my time we learned to make our own pens and to mix our own ink. He must write themes in college and have some accomplished student correct them. He must not say *commence* when he might say *begin*. He must not put himself into the writing. He must not say, "This sounds well or that will be fine." But all this is as he learns how to behave in society, or how to speak to a jury, or how to insure his house. A good English style is as necessary to everybody as a good handwriting is necessary,— if you please, as clean linen is necessary. But the essential thing is that he has seen something or thought something or done something which he wants to describe. And he wants to describe it in such simple words and forms that nobody shall say, "How good this is or how well written this is." To use very sacred words, it is not the things which I say, but the things which I do. Yet I must be ready to express in the best way the thing which I have done.

If this paper is read by young people who look forward to authorship, my advice is distinct: do not make authorship your dream of the central duty of life. Doing is better than writing. And do not expect to interest people in what you write until you have something to say. And this does not mean that you are to neglect the methods of writing. But as I have said, they ought to come in, of course. Whatever you mean to do, you ought to learn to write well, as you learn to walk well or to dress well, so that when you come to write it shall be of course that you write well. Do not

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HE HAS AN OLD "DORY" WHICH HE BROUGHT FROM CAPE COD, AND IN WHICH HE HAS PLANTED PETUNIAS, HIS FAVORITE FLOWER. HE HAS WRITTEN A POEM ON THIS "DORY"

permit yourself to be annoyed or puzzled by what the self-called critics say about style. Style comes fast enough if you have anything to say, supposing you have had decent school training.

I read nothing with more interest than the letters written quite unconsciously by young friends who really tell of their daily occupations. A spirited woman who is fighting with beasts at Ephesus, which means in the present case fitting a lot of cubs for college, writes a frank, straightforward letter Saturday night about what she has done in the last seven days, why she has done it, and how she has prepared for it. Because she is in earnest, dead earnest, resolutely and conscientiously in earnest, she writes, I might say, perfectly well; and yet in writing she has not once thought of style. She has not recollected how Maupassant would have written this, or Meredith, or Hawthorne. It is just as Mr. Webster said it was, that true eloquence does not consist in speech; it comes from the occasion. Yes, but when Mr. Webster said this he was able to say it because without knowing it, perhaps, he had spent years in training himself to write and to speak simply, which means well. Thus trained, he could fling himself with passion into any cause which needed his help, and he was sure that he would say the right thing without stopping to consider whether the predicate should come before the subject or whether he might use a parenthesis or refuse to.

I met a young friend in New York, one day, who told me he was married. I expressed my pleasure, and as we were really friends I asked him where the income came from? He answered good naturedly, with what I supposed was the exaggeration of friendship and good nature, "Oh, I write short stories," as if this had become a profession in our time. I am afraid that such offhand jokes carelessly spoken have found their way into magazine literature. I am afraid that newspapers and magazines have consciously or unconsciously given the notion to young people that there exists a profession which can be called Literature. Alas, and unfortunately, there is, in a small way, such a profession. And it is a profession which talks too much about itself. So I have heard it said that the grasshoppers in a meadow make more noise than the quiet cows under the trees make. But the cows are probably of more use in the world. Indeed, so far as the world sees, the only use of the grasshoppers is that they make good food for the turkeys. Of the turkeys it can be said that they are good to eat and that they can lay eggs; and their song is not very acceptable. To speak without a parable, the great rule is this,— do not try to say anything until you have something to say.

Even the great lights of literature did not begin by meaning to be lights of literature. The best of them meant to do every day the duty which was next their hand, and they did it. Dante did his duty to his country because it was his duty to God, and did it as well as he knew how. If he had not he could never have been the Dante he was. I could say that same thing of a person named William Shakespeare, who has distinguished himself as a man of letters, and another person named Walter Scott, who earned the same distinction. In their work, and in the lives of the people whom they met in their work, perhaps in the fortunes of the country, day by day, as they worked, they learned what life is. Nobody told them, perhaps, that every faculty of life would be improved as they used it; but all the same they used every faculty they had; and Duty, as is Duty's business, taught them. Duty is stern, but she is the daughter of the voice of God; and people learn from Duty what they do not learn in a class room. The people who have trusted her have written what is worth reading. You and I like to read what they have said; and perhaps we do not know what they have done, but whether we know it or not it is wellnigh sure that unless men have really lived, they do not really know what life is. Unless they know men and women, they will not in the long run interest men and women. And the authors who hold on from generation to generation are the men and women who because their lives were worth living found that they had something to say.

The Way of a Grandmother

By EMILIA ELLIOTT

Illustrations by Mabel B. Hill

PATRICIA sat on the back steps carefully arranging purple and white asters in an old blue and white punchbowl, the pride of her Aunt Julia's heart.

"It's the 'Washington bowl,' Custard," she explained to the small curly black dog, watching her intently. "Daddy says it's called that, because it is just as easy to prove that Washington never did have punch from it as that he did." Patricia paused to rearrange one particularly wobbly aster, too short as to stem and too big as to head. "Anyhow, it's one of the very nicest things we've got."

Custard sighed restlessly; to spend this breezy October afternoon in fussing over flowers, when just beyond the gate a whole world waited to be explored, seemed to him a most un-Patricialike wasting of time.

Then as Patricia rose slowly to her feet, the bowl of flowers in her hands, he sprang up at her with a sharp little bark of delight.

"Down!" she warned sharply; "Custard Kirby, if you make me drop this punchbowl I don't know what Aunt Julia *will* say!"

It seemed to Patricia as if that journey upstairs to the spare bedroom never would get made in safety; but it was accomplished at last, and her burden placed right in the center of the low reading-table, standing at one side of the south window.

With a long breath of relief Patricia sat down on the edge of the bed, looking about the big pleasant room, with approving eyes. It was exactly the sort of room she should like to have when she got to be a grandmother. There were fresh muslin curtains at the windows, the fine old-fashioned mahogany furniture shone from its recent polishing; on the broad hearth a light fire was laid ready for the lighting, and at one corner of the fireplace stood a big chintz-covered armchair. Of course there was a footstool beside it. Patricia had seen to the footstool herself, hunting it out up garret that morning. She had wondered why daddy's eyes twinkled at sight of it — Daddy would tell her nothing about grandmother, she must wait and see. And Patricia so hated waiting for anything, from surprises to scoldings.

"Yes, it certainly does look grandmothery, Custard," she said; "and the flowers help a lot. I know she'll love asters; they're such an old-ladyish flower. Mind, sir, you're not to go rushing at her! And the very first time you run off with any of her things you're going to get your ears boxed."

Custard wagged tentatively; boxing his ears appeared to him to belong to Miss Kirby's special department.

"Miss 'Tricia!" Sarah stood in the doorway, indignation in the very points of her knotted turban — "Miss 'Tricia, ain't yo' never be'n tole not to sit on beds? 'Tic'larly beds all ready fo' comp'ny!"

Patricia slipped hurriedly to her feet; but by this time Sarah had caught sight of something else: "Land sakes, Miss 'Tricia! Ef yo' isn't gone an' tuk Miss Julie's punchbowl — what she don't 'low no one but herse'f to tech!"

Patricia put an arm around Sarah's waist, or rather, around as much of it as she could encompass; "Aunt Julia wasn't in — and I wanted the very nicest bowl I could think of. It is so perfectly lovely to have a grandmother coming!"

There was a world of unconscious longing in Patricia's voice; no one, not even daddy, knew quite what the coming of her grandmother meant to the little

motherless girl. And a grandmother she had not seen since babyhood. The coming weeks seemed to Patricia full of untold possibilities.

"It do look pretty," Sarah admitted; she went to smooth out the bed covers; "Pears like it was time yo' was gettin' your dress changed, honey. Yo' best let me giv yo' hair a brush; seems like yo' never did get the kinks out."

Patricia submitted with most unaccustomed patience to the finishing touches Sarah insisted on giving her toilet. "I reckon yo'll do now, honey," Sarah said at last.

"Only half an hour more and she'll be here, Custard," Patricia said to the dog, sniffing inquiringly at the tips of her best shoes; "Daddy 's to meet the five-thirty train." Patricia settled herself circumspectly in the hammock, smoothing out her crisp white skirts. "Oh, I do wonder what she'll be like, really I haven't even a photograph — grandmother doesn't like being photographed— and I haven't seen her since I was three years old. Custard, do you suppose she'll have an ear trumpet, like the Barker's grandmother? It's very embarassing talking into an ear trumpet. I rather hope she's short and — stoutish. I've been thinking over all the people I know, and it seems to me that the short, stout ones are mostly good-natured than the other kinds."

Custard wagged agreeingly; he was short, and not his worst enemy could accuse him of being thin. So far this coming of a grandmother did not appeal to Custard; never before had he been refused a share of the hammock; and those one or two preliminary nips he had taken at the toes of Patricia's shiny shoes had been promptly squelched. To be talked to and confided in was all very well, but a game of tag in the meadow behind the house would have been a great deal more fun. Nor was Custard quite sure what a grandmother was; he hoped it was something good to eat.

Patricia had never known such a long half hour; she made one or two trips down to the gate, walking carefully on the edge of the grass, so as not to get her shoes dusty. It was very odd that Aunt Julia didn't come home — Good, she was coming now.

"Isn't the train late?" Patricia demanded, the moment her aunt was within earshot.

Miss Kirby smiled. "It isn't due yet, Patricia, for five minutes." She didn't look in the least excited, going on calmly up to the house.

But then it wasn't *her* grandmother who was coming; besides, Patricia's gray eyes danced mischievously, she didn't know about the punchbowl.

Patricia decided to wait down by the gate — explanations were such tiresome things.

And then, far down the quiet village street she caught sight of a familiar gig, duly attended by old Caesar, the pointer.

The gig was quite close now. Patricia's heart gave a great jump, then seemed to stand quite still.

She hadn't come!

There was a lady in the gig with daddy; but —

Patricia turned sharply, and regardless of her shoes ran swiftly back up the driveway and through the garden to the meadow beyond; never stopping until she dropped, a little breathless heap, beside the brook.

Custard barked excitedly, thinking it some new move in this grandmother game; then suddenly he poked his cold black nose in under the tossed thatch of Patricia's brown curls. For Patricia was crying — and doing it quite as thoroughly as she did most things.

At last she sat up, dabbing her eyes; "She didn't come! And we were all ready — and now it can't be just the same — when she does come. Custard, do you suppose it's a — a judgment on me, for taking the punchbowl?"

Custard looked sober.

"I'll go put it right back. Oh, dear, I do hope that other person hasn't stayed to supper!"

Patricia went back to the house, forlorn, bedraggled; very different from the Patricia Sarah had sent downstairs not an hour before, imploring her to "try and keep smarted up for once."

On the back porch she met her father.

"Patricia," he asked, "what does this

PATRICIA NEVER COULD GET BY BABIES

mean? Why did you run away when you saw your grandmother coming?"

Patricia gasped; "But, daddy, I — didn't see any grandmother! I mean, I thought that was — I expected she'd have on a bonnet tied under her chin — and a shawl — and glasses." Patricia was half crying again, her head on her father's shoulder. It was hard to relinquish the picture of the grandmother she had been carrying in her mind for the past fortnight; a sort of composite picture of all the grandmothers she knew in Belham.

And the doctor, understanding, comforted her, sending her to freshen herself up again for supper, with the promise that it would all come right — she would see.

On the upper landing Patricia came face to face with grandmother. A grandmother who was tall and slender and dressed in some delicate gray material that rustled softly when she walked, and gave forth a faint scent of violets. There was very little gray in the dark wavy hair, that framed a face altogether different from the placid wrinkled one of Patricia's imaginings; but when Mrs. Cory said, "O Patricia!" and held out her arms, Patricia went to her at once.

They sat down on the broad window seat to get acquainted; Patricia hoped grandmother would not see she had been crying and how tumbled her dress was; but though Mrs. Cory had seen, she said nothing, she had the gift of knowing what questions not to ask; only asking instead, "Patricia dear, who put that delightful bowl of flowers in my room?"

Patricia's color deepened; "I did — grandmother; I thought you would like them — they were," Patricia caught herself up, doubting now the appropriateness of those "old-ladyish" flowers.

Fortunately Custard appeared at that moment, wagging ingratiatingly; and grandmother at once responded to his overtures with a friendliness that warmed not only the heart of Custard but of Custard's small mistress.

Patricia went to bed that night with her thoughts rather in a whirl. "I sup-

pose," she decided finally, "that she is one of those 'up to date grandmothers' one reads about; anyhow she's a dear and I love her, and oh, Aunt Julia did behave beautifully about the punchbowl — she seemed to appreciate what a delicate situation it was — and I'll never never take it again without asking."

On the whole, this "up to date grandmother" proved a most charming possession. A grandmother who took long walks with one, who played croquet with one, who planned delightful trips in town to shops and even to matinees. And to know that one was the object of both envy and interest to the other girls; to be able to show the tiniest of enameled watches, straight from Paris; to have a grandmother who had actually been in Egypt, and had seen the king and queen of England. Patricia held her head very high in these days.

And yet at times there was an odd, barely defined feeling of something like regret at the very bottom of Patricia's heart. This new grandmother was the best of chums and companions, but somehow it was hard to realize that she was really a *grandmother*. And before Patricia's inward gaze would pass the picture of a little white-capped old lady, quietly knitting at one corner of the fireplace; an old lady whose big Dutch pocket held an unfailing supply of ginger nuts and peppermint drops, whose stories were all of those far-off days when "I was a little girl."

But only at times; as a rule these days were too full for Patricia to find time for inner visions.

"You're the luckiest girl, Patricia Kirby," Patricia's particular chum declared one morning on the way to school; "I think Mrs. Cory's perfectly lovely; she always acts as if she was ever so glad to see you."

Patricia swung her strap of books thoughtfully; "Daddy says she has a beautiful manner. I'm going to be just like her."

Nell's quick glance was hardly flattering. "When?"

"Anyhow, she's *my* grandmother!" Patricia retorted; she shook out her short skirts, if only she could have silk linings. Clothes were beginning to take on new meanings for Patricia.

"We'd better hurry," Nell said, "or we'll be late."

"Grandmother never really hurries."

"Maybe she did when she was going to school; there's the bell now!"

"Bet I'll be there first," Patricia said, darting ahead.

But she wasn't; it seemed as if all the babies and dogs in town chose that particular moment to get right in her path, avoiding with equal skill Nell's eager rush. What with picking up a baby here and stopping to speak to one there — Patricia never could get by babies — Patricia reached the schoolhouse just too late to join her line and had to wait outside until the opening exercises were over.

It was by no means the first time; and Miss Carrol looked very grave as Patricia slipped into her place a little later, trying to ignore Nell's bob of triumph.

It was after supper that evening that the doctor called Patricia into the office. "Patricia," he said, as she came to stand before him, "I met Miss Carrol this afternoon."

"Yes, daddy?" Patricia's thoughts flew rapidly backward; had she been doing anything very dreadful?

"She tells me that you have been tardy very frequently of late, Patricia."

"Y-yes, daddy."

"And yet you usually appear to start in good season?"

"Yes, daddy; it — it doesn't seem to be the *starting* early. It's — such a lot of things always do seem to happen on the way."

"What kind of things, Patricia?"

"Well, you see, daddy, there are such a lot of babies all along, they just expect to be noticed; and sometimes I go for some of the girls and they've something to do and I wait to help; and sometimes I go an errand for old Mrs. Daly — you know she hasn't any one to go at home. If you were with me you'd understand, daddy."

The doctor smiled; "Oh, I understand all right, Patricia; still, this being late for school has got to stop. Suppose every one in the room came just a little late?"

"They don't," Patricia said; "most of the girls hate it."

"And you must learn to hate it too; as a means to that end, if it happens again this week it must be only the yard on Saturday, Patricia."

"Daddy!" Patricia made swift calculation on the tips of her fingers; it was Monday night — twice four made eight — Eight pitfalls to be avoided or else — Not once since her coming had grandmother failed to take Patricia somewhere on Saturday afternoon.

All of this was in Patricia's gray eyes, as she lifted them appealingly to her father. "Daddy, if you *could* make it something else?"

"Are you going to give up the fight beforehand, Pat?"

"But you see, daddy," Patricia quoted gravely, "I 'know my limitations.' And besides, it isn't just me — grandmother'll be so disappointed; you know we always go somewhere together Saturday afternoon."

"Which means a double reason for coming up to the mark, Patricia," the doctor answered; and Patricia, with a little sigh, turned away.

She and Custard were alone in the sitting-room a little later, when Mrs. Cory came in. Grandmother glanced at the sober face. "Is anything wrong, dear?" she asked.

"I'm positive I can't make it," Patricia said forlornly.

"Make what?"

And Patricia explained.

"Of course you can, dear," grandmother said cherrily; "and indeed you must; I've got a very special reason for wanting you to — I'm not going to tell you what it is, however, until Saturday morning at breakfast."

"Over four days to wait! Grandmother, mayn't I have just the first letter?"

Grandmother shook her head.

The next morning at breakfast she announced that she felt the need of more regular exercise, and she thought she 'should take a short walk every morning.

"Ah!" Dr. Kirby said, "about what time?"

"I should think — about half past eight," Mrs. Cory answered.

"A short walk *before* breakfast is considered more beneficial by some."

Miss Kirby looked interested. "There are a good many pretty walks about Belham," she said.

When Patricia came down the path, her strap of books over her shoulder, and a "get there early or die" expression on her face, Mrs. Cory was just turning out of the gate.

"Are you going in my direction, grandmother?" Patricia asked; and grandmother replied that she was.

Later, sauntering slowly homewards, Mrs. Cory met the doctor. He drew rein. "Well?" he asked.

She laughed softly. "Patrick, if you'd been with us! It was like making a royal progress. There were exactly six babies, and I quite lost count of the dogs, not to mention several old ladies, all waiting to pass the time of day with Patricia. My only wonder is that she ever gets to school at all. Patrick, I don't believe you realize what a dear child that is."

"Don't I!"

Mrs. Cory stood a moment looking down the pleasant tree-bordered street. She had not been in Belham before since the death of Patricia's mother, more than eight years ago, having been abroad most of the time. Now she found herself regretting this long absence. She had been missing a good deal — she would have liked to have had some share in Patricia's life all these years.

"I was beautifully early this morning," Patricia announced proudly at the table that noon.

"And you will be this afternoon?" grandmother asked.

"I'm not so apt to be late afternoons," Patricia answered; "I suppose it's just happened that way."

The next morning after breakfast, Patricia lingered. "Are you going my way *this* morning, grandmother?"

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Cory answered.

Patricia caught the smile in her father's eyes. Half way to school she suddenly stopped. "Grandmother, you're doing it on purpose — to *make* me get there early!"

Mrs. Cory smiled. "You see I didn't want to lose my treat, Patricia."

When Friday noon came Patricia had not one tardy mark for those four days; and on that same Friday noon she met her Waterloo.

It was the Dixon baby who caused her downfall.

He was one of Patricia's most ardent admirers; and when he saw her coming that noon he made as straight for her as his very shaky two year old legs would allow of. Of course he tumbled down and scratched his snubby little nose; and of course Patricia stopped to pet and comfort him, carrying him back to the house; "Mrs. Dixon," she called from the gate, "Oh, Mrs. Dixon!"

But Mrs. Dixon had just stepped over to a neighbor's. Patricia tried to put her charge down, but he stoutly refused to be put.

"You'll be late, Patricia," Nell warned, coming up.

"Danny won't let me leave him; and I don't know where his mother is," Patricia almost wailed.

"Mercy, put him down and come on!" Nell advised. "He's a little nuisance."

"You don't know Danny's powers for hanging on," Patricia said; "besides, he did hurt himself."

Five minutes after school had opened Patricia made her appearance.

"Patricia," Miss Carrol said, "I had begun to hope that you were not going to end the week as you began it."

Patricia took her place without answering.

Miss Kirby and Mrs. Cory had gone in town that afternoon, not to return until the late train, and it so happened that the doctor did not come home to supper; so there was no one but Sarah to notice the depths into which Patricia was plunged. For Patricia never did anything by halves.

"Is yo' sick, honey?" Sarah asked anxiously, when Patricia refused a second piece of chocolate cake.

Patricia shook her head. "I'm just disgusted with life."

"Land sakes!" Sarah exclaimed; "and only this noon looked like yo' was walkin' on air!"

Patricia went to bed early that night; even Custard's powers to comfort had proved inadequate. To-morrow stretched ahead a long, blank, dreary waste.

She was a little late to breakfast the next morning; as she slipped into place, after kissing him good morning, the doctor glanced at her rather closely. She was a most subdued Patricia.

And then grandmother came in, also a little late. "Patricia," she said, almost at once, "after breakfast I want you to run over and ask Mrs. Hardy if Nell may go in town with you and me to-day — to the circus."

Patricia caught her breath — so that was the "special reason!" Then she pushed her chair back; "I — can't go!" she cried; and was half way upstairs before any of the others could speak.

Mrs. Cory turned to Miss Kirby: "What can ——?"

Miss Kirby shook her head; "Do you know what it means, Patrick?"

The doctor looked guilty; "I am afraid it means — that Patricia has been late to school again."

"But I thought," grandmother began, then stopped; as soon as she had finished her breakfast she went up to Patricia's room.

Coming down a few moments after she went straight to the office. "Patrick," she said, "I have been finding out how Patricia came to be late; and remember, please, that Patricia herself has given me only the barest facts, with no thought of making out a case for herself, but reading between the lines ——" and then the doctor was given the opportunity to also read between the lines.

He listened gravely; "I know," he said at last, "it was a very Patricialike action; still I am afraid I must stand by my word."

"Patrick, I think I shall claim my prerogative."

"Your what?"

"Prerogative — as a grandmother. From time immemorial it has been the right of the grandmother to come to the rescue of the grandchildren."

"But Patricia knows ——"

"It is my chance, you see," — Mrs. Cory had been told why Patricia had run away

"YOU'RE THE VERY GRANDMOTHERIEST GRANDMOTHER THAT EVER COULD BE"

that first night,— "my chance to prove to Patricia that even if I don't wear a cap and spectacles and all the paraphernalia of the good old-fashioned grandmother, at heart I really am one — just as soft-hearted and unreasonable as any one of them."

"But ——"

"Patrick, didn't *your* grandmother ever get *you* out of a tight place?"

The doctor looked thoughtfully out at the leaf-covered lawn; it was going to be a perfect fall day. "Yes," he said, "she did, more than once — bless her — in the most reprehensible way."

"The way of a grandmother the world over," Mrs. Cory commented softly.

"And upon my word I don't believe it did me any harm!" the doctor went through to the foot of the stairs. "O Pat!" he called.

Patricia came promptly, bravely blinking back the tears.

"You mustn't lay it up against *me*, Pat," the doctor said; "it's all your grandmother's doing. She simply insists on taking you to that circus to-day."

"Daddy!" Patricia's arms were about his neck instantly; "Daddy, I *will* try — ever 'n' ever so hard! You'll see!"

The doctor laughed. "Wish I were going too, Pat. In my young days it was *after* the circus that one appreciated most the advantages of owning a grandmother."

"Where is grandmother, daddy?"

"In the office."

Patricia flew to the office. "Oh," she cried, her arms around her grandmother's neck this time, "you're the very grandmotheriest grandmother that ever could be!"

And then and there there vanished forever from Patricia's heart that picture of a placid, wrinkled little old lady, knitting quietly at one corner of the fireplace.

A GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE

By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

A lifetime here her presence knew,
Then throve this close with blossoms gay;
But have neglect and ruin wrought
These seven years since she went away.

Last spring a plowman broke the sod,
Then let the soil as fallow lie;
All summer it has lain, its face
Turned upward to the answering sky.

And, miracle, here straightway sprang,
Crowding the fain encroaching weeds,
Ghost-memories of those vanished flowers,
Self-raised from seven years' dormant seeds.

About her cabin's crumbling walls
To see this garden gay once more,
It is as if herself came back
And smiled from out that open door.

White-throated rose petunia blooms,
With lady-fingers pink and trim,
Perfumed verbenas, purple stained,
And single poppies' scarlet brim.

While she, dear soul of summers past,
Here in the dewfall seems to stand,
Yielding of cheer to passersby,
With fresh-plucked blossoms from her hand.

Sunset

By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

For a photograph by Clifton Johnson

Above the long slope of the pasture hill
  Fade sunset's pallid fires;
The nests in the gnarled apple tree are still;
  Calmed are the day's desires.
The cows are filing through the clumsy bars
  Urged by the tired old wife: —
But soon will shine the far eternal stars
  And night bring peace to life.

REAR VIEW OF MR. HENRY'S FARMHOUSE. THE ADDITION OF PORCH AND DORMER WINDOWS HAS BEEN AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN MAKING THE HOUSE "LIVABLE"

How You May Own a Paying Farm

A New Plan by which a New England Farm Costing $2,000 to $3,000 may be gradually transformed from a Summer Camp into a Permanent, Self-supporting Home as Insurance against Old Age and Misfortune.

By NATHANIEL COIT GREENE

IT is a pity that practically all the books and articles about city men making the farm pay are "fakes." Most of the people from E. P. Roe to the present day, who tell how happy their lives are in the country, are strong on sentiment and weak on figures. They generally make half a living out of the soil and piece it out by writing. But here is a story that, I believe, hasn't the slightest particle of "fake" or self-deception in it.

The one farm in New England that interests me most is that of Mr. R. H. Henry, in New Hampshire, for Mr. Henry has done exactly what I want to do. He bought a farm no bigger than he could afford to lose, uses it for a summer home during the period that his children are growing up, and is gradually converting it into an insurance against old age and misfortune. Even now it pays for itself, if the family living is counted merely at its "summer boarder" value, and if he loses everything in business or has to leave the city on account of bad health he has a retreat for old age.

Now isn't this just what every professional man who really loves the country secretly desires? For if typhoid or an accident disable we should have no partnership in a business which would bring us a steady income,— we who live wholly upon our wits and are more likely than business men to be thrown away as sucked lemons. If we teach or write it is certain that we shall never be rich. The chances are that all the life insurance we dare carry would not give our families as good a living, in the event of our death, as they are getting now. The kind of insurance I want is a self-supporting New England farm that I have lived on and loved for years. But I don't want it at all if it is going to add any worry to my life. I have trouble enough without risking anything in a farm.

Mr. Henry has shown us how to finance such a proposition, and it is as simple as A B C. The secret is this: Never invest more in a secondary venture than you can afford to lose. At the age of forty a professional man earning $2,000 a year ought to have $2,000 that he can afford to lose. For $2,000 you can buy a good New England farm — not an abandoned farm, but one that has paid its former owner a decent living. Mr. Henry began on about that scale twelve years ago and now has $25,000 invested in it, but during these ten years he has prospered so much in business that he could afford to lose even $25,000. Consequently that farm has never got on his nerves. It has never impaired his efficiency as a city worker. The only thoughts he has about that farm are pleasant thoughts. Whenever he is reminded about it in the city it makes him smile. One year it actually saved his life. Even if his foreman leaves suddenly and business cares will not let him make a quick trip to the farm and he knows that the balance sheet will show a steady loss until the Lord sends him another good man, he says, "O pshaw! what's the use of worrying about that! It can't lose more than I've put into it and I've never put a dollar into it I couldn't afford to lose. Besides I'll get a good man some time and he will make up for four or five poor ones."

But there is a sounder basis for such talk than sunny temperament. Just think of this! A lumberman has offered

Mr. Henry for stumpage rights alone all the farm has ever cost him! This means that he could sell his timber and get back all he has ever put into the farm and still have his buildings, stock, tools, and land! Nor has he an exceptionally large proportion of his land in forest. The nation at large has reason enough for alarm about the lumber situation, but it is mighty encouraging to the New England farmer, because the regular thing for a New England farm is to have a wood lot big enough to supply all the material needed for building, tools, and fuel, and some to sell besides.

The balance sheet of Mr. Henry's farm shows a deficit of only $400 or $500 a year and that is because he does not charge himself for living expenses. In the suburb of New York, where he lives the rest of the year, his living expenses are $400 a month, yet the farm living is incomparably better, for the family have all the fresh vegetables and fruit they want, all the horses and ponies they need for driving and riding, better milk and cream and their own fish, to say nothing of the country sights and sounds. Of course it is and ought to be much cheaper because they have free fuel, water, etc., but if they had the same privileges at a boarding place it would cost the family more than $100 a month. And, of course, they could never get such privileges as boarders. So it is clear enough that Mr. Henry is really making the farm pay a profit now.

I am willing to concede all you care to urge about Mr. Henry being exceptional in business ability, temperament, and knowledge of farming, but even then every brain worker who lives in New England has one great advantage over him. He lives in New York and cannot see his farm as often as you could. But he now spends most of the summer months there in active charge of affairs, and usually visits it at least once, and generally twice, during the winter months. They spend their Christmas holidays and the sugaring season there as a family party. There is the deepest kind of satisfaction in knowing that your children are getting stronger and better every day, and that you are doing the best you can for them.

This brings me to the serious matter of education, for it is no small thing to take your children out of school a month early and send them back a month late. It means that you must teach them yourself or get a tutor, and it means that the children must have the nerve to face stiff examinations every year. But Mr. Henry has had little trouble on this score. His children get so strong because of the outdoor life that they have no trouble in keeping up with their studies. One of his boys is the best runner in his school. He likes to put in hay faster than a man can take it, and he doesn't shirk even threshing oats. The tutor problem is really very simple for there are plenty of college men and women who are glad to recruit their strength by spending a summer at such a place, and they are satisfied to get a good living, social equality, and a little spending money. The farm is a good place to get a preliminary notion of forestry, and Mr. Henry would not be surprised if one of his boys should take up that profession. How can any boy that loves the country help being interested in trees when he is sure of a job before graduating from a forestry college?

As to the labor problem Mr. Henry has something really hopeful to communicate. It is obvious that you must have a perfect foreman or your farm will bring you only gray hairs. And how to get a good one in New England, when the New Englanders themselves are always saying that all the real manhood has left the farm for the city, is enough to discourage any one at times. In my opinion it is useless to look to French Canadians or Italians as foremen. The best scheme is to engage as foreman the very man from whom you buy your farm. Mr. Henry has done this twice (for he has bought several farms and thrown them together) and he believes a Yankee is the very man for the purpose.

"But what can you offer a Yankee?" I asked. "If he is any good, why can't he do better for himself?"

"In the first place I can wipe out the mortgage on his farm, and a Yankee hates debt worse than a certain personage does holy water. I can afford to give

THE FARM BEFORE IT CAME INTO THE POSSESSION OF MR. HENRY

FRONT VIEW OF THE FARMHOUSE AS IT IS NOW

him more for his farm than any one in the neighborhood, because I have sufficient capital to run the farm on a new and better plan, while he hasn't. He likes the new sensation of having $2,000 or $3,000 in the bank drawing interest for him. He is absolutely sure of a living. It is pleasant to be free from worry for a few years. It may enable him to increase his family. Of course, I can't expect to keep him forever. He will probably look around for a western farm or a New England farm better suited to his temperament and capital. Meanwhile I know that he will be faithful to me and efficient, for a Yankee is a natural born trader. Forty dollars a month and a good living will attract a young married couple without children or even a middle-aged man of ability."

The most important thing of all is outlining the scheme of farming. Mr. Henry's scheme wouldn't suit me at all, because I like fruit and don't like animals. Almost every one who really enjoys country life has a pronounced preference for either animals or crops, and the first thing is to make the scheme fit your temperament in this respect. I can't tell you Mr. Henry's scheme in full. Briefly, it is general farming in which Ayrshire cows are the most important factor, but the sugar bush is also a considerable item. There is nothing unique or revolutionary in his practice. He doesn't grow mushrooms or violets or beaver or any other "stunst," such as appeal most strongly to city bred people. And the ordinary city person is wholly mistaken in supposing that he can get a good scheme by reading experiment station bulletins and farm papers. These things are invaluable in their way, but they only fringe the skirts of agriculture. No magazine articles can ever give one any notion of agriculture that will be sufficient for working purposes. The only way to get a comprehensive grasp of the whole mighty subject is to take a ten weeks' course at an agricultural college and own a masterful book like Bailey's Cyclopedia of American Agriculture, which you ought to read from beginning to end.

But I can tell you something a great deal better than all this. Mr. Henry himself will let you come to his farm and see the whole thing, if you are dead in earnest and not a mere idle sightseer. If your letter shows that you need his help he will give you a cordial invitation to come and study his place. He will open his books to you and answer any question he can. He has absolutely nothing to sell. It is not hard to explain why he will do this. In the first place he believes he has worked out a new and better scheme for owning and managing a New England farm, which is just the thing that many people ardently desire. In the second place, if you have ever helped shape another human being's life you know that there is no deeper pleasure than being of service to some one.

So, if you want to see Mr. Henry's farm write to the Editor of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, enclosing a stamped envelope addressed to Mr. Henry. I am at perfect liberty to publish his real name and full address, but I refrain from doing so because I do not wish him to be deluged with unnecessary letters. Don't be afraid to write him fully and frankly about yourself, but be patient if you don't hear from him at once, because he must attend to these matters in leisure time and when the spirit moves. Also don't forget that when you are asking a favor, it is a delicate attention to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope. Six families have already settled in Mr. Henry's neighborhood as a result of just such visits as I propose, and a sort of colony has grown up, so that the social atmosphere is usually good. True, there is one rich man in the lot, but I can promise you that the place is quite different from either the great estate or the summer boarding idea.

MRS. SARAH PLATT DECKER, PRESIDENT GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

The Story of the Woman's Club Movement

By HELEN M. WINSLOW

WHEN this number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE makes its appearance there will be in session in Boston one of the largest and most important conventions of women the world has ever seen.

This will be the Ninth Biennial Convention of Women's Clubs, and it will be held in Boston from June 22d to 30th, inclusive. As to its comparative importance in far-reaching results, a thorough study of the club movement, with what it has already accomplished and what it plans to do in the next decade, would not place it so very far behind the great meetings of political import, which will be held during the present month.

There will be some fifteen hundred delegates and their alternates at the Boston meeting, and in addition to these, several thousand club women will come from all over the country, from Canada and from Europe to participate in reports and discussions of the humanitarian work that is being carried on by the General Federation of Women's Clubs and its dependent State Federations. All these show a combined membership of nearly eight hundred thousand women, together with a record of splendid achievement along various lines of world betterment.

The average man, who, when he speaks of them at all, refers to them as "Ladies' Social Clubs" with a patronizing smile, will be astonished to know that at the coming "Biennial," as it is called "for short," there will be reports from effective committees on Art, Civics, Civil Service Reform, Education, Forestry, Household Economics, Industrial and Child Labor, Legislative, Library Extension, Literature, Outlook, Pure Food, and Reciprocity; and also to learn that besides these general committees in the National body, there are corresponding ones in the forty-seven State Federations of Women's Clubs, all of which have much good and some of which have remarkable results to show.

So well have they done their part, that the time has come when other great organizations are seeking the co-operation of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Among the societies which have recognized the importance of the club movement's influence are the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, The National Education Association, The Mothers' Congress, The National Council of Jewish Women, The Southern Education Society, and The National Civic Federation. The last named comes rather close to the average man, as it is composed of manufacturers, business men, and labor leaders who are joining the Federation of Club Women in their investigations of industrial and child labor; all of which goes to prove that the club women have a recognized place in the work of humanitarian improvement throughout the country. Or as Mrs. Decker, the national president, has happily said:

"Gradually, but surely, the women of the Federation are coming to believe that this union of force is here, not a happening, not for a few years, but that it is a part of a plan of the world; that it is a great helpful, uplifting influence for the making of the kingdom, the kingdom of enlarged opportunities, of higher ideals, of the redeeming spirit which can have no better word expression than the motto of the Federation itself, "*Unity in Diversity.*"

Among the achievements which will be reported by the various committees at the coming Biennial will be

From the Art Department: The placing

MRS. PHILIP N. MOORE (ST. LOUIS, MO.),
FIRST VICE PRESIDENT, G. F. W. C.

MRS. PERCY V. PENNYBACKER (AUSTIN, TEXAS),
AUDITOR

of good pictures on the walls of the public schools and the founding of School Art Leagues; and the teaching — by loan exhibits of good originals and by classes— of what constitutes art (especially in a public sense), the decoration of public buildings, the erection of monuments, park gates, drinking fountains, and in other ways that shall educate the people in good taste.

From the Civic Section: The protection of the Palisades, the preservation of the cliff-dwellers in Colorado and New Mexico; the establishment of public parks and playgrounds, taking care of historic spots, beautifying streets and making sanitary improvements.

From the Civil Service Committee: A careful study of institutions where are housed the dependent, the delinquent, the defective. Also the condition of the various State institutions and the considerations of ways to help the helpless members of the body politic, and to work for the merit system in public appointments.

From the Educational Section: Of work for all children, poor and rich, for the rousing of public interest in schools, the placing of women on school boards, for establishing scholarships in advanced schools, and much other effective work.

From the Household Economic Committee: All practical problems that confront the housekeeper, for fully ninety per cent of the club women are housekeepers, and they are working together for the best solution of how to develop and establish the best in their own and their children's lives.

From the Pure Food Committee: What they have accomplished in getting their different states to adopt and maintain the Federal measure known as the Pure Food Bill, the passing of which was helped along by the banding together of these home-loving and housekeeping club women two years ago.

From the Forestry Section: Reports of what has been done to protect the forests and save the primeval wood everywhere.

From the Industrial and Child Labor

Mrs. May Alden Ward (Boston), Second Vice-President G. F. W. C., also President of the Massachusetts State Federation

Committee: How it has investigated the lives of the workers, especially among women and children, of the census it has asked for and brought about, of the awakening of public interest in many states as to conditions among working people; of the statistics they have gathered of women and children working under almost unbearable conditions, of what they have discovered concerning the age of workers, of sanitary conditions, of physical effect and what is being done to improve and enforce existing laws; what reforms are being agitated and what philanthropy, public or private, can be depended to do for the situation.

From the Legislative Committee: How it has fought for juvenile court laws, for humane legislation (towards animals as well as human beings), for just property laws for our sex, and for all statutes which shall protect the home and the family.

From the Library Extension Committee: How it can show, up to date, some three hundred thousand books which are being sent all over the land in traveling libraries, to the homes of the lonely, the ignorant, the eager; to the mountainer, to the plain-dweller, to the old and to the young.

From the Literature Committee: What they have done to promote the sensible study of good literature, encouraging the fellowship of good books to the end that character is developed, the mother kept abreast of her children, the bringing of real things into the lives of lonely and half-forgotten lives.

In addition to the business meetings where these reports will be presented, with many others, there will be conferences for the discussion of several of these subjects; and four evenings will be given up to important addresses by famous people. The Governor and the Mayor of Boston will welcome the visiting club women at the first meeting in Symphony Hall. The original plan was to hold all sessions in the new and beautiful Symphony Hall, but as no hall in the city is large enough to accommodate the audiences that will gather, it has been decided to hold duplicate meetings in Chickering or some other nearby hall, in order that all the visitors may be hospitably entertained. There will be a concert by the Boston Symphony on the evening before the formal opening, and there will be many excursions to historic spots every day during the Biennial. There will be a large reception at the State House on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth, followed by others at private houses, or garden parties at some of the beautiful Brookline estates, which have been offered the reception committee for that afternoon. So that while so much of serious import will be discussed, the Boston committees (numbering nearly two thousand!) will not forget that all work and no play would indeed make their club sisters into dull beings. The Rhode Island club women, too, will do their share of entertaining, taking the visiting delegation one day to Newport and along the Chesapeake Bay for a clambake.

The officers of the General Federation now are:

President, Mrs. Sarah S. Platt Decker, Denver, Col.; First Vice President, Mrs. Philip N. Moore; Second Vice President, Mrs. May Alden Ward; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Charles A. Perkins, 1547 West Clinch Avenue, Knoxville, Tenn.; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John Dickinson Sherman; Auditor, Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker; Treasurer, Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, Los Angeles, Cal.

Bureau of Information, Mrs. Mary I. Wood, 12 Highland Street, Portsmouth, N. H.

The General Federation dates back to 1889, when the first call was issued for a preliminary meeting by Mrs. Croly, "Jennie June," who must be given full credit for the idea of making the club movement a national institution. The invitation had been sent to ninety-seven clubs and the meeting set for the twenty-first anniversary of "Sorosis," one of the oldest and most important of women's clubs. Delegates came to New York from Boston, Bridgeport, Conn.; Wichita, Denver, Knoxvile, Fargo, North Dakota, Greencastle, Indiana, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Orange, N. J.; Wilmington, Del.; St. Paul; Worcester, Newton, Woburn, Winchester, Melrose, Malden, Spring-

MRS. JOSIAH EVANS COWLES (LOS ANGELES), TREASURER G. F. W. C.

MRS. JOHN D. SHERMAN (CHICAGO), RECORDING SECRETARY, G. F. W. C.

field, in Massachusetts; from San Francisco, Indianapolis, Philadelphia, Chicago, Buffalo, Pittsburg, and from smaller places in Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and a number of other states. They were all women of intellect and genuine personality, who had the best good for humanity at heart; the exclamation that was made then by men who saw that gathering of representative women has been repeated at every State Federation meeting and every biennial convention since:

"What charming women. They move about the platform as if it were a drawing-room."

All they did, however, was to appoint a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws, ready for the ratification convention which they agreed to hold in New York, April 23d, 24th, and 25th, 1890. At this meeting delegates from seventeen states were present, and the G. F. W. C. was formally organized, with Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, of Orange, New Jersey, president; Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, vice-president; Mrs. Jennie C. Croly, of New York, secretary; Miss Mary B. Temple, of Knoxville, Tenn., corresponding secretary; Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, of San Francisco, treasurer, and an additional vice-president in every club that joined the new organization. At that time there were no state federations, and clubs held individual membership in the national body, or not, as they chose. During the next two years clubs from all parts of the country came into the Federation, and when the first biennial was held at Chicago in 1892, there were one hundred and eighty-nine answering to roll call.

The second biennial was held in Philadelphia, in 1894, the third at Louisville, in 1896, the fourth at Denver, in 1898, the fifth at Milwaukee, in 1900, the sixth at Los Angeles, in 1902, the seventh at St. Louis, in 1904, the eighth at St. Paul, in 1906, and now comes the ninth, which promises to be a convention that would have seemed to the prophetic souls of

Mrs. Croly and Mrs. Emerson Brown, both of whom have now gone to their great reward, the natural outcome of the great plan of which they fondly dreamed in the early nineties, a convention which will bring to Boston fifteen or more thousand women from all parts of the civilized world.

But to the rest of us, especially to those who believed that literary and social ends were the only things to be aimed for, the growth of the Bienenial is marvelous. In the old days individual culture and amusement was the purpose in joining a club. The most altruistic aim was sometimes put into the constitution as "the improvement of the community in which we live," but even that phrase was too often superfluous. But to-day, with the splendidly organized state federations with their various committees, the individual club feels itself a more or less important cog in the intricate machinery which runs the state and the nation. For instance, the Virginia State Federation, which has not been organized a year, is working as a unit to get a state library commission, with good prospect of success; the Mississippi Federation is bending its energies and that of every one of its eight hundred club women towards procuring better industrial and child labor laws. And in South Carolina the club women have introduced this past year three bills into their legislature, one providing for a state library commission, one for the introduction of kindergarten schools as part of the regular school system, and one for a state industrial school. So that, whether a state federation is old or young it is a force in the state where it works, and it has made its members as individuals realize their own personal responsibility towards their community, their state, their nation. But the General Federation was not the beginning. It could not have begun at all unless the club had started; not only started but already become a force wherever it was located. And it was because of these many small centers where the club idea was working for the good of their communities that the idea of centralization grew.

Mrs. Dimies T. S. Denison, of New York, President G. F. W. C., 1902–1904

There has been a great deal of speculation about the "original woman's club," and for a number of years that honor was disputed between the New England Woman's Club of Boston and "Sorosis" of New York. It is now proved, however, that there was a number of clubs in existence some years before either of these was thought of; and that some of these have held an unbroken record of good work ever since. Indeed, it may be said that the club idea began in New England away back in the colonial days, when Bradstreet was governor of the Puritan Colony of Massachusetts, when his wife, the first literary woman in America, Anne Bradstreet (who came to America in 1634), formed a society for the discussion of various polemic and religious questions. And although there were men in that early

organization, the Puritan fathers were as much opposed to the idea of allowing women to meet together for discussion and intellectual improvement as the most violently opposed man in the last decade. For the society was abandoned and the learned Anne banished to Rhode Island "for sedition." But even there, in a state where liberal ideas were tolerated, if not approved, Mrs. Bradstreet formed another society which would, if it existed to-day, be known as a club.

Hannah Adams, another literary woman of considerable repute, was the next "club woman," for she started and directed another club about 1818, in Boston, a society which lived ten or more years and was highly esteemed in its day, for Boston had by that time become more liberal in its attitude towards new ideas. A young ladies' club started in Boston, called "The Gleaners," the members of which were young unmarried women who met to discuss such questions as "What should be a young woman's aim in life?" and "What is the proper attitude of a young female towards man?" This existed until the members were all married off and became more interested in their individual attitudes toward one man; and then it was given up.

Miss Georgia A. Bacon (Worcester, Mass.), Chairman of the Local Biennial Board at Boston Biennial, June, 1908

Previous to this, however, women had started and maintained a great many religious or missionary organizations. Mrs. Croly tells us of a "Concile de Femmes," organized by the Abbess Hiltrude, in May, 821, A.D., at Nivelle Abbey, in France. There are two, at least, ancient religious orders of women in existence to-day in Europe, just as there are in this country the "Sisters of Charity" and various missionary societies organized as auxiliaries to the church. But these are hardly to be compared with the modern woman's club. The new enthusiasm for humanity had begun to sift through womenkind everywhere, and the tendrils of thought and affection to grow beyond the family circle and reach out to the rest of the world. Suddenly there was an awakening of the communal spirit, a sociologic advance which meant for women the opening of an outer door into light and freedom and knowledge.

But they did not realize this at the time, when women in small or large communities began to reach out toward one another, taking no thought of caste or sect or family, it meant an awakening to the full glory and interpretation of life. Women in different spheres began to discover their sisterhood. This meant that the sense of fellowship with the whole world was at hand. And here began the differentiation between the club and the various societies that went before it. A club is a many-sided institution with equal and independent terms of membership; every member being allowed to find or make her own place, regardless of church affiliations or social prominence. The club is a common center where there is a social, natural, and equal division of interests,— a seed-

sowing center of helpful work in and outside of the club. Help for those who need it, and in the shape they need it, has been the underlying motive of the woman's club at all times; and character, not social position or wealth, is the basis of club aristocracy.

And so this quickening and awakening, this emancipation of the feminine soul manifested itself in some way outside and beyond the family circle and the church. And then came the modern club for women.

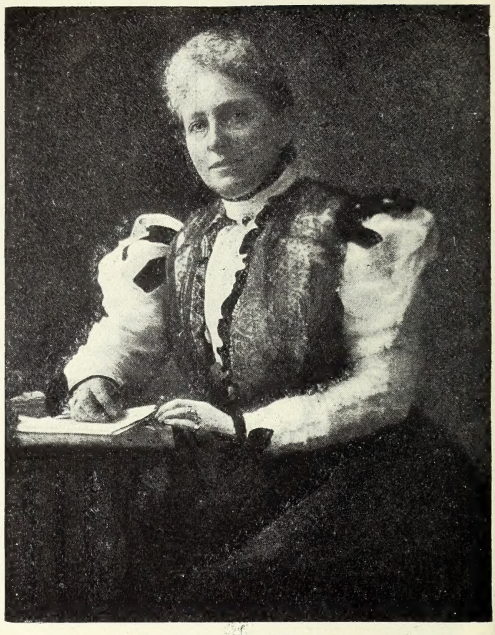
So far as is known, the earliest club which is in existence to-day as a federated club is the Jacksonville Ladies' Education Association, a member since 1896, of the Illinois State Federation. This club dates back to 1833, when it was organized under the name of the Ladies' Association for Educating Females, and has been in continuous and active operation ever since. Their first year-book was published in 1839, and is the oldest women's club annual in existence. Among other things it shows that the society expended seventeen hundred dollars during the first six years of its life upon the education of one hundred and eighteen young ladies, many of whom became teachers and exerted a marked influence on the state in those early days. This was never a "culture club," but has had as its object from its earliest inception a distinct form of altruistic service, and although this federated club is seventy-five years old, the last charter member died only a few years ago. When the Illinois State Federation met in Jacksonville, in 1896, the address of welcome was given by Mrs. Joseph Bancroft, then eighty-four years old, and who had held office in this old club fifty-four consecutive years. A contemporary writes of her speech: "Her address, delivered with a beautiful grace and dignity, was like a benediction to the younger clubs of the state." Jacksonville women, too, organized their Sorosis in 1868, the same year the famous New York society was formed, and was modeled upon it.

Another "oldest women's club," according to available documents to be found to-day, was, like the first Jacksonville club, duly equipped with a constitution, by-laws, officers, badges, feminine membership, and conducted according to the rules of parliamentary procedure. This was the Minerva Club of New Harmony, Indiana, which was organized in 1858 by Mrs. Constance Fauntleroy Runcie, who was then a young woman, fresh from six years of foreign study and a grand-daughter of Robert Dale Owen, the great philanthropist, who settled "New Harmony." One of the officers of the Minerva, nine years before she helped form Sorosis in New York, was Ella Dietz Clymer, now Mrs. Glines of London. The Minerva existed six years, but finally, with the marriage of all its members, it died in 1864. In the mean time Mrs. Runcie had moved to Madison, Indiana, where she organized the Bronté Club, in 1864, and became its first president, an office which she filled for ten years or more. Later, after removing to St. Joseph, Missouri, the Runcie Club was formed and named for her; of this club she has been president since it was formed in 1894, and at the biennial of the General Federation, in St. Paul, 1906, she was welcomed as one of the honorary vice-presidents of the G. F. W. C.

But Illinois and Indiana were not the only central states to recognize that telepathic suggestion which started the club movement. In Kalamazoo, Michigan, there was a Ladies' Library Association started in 1852, founded and maintained by women, who had the satisfaction, finally, of building, owning, and controlling the first library built and supported entirely by women. This club had its constitution and regular officers in 1852; it reorganized in 1859, and in 1873 adopted the constitution of the New England Woman's Club. Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone was actively connected with the Library Association for over fifty years, and was, before her death, for several years an honorary vice-president of the G. F. W. C., although this association was not called a club until later. There were regular literary meetings, a constitution, and all the modern requirements which go to make up the modern woman's club; why not, therefore, put it in its proper place

MRS. CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NEW ENGLAND WOMAN'S CLUB (1868–1871)
NOW LIVING IN LOS ANGELES

MRS. CHARLOTTE M. WILBOUR,
FIRST SECRETARY AND THIRD PRESIDENT OF NEW YORK SOROSIS



MRS. ELLEN M. HEUROTIN,
PRESIDENT OF THE G. F. W. C.,
1894–1898

chronologically? There was, also, in New York City, a literary society known as the Hearth Stone, to which Alice Cary, Mary E. Booth, Kate Field, and other well-known women belonged. This club lived from 1852 to 1858 and then was allowed to die out.

Friends in Council, of Quincy, Illinois, was started in 1866, although the constitution and by-laws were not adopted until three years later; but as the membership was constantly increasing all this time, and regular and earnest work was done from the fall of 1866 up to the adoption of a constitution in the spring of 1869, this, too, should be recognized as one of the very earliest clubs of women, which helped to spread the wave of thought which roused the average educated woman to activity outside her own home.

In the East this ferment had been gaining ground for years. Margaret Fuller, with her classes for literature culture in the late forties and early fifties, was sowing the seed; indeed, her classes would to-day be called clubs, as they were carried on in precisely the same way literary clubs for study are managed at the present day. As for that, we might as well go back to Greece four hundred years before the Christian era, when the fair Aspasia established an association for the intellectual improvement of her sex in Athens; so that, after all, perhaps we cannot claim that the club idea for women is such a new thing as we sometimes fondly imagine it to be. All those movements were a part of the seed sowing.

As has been said, the ferment was working in the East while the Central States were starting their clubs. In Boston, the Ladies' Physiological Institute was formed in 1848. A course of lectures was given that year on the "laws of life and health," by Professor Bronson, which aroused so much interest that at the close an organization was formed with him at the head, and with the expressed purpose of promoting among women a knowledge of the human system, the laws of life and health, and the means of relieving sickness and suffering. Several

of the most advanced women of the time became members and four hundred women joined the organization. Professor Bronson was the first president, but in 1850, Mrs. Cobb, mother of Sylvanus Cobb, the writer, and Darius Cobb, the artist, was made president. The society met with much opposition, as it was considered immodest and almost disreputable for women in that day to be interested in anatomy and hygiene. For several years only one minister could be found in Boston who would make a prayer for them at a public meeting. After the first women physicians became established in Boston, a feminine member of the medical profession was always chosen for president; but in spite of its bad name, the character of the women who made up the club, — the most advanced and liberal of the mid-nineteenth century,— brought the organization through its doubtful period and won entire respect from the community. From the beginning the Institute, as it is still called, has held weekly or fortnightly meetings, with lectures on physiology, hygiene, and sanitation, and many of the leading physicians and ministers of New England have spoken before this body. The duty of parenthood, the science of reproduction, the sacredness of the home have been taught to thousands of young women, and an unbroken record of sixty years of earnest work must be credited to the Ladies' Physiological Institute. The club early joined the Massachusetts State Federation and was the first to open the movement which resulted in the Committee of Council and Co-operation, a body composed of delegates from other important clubs to work together for the public good in whatever way suggests itself from year to year, such as the establishment of houses of detention and police matrons.

Another early Massachusetts club which existed fifty years or so was the Moral Education Society, along similar lines, but recently merged with the Ladies' Physiological Institute.

Two years after the Kalamazoo ladies had organized their Library Association the women of Randolph, Massachusetts, formed their Ladies' Library Association, which is still an active club and a member of the state federation; this, too, has an unbroken record of over fifty years of splendid work, during which time they have not only raised and supported a fine little library, but have kept quite up to date in all the ways of the progressive woman's club.

Then, too, there was the Cosy Club of Bridgeport, Connecticut, organized sometime in the fifties and continuing for some years; and a number of small literary clubs in Dubuque, Iowa. Of these there were the Fenelon Street Circle, which was formed in 1857 (with other local reading circles up to 1863).

The Conversational Club of Dubuque was organized in March, 1868, at the very time that Sorosis of New York and the New England Women's Club in Boston were being started.

It will readily be seen, therefore, that the first place as organized women's clubs, which has been so long accorded to the larger and better known clubs of the two eastern cities, is slightly erroneous, for in point of fact there were several other clubs of women fully organized and doing good work before Sorosis and the New England Women's Club were thought of; and the majority of the ones heretofore mentioned, of later date than 1833, are in existence to-day.

The first, however, to come out boldly and call itself a club (for the name was an innovation at first) was the New England Woman's Club. There has always been a question as to the priority of these two; the facts are, however, that while the New England Woman's Club called a preliminary meeting first and decided to have an organization with constitution and officers, Sorosis of New York, although two weeks later with its preliminary meeting, had a fully organized and working club before the plans of the former were perfected and in order; and it is certain that the two became at once by far the most important as well as the largest women's clubs in the world. The location of each in a great eastern city and including the most prominent women of their day, women who stood first in the just-awakening life for their sex, made it inevitable that they

should attract attention everywhere, each became consequently a factor in the life of their own communities, and later in their states and country; and there is no doubt whatever that these two clubs for the first twenty-five years of their history exerted a greater influence on the woman movement of the whole country than any other clubs ever did or ever will. Just how much influence, too, the Woman's Rights Association (later called the Equal Suffrage Association) had in starting the early formation of clubs for women has never been estimated; but it is sure that both came out from a general awakening of women, and that the leaders of the suffrage movement were in the club formation, together with many others who were not ready for anything so radical as asking for the ballot. And even now we are only just beginning to see and tolerate the connection between the two movements; for many years no mention was allowed in any woman's club of suffrage for women, so strong were both the advocates and the antis; and it has taken a third of a century of club life for women to bring them to a point where they are beginning to be willing to discuss this question calmly and dispassionately in the woman's club.

Lucy Stone, the great leader of the suffrage movement, was one of the founders of the New England Woman's Club; so was Ednah Dow Cheney, Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, and others who were identified with the more radical movement. The first call for the New England Woman's Club resulted in a meeting, February 16, 1868, in Boston. Mrs. Caroline M. Severance (still living in Los Angeles), was chosen first president, with Miss Lucia Peabody, secretary; and on March 10th the present constitution was adopted, and after a lively discussion the name of "club" decided upon. It was felt that the term, New England Woman's Club, was broad, significant, and novel. The new association was officered and controlled by women, although during the first quarter century there were a very few men enrolled,— names like the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The word "club," traced back to its derivation, may have come from the Anglo-Saxon *cleofan*, to divide, or *clyppan*, to embrace; or from the German *kleben*, to adhere; and this was just what this association of women proposed to do,— and have done for forty years. In May, 1868, rooms were hired on Tremont Place, but regular meetings of the club did not begin until the next November, when the membership had reached one hundred and eighteen. Mrs. Severance proved an invaluable leader of the club, bringing all the enthusiasm she had gained as worker in the anti-slavery and suffrage movements in Ohio. She remained in office until 1871, when she removed to California and was succeeded by Julia Ward Howe, who has been president from 1871 until now, with the exception of three or four years in the seventies, when she was a non-resident, and her place was filled by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney and Miss Abby May. From the beginning this club has been foremost in all good work in Boston. As early as 1869 it established a Horticultural School for Women; in 1870, a Friendly Association for Women was formed for the use of working women, from which, later, Miss Jennie Collins worked out her "Baffin's Bower," so long a helpful feature of life for self-supporting women of Boston. In 1873 a committee was appointed which a little later became a bureau of correspondence throughout the country to advocate dress reform; in 1874 the club had done such good work through its education committee that four women (members of the club) were elected to the Boston School Board; these were Miss Abby W. May, Miss Lucia M. Peabody, Miss Lucretia Crocker, and Mrs. H. C. Badger. This committee also instituted a course of lectures and agitated the subject of preparatory schools for girls,— an agitation which resulted in the establishment of the Girls' Latin School. In 1882 a letter was received from Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indiana, expressing the strong desire in the West for a closer affiliation with the older Eastern clubs. In 1888 this cluminated in a corres-

pondence committee, which began a work similar to that of the G. F. W. C., and which was abandoned only on uniting with that body. In 1893 the New England Woman's Club took the first steps toward forming the State Federation which was started in its rooms on Park Street, where the club had moved in 1874, and remained a quarter of a century. At present it occupies pleasant rooms in the Grundmann Studios. From the first the club has had as members the most prominent women in Boston and vicinity: Mary A. Livermore, Louisa Alcott, Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs. James T. Fields, Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson, Dr. Mary J. Safford, Mrs. Henry Whitman, Maria Mitchell, Mrs. E. N. L. Walton, Kate Gannett Wells; all these and many more notable names have been on the membership list, while there are few names of brilliant and earnest lecturers and clergymen which do not appear on the records as speakers at different times. From the very first this club has stood for the most progressive ideas as well as the most practical work for leading reforms of all kinds; just as the name of its long-time president, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, stands for the broadest culture and widest sympathies among representative American women.

MRS. CROLY, THE FOUNDER OF THE G. F. W. C. IN HER GIRLHOOD

Sorosis began, as everybody knows, with a call from Mrs. Croly, "Jennie June," who had been refused a ticket to the dinner given by the New York Press Club to Charles Dickens, in February, 1868; although Mrs. Croly was a representative of the press herself, and the wife of a prominent journalist of that day. This refusal led her to send out a call for a meeting of other women who longed for more freedom, and she immediately asked Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, Miss Kate Field, Mrs. Henry M. Field, and Mrs. Elizabeth Botta to her rooms to discuss the formation of a club. This meeting was held the first Monday in March, two weeks after the first meeting of the New England Woman's Club. Another preparatory meeting was held the following Monday, and at that time twelve women subscribed their names to membership in the new organization formed that day, with Alice Cary as president, Mrs. Croly, vice-president, and Mrs. Wilbour, recording secretary and treasurer. Kate Field was made corresponding secretary and Phebe Cary, Madame Demorest, and Ella Dietz Clymer were chosen on the board of directors. This meeting, also, was the occasion of choosing the name "Sorosis," which means an "aggregation," and seemed applicable both for its meaning and for its sweet sound. An attempt was made at the next meeting by Miss Field and others to have this most distinctive name changed to "The Woman's League," but in the end good judgment decided, and "Sorosis" became a name destined to be known and honored wherever the club movement penetrates, for no other club in the country has been so much copied, imitated, and envied as the first and famous Sorosis. Smaller clubs in

many states have been named for it, and membership by women all over the country has been sought; it has been called, indeed, the 'John the Baptist of clubs,' stimulating the formation and usefulness of local clubs and organizations all over the country. Miss Alice Cary did not remain in the leading office long, the nervous strain being too much for her, and the second year Mrs. Croly became president, a position she held for ten years of her life. She had the satisfaction of seeing her Sorosis become a leader and the head of two great movements for the advancement of women. One of these was the formation, in 1873, of the Association for the Advancement of Women, with Mary A. Livermore, president (and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe for many years her successor); the other was the formation of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in 1889 and 1890, thus celebrating its twenty-first birthday.

In 1894, too, Sorosis issued the call for a meeting at which the New York State Federation was formed. Although Sorosis has stood more for individual development and association than for public work and has not been active in educational and municipal affairs, its roster contains most of the prominent women of the latter part of the nineteenth century. It has given a number of its members to office in the General Federation; Mrs. Croly being the first secretary, Mrs. Denison, president, and Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, Mrs. Amelia K. Wing, Mrs. William Tod-Helmuth, and Mrs. Philip Carpenter on the board of directors at different times. Mrs. Denison, as acting president for two years and president one, endeared herself to the whole country, while all the above named have kept up the national reputation for brilliancy so long ago won by Sorosis.

Among the presidents have been Alice Cary, 1868, Mrs. Croly, 1869 and 1875 to 1886, Mrs. Charlotte Wilbour, 1870 to 1875, M. Louise Thomas, Ella Dietz Clymer, Jennie de la Lozier, Fannie I. Helmuth, Mary Dame Hall, Dimies T. S. Denison, Charlotte B. Wilbour, each three years; Mrs. Philip Carpenter is now in office.

From the time of the formation and publicity of these two clubs, there followed the sure growth of the club movement. In 1868, as has been said, the Conversational Club of Dubuque had started; in 1869 the Brooklyn Woman's Club and the Ladies' Literary Club of Grand Rapids were formed; already in 1864 Battle Creek had formed a Ladies' Library Association, and in 1870 came the Wednesday Morning Club of Boston, with several others in the early seventies.

The following is a table giving the earliest clubs formed in each state:

Arkansas, the Columbian of Little Rock, 1883; Pacaha, 1888.

Alabama, Cadmean Circle, Birmingham, 1888; Kettledrum, Tuscaloosa, 1888; Thursday, Selma, 1890.

California, Ebell of Oakland, 1876.

Colorado, Denver Fortnightly, 1881; Monday Literary, 1881; Boulder Fortnightly, 1884.

Connecticut, Cosy Club, Bridgeport, the fifties; New Britain Woman's Club, 1875; English Literary Club of Bridgeport, 1879.

Dakotas, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, Ladies' History Club, 1879; Fargo, North Dakota, Woman's, 1884.

Delaware, New Century Club of Wilmington, 1889.

District of Columbia, National Woman's Press Association, 1882.

Florida, Green Cove Springs Village Improvement Society, 1887.

Georgia, Nineteenth Century History Club, 1885.

Idaho, Treble Clef of Coeur de Alene, 1894.

Illinois, Ladies' Education Association of Jacksonville, 1833; Friends in Council, Quincy, 1866; Jacksonville Sorosis, 1868.

Indiana, Minerva of New Harmony, 1858; Bronté of Madison, 1864; Indianapolis Woman's Club, 1875; Muncie Woman's Club, 1876.

Iowa, Fenelon Street Circle of Dubuque, 1857; Conversational Club of Dubuque, 1868; Ladies' Literary Association of Dubuque, 1876.

Kansas, Friends in Council of Lawrence, 1877; Zodiac, 1878; Social Science Club (state), 1880.

Kentucky, Covington Art Club, 1887.

Louisiana, the Geographic Club of New Orleans, 1880.

Maine, Monday Club of Portland, 1877; First State Federation, 1892.

Maryland, Lend a Hand Club of Mt. Washington, 1872.

Massachusetts, Ladies' Physiological Institute, 1848; Randolph Ladies' Library Association, 1855; New England Woman's Club, 1868, Wednesday Morning of Boston, 1870; Nantucket Sorosis, 1872; Lady Teachers Association, Boston, 1874; Home Club, East Boston, 1875.

Michigan, Ladies' Library Association of Kalamazoo, 1852; Ladies' Library Association of Battle Creek, 1864; Ladies' Literary Club of

Grand Rapids, 1869; Lansing Woman's Club, 1874; Detroit Woman's, Jackson Woman's, and Ladies' Library of Schoolcraft, 1879.

Minnesota, St. Cloud Reading Circle, 1880; Minneapolis Tuesday Club, 1872.

Missouri, Springfield Ladies' Saturday Club, 1879.

Montana, Homer Club of Butte, 1891.

Nebraska, Zotetic of Weeping Water, 1884.

New Hampshire, Manchester Shakespeare Club, early seventies; Concord Shakespeare Club, 1877.

New Jersey, Woman's Club of Orange, 1872; Shrewsbury Reading Circle, 1877; Friday Club of Bridgeton, 1880.

New Mexico, Fifteen Club of Santa Fé, 1891.

New York, Sorosis, 1868; Brooklyn Woman's Club, 1869; Social Art Club of Syracuse, 1875; Graduates' Association of Buffalo, 1876.

Ohio, Ladies' Centennial Book Club of Ottawa, and the New Century of Toledo, 1876; Conversational Club of Cleveland, 1878.

Oregon, Thursday Afternoon Club of Pendleton, 1884.

Pennsylvania, Schuylkill Shakespearian Society, 1875; the New Century Club of Philadelphia, 1877.

Rhode Island, Olla Podrida of Woonsocket, 1875; Rhode Island Woman's Club (Providence), 1877.

South Carolina, Spartanburg Ladies' Association, 1884.

Tennessee, Ossoli Circle of Knoxville, 1884.

Texas, Quid Nunc of Tyler, and Dallas Shakespeare Club, 1886.

Utah, the Ladies' Literary Club of Salt Lake City, 1877.

Vermont, Friends in Council, Rutland, 1878.

Washington, Olympia Woman's Club, 1883.

Wisconsin, Clio of Sparta, 1871; Friends in Council of Berlin, 1873; Milwaukee Art and Science Association, 1874; Woman's Club of Wisconsin, 1876.

Wyoming, Queen Anne of Cheyenne, sometime in the eighties.

(To be continued)

THE SWEET HOME INFLUENCE

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

I've found the little faded house set back among the trees,—
The dearest, sweetest sort of sight a weary fellow sees;
It's been a score of years, I guess, since I was down here last,
But Love and Memory have lived through every day that passed.
The garden paths are rich with rose, left carelessly to grow
As Nature wills them, red and white, and there, concealed below
The green grass lies, perfumed and sweet; the old trees bend their arms
To shut the new world out of it — the old world safe from harms.

Mayhap a mother long ago sang down these sunny aisles,
To greet the morning bees and buds and grant the mother-smiles.
And, somehow, deep within the heart of this old garden rare
I find the mother kiss and love, her tenderness and prayer.
Her songs are those that dwell for aye, wrapped in a scarlet rose,
Her patient sigh the echo of each dear south wind that blows.
I've found a nook forgotten, back among the bending trees,
Where it's sweet to dream the old dreams with the flowers and the bees.

From where my grass couch sparkles I can see the weed-grown lane,
And the joyous scenes of childhood all come back to me again,—
The bossy in the clover and the drowsy afternoon,
And the birds of all creation pitched to one ecstatic tune.
The gate clicks very softly, — then the sound of happy feet
Down the walk and *she* has kissed me, pure as rose-heart and as sweet.
Yes, I've found the little faded house set back among the trees,
And home's the dearest haven that a weary fellow sees.

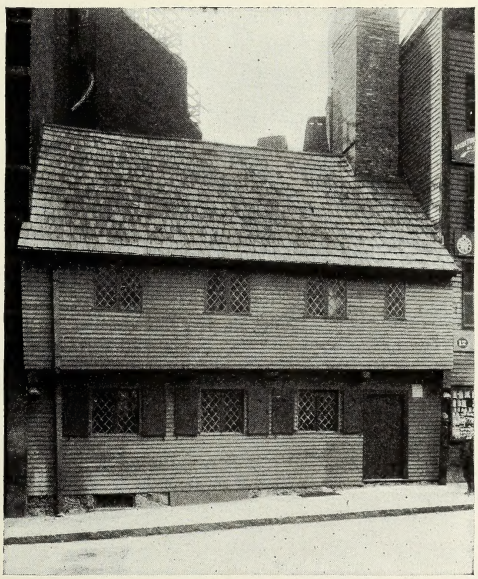
State House, Boston

Historic Boston

By THOMAS F. ANDERSON

BOSTON'S place in American history is well known to the average citizen of this republic, and there is little that can be added to the story here. The city that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes whimsically described as "The Hub of the Solar System" is changing all the time in a social as well as an architectural sense, however.

The last quarter of a century has witnessed a wonderful transformation in both of these respects; yet happily but few of its cherished shrines of history have been lost to it during that period. Skyscraping office buildings, imposing apartment hotels, palatial theaters, and costly new public buildings have upreared themselves alongside of the modest three-story structures of the last century, and the North End has acquired its "Little Italy" and its "Ghetto"; but Faneuil Hall, the Old State House, and the Old South Meeting House are still safely anchored on their foundations, there to remain until the hand of time or the destroying elements remove them. Indeed, there has been a net gain in the sum total of Boston's historic treasures, for the ancient home of Paul Revere in North Square has been "restored," and has thus been made a permanent addition to the "sights" of the "Hub."



THE VENERABLE HOME OF PAUL REVERE IN ITS "RESTORED" CONDITION

It would be difficult to compute the number of visitors who come to Boston every year solely for the purpose of seeing the city and its historic buildings, sites, and burying grounds. There are many thousands of them, and there are also thousands of others who come hither on visits that combine business with pleasure.

The statistics of those who visit the more noted of the city's historic buildings in the course of a year are impressive. Because it is "The Cradle of Liberty," and therefore known to every American school boy and girl, probably Faneuil Hall is visited by a greater number than any other building, although the Old State House is not far behind it.

On an average, seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand persons visit Faneuil Hall annually, of which about twenty thousand take the trouble to register their names and addresses. Practically every civilized country of the world is represented by them. Not only do adult visitors from "all over" come there, but dozens of school and academy classes from various parts of New England and elsewhere make educational pilgrimages to the ancient building.

It is estimated that about seventy-five thousand persons also visit the Old State House annually, the superb collection of

THE OLD STATE HOUSE

historical relics and engravings being a special attraction there. During the Old-Home Week observance last summer nearly ten thousand visitors inscribed their names in a special register provided for that occasion, and England, France, Germany, Russia, Japan, China, Australia, and South Africa, together with practically every state and territory in the Union, sent their representatives.

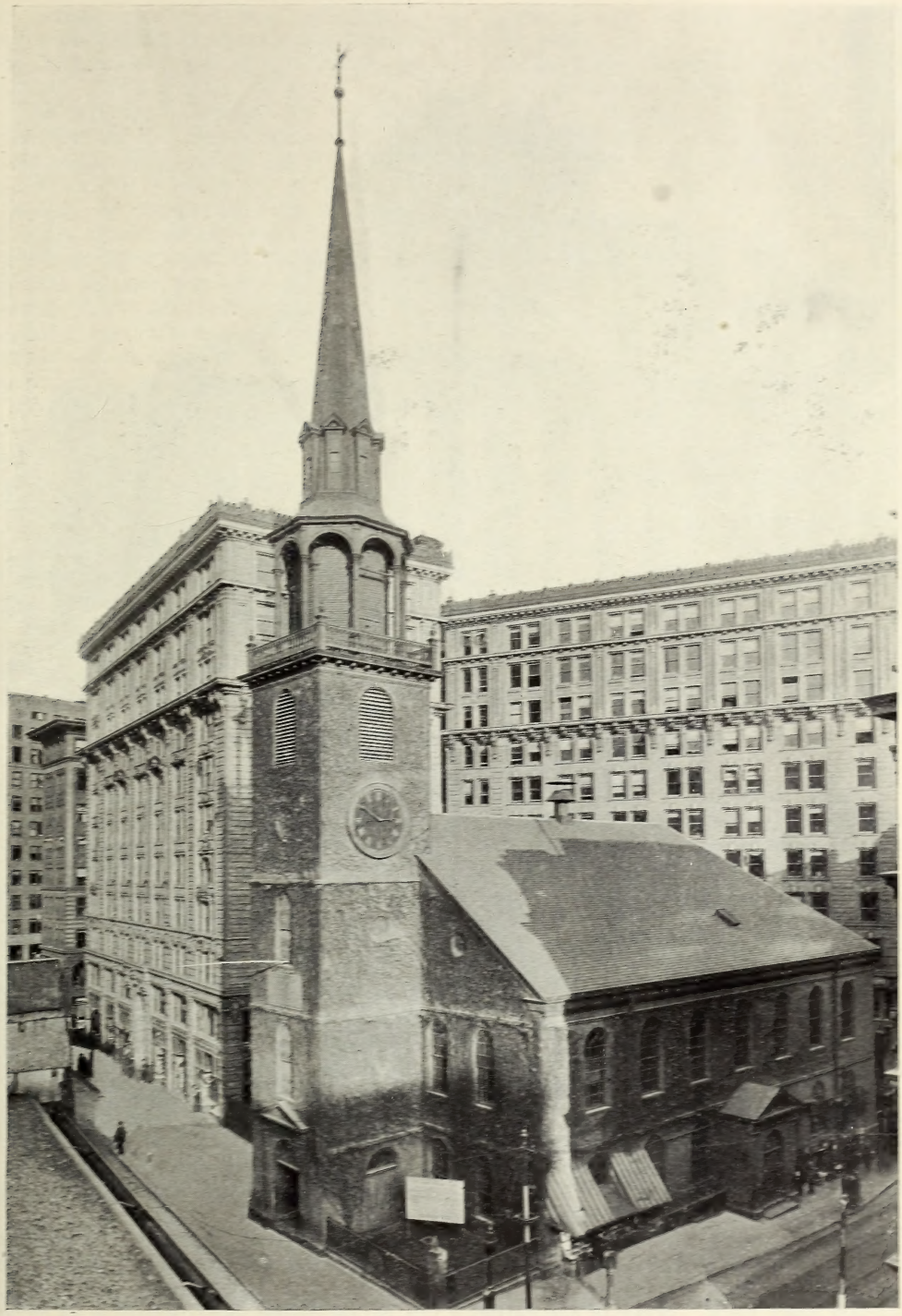
Another popular historic shrine is the Old South Meeting House, whose interesting collection of relics is viewed by fifteen thousand people every year, none of whom ever regrets paying the small fee required.

Twenty-five thousand visitors (not five per cent of them residents of Boston, of course), annually pay the entrance fee at Bunker Hill Monument, and one hundred and fifty thousand others come to gaze upon it from the outside. Christ Church, King's Chapel, the old Blake House in Dorchester, and the other historic structures of Boston likewise are visited by out of town pilgrims. Many thousands, of course, annually go to the State House or wander through the beautiful Public Library. No local institution is more popular with the public (and in this case the natives are included), than the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, soon to be established in its magnificent new quarters in the Fenway. To this splendid institution, leading the entire world in some of its special collections, nearly two hundred and sixty thousand visitors went last year, of whom twenty thousand entered on days when an admission is charged. This total included large numbers of tourists and convention delegates and the nearly four hundred art students that are enrolled in the weekly attendance.

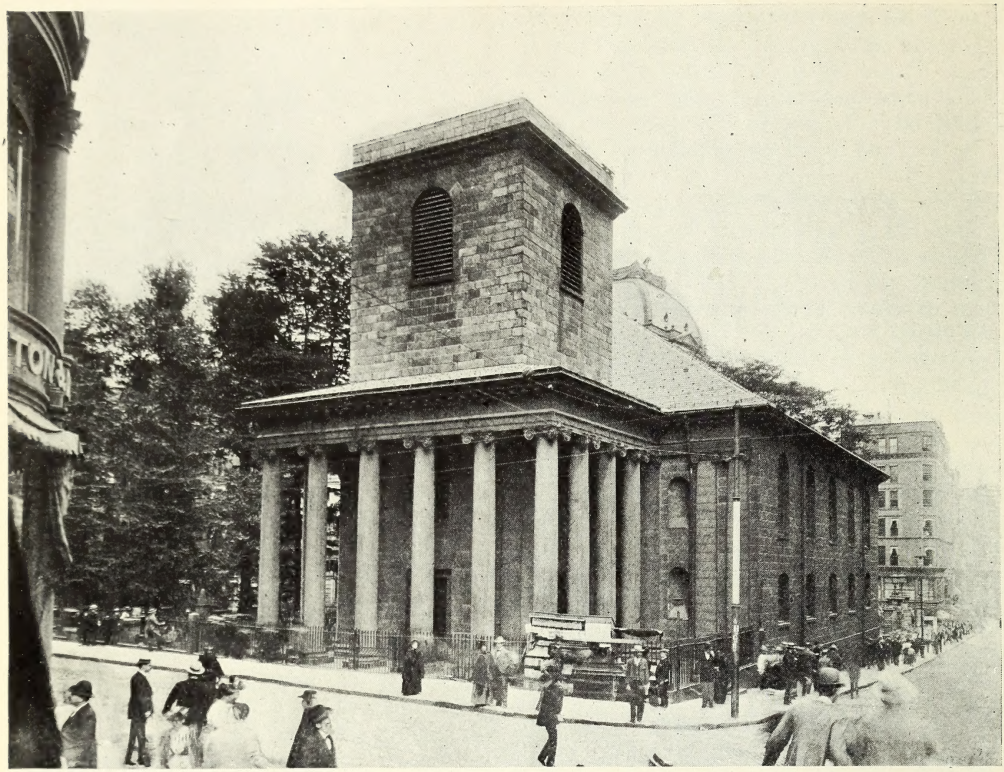
The old frigate "Constitution," moored at the Charlestown Navy Yard, also is visited by many, and the historic burying grounds — Copp's Hill, King's Chapel, and the Granary — have a special attraction for many of Boston's guests from abroad. During the period of large conventions, like the National Educational Association and the General Federation of Women's Clubs meetings,— these ancient cemeteries are never without a group or two of curious investigators poring, notebook in hand, over almost indecipherable inscriptions.

To the visitor from St. Paul or Denver all these memorials of the past have a meaning that even the Bostonian himself cannot fully appreciate. He is too near the picture to get the right perspec-

FANEUIL HALL



The Old South Meeting House



ANCIENT KING'S CHAPEL IS AN IMPRESSIVE REMINDER OF THE PAST

tive, and there are thousands of him whose only acquaintance with Bunker Hill Monument is literally a distant one.

A very large percentage of these visitors, especially those from a distance, make it a point to "take in" as many of Boston's historic buildings and landmarks as possible.

The leafy and restful Boston Common, with its interesting monuments and life, will be visited by a majority of the pilgrims anyway; and the casual sojourner in the "Hub," who found that he had only time to see two of Boston's world-shrines, would be pretty sure to tell his cab driver to take him to the Common and to Faneuil Hall.

Ever since it was purchased of William Blackstone by Governor Winthrop and his associates for $150 in 1634, the Common has been something of a convention place itself. Some of the earlier of these gatherings had a different object from those of the present day, for the hanging of "witches" and of pirates and other malefactors, was of frequent occurrence there in these good old times.

Conventions of cows — for Boston was an agricultural community of some pretensions in the middle of the seventeenth century — were daily held within the now sacred precincts, and tradition hath it that it was the homeward perigrinations of the delegates thereof that in reality established the wonderful street plan of Boston. Authorities differ as to this, however, and there are some who maintain that the thoroughfares of the future Modern Athens were laid out by the inhabitants themselves simply according to the lines of least resistance.

Be this as it may, Boston's Thiergarten is to-day not only one of the most historic breathing-spots to be found in any city, but is one of the most beautiful as well; and its adjoining "Unter den Linden,"

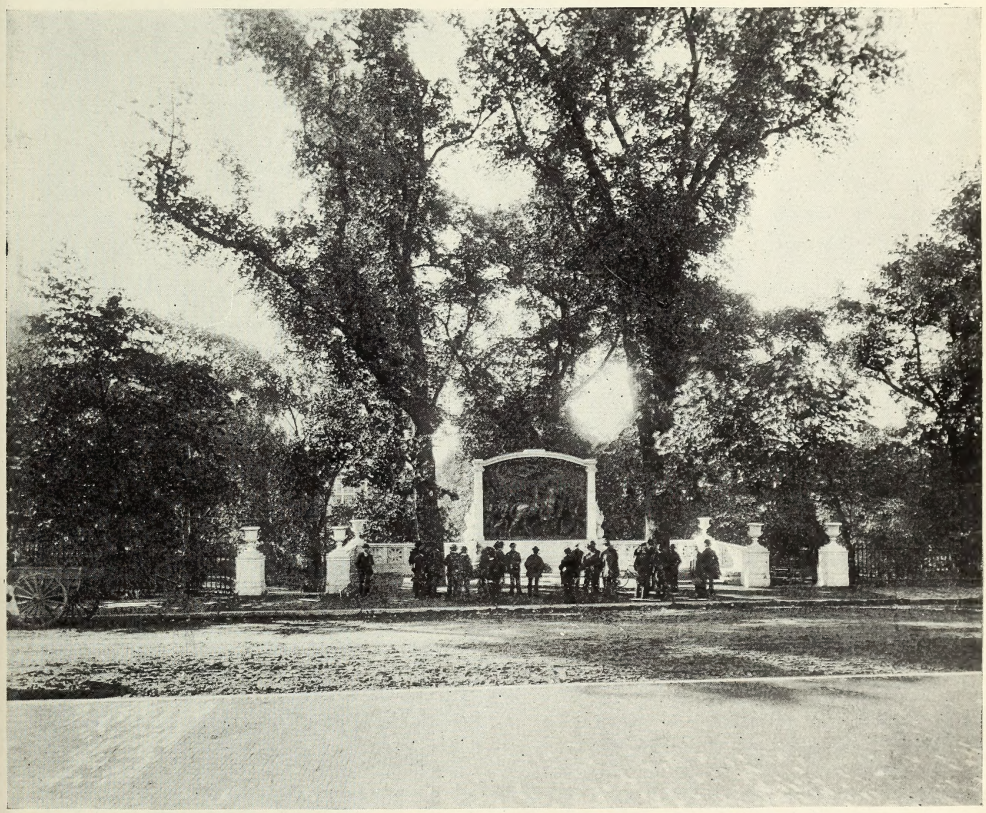
as Commonwealth Avenue may not inaptly be termed, is scarcely less magnificent a thoroughfare than is its Berlin prototype.

The Common, besides its wonderful collection of elm and other noble shade trees, contains an ancient burying-ground, established in 1758, the site of the famous old elm, the immortal Frog Pond, the classical army and navy monument, and the chaste and beautiful Shaw Memorial, erected in memory of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw of civil war fame, and counted one of the finest specimens of bronze and stonework ever turned out by an American sculptor.

Boston has at least a few monuments and statues of which it may reasonably feel proud, among them the equestrian figure of Washington in the beautiful Public Garden and the heroic figure of General Joseph Hooker in the State House park.

Although the Central Burying-ground on the Common contains the dust of some of the British soldiers who fell at Bunker Hill, and of Gilbert Stuart, the famous painter, it has never had for the visiting tourist anything like the interest attaching to the other ancient places of interment in the downtown section of the city.

If the historical significance of the Common fails to appeal to the visitor, he certainly must find something of interest in the kaleidoscopic and cosmopolitan life of the noted breathing-place. Here on Sundays and holidays, and to a certain extent on ordinary days, may be seen on dress parade the complex civilization of which twentieth century Boston is made up. The native-born Bostonian

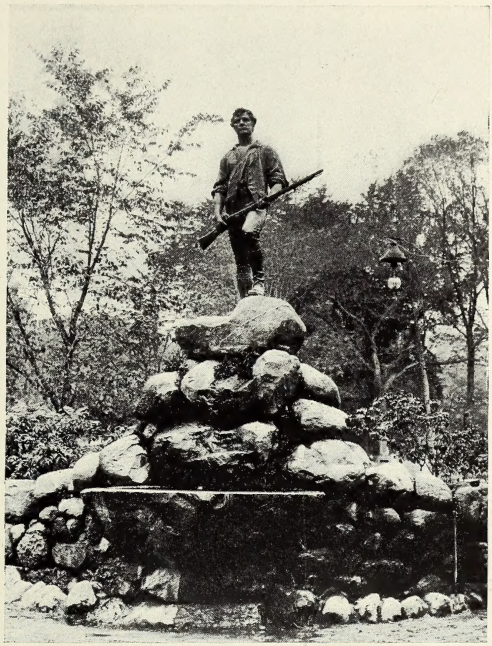


Shaw Memorial on Boston Common

Bunker Hill Monument

comes there sometimes, but one is more likely to meet the swarthy Italian or Greek, the negro, the Russian Jew, the Armenian or the Portuguese from the North and West ends. Even the oriental is represented, for Boston has its Chinatown, like every well-regulated American city, and its Japanese colony as well.

In bygone days the British soldiers mustered here for the engagement at Bunker Hill, as did also the Colonial contingents sent against historic Louisburg and Quebec. During the civil war the volunteers likewise encamped here. To-day its most warlike demonstrations are in connection with the annual field day and election of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and the yearly parade of the Boston School Regiment. It is a far cry from the hanging of witches and thieves to the Sunday afternoon concerts by the splendid Municipal Band and the daily feeding of the Common's tame squirrels and pigeons. Nowhere on the continent is there to be found a more interesting and historic park than that embraced within the Common's forty-eight acres.



MINUTE MAN, LEXINGTON, MASS.

Because it is the "Cradle of Liberty," and as such has "rocked" under the fervent eloquence of some of the country's most illustrious public men and the appreciative applause of listening patriots, Faneuil Hall should, pehaps, be mentioned first among Boston's historic buildings.

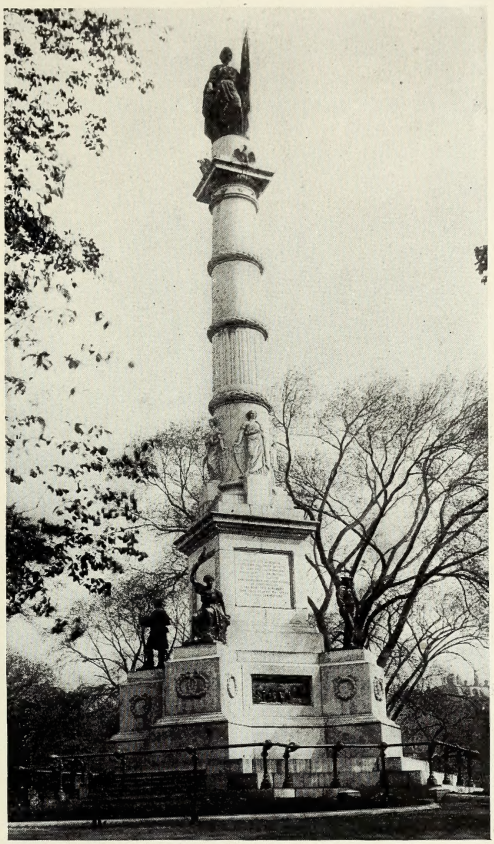
Old "Funnel Hall" is indeed a patriotic shrine, if ever there was one, and Boston would never look or feel the same if it should have the misfortune to lose it. Located in Faneuil Hall Square, in the very heart of Boston's busy market district, it is comparatively easy to find, and once found is difficult to tear one's self away from. The whole history of a nation seems to be expressed in its four walls and the time-stained paintings they enclose, and few can enter its commonplace portals without thinking of the names and deeds of Adams, Hancock, Revere, Garrison, Phillips, Webster, Sumner, and the long list of other American patriots whose burning words have been uttered from its rostrum, to be caught up and repeated in thunderous echoes to the ends of the earth.

The original building was erected in 1743 as a market and a town hall, and was given to the town by Peter Faneuil. Fire destroyed its interior in 1763, necessitating, its rebuilding. During the siege of Boston it was converted into a theatre by the British officers of the garrison. In 1806 it was enlarged, a third story being added, and in that story to-day the famous Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has its armory and headquarters. Here, as the observant custodian of the old building puts it, one may study real history, for the "Ancients'" collection of arms, flags, and paintings is one of the most interesting and instructive in the country.

In the estimation of the visitor to Boston, Faneuil Hall stands in the same relation to this city as Independence Hall

The beautiful Public Library represents an investment of millions

does to Philadelphia. To be sure, it contains no Liberty Bell, but its famous copper grasshopper vane is assuredly glory enough for any one building. In the ancient hall state dinners have been given Washington, Lafayette, Andrew Jackson, Kossuth, and other great figures in the world's history. The cause of free Ireland, free Cuba, and free trade have been pleaded there indiscriminately, and only a few weeks ago the members of one of Boston's big and successful clubs harked back to the days of old and held a burlesque town meeting that would have made old Peter Faneuil's eyes stick out in astonishment. Not only the donor of the building, but even the visiting stranger would have additional cause to marvel could he behold one of the political "noonday rallies" that are invariably held in the ancient meeting place whenever a state, city, or national election campaign is on.



Soldiers' Monument, Boston Common

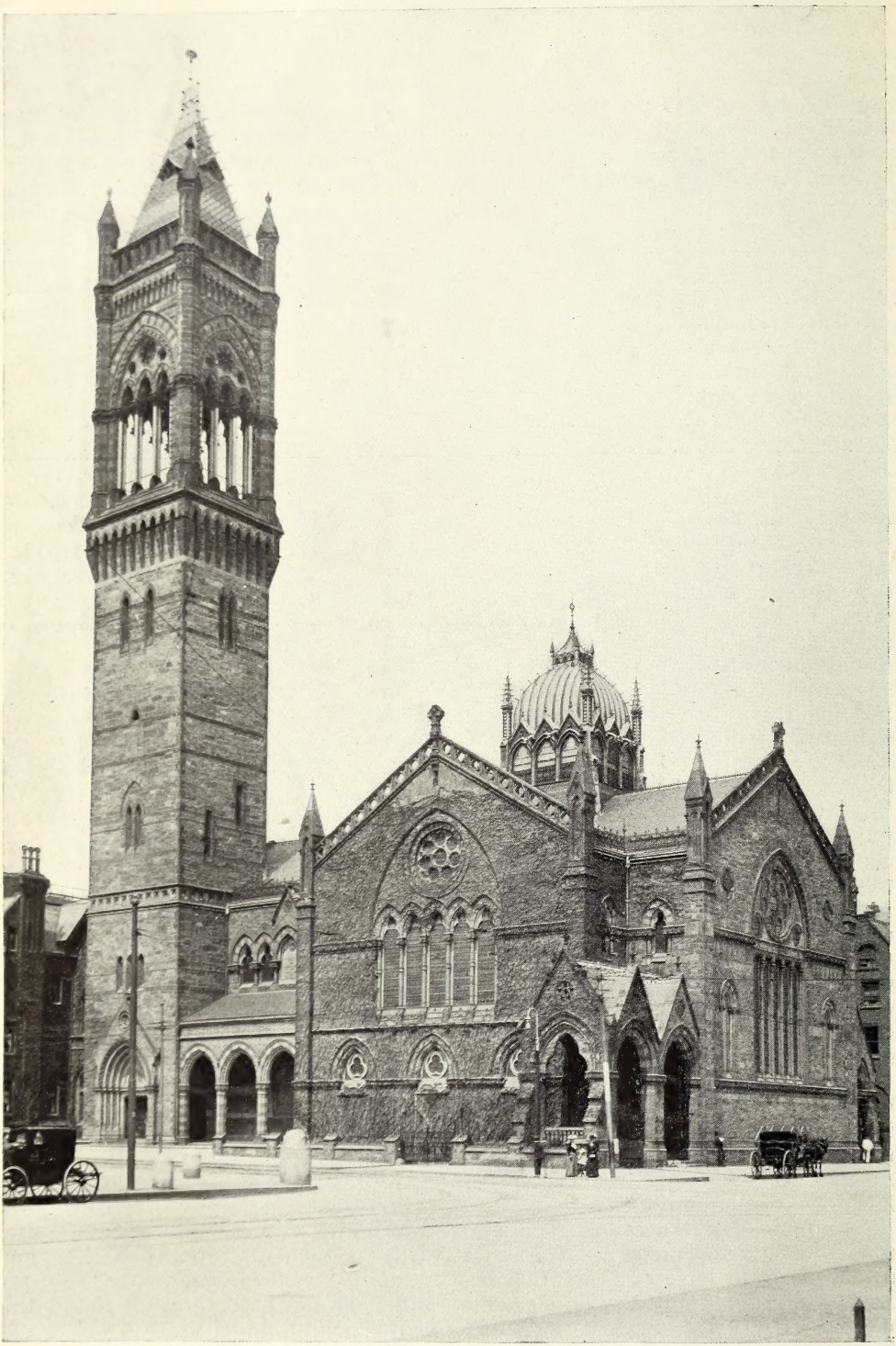
Seemingly proud of its environment, for it stands almost in the very heart of the financial district of Boston, the interesting Old State House challenges the attention of every one who visits the downtown section of the city.

Surmounted by its quaint cupola and its famous lion and unicorn — the latter emblems long a bone of contention between the pro and anti British elements of the city — the ancient structure stands at the head of State Street, the great financial thoroughfare, formerly King Street, with its front façade on Washington Street.

All seasons are alike to the Old State House, for not a secular day goes by that its fascinating interior is not thronged with visitors from near and far. Under the auspices of the Bostonian Society, one of Boston's most flourishing and useful historical organizations, a large and exceedingly instructive collection of paintings, portraits, prints, and historical relics of every conceivable kind is kept on free exhibition here. These curios range from the wedding slippers of "Dorothy Q" to the perforated lantern of the old-time Boston "watchman," and there are deeds executed by the Indian sachems, specimens of continental currency, coins, medals, and ancient articles of wearing apparel galore.

Just as the Old Corner Bookstore used to be the rendezvous of the literary lights of Boston and Cambridge, so the Old State House is a favorite meeting-place of men and women who are interested in throwing light upon the history and preserving the historic landmarks of Boston. The society is doing good work in the way of marking historic sites with permanent bronze tablets, and posterity and the future visitor to Boston will have much to thank it for in this connection.

The Old State House was erected in



Old South Church, or "New" Old South

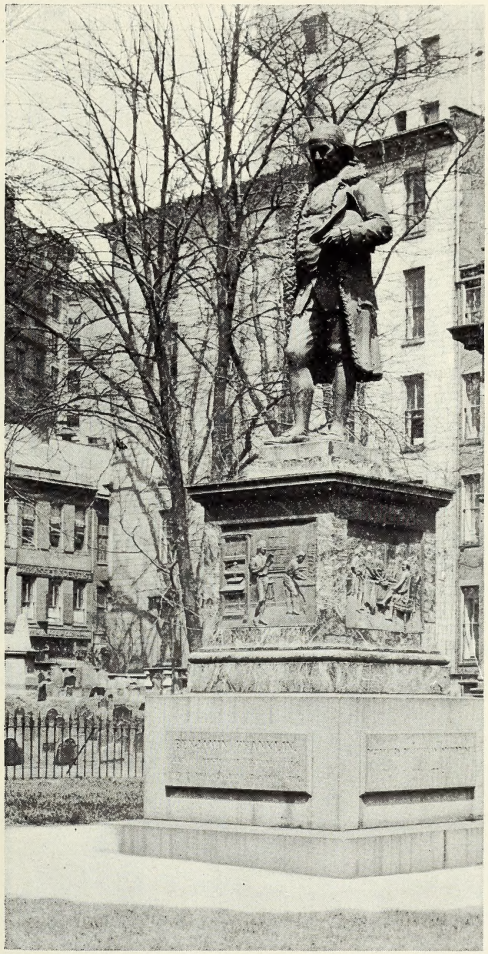
1713. Previously there had stood on the site a Town House of somewhat peculiar architecture. This was erected in 1658 and was destroyed by fire in 1711. The present structure, of brick, was damaged by fire in 1747 and was restored in the following year. It was the seat of the Provincial and Colonial governments and was used as a State House until the erection of the present capitol on Beacon Hill in 1798. It was also used as a post office and a merchants' exchange. Within its walls the patriot sons of Massachusetts, Hancock, Adams, and Otis, spoke valiantly in defence of liberty.

From the balcony facing State Street, looking down upon the scene of the Boston Massacre, the proclamation, revealing the stamp act was read in 1766; and in July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was first read from the east window as was also the Proclamation of Peace in 1783. John Hancock was inaugurated here as the first governor of the State, and from the Washington Street side George Washington reviewed the procession given in his honor on the occasion of his last visit to Boston.

The printing press used by Benjamin Franklin, the tables used by the royal governors, swords, and other articles owned by Lafayette, Paul Revere, Hancock, and other noted men, are on exhibition in the building, as is also a sample of the world-renowned tea that was dumped into the harbor by the patriotic Bostonians — the most precious brewing of the cheering herb that can be found in America to-day.

As the result of an arrangement entered into between the state and the city, the lower main room of the building, on the Washington Street front, is to be restored to its original appearance as nearly as possible. Of this cherished structure, Mr. Charles F. Read, clerk of the Bostonian Society, said in a recent paper:

"Among the few buildings to be seen in Boston of the twentieth century, which were erected before the Revolution, the Old State House stands pre-eminent in interest; for go where we may within the confines of the city, and even through our broad land, we shall find no other building of which it can be said, to quote from a letter of John Adams, written in his later years, 'Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child Independence was born! It is therefore proper that the story of this famous shrine of liberty should be instilled into the hearts and minds of old and young in the community, so that all may exclaim in unison, 'Touch it not, for it is sacred. Only



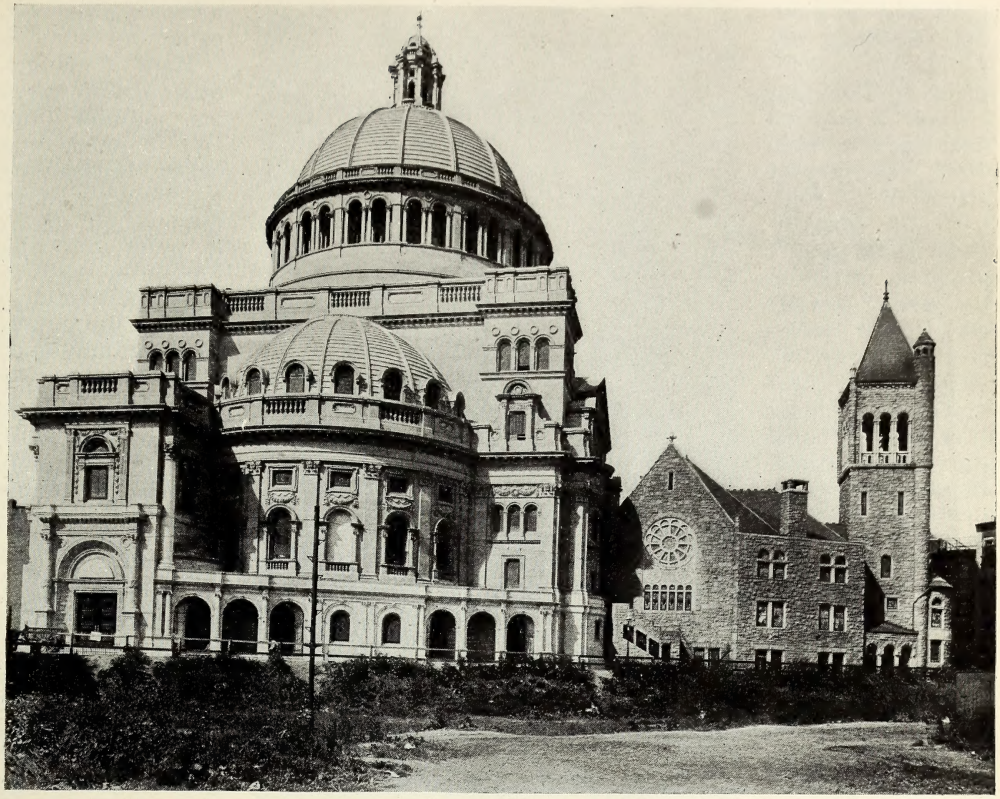
STATUE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, IN BRONZE, NEAR KING'S CHAPEL BURYING GROUND

the ruthless hand of time or disaster shall cause it to disappear from human sight."

Another of Boston's precious and priceless historic landmarks is the Old South Meeting House, corner of Washington and Milk streets. Every one who stays even a few hours in the city strolls through down town Washington Street; consequently nearly everybody who has been in Boston has seen the picturesque ivy-covered Old South. The building dates from 1729 and was preceded by a wooden structure erected in 1669. It is located on the site of Governor Winthrop's garden. Like Faneuil Hall, it has been put to various uses in the past. During the Siege of Boston the British soldiery found it a very convenient riding school, and by putting it to such a vulgar use they did not rise overmuchly in the already lukewarm esteem of the inhabitants. Samuel Adams, Hancock, Otis, Warren, and other patriot sons, inspired many an audience with their eloquence here, and an occasions when Faneuil Hall proved too small to hold the meetings of the liberty-loving citizens, the Old South was utilized for what we in these days call "overflow" meetings.

The first town meeting following the Boston Massacre on State Street was held here. The old church also bears a very intimate relationship to the famous "tea party," for it was here that five thousand indignant citizens met and resolved that the obnoxious article of merchandise should not be landed on the sacred soil of Massachusetts; and it was from outside of its doorway that the thinly disguised "Mohawks" gave vent to their first ear-splitting warwhoop and rushed to Griffin's wharf, there to take measures that had an important effect upon the

HARVARD YARD



THE NEW $2,000,000 CHURCH OF THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS IS VISITED BY THOUSANDS

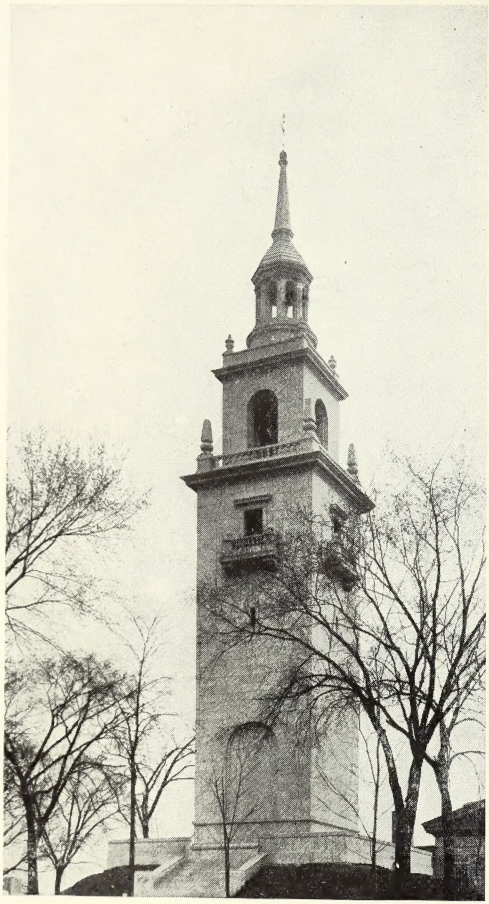
figures of Boston's foreign imports for that year.

Some years ago the church was purchased and preserved by public-spirited residents. Like the Old State House, it contains an interesting collection of historic relics, which may be seen on payment of a small entrance fee. Steps are at present being taken to reopen the old church to occasional non-sectarian public worship. Patriotic and educational meetings are frequently held there now. To each of the historic buildings already mentioned an entire magazine article might well be devoted, and there are a number of others in Boston of which this is equally true. Christ Church, on Salem Street — and Boston is rich in interesting old churches — is one of these. This famous edifice, sometimes called the "Old North Church," is the oldest place of worship in Boston, having been erected in 1723, after plans by Bulfinch. It was from the tower of this building, as all the world knows, that the signal lanterns arranged for by Paul Revere in connection with his nocturnal dash to Concord and Lexington to warn the inhabitants of the intended march of the British troops on April 19, 1775, were displayed.

Its chime bells, rung now on New Year's eve, were the first used in America. Its organ came from London in 1759, and its gallery set apart for the use of slaves is said to have given rise to the theatrical term "nigger heaven." There are many interesting relics to be seen in this quaint old church, and a most interesting view of the older portion of Boston is to be had from its tower.

In King's Chapel, located at the corner of Tremont and School streets, and dating back to 1749, regular services are to-day

held and fashionable weddings are frequently solemnized. The first chapel, a wooden one, was erected in 1688. The present structure is a somber and substantial one of a Quincy granite, with a square central tower, the architecture being old English. Immediately adjoining it is King's Chapel burying-ground, the oldest cemetery in Boston. The first interment took place in 1630, and Governor Winthrop, Rev. John Cotton, and other worthies, lie buried there. Their patriot successors, the members of the Boston city governments, have their official headquarters in the adjacent City Hall, from the front of which a bronze statue of Benjamin Franklin looks out on School Street with benignant mien.



EVACUATION MEMORIAL ON DORCHESTER HEIGHTS

In the topmost branche of the arching elms that cast their shade upon the last earthly resting-places of Winthrop and his compatriots is daily held one of the most interesting of all of Boston's "conventions"— the afternoon conclave of the myriad sparrows that make the air of this busy part of Boston vibrate as with the tinkling of a million silver bells. Why they have selected this particular spot for their diurnal mass meeting nobody knows; but it may be in commemoration of the fact that the red-coated soldiers from their native England used to worship in the old chapel when times were not so much out of joint as they afterward became.

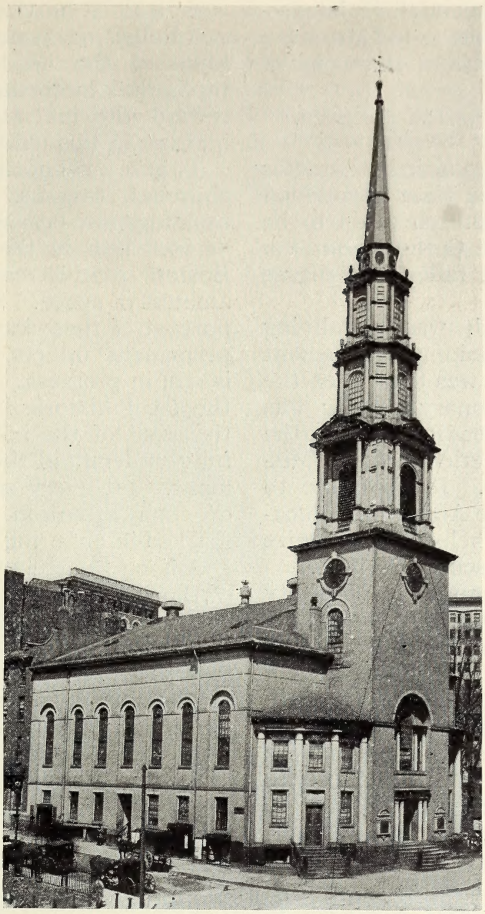
Hard by is another historic burying ground, the Old Granary, so called because at the time of its establishment (1660) it adjoined the town granary. This noted resting-place of the dead is situated on Tremont Street, next to Park Street Church, and in it will be found memorials to Peter Faneuil, John Hancock, Paul Revere, Samuel Adams, James Otis, members of the Franklin family, and victims of the Boston Massacre. These grass-grown, tree-embowered burial places right in the very heart of commercial Boston are among the most interesting physical features of the city.

On the recent one hundred and thirty-third anniversary of the famous ride of Paul Revere to warn the inhabitants of the villages between Charlestown and Concord of the coming of the British soldiers, the ancient house in North Square in which the patriot son of Boston lived for a time was thrown open to the public, after having been restored to its original condition as nearly as possible.

This laudable enterprise represents the public-spirited efforts of a memorial association, and is characteristic of the patriotic order that works the true Boston character. The dedicatory address on this occasion was given by Ex-Governor John D. Long, and the event was enhanced by the presence of several great

and great-great grandchildren of the immortal hero of Longfellow's stirring poem.

The Paul Revere house is one of the few structures in this country that are really old. It is supposed to date back to 1680, if not beyond that date, and the very style of architecture, with its overhanging story, more common in Connecticut and Rhode Island than elsewhere, savors of antiquity. The house contains many articles that were in use there during Revere's occupancy, and there is even a panel of the original wall paper. The whole country should rejoice that this historic building is no longer an Italian boarding-house, but is to be preserved indefinitely as a shrine for all patriotic Americans in Boston to visit.



PARK STREET CHURCH

Another of Boston's interesting buildings of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods is the old Blake House in Dorchester, in which the Dorchester Historical Society has its headquarters. This is one of the most ancient houses in the United States, and not very far from it is the old Dorchester burying-ground, which was laid out in 1634, four years later than King's Chapel burying-ground.

These are the principal buildings of Boston that are worthy of being termed historic, unless such structures as the State House and the Park Street Church, dating back about a century, are to be considered as entitled to that distinction.

Few public buildings on the continent are more interesting, from an architectural, artistic, and patriotic standpoint than the State House, with its splendid Bulfinch front, its refulgent gilded dome, and its commanding location on the summit of Beacon Hill. Within its walls may be seen a magnificent collection of Massachusetts battle flags, a superb collection of historical paintings and statues, the famous diary of Governor Bradford, and other interesting objects.

As for the Park Street Church, breasting the swirling currents of humanity at the corner of Tremont and Park streets, within gunshot of the State House itself, that in the estimation of some critics is the most striking specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in all Boston, including even Trinity Church and the sumptuous $2,000,000 structure of the Christian Scientists in the Back Bay.

There is not a more perfect architectural vista in New England than that presented by the spire of Park Street Church as one comes up Summer Street, and it is the beautiful and commanding objective of several other distant views.

The Park Street Church was erected in 1809, on the site of the old town granary. Its spire rises two hundred and twenty-three feet, and is regarded as the finest example in this country of the style of Sir Christopher Wren, so much in evidence in London and elsewhere in Eng-

land. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes — the very antithesis of the noted structure in stature — who describes it in one of his poems as

"The giant, standing by the elm-clad green,
His white face lifted o'er the silent scene."

From the uncompromising character of the theology at one time expounded from its pulpit, the church came to be known as "Brimstone Corner," but the appellation has rather fallen into disuse in late years.

Park Street Church was a rallying point of the foreign missionary movement in this country, and it was there that the Boston Foreign Missionary Society was formed in 1811, this leading later to the formation of the American Home Missionary Society there. It also gave to the world, in 1815, the American Education Society, and it helped to organize Boston's first Sunday school, in 1817.

The American Temperance Society likewise was formed within its walls, and in later years it has played a prominent part in Boston's famous anniversary week gatherings. Its influence upon church music has been great, for Lowell Mason performed some of his best work here, and the noted Handel and Haydn Society was largely recruited from the choir of this church. "America" was first sung in the church, July 4, 1832, under Mr. Mason's direction, and Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, then a boy of ten, was present on the occasion. William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner, and other great Americans, have spoken here, and some of the country's most famous preachers, including Rev. W. H. H. Murray, have been among its ministers.

It will thus be seen that Park Street Church, although not yet quite a century old, is worthy of greater attention than is usually paid it by visitors who have heard only of the Old South and Old North churches and King's Chapel.

One other ancient burying-ground in Boston proper remains to be mentioned— that on Copp's Hill, in the North End. This was first used in 1660, and the inscription on its oldest gravestone bears the date of 1662. The famous Mathers — Increase, Cotton, and Samuel — are buried here. In 1775 British cannon were trained on Charlestown from here, and bullet marks are still to be found on some of the headstones. Quaint epitaphs and interesting armorial bearings reward the investigations of the antiquarian in this old burial place.

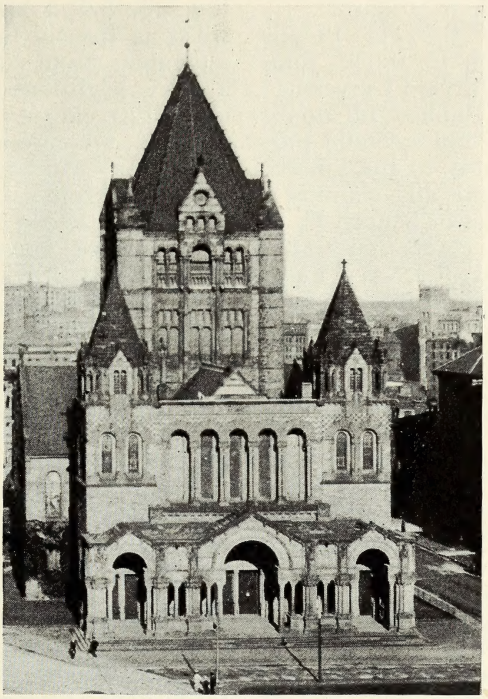
To give a list of the sites of the old time churches, taverns, fortifications, public buildings, and famous residences that may be identified in the course of a tour of Boston would require an astonishing amount of space. Some of the more important of these have been marked with permanent tablets, and the good work is still in progress. It is the ambition of the local historical and patriotic societies, and of the individual citizens who fully understand the value of this movement, that every site in Boston worthy of such attention shall ultimately be marked in enduring bronze.

Among the sites thus marked are that of the famous Liberty Tree, under which the Sons of Liberty held their meetings in Revolutionary days; the Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren houses, Griffin's Wharf, where the tea was spilled overboard; the Wendell Phillips House, Constitution Wharf, where "Old Ironsides" was built; the Old Corner Book Store, Washington and School streets, no longer a book store; the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin and that of Rev. Samuel F. Smith, author of "America"; the Green Dragon Tavern, the site of the "Boston Massacre" on State Street, Paul Revere's House, the site of the old spring in Spring Lane, the spot on which the school boys made their historic protest, Faneuil Hall, and the site of the first Roman Catholic cathedral.

Every street, square, and byway in the older part of the town is redolent of history, and one cannot walk half a block without passing several sites that have played an important part in the annals of Boston. Dock Square, North Square, Washington, Hanover, Brattle, State, Tremont, and Milk streets are all historic ground.

In these thoroughfares, and elsewhere, the antiquarian may identify the sites of the First and Second Churches, the Quaker Meeting House, the Brattle Street, New North, Brick, New South, Hollis

Street, Federal Street, French Huguenot, Old Trinity, West, Samuel Mather's, First Methodist and Second Baptist churches, the original buildings existing in one or two instances; the sites of the homes of Governors Winthrop, Endicott, Bellingham, Vane, Leverett, Andros, Phips, Hancock, Bowdoin, and Adams; the home of William Blackstone, the first settler of Boston; the North and South Batteries, and the Barricado; the fortifications on Boston Neck and Fort Hill; the Province House, wherein dwelt the royal governors; the scene of the Boston Massacre, in State Street, opposite the east front of the Old State House; the British, American, and Crown coffee houses; the Royal Exchange; the Ship Tavern; the shop of Benjamin Franklin's father, the Rising Sun Tavern, the Governor's Spring; the printing office of James Franklin, where his brother Benjamin served his apprenticeship; the headquarters of the historic Long Room Club; the Samuel Mather House; the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin, and the famous Green Dragon Tavern.



Trinity Church, Boston

These are but a few of the interesting sites and landmarks of old Boston. State Street probably has witnessed a greater number of the more dramatic episodes of Boston history than most of the city's thoroughfares. Not only was it the theater of the deadly affray between the British soldiers and the citizens, March 5, 1770, but it has seen the famous pirate, Captain Kidd, taken away from his trial in the Old State House to the place of his execution, and it has likewise, in later days, witnessed the return to serfdom of Anthony Burns, the fugitive slave, attended to the water front by the entire police and military force of the city. Perhaps the most spectacular of all State Street's "events" was the remarkable barbecue that was held there during the time of the French Revolution.

In the words of a local historian, "A thousand-pound ox was killed, and its horns gilded and placed on an altar twenty feet high. Drawn by fifteen horses and preceded by two hogsheads of punch pulled by six horses, and accompanied by a cart of bread, it was escorted through the streets of Boston, and finally deposited in State Street. Tables had been spread from the Old State House to Kilby Street, and the citizens feasted upon roast ox and strong punch, to the consequent confusion of many."

The circular "wheel" of paving stones that marks the site of the "Boston Massacre" has been trod by many thousands of curious visitors from every part of the world, for humanity dearly loves to walk upon the ground that has been stained by the life fluid of those who fell in battle or ambush. On a building near by is a bronze tablet bearing this simple inscription:

"OPPOSITE THIS SPOT
WAS SHED THE FIRST BLOOD
OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION
MARCH 5TH, 1770"

The list of shrines and landmarks

herein given by no means exhausts the historical possibilities of Boston, for in its outlying wards, as well as within the confines of the Greater Boston, with its nearly one and a half millions population, the antiquarian may unearth scores of other interesting "finds." In South Boston, for instance, is Dorchester Heights, familiar by name to all American school children, from which Washington and his army helped drive the British out of Boston. This place is marked by a handsome memorial shaft of marble.

In Charlestown is the old Phipps Street burying-ground, in which John Harvard, founder of Harvard University, was interred in 1638; Bunker Hill Monument, whose massive and splendid proportions add measurably to the solidity of Boston's architecture and character; the birthplace of Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph; and last, but not least, the Navy Yard, where is moored the matchless "Constitution," famed wherever the history of America is known at all. She was built in Boston in 1797, and the stirring story of her prowess upon the main is too long and too well known to be referred to here. The entire country shares in Boston's affection for "Old Ironsides," and it has not yet forgotten the grand chorus of indignation that rose to the skies a couple of years ago when some one in high authority at Washington incautiously suggested that she be towed out to sea and sunk.

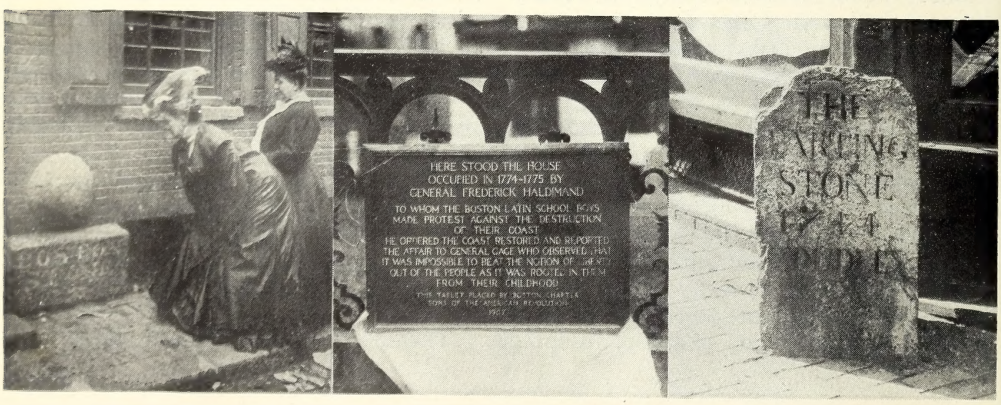
The Roxbury section has its old fortifications and its ancient milestones, and at the headquarters of its Historical Society many interesting relics of the past may be seen.

Within a few miles of the city are Concord and Lexington, with their eloquent memorials of the opening of the great war for independence. In Cambridge are the Washington Elm and the venerable buildings of Harvard University, with the homes of Longfellow and Lowell. Medford has its old Royall and Cradock Houses, the former only recently acquired by a memorial association. In Salem one could spend a week studying the old buildings and sites inseparable from the witchcraft and literary traditions of that quaint and interesting old city. Quincy, the birthplace of two presidents of the United States, has a dozen buildings and sites of interest to the student of history. In Dedham is the old Fairbanks House, one of the most ancient in all America. Plymouth, with its memories of the Pilgrims, is, of course, easily accessible from Boston, as are also Haverhill and Amesbury, the former homes of Whittier.

Marblehead, Danvers, Ipswich, Newburyport, Lynn, each possesses something in the way of ancient landmarks and are easily reached by train or trolley.

Where on the map of the world can you place your finger on a city that compares with this one for a moment in diversity of interest? There is only one Boston. Take away everything but its historical shrines, and all the world would still want to come and visit it.

Small wonder that it is acclaimed throughout the land as "the ideal convention city of America."



The Ink When it is Red

By MAY ELLIS NICHOLS

THE Centreville schoolhouse stands a half mile from the village, at the crossroads, supposably the exact geographical center of School District No. 8. It is a one-storied, rectangular building, with a sharp, peaked roof and two front doors, the one opening into the girls' the other into the boys' entry.

Had one stepped into either entry the first morning of the winter term, forty years ago, he would have heard a buzzing like that of a myriad bees; the "scholars" were studying their lessons. Opening the door he would have faced four long rows of seats, two on the right for the girls, two on the left for the boys, with a broad middle aisle, symbolically suggestive, between.

These seats were like a flight of stairs, descending from the back, where sat Martha Packard, the biggest big girl, who was "in interest," down through all the multiplication table from 12's to 2's, to the very lowest front one, which held three tiny maidens, named,— so said the register: "Elizabeth Clark, Charlotte Martin, and Susan Margaret Ross;" but who were always called even by Mr. McKay himself, Lisbeth, Sharley, and Little Sue.

Very demure little girls they looked that first morning as Sharley droned, "Bug, bug, b-*u*-g, bug," and six short, plump legs made a bewildering maze of red and black striped stockings, as they swung in time to the cadence. But Sharley's thoughts were not on her first reader; from under her long lashes she was making a covert but shrewd inspection of the new teacher, Mr. Jack McKay.

Jack McKay was of Scotch-Irish descent, an athletic young fellow, with piercing gray eyes and a square, resolute jaw. There were, however, merry little lines at the corners of his mouth, and though he spoke in a quick, decisive way, his tone was ringing and pleasant. If he was to be characterized by one word it would be — alert. He had been hired with explicit understanding that he was to keep order, and he intended to do it. Now, after he had finished calling the roll, he stood for a minute sweeping the room with those sharp gray eyes, to make sure that every one was at work, and then without unnecessary words announced:

"First Class in Practical Arithmetic."

Six or eight of the older pupils took their places on the long wooden bench at the side of the room. Examples were assigned, the pupils passed to the blackboard, and the A, B, C class was called. A teacher who heard forty classes recite each day must putty the cracks; Mr. McKay puttied the cracks of the highest arithmetic by teaching the lowest primer.

The primer class consisted of Jimmy White, an overgrown, weak-minded boy of seven, and Little Sue. With Sue no longer between them Lisbeth and Sharley drew together like the two poles of a magnet.

"Bug, bug, b-*u*-g, bug!" whispered Sharley, and added, without breaking the rhythm:

"What are you going — to do — at recess?"

Lisbeth bit her lip and cast an anxious look at Mr. McKay. It was fear, not conscience, that kept her from replying. Whispering was forbidden under penalty of standing on the floor.

"Bug, bug, b-*u*-g, bug," hummed Sharley louder and louder, with her feet swinging faster and faster to keep time, till at last they were carried so far by their own momentum that one copper toe clicked sharply against the seat in front.

Mr. McKay came up like a spring, two ugly lines between his shrewd gray eyes. Every child sat as if for his photograph. Lisbeth flushed scarlet. In the hush

Sharley saw her opportunity; up went her chubby hand.

"Please may I pass the water?" said Sharley.

The ugly lines deepened as Jack McKay looked sternly at the little girl. Sharley had big, brown eyes, a pouting mouth, and around it all, making her look like a kind of angelic cupid, a halo of bright rumpled hair. Just now the brown eyes looked out in innocent wonder from under their uplifted fringe at the scowling young giant. Then the corners of the pouting mouth drooped pathetically, and the eyes grew misty, but they did not fall. Instead, the teacher's brow cleared, and somewhat to his own surprise and very greatly to Sharley's he nodded assent. He was among the first — he was to have many successors — to fall a victim to the witchery of Sharley's eyes.

Sharley took her triumph modestly, quietly slipping out of her seat, and tiptoeing across the room to where the water pail stood on the end of the bench by the door, brimming full of clearer, sweeter water than one has ever tasted unless it was passed to him as Sharley passed it that day out of a long-handled, new tin dipper.

Sharley filled the dipper as if by apothecary's measure, calculating to a nicety the capacity of each pupil. Slowly, very slowly, she moved back and forth; she did not intend to finish passing the water till school was dismissed for recess.

Of course she passed it to the big girls first, beginning with Martha Packard, and coming down the steps to Little Sue. Then she passed it to the boys. The order of precedence in passing the water was as well established as at a cabinet dinner. Some of the boys whispered to her, but she only looked at them gravely and made them no reply. One of them gave her a lemon drop; she stuck it, chipmunk fashion, into one plump cheek and grinned, but said never a word till she reached the back seat, which belonged to Arthur Moore.

As Arthur took the proffered dipper Sharley glanced at his desk and stood fascinated by what she saw. Arthur's copy-book was open and in it he had written, over and over again, "All things are possible to Industry." There was nothing unusual in this; every pupil in the school who could write at all had at some time formally professed his faith in the possibilities of industry. It was not the sentiment but the medium that riveted Sharley's attention, for those inspiring words were not written in black ink, nor even in purple, but in the most intense, vivid, brilliant red.

Sharley's brown eyes grew round and she gave a muffled exclamation of sheer delight.

"Oh, how do you do it?" she whispered.

"Red ink," replied Arthur laconically, pointing to a bottle on the corner of the desk.

Sharley looked at the bottle; it had an iridescent yellow crust about the top and there were two or three crimson splashes on the label. The cork lay beside it; that, too, had the same ruby tint. Sharley thought she had never seen anything half so beautiful before.

"Let me see you write some," she begged, under her breath.

"Have this if you want it," said Arthur, and with lavish generosity he handed her a sheet of fool's cap, completely covered with scribbling.

Sharley tucked it, hastily, into the bib of her white apron, and in two minutes more had finished passing the water. Once back in her seat she spread out her prize before Lisbeth and little Sue's admiring eyes.

It read:

A Moore
Arthur Moore
Mr. A. H. Moore, Esq., Centreville, N. Y.

I do not know what destiny held in store for Mr. A. H. Moore, Esq. Possibly in the long years since then he has sat in the seats of the mighty and written his name high in the hall of fame; but I question if he ever wrote it brighter than he did that winter day. Surely no autograph hunter has ever prized it as Lisbeth, Sharley, and little Sue prized this first rude scrawl.

When recess was announced they carefully tucked the precious paper into the furthest corner of the desk, but they

did not go out to snowball; they did not even play "Pussie wants a corner" in the girls' entry. They could not bear to go so far away from their treasure. So Lisbeth and Sharley left little Sue on guard while they "hippity-hopped" with their arms around each others' waists, up the side aisle by Arthur Moore's desk. They wanted another peep at the wonderful bottle.

Arthur was one of the very largest boys and rather despised recesses, so he did not stop his work, but sat there writing on next to the last line of the page: "All things are possible to Industry." The red ink seemed more brilliant, if possible, when it was wet than when it was dry. They forgot all about little Sue and stood watching him till the bell rang. Then Arthur hastily corked the bottle and put it under his desk. The class in Number 5 Geography recited immediately after recess.

All the older pupils were in this Number 5 Geography class, so when they passed to the front benches they formed a complete screen between McKay and the younger pupils. Thus protected Sharley drew out the precious leaf and the three little girls gloated over it in perfect security. How lovely it was in the shadow! How charming it was in the light! Lisbeth drew a pencil line around the outside as one puts a narrow dark frame on an exquisite engraving to bring out the delicacy of the lines.

"Give me a piece, won't you, Sharley?" Lisbeth whispered at last.

It was the serpent's whisper in Eden. Till that moment their pleasure had been purely esthetic; genuine delight in a beautiful object. But, alas, Lisbeth coveted!

Sharley was generous, but it was a negative virtue; the sense of mine and thine was hardly awakened in her yet. She unhesitatingly divided the sheet into three parts, giving one to Lisbeth, one to little Sue, and keeping the third herself.

"I just wish I had the bottle," mused Lisbeth.

"So do I," Sharley agreed.

"Me too," added little Sue; she was Sharley's echo.

"It's right in the corner of Arthur Moore's desk," Lisbeth added. "I saw him put it there."

"So did I," assented Sharley.

"Me too," chimed in Sue, automatically.

"Why Susie Ross! You didn't either!" Sharley snapped.

"That's what I mean, I didn't either," protested little Sue.

"I've a great mind to just go and borrow that bottle," thought Lisbeth aloud. "I've a great mind" was a characteristically 'Lisbethean expression. Lisbeth was a kind of infantile Hamlet, and her "great mind" was always suggesting things to her that she might, could, would, should, or — I regret to say, more often — should *not* do, but she never did them herself; she only told Sharley she "had a great mind" to do them.

Sharley was of quite a different sort. With Sharley to think was to act; in fact, even for Lisbeth to think was usually for Sharley to act. It was so now. When Lisbeth said "I've a great mind to just go and borrow that bottle," Sharley shut up her spelling book, took out her circular comb, and put it back in again so snugly that every sunny wisp was drawn out of her eyes. And having thus, as it were, girded on her armor, she slipped down in her seat till her curly head quite disappeared under the desk.

Down on the floor she calculated the distance between Arthur Moore's seat and her own. It was eight seats further back and at the other side of the room. Having thus taken her bearings, she began crawling, noiselessly, on her hands and knees, till she emerged from the eighth and last seat as dusty as a little barn mouse. From here, crouching down, she slipped from one back seat to the next till she reached Arthur Moore's and seized the coveted bottle. In the mean time Lisbeth and Sue, studying furiously in their seats, were trembling with anxiety and terror, but the agony was short; in less than five minutes Sharley was back in her place, looking as if nothing had happened, her "bug, bug, b-*u*-g, bug" buzzing like a live insect, and the ill-omened bottle

of red ink clutched tight in her grimy little hand.

Lisbeth was the only one of the three who had any notion beyond present possession. She had a well-defined plan for smuggling the bottle back sometime before Arthur Moore missed it. They would make some pictures first, though, and accordingly they set about it at once.

Lisbeth had an established reputation for making faces — not by contorting her own features, but by a series of little scallops, drawn with a lead pencil and supposed to represent, successively, forehead, nose, two lips, and chin. So she made a face each for Sharley, Sue, and herself, on three sheets of spotless paper, which Sharley tore from her copy-book for the purpose, and they proceeded to execute three carefully detailed "studies in red."

When school was dismissed every scrap was carefully tucked out of sight and the bottle itself deposited in the furthest corner of the desk. There was no chance to return it that night; they would come early and do it in the morning.

But, alas, for the best laid plans! They came early, but Arthur Moore came early too, looked for his red ink, and when it was not to be found, went straight to Mr. McKay's desk and reported his loss.

Mr. McKay called the room to order at once, and announced that Arthur Moore had lost his bottle of red ink. It had been in his desk the night before and it was missing this morning. It could not have taken itself off, and consequently — oh, irresistible logic — *some one* must have taken it. Whoever did so would please raise his or her hand at once. Mr. McKay added further that he supposed they all knew what taking another's property was — it was stealing, and stealing was a criminal offense, and — another triumph of logic — the end of stealing was the state prison.

It is the rarest of gifts to know when one has said just enough. This time Mr. McKay overshot the mark. Had he stopped short of his last statement all would have gone well. To be accused of stealing was certainly very unpleasant, but Lisbeth and Sharley knew that they had never intended to steal. They had only *borrowed* the bottle. It was not quite clear, even in their embryonic minds, what right they had to borrow without the consent of the owner, but they were sure it was very different from stealing, anyway. So they would have "owned up" at once had it not been for that direful threat of the state prison. Indeed Sharley, whose way it was always "to own up and be done with it," no matter how disagreeable "it" might be, did start to raise her hand, but Lisbeth caught and held it fast. Little Sue's lip began to quiver, there was a long, ominous pause; no one stirred. Mr. McKay looked slowly and sternly from one to another. It seemed to the three miserable mites on the front seat that his accusing eyes finally settled upon them and that every one else looked in the same direction, but when at last he spoke, it was only to say:

"First class in Practical Arithmetic." For the time the episode was ended.

Who can do justice to the days that followed! How portray the goadings of consciences newly awakened by realistic visions of penal servitude. For Sue had asked her mother what happened to one who was sent to "state's prison" and had duly reported to Sharley and Lisbeth that she would be locked in a stone cell, would never have anything to eat but bread and water, would have to work very hard every day, and — sorrow's crown of sorrow — would have her head shaved. Sharley tossed back her own mop of curls; clearly confession was not to be thought of.

As the days dragged on each wretched little culprit manifested her guilt in a different way: Lisbeth grew pale and hollow eyed, and left her griddle cakes untasted, despite tempting floods of maple syrup; Sharley, like a second Lady Macbeth, found a tiny red spot under the nail of her plump forefinger and scrubbed it till it was sore, finding to her dismay that all the soap at her disposal would not cleanse that little hand; while poor little Sue tossed and cried out in her sleep, till her mother tried to persuade her to stay at home from school, but to no purpose. There was a fatal fascina-

tion for her in that front seat, and finally through her the end came.

Lisbeth and Sharley had not touched the red ink since the first day. How they loathed it! There it was, hidden far back in the corner, behind some wads of paper. Inquiry had ceased; by all except the three little girls the incident was forgotten.

One stormy December day time hung very heavily on little Sue. Sharley and Lisbeth had reached the dignity of the Second Reader and were toeing the mark with others in a long line. Sue had played with her paper dolls — Mr. McKay being blind to this harmless diversion; She had "picked" a bookmark and made pictures on her slate; and at last, in a hunt under the desk for something new to occupy her, had pulled out a piece of paper upon which — a nucleus of delightful possibilities —was one of Lisbeth's charming lady faces. Little Sue began to develop it at once.

The lady's body was triangular in shape and a larger triangle formed her trailing skirt, from under which two letter L's, supposably feet, protruded in opposite directions. When she was completed Sue viewed her with complacency, but not with perfect satisfaction. She was a very splendid lady, indeed, but she lacked color, literal, not figurative. Sue knew that the color was within reach of her hand; the state prison seemed very remote. While she hesitated, the desire grew. She reached under the desk, uncorked the bottle, dipped her pencil in, and, with infinite care, from neck to heels, painted her lovely lady — red.

She had just touched up the last tip of the last toe and was gazing rapturously upon the result, when Dickie Hunter on his rounds of passing the water reached her seat, looked over her shoulder, and took in the picture at a glance. The next moment his clear boyish treble rang out,—

"Mr. McKay!" his voice was vibrant with the importance of his discovery, "O Mr. McKay! Sue Ross is making a picture with red ink!"

Mr. McKay's face was a study as he stepped down from his desk, took the fatal bottle in his hand and held it up to the light.

The children fairly held their breath the better to enjoy the delicious thrill that foretold calamity — to some one else. In the silence that followed, a little mouse ran out from under the platform and stood, forefeet up, as if he too wanted to see what would happen. Lisbeth dropped her Second Reader and grew white to the very lips; Sharley gave her head an independent toss, but her brown eyes dilated with terror; while little Sue put her frightened face in her trembling little hands and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, dear!" thought Sharley, "in just a minute everybody will think we are thieves. They will send for Nate Janes" (Nathan Janes was the Centreville constable). "He will arrest us, and put handcuffs on us and — oh, I do hope they will let us see our mothers first — take us to 'state's prison.'"

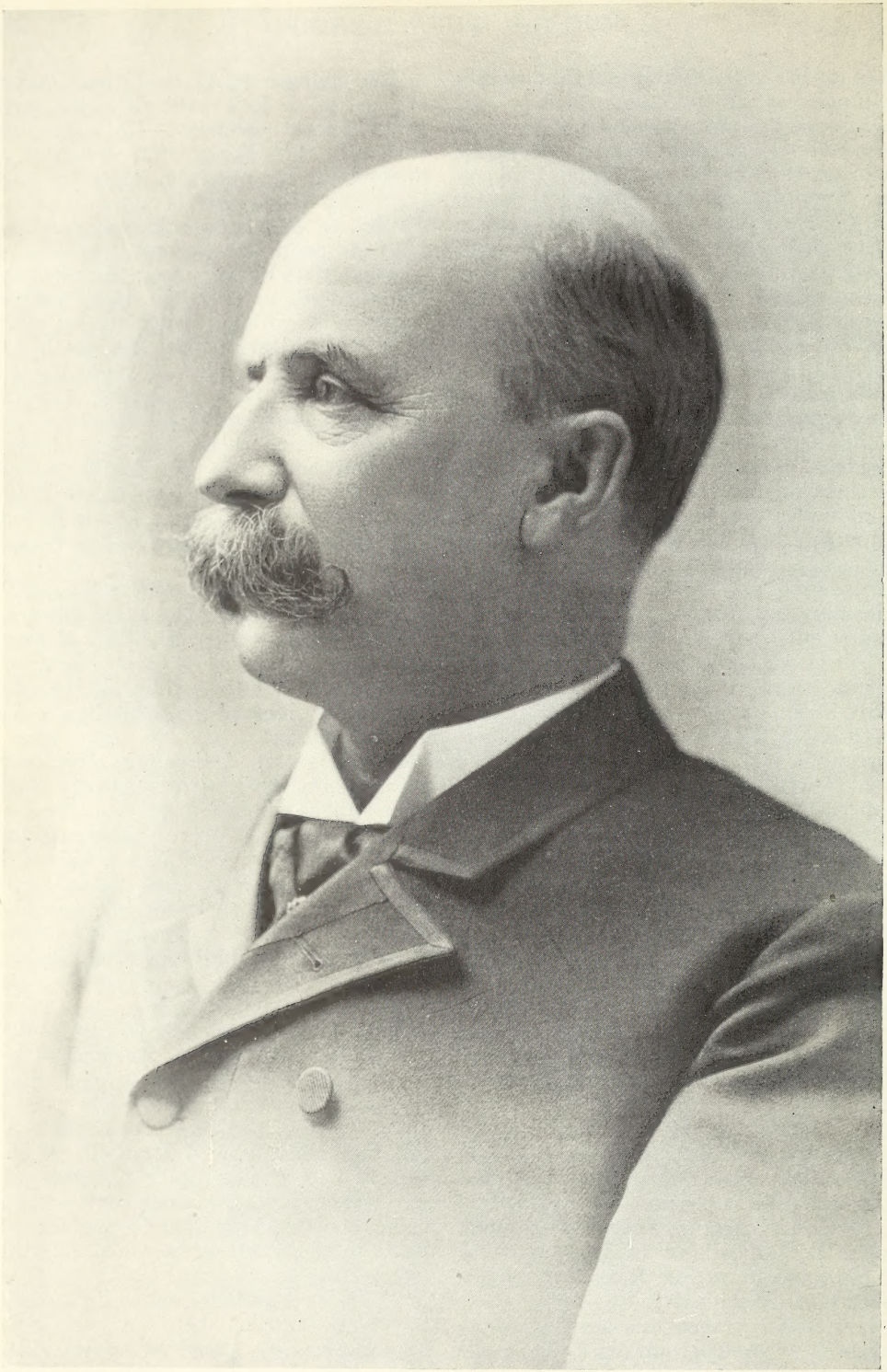
All the time she saw Mr. McKay, little Sue, and the faces behind them going up and down and around in a kind of queer dance, and there was a great roar in her ears, but pealing through it, as if shouted through a megaphone, she heard Mr. McKay saying:

"Come here, Arthur. Is this your ink? I suppose it is; it is the only bottle of red ink in school."

Then Arthur Moore came striding across the room, clad like a knight in armor, with Jersey blouse down to his thighs and rubber boots buckled high above his knee. He, too, took the bottle in his hand and held it to the light looking hesitatingly first at it and then at Lisbeth, Sharley, and little Sue.

Who can tell what moved him? Was it Lisbeth's white lips, or Sharley's pleading eyes, or that open sesame to all manly hearts, little Sue's tears? Or was it simply the primal instinct of manhood for the protection of woman? Whatever it was, whether pity or generosity or innate chivalry, no one ever knew, but as he turned on his rubber heel and strode back to his seat this is what the rural Chesterfield said:

"Yes, sir, I guess it's mine, it looks like it; but no matter where it's been. I'm glad Susie Ross found it, anyway. I'm kindy sick o' red ink, myself, so I'd like to give it to the little girls."



HON. JACOB H. GALLINGER, SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE

What New England Says on Congress and "Unfinished Business"

A Symposium by Hon. J. H. Gallinger, Hon. W. P. Dillingham, Hon. Louis A. Frothingham, Ex-Governor Lucius F. C. Garvin, and Hon. Edwin W. Higgins.

"THE WONDER IS THAT SO MUCH IS DONE"

By Hon. Jacob H. Gallinger, *United States Senator from New Hampshire*

IT is an axiom of our political history that Congress is "afraid" in a presidential year. The Sixtieth Congress, which has just closed its first session, is no exception to that rule; it has left undone many more things than it has accomplished. Indeed, but for the adroit breaking of the filibuster on the very last day, and the final passage of an emergency financial bill, the record of the session of 1907–1908 would have been largely barren of positive achievement. The list of important measures half completed or untouched is a long one. Not all of these measures, however, deserved to be enacted; some were good and some were bad, some partly meritorious and partly objectionable.

It was with the consent, and, indeed, on the initiative of its advocates that the resolution restoring to the army such colored soldiers as may be proved guiltless of participation in the Brownsville rioting went over to the short session of the present Congress next December. The postal savings provision is another measure which, it is understood, will have consideration at that time, and Congress has similarly deferred any extension of the parcels post system. The creation of an Appalachian forest reserve, in which New Hampshire has so live an interest, must likewise await a more favorable opportunity.

The bill requiring publicity for all contributions in presidential and congressional campaigns came over from the House to the Senate, coupled with a measure reducing the representation of states where citizens are unjustly disfranchised. The Southern Democracy was unwilling to vote for this double-headed legislation or to consider it, and there is no likelihood that its attitude will have changed at the reassembling of Congress next winter. No action was had on the important bill, for which there is powerful support, so amending the interstate commerce law that intoxicating liquors cannot be shipped by railroad into states that have prohibited the manufacture and sale of liquor within their jurisdiction.

This session of Congress has left incomplete the effort to amend the Sherman anti-trust act in regard to unlawful combinations both of capital and of labor. Sufficient support could not be gathered for the bill presented by the National Civic Federation. The labor organizations, led by Mr. Gompers, refused to sustain any measure that did not make concessions regarded by other interests as extreme and dangerous. Nor was it practicable to reach agreement upon a bill limiting the power of injunction in labor disputes. The influences arrayed against each other could not or would not admit of any ground of compromise.

The ocean mail bill, passed by the Senate without a division, and later sustained by the Senate in the post-office appropriation bill on a vote of

forty-six to twelve, came very near success in the House, failing of acceptance there by one hundred and forty-five to one hundred and fifty-three. This narrow margin in all probability means the enactment of the bill as a separate measure early in the next session of Congress. Since the last trial of strength a year ago, this legislation for the ocean mail service and the merchant marine has won a number of converts among the Western men on the Republican side of the House of Representatives, and the process goes steadily on. The ultimate victory of this policy is certain.

Experience with such measures as the ocean mail bill and the Appalachian forest reserve should teach the whole country what practical lawmakers thoroughly understand — that it is not enough for a majority of the people to approve and sustain a given measure of proposed legislation. This majority must be overwhelming, and it must be alert, insistent, aggressive, indomitable, first to overcome the natural inertia of Congress, and then to seize the necessary time and attention of Senators and Representatives overburdened with the toilsome routine of their daily work, and distracted by the appeals of hundreds of diverse and conflicting interests.

Taking it all in all, considering the cumbrousness of our legislative machinery and the fallibility of human nature, the wonder is not that there is so little complete legislation out of a single session of Congress, but that there is so much.

"CONGRESS SHOULD SETTLE CURRENCY AND TARIFF REFORM QUESTIONS"

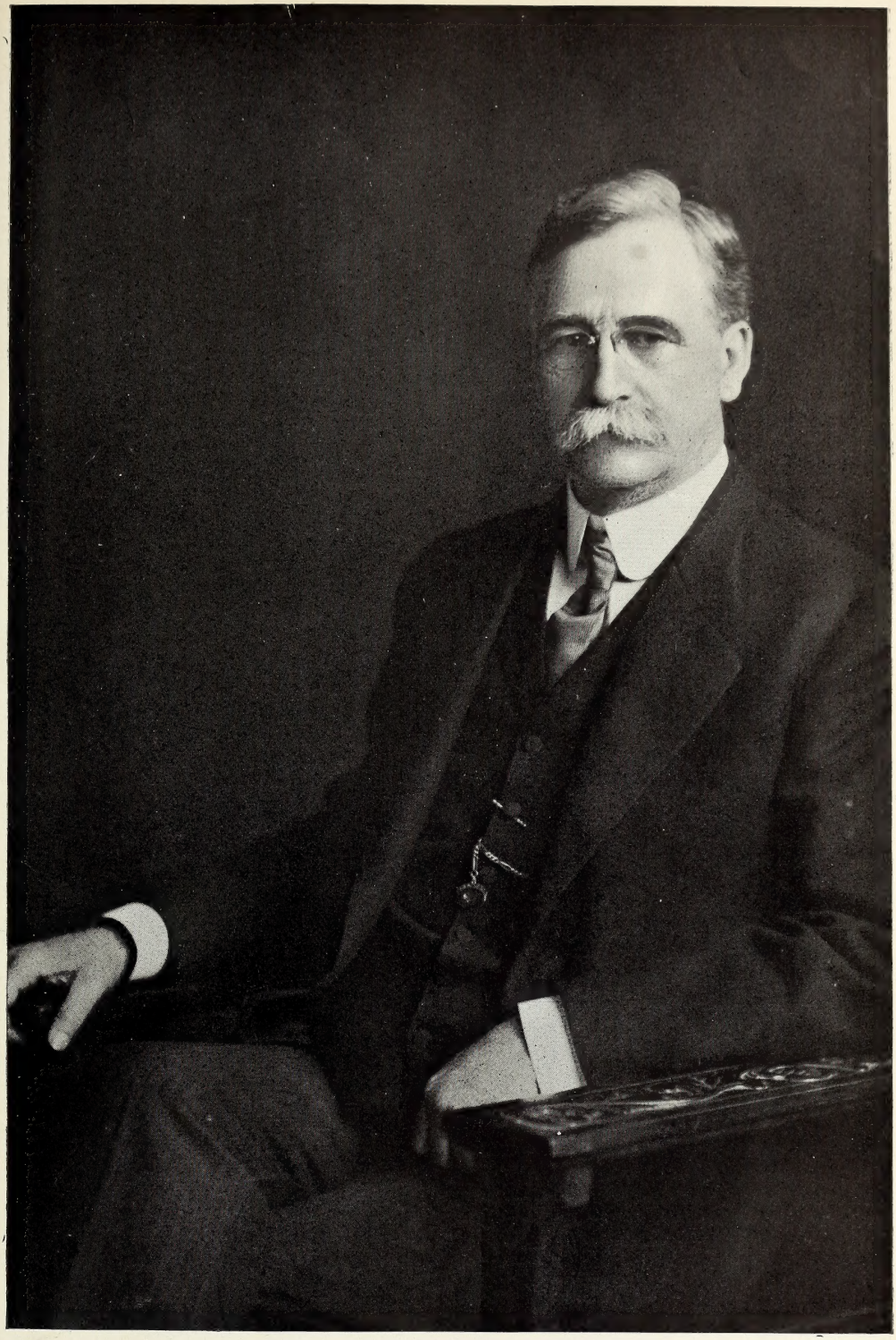
By Hon. William P. Dillingham, *Senator from Vermont*

While Senator Dillingham preferred to make no written statement covering the subject, he outlined, in answer to questions, what he considered the most vital questions to the public which it devolves upon Congress to settle in the near future. His opinion, in substance, follows:

From the vast number of bills and subjects yet to be settled which have undergone more or less discussion and are in various stages of advanced consideration, two stand out in relief on account of their immensity and importance to the public welfare, namely a new and permanent system of currency and banking and tariff revision. The tremendous importance of these measures, and the realization of the effects either of a good or bad system upon the prosperity of the country is the excuse of Congress for its caution, which results in finding the two measures still unfinished at adjournment.

The first question involves the working of the financial system of the countries. More currency is needed in the fall of the year than in the summer for the transportation of the great crops of the country. Demands are changing all the time. The system needed is one which will adequately meet the greatest demands of any time, and yet will not flood the country with currency when the demand is not so great. To meet these requirements it is the general belief that radical changes in the entire system of banking will have to be made. Congress has moved with deliberation on account of its realization of the necessity of fundamental changes, and because it does not desire to sacrifice the sureness, the certainty, and the soundness of the present system in an attempt to bring about more elasticity. It was a subject of too vast consequence and involving too many ideas for speedy legislation, and so all that resulted from the last session of Congress was the Aldrich-Vreeland currency law, an emergency measure, which by its own provision cannot remain in force for more than six years.

The Aldrich bill came up first and passed the Senate. The House passed it up when it came before that body, the bill being opposed by the financial interests of the large money centers as



Senator William P. Dillingham, chairman of the Vermont Delegation to the National Republican Convention

being in the interest of small banks and having a tendency to draw the currency from the large centers. The Vreeland advocates and the Aldrich forces then got together in an attempt to at least get an emergency measure through before adjournment. This effort was successful, and the first two sections of the law as enacted, taken from the Vreeland bill and providing for the issuance of currency by the government to corporations consisting of at least ten substantial banks with a capital of at least $5,000,000 became a part of the law.

This was the emergency bill. It can be used in time of currency stringency, but the whole system remains as before. To bring about a system of more elasticity which will be a permanent one a commission comprised of an equal number of banking and currency experts from each branch of Congress was appointed to examine the whole subject. They are authorized to pursue their inquiries abroad, and will have an opportunity to look into the systems in use in England, Germany, and France which are thought by many to be superior to ours. This commission will be able to crystallize the best ideas of the systems in foreign countries and will furnish Congress something sound upon which to work in its endeavor to get a substantial and more elastic system. Hasty legislation on the subject might have brought about the elasticity at the sacrifice of the sureness.

The revision of the tariff is another great question which must be handled with deliberation, and only after a thorough study of the cost of production of all the different articles produced in other countries and our own. The provisions of the Dingley bill, passed eleven years ago, are not broad enough to meet the growth of the present time. It is said that one half the goods now imported are not specified in existing schedules and duties are assessed by arbitrary rulings of the department. For an illustration, the word "automobile" does not appear in the law.

The general opinion, at the close of the session, was that the only fair basis for which to figure tariff reform was the difference between the lesser cost to produce an article in one country and the cost to produce it in the United States. The ways and means committee of the House and the financial committee of the Senate will make a thorough investigation of the businesses of this country, and those abroad this summer raising rates where necessary for protection of home industries without opening a way for the formation of monopolies and fostering to trusts for the control of the market in any particular product. It is their purpose to present schedules equitable to all business industries by which Congress can have something upon which to work in the actual revision of the tariff to meet present-day needs.

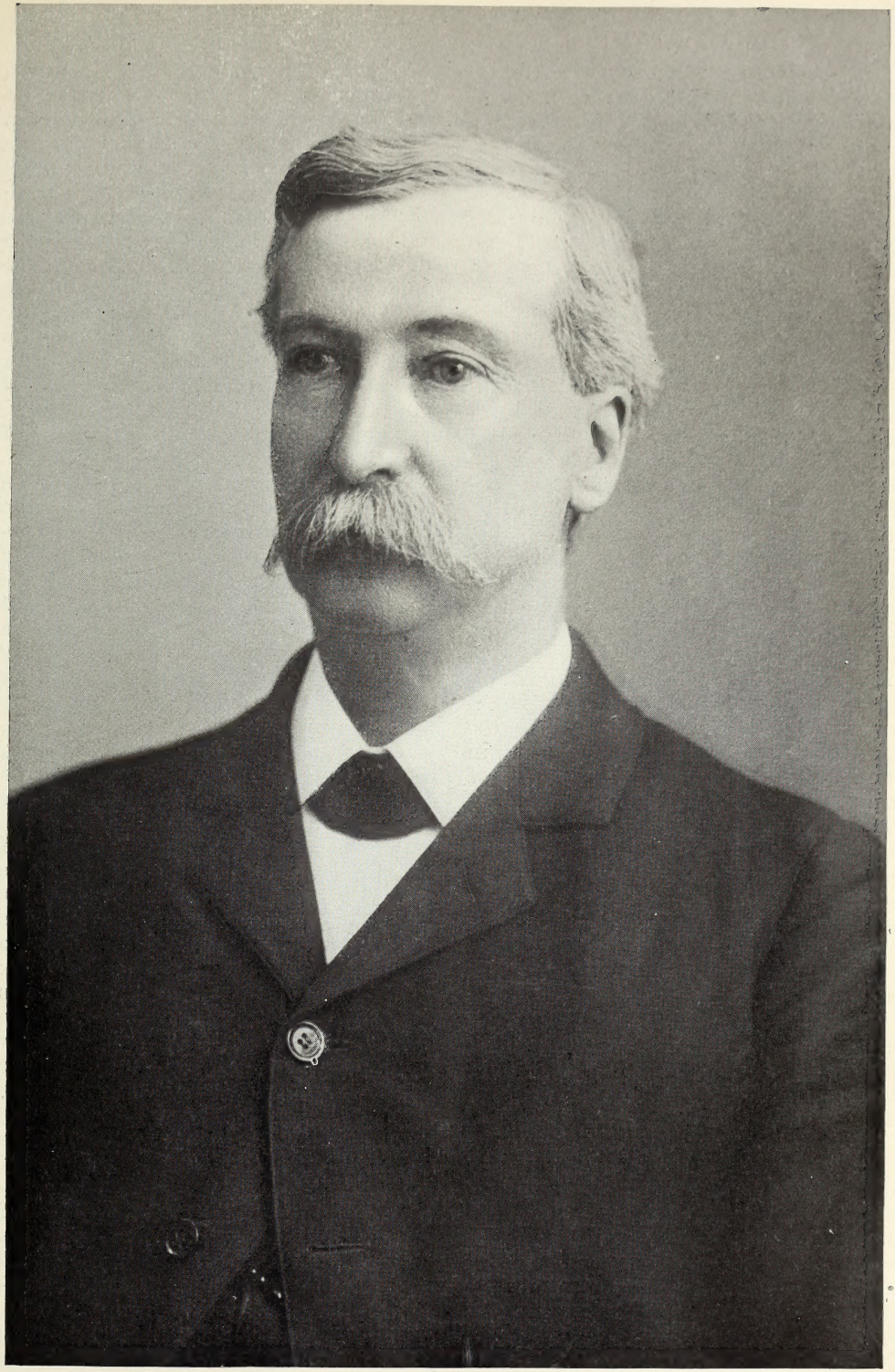
"LEGISLATIVE BODIES SHOULD STRIKE AT THE ROOTS OF EVILS"

By Ex-Governor Lucius F. Garvin, *of Rhode Island*

THE preliminary question might be asked, What ought this Congress to have done?

At a time like this when the public is wideawake to the existence of many grave abuses, legislative bodies should strike at the roots of the evils. It is not enough merely to place limitations upon corrupt elections, venal public servants, illegal corporations, and monstrous monopolies, all preying upon the people. On the contrary, it is the duty of our representatives to find out the causes of the wrongs which are creating tramps and multi-millionaires, and which are threatening the very existence of the Republic.

The corruptions of politics can only be removed by a complete change in the machinery of elections. Every party,



Ex-Governor Lucius F. Garvin, of Rhode Island

whether large or small, must be represented in every legislative body, municipal, state, and national, in proportion to the number of votes cast by its adherents. Nothing short of this will purify politics.

Again, the oppressions of public service corporations and of the trusts can be stopped only by the enactment of laws withdrawing the special privileges upon which they are erected.

If the adoption of commensurate remedies is to be the test applied to Congressional action, then it may truthfully be said that the Congress just adjourned has left everything undone.

No doubt, as legislative bodies go, it is too much to expect that this Congress would be at all fundamental in its treatment of existing abuses.

The country, however, is entitled to have the superficial remedies which have been impressed forcibly upon the attention of Congress dealt with candidly and honestly.

When the President suggests methods of lessening obvious defects in our banking system, in the enforcement of the laws, in the action of Federal judges, in the raising of revenue, in interstate commerce, in the rights of Porto Ricans and Filipinos, in the conduct of political campaigns, or in the treatment of employees, it certainly becomes the duty of one or both branches of Congress, and not merely of a packed committee, to consider those suggestions carefully with a view to taking such action as will correct the defects.

But the greater part of the earnest and repeated recommendations of President Roosevelt have been left, not only undone, but unconsidered by either House or Senate.

For example: Postal savings banks, which have long been in operation in other civilized countries, were advised strongly by the Postmaster General and the President. Here would be perfectly secure places of deposit for the earnings of the people, so convenient as to invite savings by persons, and in sections of the country, now practically denied the opportunity. Certainly such a law, so strongly commended and so extensively approved and desired, ought, to say the least, to have been accepted or rejected by majority vote of one house.

In like manner, the exercise of the power of injunction by the Federal judges, which has aroused great opposition on the part both of state officials and of the millions of men organized into labor unions, is deserving of examination by the representatives of the people. It devolves upon Congress, under the Constitution, to define the powers of the judiciary when judges of superior Federal courts forbid the enforcement of important state laws and, at times, seemingly abrogate the ancient rights of trial by jury.

For the raising of revenue the President has called the attention of the legislative department of the government to two sources which have long been availed of by the other great nations of the world, to wit, incomes and inheritances. It is safe to say that a vast majority of the American people are of the opinion that an income tax or an inheritance tax would be far less oppressive than most of the taxes now levied. Whether this majority is right or wrong, the matter, especially at this time when a deficit exists, deserved investigation and discussion by Congress.

In one thing the recommendation of the President has been radical. One trust he has proposed to destroy by killing its mother, the continuous source of its sustenance. I refer, of course, to wood pulp. Not only is the tariff tax upon this article one which supports the paper trust, but at the same time it increases the cost of reading matter to the men, women, and children of the United States, and in addition is serving to denude the country of its life-giving forests. Surely here was a proposition demanding the consideration and prompt action of Congress.

Perhaps the most inexcusable sin of omission on the part of Congress was its failure to deal with campaign and election expenses. No one of the recommendations of the President was heeded. Corporations may continue to give to party treasurers. Contributions may be kept secret both before and after

HON. EDWIN W. HIGGINS, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM THE THIRD DISTRICT, CONNECTICUT

election, to say nothing of the patriotic suggestion that all necessary expenses of parties should be cared for by an appropriation from the national treasury.

Space forbids my entering into further details. That anything was done by Congress in the direction of popular legislation may be ascribed to an unprecedented combination of circumstances, namely: A militant president possessed of phenomenal popularity; a perilous period of industrial depression; the eve of a contested presidential and congressional election.

"TIME, ON THE WHOLE, WAS WELL OCCUPIED"

By Hon. Edwin W. Higgins

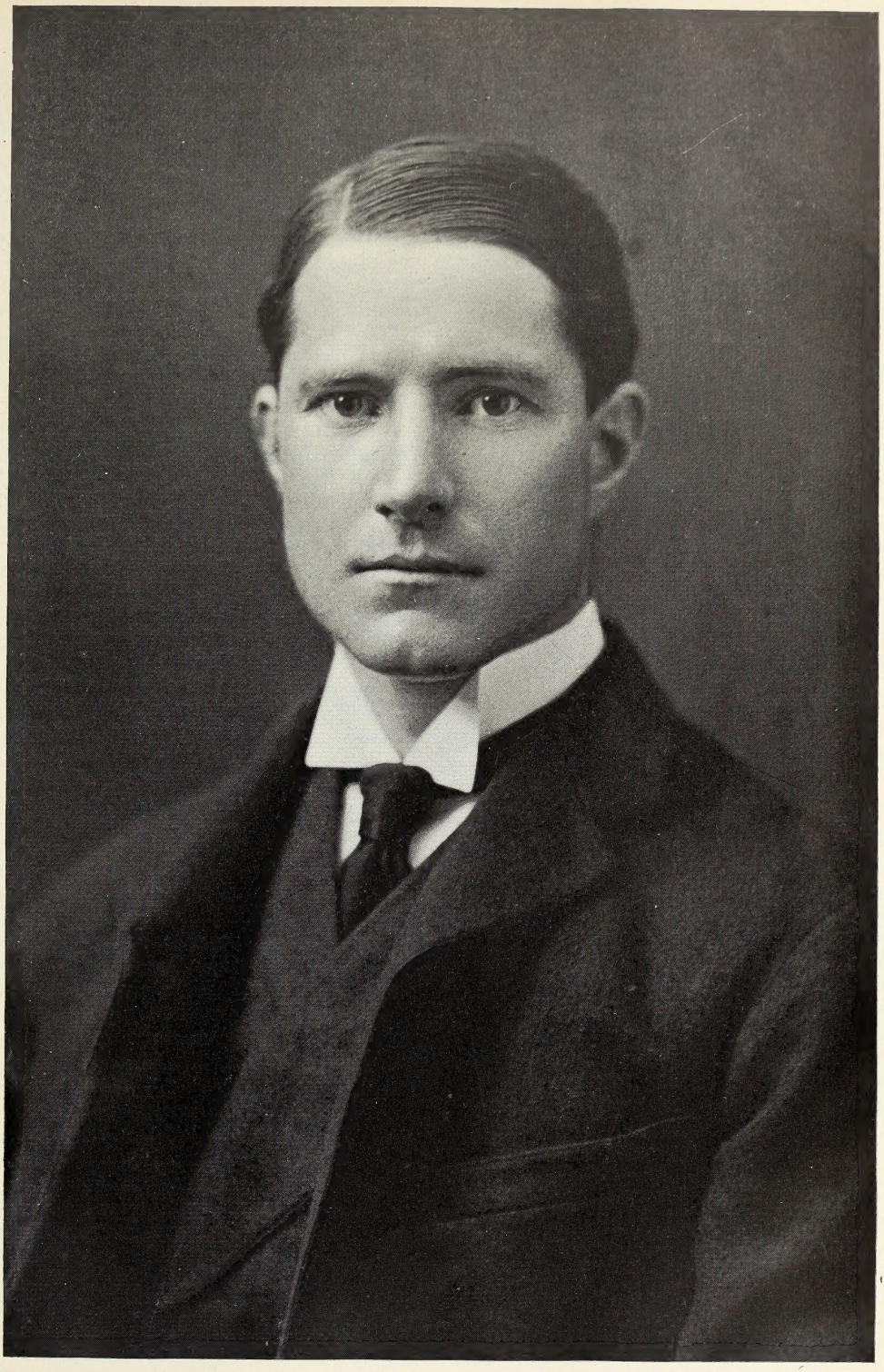
Member of Congress from the ***Third District,*** *Connecticut*

While considerable has been said about the session of Congress just ended, being a do nothing session, this is hardly a fair characterization of it. We have passed about the usual amount of legislation — and some of great importance — though it is true there is legislation in which a great many people are interested which failed of passage for one reason and another. But our time, on the whole, was well occupied. The side of the picture on which many people look but seldom is that we have too many laws in this country as it is. I am aware that such a statement is not original, but nevertheless it is very true and cannot be too strongly emphasized. We must have a strong central government, but with that must avoid paternalism, to which we seem at times to be tending.

It is such an easy thing to go to the Federal government for something we want, especially where it involves an appropriation, that it is liable to be overdone and is getting to be too much of a habit with us. The funds from which we pay our national expenses are raised by indirect taxation, which the people do not feel, and most of the expenses of the states are met by direct taxation, which rather compels economy and tends towards deliberation in making appropriations. The state governments seem willing to shift the burden, when there is a burden, onto the national government. There must be a limit to this somewhere. There is a limit, extremely large though it may be, to our national resources.

This is an absolutely nonpartisan proposition. It is all well enough to have federal appropriations for the extermination of the boll weevil and the gypsy moth, for the quarantine of yellow fever and kindred diseases, for the aid of our public schools and for good roads; but the states must concern themselves about some of these things and realize their own responsibility in the premises. Otherwise we may have the central government entirely superseding and succeeding the several state governments, have a government by bureaus and commissions substituted and a state of affairs directly subversive of the theory of our government of which we are so justly proud.

Then, too, our people have a way of thinking that when some evil is supposed to exist or some wrong needs correction all that is necessary is to have legislation enacted. Ordinarily hasty legislation is not wise legislation. All phases of any condition upon which legislation is contemplated must be carefully considered, and the law so drawn that it will not only correct the evil, but will not create a greater one, and in its enforcement deprive persons of those inalienable rights which are vouchsafed to all of us under the Constitution. There is not the respect for law in this country that there once was, and one great reason is that forty-six state legislatures, in addition to Congress,



Hon. Louis A. Frothingham, Ex-Speaker of Massachusetts House of Representatives

are grinding out laws seeking to correct all conceivable wrongs and prevent all sorts of injustice.

From a New England standpoint, perhaps the most important piece of legislation which failed of passage was that establishing forest reserves in the White and Appalachian mountains. The House did pass one measure involving this subject, and the Senate passed a different bill, but the two Houses were unable to get together on the matter. It is a matter that presents considerable difficulties. There is no question of the necessity of preserving our timber supply, and I am strongly in favor of some good constructive legislation which will accomplish this. It seems to be the concensus of opinion of a majority of the lawyers in both Houses that Congress cannot make an appropriation for the purchase of forest land for the preservation of our timber supply, except as it may preserve the navigability of our rivers.

I think no one was surprised that there was no tariff legislation during the recent session. This will, however, be taken up in earnest at the beginning of the next session, and the Ways and Means Committee have been authorized to collect necessary data in preparation.

The bill to aid our merchant marine failed of passage in the House, although its members were given two opportunities to pass the Senate measure.

Much might be said of the over thirty thousand bills introduced during the session, not all of which were enacted into law, and of the wise provisions of those which did pass both Houses and received executive approval.

INLAND WATERWAYS AND FOREST RESERVES

By Hon. Louis A. Frothingham, *Ex-Speaker of Massachusetts House of Representatives*

AMONG the measures that failed to receive favorable action, though recommended by President Roosevelt at the recent session of Congress, two are of great importance, not merely to one particular state or section of the United States, but to the welfare of the nation as a whole. They are subjects that have received much attention in the past, and much discussion in recent issues of papers and magazines. They are matters which are intimately related to each other. I refer to questions of inland waterways and forest reserves. Ever since this country undertook the building of the Panama Canal, an enterprise which has challenged the thought of the other nations, the possibility of waterway connections, has received absorbing attention. As long ago as 1502, when Columbus sailed down the Central American coast to Costa Rica and Panama, he was in search of a waterway which was supposed to exist somewhere between North and South America. None did exist, as was soon after discovered, except the straits at the south of the last named country, discovered by Magellan. A follower of Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, prepared plans for a canal at Panama as early as 1529. A few years later the Spanish government ordered surveys for a canal across the Isthmus. Louis Napoleon, before he became emperor, proposed the building of such a waterway. Several schemes were discussed and surveys made at Nicaragua from 1826, when Henry Clay, as Secretary of State, caused a survey to be made there, until the recent commission of 1899 reported in favor of a Nicaragua canal, only to change later to one at Panama, when it was found possible to buy the rights and property of the French company for forty million dollars. With the failure of DeLesseps at Panama we are all familiar. We are not going to fail and an American canal under American control is now assured.

The recent trip of President Roosevelt

down the Mississippi has given renewed vigor to the scheme for a waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

The Erie Canal, an epoch-making improvement when opened, which in later years fell into disuse, like other canals, owing to the building of the railroads, has recently been renovated and deepened.

An Atlantic seaboard canal is again proposed; the Cape Cod Canal has been again started, and the Chicago ship canal and new canals in Ohio are projected.

It seems with such an increased desire for waterways that the recommendation to continue the inland waterways commission should have been granted by Congress. These waterways are valuable not merely as aids to navigation, but for irrigation purposes, for drainage, and reclamation of swamp lands, for operating mills and for generating electricity. England, Germany, and France have many more waterways than we have.

Without forest protection we cannot have the best waterways. The forests serve as a storage basin for water. They act as a sponge, letting out the water gradually, preventing the streams from being torrents in the spring and dried up at other seasons. There are national forests in the West, but none in the East. We need them in the Appalachian and White Mountain regions, both of which are the watersheds of many important rivers. We need them as an aid for waterways as well as for the preservation of timber. A bill providing for such reservations passed the Senate but failed in the House, because of constitutional reasons, it being argued that though the Federal Government had power to appropriate money for the purchase of forest lands in a state, if such "reserves have a direct and substantial connection with the conservation and improvement of the navigability of a river actually navigable in whole or in part," it has not the power to appropriate money for lands within a state "solely for a forest reserve." To meet these objections a new bill was introduced late in the session limited strictly to the purchase of such lands for the benefit of navigation.

It is to be hoped that the recent meeting of governors at the White House will stimulate action on this subject, and that Congress at the next session will appropriate money for forest reservations.

AT THE FERRY

By RUTH STERRY

Restless, eager human tide,
Off to toil with the day begun,
Dreaming the things which are to be,
Deeds to be wrought 'ere set of sun —

I pray thee strength when the crisis waits;
When error knocks at thy sacred gates
I pray thee sight, that thine eyes may see
Far as the brink of eternity.

Weary, heartless, hopeless tide,
Trudging home through the darkness late,
Dreams all shattered, hopes deferred,
Crushed in the throng at Mammon's gate —

I pray thee peace, for the day is done,
And whether the battle be lost or won,
Coming up by a crimson way,
Is To-morrow, the glorious promised day!

THE VOICES OF THE HILL

(THIRD HILL AT WOLLASTON)

By DOROTHY KING

All night I have heard the voices,
Low voices of the Hill,
And to-day in my quiet study
I hear them calling still.

They are calling with sweet insistence,
And I know not what they ask,
Yet I yield to their least persuasion,
Unheeding my present task.

Gladly I list their message,
Leave all my cares and go:
To their sweet compelling summons
I cannot answer no.

Swiftly along the pathway
That climbs the sloping Hill
My footsteps hurry onward,
While the voices are crooning still.

Reaching the little brooklet
I sit me down at last
On the big flat stone I love so,
While the robins flutter past.

And the yearning dies within me
As the murmuring voices cease,
And the Hill and I together
Are wrapped in quiet peace.

I watch the ships come sailing
Across that wondrous blue,
And I see the white clouds floating,
And the sun come peeping through.

I see the roofs of Boston,
Where the smokewreaths rising curl,
And our dear Flag waving slowly
As its stars and stripes unfurl.

I see the hills of Milton
Rise up in purpling mist,
And the blue Neponset River
By tiny sunflecks kissed.

I see the homes of loved ones
Who now lie with the dead,
And I seem to feel their fingers
Laid gently on my head.

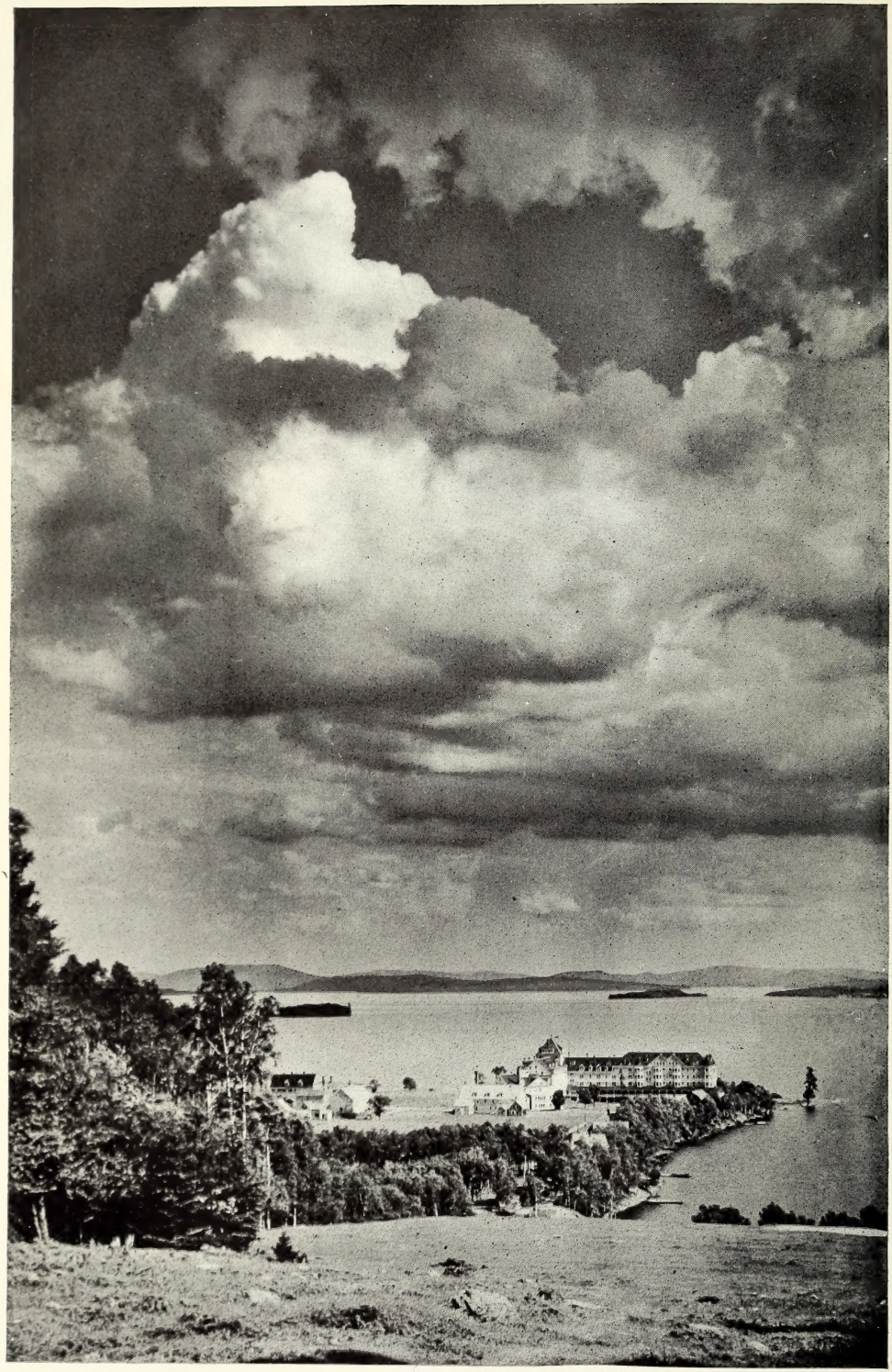
And my heart grows big within me
At the strange sweet undertone
That the Hill is always singing,
And I linger there alone.

'Tis love of the world the Hill sings,
Of the World's sad, weary Heart,
And out of its own great yearning
The Hill has given me part.

O Hill, you are ever calling,
Alway to me you speak,
Rending my heart's compassion
For the sad, the poor, the weak.

But some day I know your message
Will call me as ne'er before;
I shall leave my all and hasten
Unheeding my unlatched door.

And this time I shall not leave you,
Nor return to my old unrest,
For I know you will take me and keep me
Safe in your peaceful breast



THE HUB OF NORTHERN MAINE

Down in Maine

By CHARLES EVERETT BEANE

IV. WITH KINEO AS THE HUB OF THE UNIVERSE

"STRANGE people will grind along in the accustomed groove, winter and summer, spring and fall, always the same old stunts in the same old way. The Giver of all good framed a beautiful world full of entrancing things, bewildering varieties, objects grouped in nature's lap in such a manner as to invite inspection and admiration and to excite the sense of difference, but with all the divine foresight and provision and in spite of innumerable calls from animate and inanimate alike, until they outvoice the thunder, men are rare who could not be classed in the Stone Age.

"There's a man, for instance, broker, I should say, who has been tied to the market all through the distressing period of financial depression. He has studied margins and tickers through the day until his brain has fairly reeled.

"Catching a scanty fifteen minutes for lunch he has returned to his tread mill, only to tear himself away at night, rush to his hotel, get into his dress suit, and parade to the theatre with that little family, wife, son, and daughter.

"Now the warm weather is on, the social world goes on a hike, and so does my broker and his people.

"Where will he go? He *should* seek rest,— perfect relaxation from business and social obligations,— the open air and the open sky,— rough clothing and simple fare,— plenty of opportunity for physical exercise, and at the end of a life-renewing day, that bed of balsam on the bosom of Mother Earth.

"Doctor Commonsense has written such a prescription, but does he follow it? Not he, and he thinks he has a good and sufficient reason for a substitution.

"'I say, dad, I hope you'll go where there's a chance to play baseball. I want to keep my whip in shape,' — that's the son from Harvard.

"'But, pap, if you take us to the woods there won't be any summer hops, tennis, golf, or horseback riding,' sighs his Wellesley daughter.

"'Unspeakable! Why I should die of ennui without my afternoon tea and matinee bridge.' This from madame.

"My broker consigns his club smoke-talk dreams to the rubbish heap, folds his hands, with a sigh of profound regret, and in supreme self-abnegation, metaphorically speaking, dons his usual overalls, i.e. flannels, tuxedo, and dress suit, eats much, exercises little, smokes and drinks cocktails to excess, and returns to his office in September none the better for his miscalled 'outing.'"

"That's as true a word as was ever spoken, Clyde, and there are men within the sound of my voice in this club who

MOTHER RUFFED GROUSE OFF FOR A REST

A QUIET MORNING AT THE CROW'S NEST

know it well," ejaculates a big chap leaning against the mantel puffing a very black cigar, "but what's the remedy for pater familias? Many families refuse to be separated during the play season, and the absence of any member of the group would spoil the summer for all the rest.

"Three out of four in the family you mention crave social enjoyments in a new environment, while father alone yearns to let his primitive ancestors call him to the embrace of the gentle mistress who supplied all their needs.

"*He* would forget all about conventionalities, turn his back upon society, dress in homespun, let his beard grow and revel in the luxury of companionships where an occasional unpremeditated cuss word at the loss of a big square-tail would be greeted by a nod of emphatic approval and sympathetic understanding.

"He could appreciate a guide who never peaches, but sits cross-legged before a camp fire in the evening of that day, pulling away at an old T. D. pipe, the exact counterpart of his own, and swears to the absolute truthfulness of well-told lies. There's nothing like it."

"I say, Bob — you've been there. No man ever could unwrap himself from around such sentiments who had never experienced the unspeakable thrill that accompanies personal reminiscence.

"I knew a New Yorker once who in sheer desperation invented a colossal lie about a proposed business trip in the far West, and made arrangements with the postmaster in Seattle to receive his mail and forward the same to Aroostook County, Maine. His own letters to his family were remailed from that office, and he took three weeks of perfect delight in a grand outing. No one was ever the wiser, until he chose to reveal his secret, and to-day his wife is chagrined to remember her amazement and mortification when he returned from that trip, bronzed and ridiculously healthy, in the face of her prophecy that his failure to attend her at

a swell hotel on a well-known beach, because of business cares, would result in a breakdown. His family physician, who helped him play his game, asserts that outing saved his life."

"You fellows will get my goat if you suggest such anarchistic things. This club is full of men now who require no suggestions to increase the range of their duplicity, but you are distinctly dangerous to a few of us who try to be good. They say stolen sweets are best, but I reckon a square deal for all concerned breeds more peace of mind in the long run, and there ought to be some way to deliver just the right packages to the interested parties. Rest of body counts little when peace of mind is wanting."

"Mary had a little lamb but you'd never know him outside the fold," chuckles a newcomer, who heard only the last speaker. Don't ask me to shed tears over *your* unrest of soul, Bill."

"I can see ink stains on your fingers, Tom, where you have blotted the fair page of this day's record in your book of life, so I hardly think your sympathy has real market value. You're short on that, anyway, by nature."

"Words, words, but he sayeth nothing. Let us return to our main theme, gentlemen."

"Gadzooks, Maine *is the* theme, boys; you're in good business, I want a thousand shares at par," and in strolls our old friend Jim, looking as though he had stepped from a bureau drawer.

"Behold the bridegroom, for he comes," yells Clyde, and vigorous handshakes welcome the honeymooner from Florida's east coast, who promptly presses a button and makes the call boys hustle with smokes and other things for the crowd.

"I swear, James, old pal, you are a living temptation to us unmarried men to take a chance at double cussedness, if there are any more prize packages down in Dead River."

"May be some left — don't know any more of just *my* pattern, but Maine is full of lovely women. Attend, Clyde,

An inviting cove in Sandy Bay

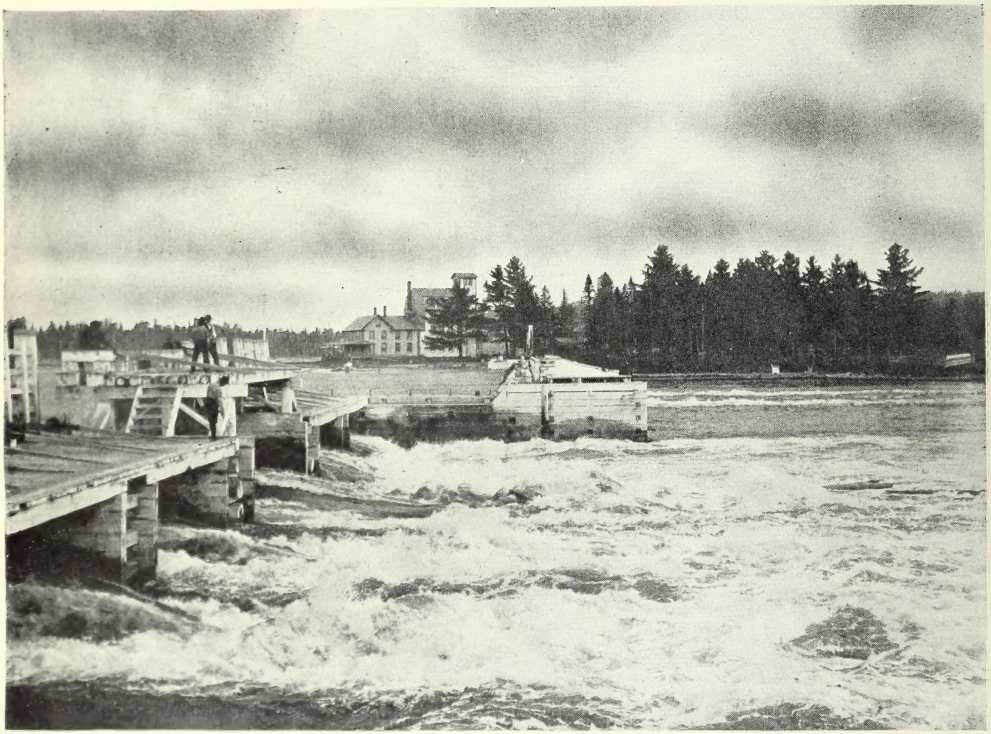
I've had a huge time for a winter trip, the best ever, but the Pine Tree State for the real goods. I've seen more white-spotted trees, swamps, and sand and smelled more turpentine than I ever thought could be found in one world, but won't that Dirigo scenery look good to me! Mrs. Jim says, 'Me too,' and of course she goes, but where?"

"Jack's in town and has it all figured out. He'll be here in ten minutes, and then, gentlemen, it's a fine gamble he can place you all in glorious outing spots in his native state, where you will find exactly the right conditions to suit individual taste."

"If this Maine pal of yours we hear so much about can untangle the knotty problem of our discussion and tell us how a nerve-racked broker with a love of roughing it, the head of a family given soul and body to the social whirl, can separate himself from an overdose of function and ceremony and enjoy wild woods life at its full near the scene of perfect satisfaction to wife, son, and daughter, he's a four times winner, and I'd like to hold his hand."

"Four aces, gentlemen! Your proposition is *too* easy. There is one spot on earth where any and all conditions present no difficulties. With Kineo as the hub of the universe, each spoke of the wheel radiates toward unique activities and successive glances note changes in radically differing environments."

"How about the Harvard son's athletic propensities?"



BIG RED SPOT TROUT ARE NO STRANGERS HERE

"If he wants to keep in training it would appear reasonable that mountain climbing, canoeing, baseball, golf, tennis, swimming, and fly-casting might do very well, and there's no end to these things about Kineo point."

"What's his sister doing all this time with her Wellesley ideas?"

"Golf links and tennis courts are open to her. Canoeing and motor boating no

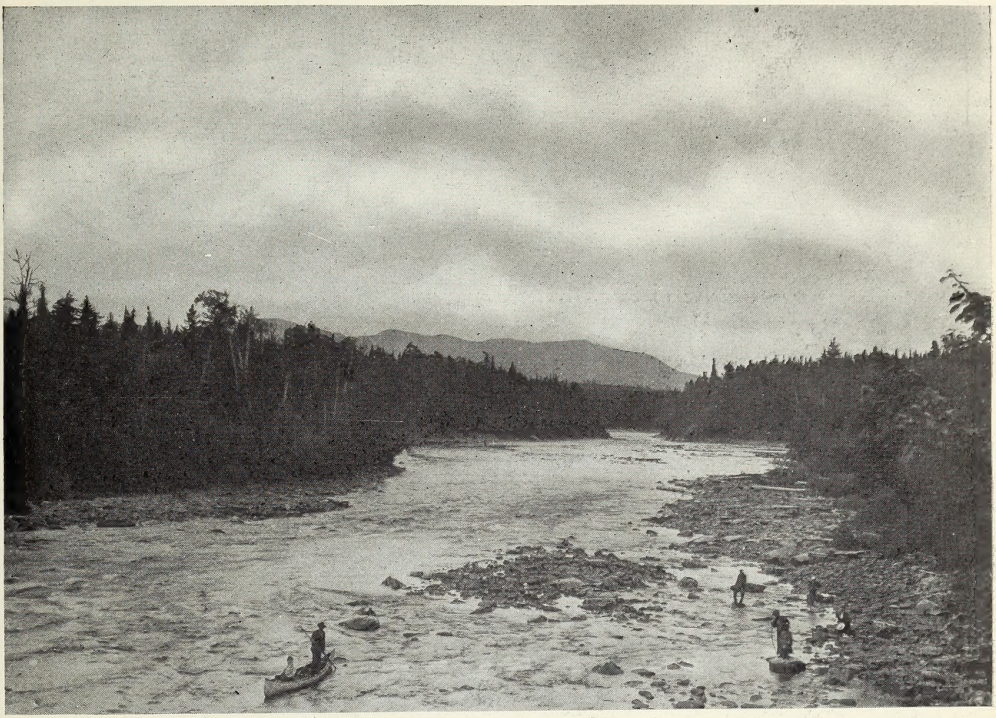
limit. Romantic nooks abound where a favorite novel and a box of bon bons are cheerful companions, reinforced by ready allies of the masculine persuasion. What with fine music and a splendid floor, I should never fear her lack of interesting situations with the assistance of her big brother or some other girl's brother, — would you?"

"Hardly. And in the mean time suppose there is a smaller sister or brother or several?"

"The simple fact of *their* presence would in itself present problems, the solving of bridge whist, the opera, Sherry's, the Fifth Avenue parade, her club, etc.?"

"The very absence of all that after nine months' familiarity appeals to *me* as distinctly a relief, but if she insists that they are indispensable to her happiness, let me remind her that Kineo drives find enthusiastic admirers, yes, good roads even in the heart of the wilds.

"A swift-gliding launch raises no dust as it speeds through wonderful waterways framed in everlasting and varitinted green. Partners at bridge she may pick from many experts.



THERE IS FINE FISHING JUST BELOW EAST OUTLET

which would require devotion of much gray matter and therefore prove distracting, perhaps exciting, but the world of the children at Kineo abounds with myriad matters of interest even for incorrigible and over-strenuous youngsters. Playrooms and playgrounds galore, attentive service, and all that sort of thing."

"And what does madame find to recompense her for the loss of her auto,

Excellent musicals introduce soloists of no mean merit and often of international repute. Kineo chefs require no apologies, and suffer nothing from comparison with Broadway princes of the kitchen, and should she challenge the gayest flutter of feather and trimmings, she need not go afield, though she is under no obligations to respond to similar demands for dress parade."

"That seems to dispose of the family

HALF DAY'S CATCH AT NORTHEAST CARRY AND ITS GUARDIAN

A HAPPY AND CONTENTED FAMILY IN CLOSE TIME

satisfactorily, but what of poor old dad — where does *he* fit?"

"Everywhere or nowhere, as he pleases. Surely he has some few rights and privileges incidental to his responsible position as king of the household.

"If dad desires to grace the head of the table and do the honors until the new order of events is fairly inaugurated, well and good. He may get solid with the men, make his arrangements and have his little understandings with attendants, but from that time on he should become a free lance, following out his own inclinations, roaming the wonderland about him to his heart's content, and maintain very close touch with his family when not actually present.

"All about the Moosehead Lake country the outing centers are equipped with telephones, and the excellent service of the steamboat company where private power boats are not owned, will very quickly bring about a family reunion, if that seems desirable."

"All very fine, but where can he go and what will he find, how long will he remain, and how will he fare?"

"There, gentlemen, for the remainder of this evening I have an engagement with my friends, and must beg you to excuse me. I cannot undertake to plan details for an extended visit in that region offhand, but will be at your service at this hour to-morrow if you desire my assistance. Come on, Jim, — wake up, Clyde. Good evening, gentlemen."

After the departure of the trio, it is agreed that Jack has painted an alluring picture, and the upshot of the matter in concrete form is the completion of arrangements next day for a month's outing at Moosehead.

Tom and Mrs. Tom, Dick, his wife, and daughter twenty years old, and Mr. and Mrs. Bill, Jim and his bride, and Clyde are to leave New York about the middle of August and make a week's tarry at Portland, after which they will proceed direct to Kineo.

You have never met these good people? Shake hands with Mrs. Tom, a sunny-faced lady of exceptional good looks, just a little inclined to be — well, *plump*. She has been a good fellow with Tom, as much a chum as a wife and knows nearly as much as he about his business, civil engineering. Anna is a witty brunette, a fine elocutionist, can tell a good story of western life, looks twenty-one and is about thirty-five.

There comes her husband, but because Tom is thus designated please don't rate him of secondary importance. We can assure you he is a fine fellow, a popular club man, and a keen sportsman, whose outing experiences are largely confined to the Northwest for shooting and the Adirondacks for fishing. This pair remains to be convinced that there is anything better out of doors.

Our friends will find Mrs. Dick a real social star, not in the light and flippant meaning of the term, for she is a very prominent member of several influential organizations, a fine conversationalist, and an accomplished musician. Blonde and on the shady side of forty.

Her daughter, "Fuzzy" as she is playfully called, because her hair is always flying about her face in rebellious fashion, is an exquisite little blonde of stunning appearance, with pert and saucy "Vassar ways," she calls them, but just naturally boiling over with fun, like her father.

Dick is a six-footer, an inspector of naval construction, all *business*, and a man who takes very seriously the idea of a real outing in the woods. A great friend of Clyde's and secretly very much amused at the offhand manners of his daughter whenever his young friend shows signs of getting sentimental.

"Better never mean anything with her, Clyde, my boy; she considers you her special property but an awful hot air merchant."

"She never looked me in the eye long enough for the spell to work," declares Clyde. "Let her have her fling and I'll come in on the bit for first money."

This lady is Mrs. Bill, a distant relative of Dick's, and every inch an athlete. When it comes to college sports she has the records pat, and can tell you who's who. Her strong points are golf and tennis and she always proves an antagonist worthy the finest steel. Keen at

A FEW FINE TROPHIES FROM THE THOROUGHFARES

HOMECOMING AFTER A DAY WITH THE BIRDS

repartee and an all around "good fellow" she anticipates her coming pleasures in the wilds and the addition of strange accomplishments to her repertoire. With the full bloom of perfect health she frankly acknowledges the long train of twenty-seven years and makes a fine running mate for "Fuzzy," to whom she is a decided contrast with her big black eyes and raven hair. Quite unnecessary to state, her young chum talks by the card when she speaks of "Chic," as she always calls her.

And now Bill is no counterfeit, "Old Sawbones," we have dubbed him. He is a Harvard man and lives in the city of beans and culture. For ten years he has been startling his competitors by his rapidly enlarging practice in the Back Bay. As a surgeon he is certainly very clever, but the strain of constant service has driven him to take his first real outing since he received his parchments. "And I don't intend to present a single decent appearance after I hit the pines. I'm going to be so rough I can grind my Boston doorsteps smooth when I am two hundred and seventy-five miles away from home."

Jim and his little Dead River lady and Clyde, the irrepressible, you have met in the first "Down in Maine" stories, but

how they have ripened in wood lore since our first acquaintance.

In company with Jack,— the Yankee champion of the real "Down East," a Boston paper has termed him,— they have tasted experiences that started a fever in their veins until they are typical "Maine-iacs."

How green they were when they first turned the leaves of the book of wisdom in the woods, but see them sitting before the big open fireplace in their club, nonchalently replying to queries of the less enlightened members, and offering suggestions in regard to outing that are meaty and to the point.

They have the unmistakable bearing of men who consider themselves strangers and mere sojourners but no citizens of the metropolis, and tell you frankly they really *live* for one month in the year and *exist* the other eleven, which is their way of giving you the impression that they ardently love the life out of doors.

"All well enough for you to trot in my class to date, Jim, though I think you dragged your feet a little at times, but all is changed. Since Cupid harnessed you to a double hitch you'll have to set your stride to your new running mate and saw wood for two."

"Sure enough, my lad, and it will sweeten up eleven months that used to bore me to death with such bum companionships as I had to put up with, but you want to remember I have a song bird in my little home nest who can show you a trick or two at paddle and flyrod. 'Little Eustis' is a red-blooded sportsman and all else beside. Go sit down!"

"Chuck it, you lovelorn swain! The Mrs. is fine metal and you're a lucky dog, not half good enough for her, but you've done a very ordinary stunt. People are getting married every day and talking mushy, just like you."

"And there's other people who try to do that 'ordinary stunt' who 'talk mushy' but get *buffaloed*, and have to console themselves with mooning around and making calf's eyes. There are only two of us here in this room and I'm *not* referring to myself, but it's *one* of us."

"Don't push! Give me time. Perhaps it's true that anticipation is a good rival to realization. Besides, I don't know what you mean."

"You look it. Call it off — I won't twit on facts. Here, boy, two dry Manhattans."

"Next station, Portland Union Station!"

"There's Jack, big as life and twice as natural. Hello, the big smoke and loud noise, are you glad to see this bunch?"

"*Am* I? You're all the more welcome because you came on this Pullman. 'Glencoe,' the name reminds me of old friends in Newfoundland. So New York gets aboard the far east at the jump in. Mrs. Tom, Bill, and Dick, I hope your husbands are behaving properly. And here's 'Little Eustis' with her arm around 'Fuzzy,' and vice versa, like two kids. I approve. Help them down tenderly you young Indians — not *so* tenderly with Fuzzy, Clyde,— people will think she's your — sister."

"Anna's just about starved, Jack. Is it far to the hotel?"

"About one hundred yards, Tom. If I remember aright you are quite as likely to exterminate a bang up West End dinner as she is. Two words for yourself and one for her, eh? But here's the manager. I say, Harry, don't you tremble at the prospect of caring for us a whole week? It's a question who will own this house after a few days."

With a hearty grip of hands the genial manager replies, "It's all yours at the start and your party will find proofs of the deed of gift in the best service we know how to render. I'm not a little bit scared."

"After fifteen years' intimate acquaintance with your ways I'm not surprised, but you'll come up on the rates after you've done the honors this noon."

"Cheerfully," answers the smiling Boniface.

"Parp, will you please tell the waitress to pay no attention to this chap on my right. If Clyde don't stop laying in double courses we'll never get out on a trolley ride. *I* think his appetite is shameful."

"Ridiculous — you are talking so

LET'S HAVE THIS ONE FOR DINNER. THIS ONE, TOO

steadily to Jack there's nothing left for me but eating. Do you realize you are monopolizing the spotlight in this talk-fest, Fuzzy? Jack tells you one thing about this Forest City and you go into spasms of ecstasy. *I've* been here before and all over town — it's a dandy place. Ask *me*."

"You're simply an understudy, and I have your teacher — can't waste time on you."

"Jack, for heaven's sake, *show* her these places. Riverton with its rustic theatre, casino, and playgrounds, lazy river, canoe dotted and shady; Cape Cottage, summer theatre, casino, and rocky shore where one may sit within reach of spattering breakers, talk nonsense and listen to the music of Fort William's famous band on the nearby military reservation, while gazing at Cushing's Island and Fort Levett.

"When she gets tired of that, motor out to Mitchell's for a shore dinner and return by way of Scarboro, or run into fire-swept Old Orchard, have a dance at Seaside Park, and a dip in the surf that pounds the crescent shore line, after disentangling itself from the myriad supports of the long pier.

"What's the matter with a sail among the islands of Casco Bay away down to Pott's Harbor where the auto will meet us, land us at New Meadows for late dinner, and back to Portland through Brunswick and Yarmouth and along the foreside?

"Take a yacht, run down to Peak's for an evening, remain over night and take in the show and continue the cruise next day past Fort McKinley down to Mere Point, out to sea by way of Mark Island passage and sail up to White Head before entering the harbor near Forts Preble, Scammel, and Gorges and then — let her talk it over with *me*."

Mrs. Bill rises deliberately, passes around the table, and anxiously examines Clyde's head, passing her hands over all his bumps. "Bravo! Not a sign of a fracture. You should be proud of your protégé, Jack. How does he know about 'talking nonsense' at the café? Who was his friend?"

"Hardly complimentary to some one I know when he speaks that way. Jim and I were with him there, and to the best of my recollection he had a dispute with us over Miss Fuzzy. Clyde and Jim have a very good idea of Portland attractions, but Clyde forgot to mention a trip to the White Mountains and a run up Sebago Lake, as well as several beautiful drives."

"The boy's got it in him,— he'll be a *man* some day. Won't he, parp?"

"Signs are abundant unless you stunt his growth with your snubbing, sis," replies Dick, and a voice from Dead River rejoins, "Fuzzy, you just quit teasing him or I'll put a flea in his ear," at which the Vassar girl shudders in well-simulated dismay, and the party leaves the dining-room to follow the program laid down, which gives them a strenuous week of exceptional interest, at the end of which Portland has made several enthusiastic friends and good advertisers.

"Fifteen two, fifteen four, a run of five is nine and the Jack is ten; we only needed eight to win," and Mrs. Tom crows with delight above the noise of the train as she and Jim win the rubber at cribbage from Mrs. Dick and Bill.

"How can you play cards when there is so much to see from the car window, Anna? Fuzzy and I have been drinking in the beauties about us until I am convinced we have been transported to some modern Canaan, a land of deliverance from everything commonplace."

"Ask Tom if the country compares favorably with the Adirondacks."

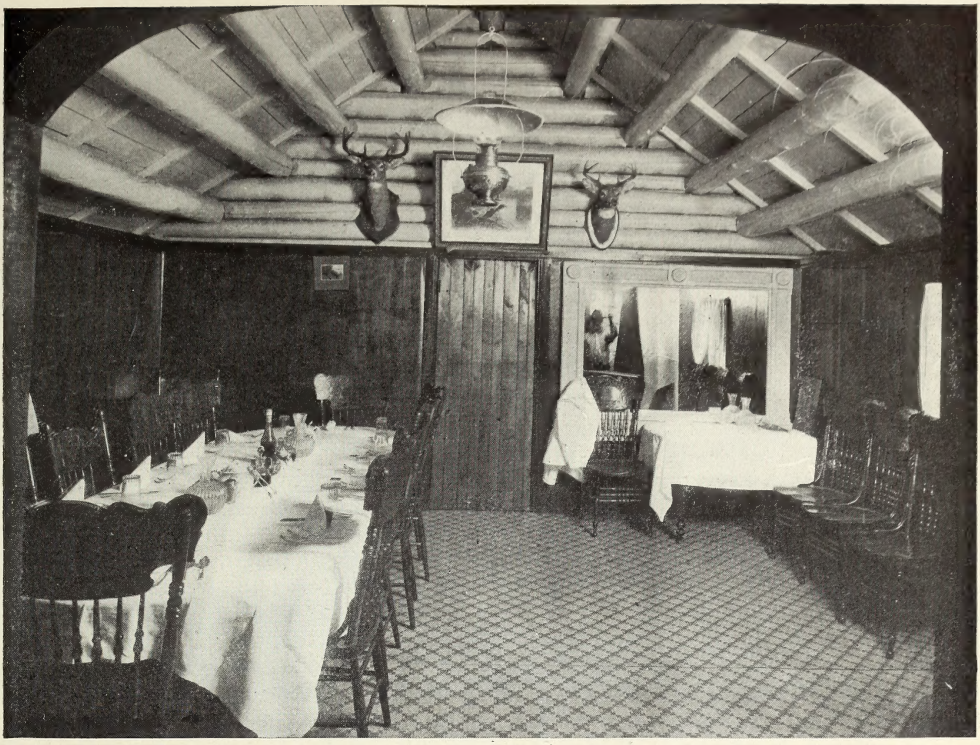
"What do *you* say?"

"It's all very different, though some parts of it remind me of western New York, but it *is* beautiful."

"Where's Clyde, Tom, and Bill?"

"Here they come, been in the smoker, I guess."

"Here's a rum go," says the last named gentleman. "There's a guide in there who lives at Greenville Junction and we've been listening to a bear story. He has a lot of traps set near Squaw Mountain, and three days ago made a tour of inspection and found one missing, the ground torn up all around it, and a plainly marked trail through the woods where



THE PLEASANT DINING-ROOM AT SUGAR ISLAND

Bruin had dragged a short birch log that had been hitched to the trap chain for a clog.

"For a couple of miles he followed the trail until he entered a small clearing just as the bear came out below him. A young tree caught the clog, it stuck for a moment, and when it let go, bounded forward and hit the beast a rap on the head, when she sat up and fought the log like mad for a few minutes, growling fiercely.

"After a time she went on again, and for the first time he noticed she had two cubs with her. They ran along beside her as she travelled painfully, stopping occasionally to hold up her forefoot, upon which the trap was securely fastened, and to try to tear away the torturing thing, the cubs coming close and apparently wondering what the fuss was about."

"Oh, isn't that dreadful mean," cries Fuzzy.

"The guide followed on for a time when he was suddenly reminded that he was unarmed by a fierce attack from the bear, bursting upon him from the cover and coming along at remarkable speed, despite the log. The man dodged around several trees and headed for home.

Next day — it was too late to return when he reached the village — he took up the trail, and it led him a merry chase for five or six miles, at the end of which distance he found the broken log where the bear had snapped it between two trees and she had gone on with her cubs, swinging that trap against branches overhead when she stood erect, that were too high for the guide to reach with his hand. She must have been a monster."

"Did he find her at length?" all spoke at once.

"No — she's going yet" (cries of "Good, Good," from the ladies). "He returned to Greenville, got some dogs, and tried to track her, but the scent was cold and they could do nothing."

"What do you think about these woods now, Chic? How'd you like to make a hurry up and get away from one of those

animals? Ouch! I can feel bear paws this minute!" Fuzzy shivers.

"Beg pardon, it's only me," laughs Clyde. "You got so interested you never noticed."

"I'll have you put off the train for your impudence, sir! No pie for you this noon."

"That's right, Fuzzy, make him keep his distance. Such a man is very dangerous. I've just put Mrs. Jim on her guard."

"No doubt but I'd see a *real* bear all right if I ever become possessed of the notion that I am Dead River's brother and give her a fraternal kiss and embrace."

"Never mind, Clyde, you *are* one of the family," demurely interposed the little blonde, at which saying Jim's face changes color several times, while the party joins in a general laugh as the porter attends to his usual brushing down and collects hand baggage, sure signs of the approaching termination of the journey.

"Right on the wharf alongside the steamboat far up the lake. How's this for convenience, Sawbones? Where do you land when you come up the other way, Jack?"

"At Kineo station, just across from Kineo Mountain, but I brought you this way so you could enjoy a delightful morning sail as an appetizer for your first Kineo lunch. Then, too, it gives me a chance to point out places we shall visit later, and the prominent features of half the four hundred miles of lake border which lie this side of the big hotel located equally distant from both ends of Moosehead, or twenty miles from here. From this it is quite plain that the shore line must be very irregular."

"How many mail steamers run on the lake and are they like this one? If so, the company is doing a pretentious business here in the backwoods."

"The Katahdin is the largest boat and I should say she could carry about six hundred people, shouldn't you, Tom? That's in your line. There are seven other steamers varying in size, but all good ones, running to different parts of the lake and carrying mail everywhere except to Kineo Point."

"Do they fish off the boat going up, Jack," innocently asks Mrs. Dick, who is somewhat taken back by the apparent mirth excited by the question.

"Possibly might get a nibble here at the wharf, but after we get under way it would require a big slug of lead to keep the bait down and a big fast trout to take it."

"Well, I hear you talking about fly-fishing — isn't that fishing when you're moving fast?"

"No, honey, but your suggestion is a fly one, all right, for I catch the twinkle in your eye; eh, Dick?"

"It's there, all right — bigger than a woodchuck."

"There she blows — we're off. Around to the right is Greenville. Make your bow to Squaw Mountain over to the westward. There's a lookout station up there, equipped with telephone to give warning of forest fires and at its foot is Fitzgerald Pond. That is Moose Island.

"Off the starboard bow — yes, Eustis, the right-hand side looking forward — is Sandy Bay and the Crow's Nest, a set of delightful camps fronting some of the best fishing in Moosehead, and guarded by Burnt Jacket Mountain.

"Into that next bay and Beaver Creek leads to Prong Pond. Back to the lake and via the thoroughfare across Lily Bay, where a hotel one half mile beyond the low-lying shore is run by a good friend of mine, we shall pass through famous fishing grounds, but not on this steamboat ride, for we follow the main channel between Deer and Sugar Islands, on both of which are fine places of entertainment for outing lovers.

"That is Spencer Bay, grand fishing, and if you should run in there to the narrows, you may canoe into Roach River and the four Roach Ponds or turn north into big and little Spencer ponds watched over by mountains of the same name, known to tradition as the Kettle and the Pack of a mighty Indian warrior who slew Kineo, the giant moose, and went on to kill another at Castine.

"We have just passed the East Outlet to port, where there's excellent fishing below the dam and all about the good hotel and camps, and over there is the

NOT SO BAD FOR INLAND SURF BATHING

West Outlet and the most pretentious camps on Moosehead. We had a good time there last year, boys, and will drop in again soon. A little village of log cabins.

"Kineo ahoy! No wonder the Indians wove legends on that perfect back, neck, and head of a giant moose, and eight miles above is Little Kineo, almost a perfect counterpart, the only break in level, low shores both east and west to the head of the lake, where two bays terminate in northeast and northwest carries.

"There are good hotels at both places, and from them canoeists carry into north waters for the famous Allagash trip and many others, including one via Chesuncook Lake into Ripogenus after a half mile carry. Again at the foot a three mile carry and in the course of the trip many others. You get fine scenery at Ambajemackomus Falls, the Horserace, Sourduahunk Falls, Pockwockamus deadwater, Katepsconegan Falls, and so on to Norcross."

"Sounds good to me — I'll have mine fried," declares Anna, while Bill and Dick hold their jaws in both hands and display signals of distress.

"I'll have those names tamed and feeding out of my hand before I return to Vassar," remarks Fuzzy, now true to her name in the superlative degree, as the lake breezes tear down the banks of carefully piled tresses.

"That chap has a salmon on — look at that jump," yells Jim.

"I'll bet I've caught bigger in the Adirondacks," remarks Tom, who is sitting on the rail of the steamboat. He turns suddenly to take in the sight, misses his hand hold, loses his balance, and amid shrieks from all the ladies aboard, above them all that of his wife, Tom goes into the water like a rock, and in an instant he comes to the surface astern, puffing and blowing like a porpoise, but composedly striking out to swim to the Katahdin, whose engines have been reversed. Not in the least injured, he waves a hand

SPORTING VARIETY HERE KNOWS NO LIMIT

above his head in reassurance, and is soon taken aboard, his toilet badly rumpled.

The danger over, the male members of the party offset the anxiety of the ladies with many a joke at his expense, none of which he seems to mind, except Clyde's sarcastic, "Did you ever get wetter than that in the Adirondacks?" This line of rallying he successfully squelches by the liberal bestowal of his best cigars.

"I think you are awful — you'd talk silly at a funeral," protests Chic.

"He's no dead one. I must cure him of Adirondackism. It might strike in and if it did he'd strike out."

"I'll keep that in my bank and compute compound interest on it, Clyde. Did you push me in?"

"Nary push. 'Twas an act of Providence to warn you against invidious comparisons."

Decidedly astonished at the hotel and its outlying cottages, although photos and Jack's word pictures have somewhat prepared them for the dimensions and completeness of the place, the party is ushered to connecting suites and very few guests note Tom's wet clothing under his raincoat as he passes through the office, but his mishap is soon passed from mouth to mouth, and he surprises many a sly glance of amusement cast his way as the party come into the big dining-room for lunch. The afternoon is devoted to familiarizing themselves with their surroundings.

The large orchestra is playing Il Trovatore, and while sitting on the broad verandah that completely encompasses three sides of the hotel and a large part of the fourth, they are joined during the gentlemen's after-dinner cigars by several friends who are unexpectedly here, among whom are three young men, golf enthusiasts, two of whom insist upon a foursome with Chic and Fuzzy on the morrow, while the third secures "Little Eustis's" acceptance to a "gallery" membership under his escort.

Clyde slyly winks at Jim, who dares not show his uneasiness at the arrangement, but takes the other tack and over-

does a gay part. He is surely no actor.

A mutual friend acquaints the manager with the musical ability of Mrs. Dick and Anna's art in oratory, in consequence of which their time is at a premium, starting the ball merrily rolling at a matinee whist the following day.

People adjust themselves to Kineo life very quickly and by mutual consent the men are freed from social obligations during the day, to follow any mannish bent they please, but in the evening, after a full day on the lake, there is a "pow wow," Chic calls it, and plans are definitely laid.

All the ladies are good horsewomen, and a saddle ride to the farm, accompanied by several new friends old to Kineo, fills a delightful morning.

It is just a little early (last week in August) for flyfishing, and as none of the men care for "plugging," much attention is given to long walks and many hours up on Kineo, the only flint mountain in the world, gazing over the fascinating panorama of a country abounding in numberless peculiar features about the glorious settings of its flashing water gems. "It seems to me I can hear the gutterals of Indian tribes assembling to make arrowheads and tomahawks," says Jim.

At sunset in particular the country presents a grand new picture each day. A bewildering array of lights and shadows, tints and reflections, with the gradual closing in of the horizon and the appearance of groups of bright lights against indistinct backgrounds, finds our friends tarrying late and hurrying down to an exceptionally fine dinner, all the better appreciated for the exercise.

Evenings are heartily enjoyed, for there is everything at hand to meet one's inclination, be it ever so discriminating. An impromptu concert is applauded to the echo, for among the guests most excellent talent is brought forward, among which Anna and Mrs. Dick play stellar parts. Most enjoyable balls are the order from time to time, and the gentlemen of our party are in great demand on the waxen surface, to the pride and pleasure of their ladies. A dress suit does become most men.

Each day for a week some new outing place is visited either in private launch from Kineo, by convenient steamboat, or by canoe, and these are but the first of many calls during their outing.

The first week in September trout and salmon begin to come to the fly, and good catches are more frequently reported. Chic and Fuzzy, Anna and Mrs. Jim, are evidently in for a record, and develop such expertness as to rival the best efforts of the men.

"Go with *you*, Clyde, I guess *not*. I remember how you lost that set in tennis I wanted to win so badly, and then you laughed, actually laughed at me because I scolded. If I got into a canoe with you and attempted to cast, I know something dreadful would happen. You men started for Kineo with the idea we women would entertain ourselves so you could fish. Now go and fish. We're getting on very well without you."

"Too blamed well, I think. I'd never lost that set if a ninny with a red and white band on his panama hadn't made a break. You called the score. 'Love 40,' the fool giggled, 'Hope I'm number one,' and I hit the ball out of the lot."

"You foozled at golf and made us lose by one stroke. What good are you, anyway?"

"No good at all to myself or any one, when you play to the gallery and let your shadow fall across the ball. I couldn't take liberties with even your shadow, and missed."

"Clyde, if a fly ran across your forehead, would he slide off or slump in?"

A long talked of trip carries the gentlemen of our party away from Kineo on the very day of Jack's return from a short visit to Boston. In three canoes they leave for Spencer Bay on a camping tour along Roach River and arrive at a charming spot half way between the narrows and Roach Pond.

Here four days of grand sport are enjoyed, and Dick declares he is converted to a real outing at last. Tom has long since ceased insinuating the Adirondacks are on the map, and Bill admits he knows no health prescription to rival balsam beds, good air, plain grub, and plenty of exercise.

One evening as they are seeking their sleeping bags under the lean-to, discussion turns on familiarity with the woods, and Jim avers the language of the wilds has become second tongue with him, so much so that he longs for the new experiences of a hunting party. "I want a new lesson in the University Of Out Of Doors, my alma mater."

"Suppose you show your woodsman's ability by bringing up a pail of water from the brook. I brought the last."

"Delighted," and off he goes.

Dead silence, save his footfalls for a moment, and then they cease. Crash! heavy splashing in the brook, a yell and Jim comes tearing into the firelight, his eyes bulging like pothooks, Clyde says afterwards.

That camp comes to life in double quick. Jack kicks the embers together and they listen to Jim's story.

"When I got down for the water I thought I heard a strange noise just to my right on the bank. I sized it up to be a leaning tree with heavy branches, when suddenly it sprang to life, jumped by me into the water, and flung mud in my face from the other bank. Whatever it was it was big as a house."

"You have great luck in getting your new lessons," grimly remarks Jack. "Probably a cow moose very much more scared than you, is splitting the air a mile or two from here," and as he examines the fresh tracks, such proves the case. For the first time since his acquaintance with Jim, Clyde hears him acknowledge his fright.

Late next day as the men debouche from the forest near Roche River camps, they are delighted to find the ladies of the party waiting for them.

"In the name of all that's good, how did you get here, Chic?"

"We all went down the lake to a delightful spot in Sandy Bay, called the Crow's Nest, and there we met such lovely people. It's just one little family running the place — all log cabins — and we just camped down, sent for all our things, and are nicely settled. Elegant fishing right in front of the cabins and only four miles and a half from Greenville. Sam runs the launch and takes us where we like, Marion and Henrietta are able assistants to their good mother, and Fritz and Sam do all the heavy work. They're college men and all right. Sam volunteered to bring us over here via Greenville and a buckboard and—here we are."

"More college men — I'm going away from here," sighs Clyde, but the gloom in

THE CHEF WHOSE WORD IS LAW

his blue eyes gives place to the same old sparkle when Fuzzy seizes a moment to whisper unobserved, "I think Princeton men are nicest. You needn't bother with that fly conundrum."

On the way over the buckboard road the party stops in a shady place to rest, and Jack roams along the way to return quickly, raising his finger in caution.

"Come and see Jim's friend," he whispers.

They steal along after him, taking every precaution to move without noise, and pausing behind low trees their gaze commands a small clearing and a remarkable domestic scene.

There stands an awkward looking cow moose suckling two calves, and as they poke her with their noses and proceed with their dinner, the sight is indeed a rare one. All join in a laugh at Jim's expense when the spell is broken and they have heard the whole story regarding his latest lesson, after the animals have patted out of hearing.

From this time forth there is never a thought of separating forces, for the spirit of the north woods has made complete conquest of the ladies as well as of the men. All enter heartily into every plan that leads them closer to nature, and no temptation can draw them forth from a delightful retreat.

The remainder of the outing is passed most pleasantly at The Crow's Nest, and after many days Dick sitting in his big morris chair gazing reminiscently at a beautifully mounted salmon on the wall of his den feels two soft arms pass about his neck and Fuzzy's voice falls upon his ear.

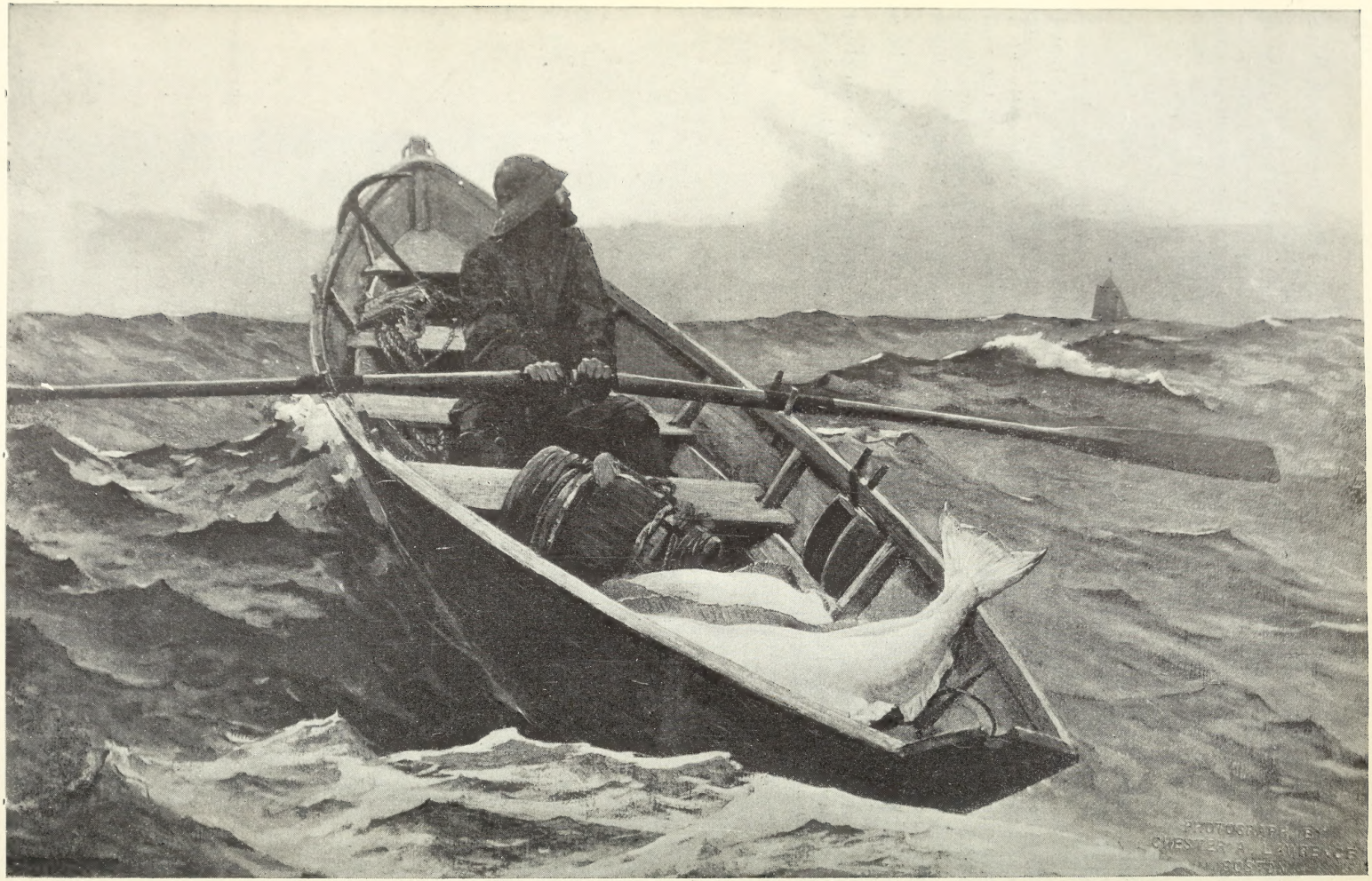
"The boy's got it in him — he'll be a *man* some day, won't he, parp?"

"Signs are abundant unless you stunt his growth with your snubbing, sis," replies Dick.

ON A CLOISONNE VASE

By MARGARET ASHMUN

Quaint, exquisite, clear hued, it subtly shows
  In every line an art that holds the eye
  Gloating with joy; within its surface lie
Such shapes as fancy through a vision throws —
Thin golden tendrils, intertwined with rose,
  And cherry bloom, and web-winged dragon-fly,
  And drifting bird — all in the richest dye!
And mingled here in Orient repose.
  When he who wrought beheld the gracious whole
Made by his patient hands, what ecstasy
  Of wonder through his ravished being stole!
He must have whispered, marveling to see,
  "Lo, all this loveliness from my own soul
Has sprung: Here stands the best of me!"



"The Fog Warning," by Winslow Homer

FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND ARTISTS SERIES

V. Winslow Homer's "Fog Warning"

By FREDERICK W. COBURN

ONE of the most striking pictures by an American painter in the collections of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, "The Fog Warning," may be taken as representative of the art of Winslow Homer, of Scarboro, Maine, resident interpreter to the world at large of the struggles of New England fisher and forest folk against the elemental forces of the universe. This is a simple work of art, full of meaning and human interest. A fisherman in his dory, the gleam of halibut attesting the success of his quest, notes over his shoulder an oncoming fog bank which admonishes that he must make haste to reach the distant schooner on peril of exposure, suffering, and possibly of death. In such a subject there is, of course, nothing melodramatic or spectacular; it is just an everyday episode of the epic of man's siege and sack of the treasures of the sea. The painter's precise and vigorous technique, based upon remarkable powers of observation and memory, deals adequately with the aspects of the situation. The figure sits well in the boat, with sense of effort in every line. The dory rides buoyantly. There is movement in the waves, even though they are a little hard and glassy. A unity of conception and execution that is characteristic of Winslow Homer at his best marks the whole picture.

Especial honor was paid to this very great painter of New England at Pittsburgh this spring, when the Carnegie Institute at its twelfth annual exhibition displayed a special group of his works loaned from public and private galleries. As Mr. William Howe Downes wrote in the Boston Transcript regarding the collection there exhibited: "It proves that Winslow Homer's works — in spite of the fact that he is still living and in the active pursuit of his profession — have already been bought by almost every public art museum in America, for among the institutions which have contributed to this exhibit are the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Pennsylvania Academy, the Rhode Island School of Design, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Layton Gallery of Milwaukee, the National Gallery of Washington, and the Carnegie Institute itself.

The present high regard in which Winslow Homer's art is held is of long standing. Born in Boston in 1836, he has been continually before the public for more than half a century, at first as a lithographer and wood engraver and since 1863 as a painter. Pictures of negro life were frequent in the earlier years when Mr. Homer lived in New York. Later his interest in the sea led to his painting the long line of works by which he is best known — "The Gulf Stream," lately purchased by the Metropolitan Museum, "The Wreck," at the Carnegie Institute, "On a Lee Shore," in the Museum of Providence, "High Cliff, Coast of Maine," one of the American masterpieces given by Mr. W. T. Evans to the national government, and many others. A considerable number of his works were shown at the Chicago Exposition, in 1893, at which the artist was hailed as the "Walt Whitman of American Art," a comparison which is by no means apt as regards technique, for Winslow Homer is neither revolutionary nor even unconventional in the form of his painting, but which does perhaps express the fact that both these artists have felt keenly the dignity and grandeur of the conquest of the American continent by plain everyday folk.

At his studio on the Maine coast Winslow Homer has lived the life of a recluse for many years past, shunning publicity, and interested only in his work.

A Romance of Sharon

By SADA BALLARD

HELENA FOSTER, humming half-forgotten love songs, flitted happily through the stately rooms of the colonial farmhouse, filling the quaint bowls with roses and tying back the lace draperies with fresh ribbon. Her middle-aged face glowed with the bloom of youth, and her blue eyes, once heavy lidded and dull, sparkled as with the brightness of morning. Since her father died, two months previous, Helena had seemed to grow years younger. Sharon said it was no wonder, after being caged up for years and sacrificing all of her dreams for happiness to cater night and day to the fanciful whims of an ill-natured invalid, that she brightened up and blossomed out like a rose, in God's pure air and sunshine.

All of Sharon knew that Dan was coming back, and rejoiced. Sharon folk took a good-natured interest in each other; and the boy whom the Old Squire, as they called Helena's father, had taken into his home directly from the grave of his dead young mother, was their especial pride. Some had said it was a crazy whim for a widower to take in an orphan child; while more had contended that Phoebe Allison, the Squire's faithful housekeeper, was fully competent to care for the boy as well as for the Squire's romping little daughter.

Sharon was proud when Dan graduated from their staid academy, and when his engagement to Helena was announced. Prouder still when he came home from college with M.D. tacked to his name. Sharon pitied when the Old Squire was struck down by an incurable malady, and mourned when Dan went away. But as the years passed Sharon became used to Helena as the patient nurse of her feeble sire, and ceased to watch out eagerly when Dan made flying visits to the old home. So Sharon was not surprised when Elizabeth Carter, once a girl among them, but now a gay young widow of Dan's chosen city, visited the scenes of her childhood and chattered and babbled of Dr. Dan Warrington, till even the dullest nodded their heads knowingly. Then, as if to oust Elizabeth from a throne to which she had no right, Death took the case in hand and carried off the Old Squire.

Helena did not confide in Sharon at any time. Quiet and reserved alway, she never discussed personal matters with her neighbors, or dreamed that anything she might do could interest them. But to Phoebe, the faithful, loving, long-serving friend, she poured out her heart. The memory of any other mother than Phoebe was a shadowy vision of some one very white and very still, lying in the parlor amidst masses of flowers. But however reticent Helena might be, Sharon winked, and claimed to know a thing or two, when it got out that Dan had come hurrying from a far western trip as soon as he heard of the Old Squire's death; and that even before he could settle up his city affairs and reach the home town, he had arranged to take up the practice laid down by their oldest doctor, and made inquiries in regard to purchasing the Horace Duncan place — Sharon's grandest and most modern house. This last little rumor did not meet with Helena's approval; but she waited Dan's coming to ask him to stay on in the home of their childhood.

And now the time was near at hand when Helena would meet Dan. She went down the gray road, treading lightly, as if on air. The train would be in at four o'clock, but she was sure he would tarry under the thorn-apple tree, where they had played so often as children, pinning together with thorns the pungent burdock leaves. Helena's heart was full of the old-time bliss when Love's golden glow had enveloped Dan and her.

She had put aside the years in which they had been simply friends as decidedly as she had put aside the love-making when Dan had his way to make in the world and her place was at the bedside of her father. To-day they were to meet again as lovers. The months of unrest, when she had believed him devoted to their old-time younger schoolmate, the blithe Elizabeth, were forgotten in the tenderness of Dan's sympathetic letters.

Helena sat down on a grassy knoll under the gnarled old tree to wait and dream. Across the road the fields were separated by a zigzag fence of mossy rails which twisted serpentlike through the tall meadow grass. Daisies nodded their fringed heads amid green timothy plumes, and the ground sparrows fluttered down, carrying nourishment to their young. A great peace and happiness encompassed Helena. After all, thirty-five wasn't so very old, she told herself. Dan had ever seemed a boy to her, so why should he note the gray threads in the wavy masses of her brown hair, or the lines that had come about her tired eyes and patient mouth since last they met, four years previous. Something clutched her heart when she remembered how calm and almost cool had been that meeting; but she shook it off with the comforting thought that Dan's love for her was the power that made him obedient to her request for friendship only.

Turning to look down the road, she saw a vehicle approaching and arose hastily, to lean against the tree till it had passed. As it came nearer she saw that it was the depot surrey, with a man and woman in the seat behind the driver. She glanced up again with slight interest as the carriage came opposite. Her heart gave one great throb and seemed to stop, then battered itself wildly in helpless agony within her, for she had recognized Dan, and Elizabeth Carter was his companion.

The carriage stopped and Dan jumped out, while Mrs. Carter's silvery voice called: "Why, Helena Foster, what are you doing way down here?" Dan had taken the limp hand Helena held politely forth, and his brown eyes were scrutinizing her face, grown wan and white.

"He was bound to walk up," said Mrs. Carter, "but I wouldn't let him. I'm going to stay with the Freemans awhile, and then — oh, well, *that* for another time," she laughed.

Helena drew her hand from Dan. She had scarcely looked at him. She was drinking in with utter misery the gold of Elizabeth's hair, the wild-rose of her rounded cheeks, the ripe redness of her smiling girlish mouth. She went to the wagon-side and touched coldly the daintily gloved hand of her rival. In a flash she understood. Oh! what a fool she had been! she thought bitterly. Less than a year before Elizabeth had raved to her over Dr. Warrington. She had understood then and accepted it with what grace she could, and now a few simple, friendly letters from Dan — letters that meant nothing at all but brotherly kindness — had raised anew her hopes.

"I will walk up with Helena," said Dan. "I will see you to-morrow, Elizabeth." The carriage rolled on while Helena stood frigid and silent, with such a buzzing in her ears that she could not catch Elizabeth's gay reply.

She controlled herself when Dan gently took her arm, and they walked slowly up the hill. He had not said a word about their meeting-place. Perhaps he had forgotten those happy days when little Liz Morris had no part in their lives. Helena remembered that Elizabeth had been like a great, flossy-headed wax doll, but Dan had never noticed her then. "Oh, well," she thought, as she folded her cloak of reserve about her bruised heart, "I have lived through many gray years — I can endure many more."

They talked of commonplace things as they moved along side by side. Of life and of death. She told him items of interest about the people he had known. He told her that she was not looking well and laughingly asked if she dared trust him to prescribe for her. He said that Dr. Wales was pleased to have him step into the place he had vacated, and wanted him to use the office in the village. "That is," he added, "until I am settled permanently."

Helena was silent. Not yet could she enter into his plans and act the part of an interested old maid sister, as she meant to do later on.

Dan stopped at the gate to look in at the old house. His clean-cut lips trembled and his eyes were wet. "He is thinking of the time father brought him here," said Helena, impulsively reaching out to pat his black sleeve. How well she remembered the grieving little fellow whose tears died away in laughter at her merry antics. "The white peonies are out, and the grass pinks have opened wide their eyes to see if you look natural," said Helena, to conceal her emotion. Dan turned to her with a smile and their constraint vanished — but Helena's heartache remained.

Phoebe tried to efface herself in the shadows of the back porch that evening, but Helena insisted that she should sit with them in the spacious parlor, where they chatted over old times so merrily that the good soul discerned no canker gnawing at the heart of her darling. But when Dan had taken his candle and gone laughingly up the steep stairs to the bed chamber of his boyhood, Helena pillowed her aching head on the ample breast of her foster-mother and poured out a confession of her wretched mistake.

"O Phoebe!" she sobbed, "how could I have been so foolish? After all Elizabeth had told me of their intimacy, why was I so blind?"

Phoebe started to say that she did not believe there was any mistake, but she forbore. Searching her memory of the evening she could recall no tender lingerings of Dan about Helena, no word or look that betokened the lover; so she simply clasped the slender, shaking form closer and whispered, "Hush, dearie, hush." When Helena was calmer they talked it over and knew there was nothing to blame Dan for. His freedom had been given him twelve years before.

"Even if we were still engaged I would not marry him unless he loved me," said Helena. "O Phoebe! you must help me so he will never know. There were times when father was alive that I did not sense that I loved Dan; but when my work was done and I sat still with folded hands, I knew then, Phoebe, that all through the years my love for him had made me strong and kept me up. Once, the while I doubted him, Phoebe, I was very weak."

"Yes, yes, dearie," soothed Phoebe.

Then began days of martyrdom for the two women, Phoebe suffering because her child must. Dan stayed on with them while he cloaked himself in the robes of the old doctor; and they were obliged to meet at meals, if not together at other times. Sharon was not so unhealthy that he was received with open arms, but he was busy settling his office, meeting the new-old friends, and assisting Mrs. Carter in her real estate transaction; for it was she, it seemed, who was buying the Horace Duncan property.

Dan had asked Helena to go with him to call on Elizabeth the day after their arrival and she had done so. Then came Elizabeth to tea, to spend afternoons and to spend evenings. Phoebe was too evident at these times; Mrs. Carter thought her forward. "Why is she always at hand?" she asked Dan. "Isn't she a sort of menial?"

"Not at all," Dan loyally replied. "Phoebe has been a second mother to Helena and me."

"I don't like her," pouted Elizabeth, "and she doesn't like me."

Dan laughed and said: "Nonsense, how could anybody help it?" so convincingly that it brought out all of Elizabeth's dimples.

One bright afternoon Elizabeth came in unexpectedly. Phoebe had gone to Sharon to do her week's marketing. It seemed to Helena that her flesh shriveled when Elizabeth appeared. She had hitherto avoided being alone with her.

"I am so glad to find you all by your lonesome," Elizabeth announced. "Helena, you have such good taste that I am prone to ask a favor: Will you go over the house with me and help plan the furnishings?"

Helena winced, but she did not refuse. Elizabeth drew her chair closer and waxed confidential.

"Helena, I'm going to be married in October. I suppose Dan has told you."

"I wish you the deepest joy — I do

really and truly, Elizabeth," said Helena, extending a quivering hand.

"Why, how cold you are! you shiver this hot day! I'm afraid it is malaria, Helena, we'll have to ask Dr. Dan."

"Oh, no," said Helena, "it is nothing. Let us go into the garden." In truth she was faint and felt that she must get out of doors.

On a garden seat they rested while Elizabeth talked of her house. "Dan suggests throwing the parlor and library into one large room. That leaves a long dining-hall and such a bright cosy snuggery next to a side room that will make a delightful office," and Elizabeth blushed. "Then there is a front hall and a reception room."

Helena veiled her misery and tried to enter into Elizabeth's felicity.

"We are going to have a very quiet wedding," she confided. "Just a few friends and an informal ceremony at the house. It isn't as if I were a girl, you know."

"You are a girl," contradicted Helena. "A fresh, rosy-cheeked, sunny-faced girl. Elizabeth, you will be very happy."

"What a sweet prophecy, Helena. I surely am hoping to be. Dan says it is an ideal match — and I'm inclined to agree with him," she laughed.

Helena stooped and fumbled with her shoe-lace. So do we use the common things to cover life's tragedies.

Then came the days when Elizabeth and Helena went shopping. Of course there was nothing fine enough in old-fashioned Sharon, so they went up to the city. On the last trip Dan accompanied them.

"He's going to buy the office furniture," laughed Elizabeth. "He thinks I am not capable of selecting it, and perhaps I'm not. I suppose he really is the best judge."

At the stores Dan left them, to meet again at the station.

"I suppose you are satisfied now?" taunted Elizabeth.

Dan replied with his ready laugh: "I think I ought to have some share in this, don't you, Helena?" turning to include her in the conversation. But she had stepped aside and was holding out her hands to a cooing baby on its mother's arms. Her back was toward him and he thought she had not heard. Her face was so white and drawn that the baby cowered away, and its pitying mother buried her lips in its soft neck murmuring: "Poor lady, she has lost a child."

October was nearing and Elizabeth was very busy with her wedding clothes. In planning them Helena would take no share. "I'll ask Dan," laughed Elizabeth. "He called my Nile-green dress blue and the garnet, brown. Helena, he says your hair is golden and my golden locks are flaxen. Isn't he a dear old ignoramus?" Then Elizabeth went up to the city and Helena was left to hug her misery.

Dan went up to the city too, a little later. Helena took that time to rummage in the old attic. There, among the toys and mementoes of their happy childhood, she sobbed out her grief. Then, obeying a strange impulse, she brought out the tokens of Dan's academy days — the days when first they realized their love. She hung the flags about his room and pinned to them the ribbons and medals. The cushions she had made for him, with their faded emblems, were strewn about in the well-remembered, careless way.

"Oh! how like Dan it all looks!" she cried. "I can still love the boy Dan," she sobbed, dropping to her knees and burying her agonized face in the frayed pillows of the couch. "She has taken the man Dan — but she can never have the boy Dan. He is mine! My own boy Dan!"

"Who has taken the man Dan, Helena? My own precious Helena." Said a well-known voice, as a pair of strong arms lifted her from the floor. "Do you want him, sweetheart, along with the boy Dan? O Helena! I thought you didn't."

There in Dan's arms she cried out her doubts and fears, which he, manlike, could only half understand.

"Why, dearest, who said I was going to marry Elizabeth? You gave me no chance for lovering — no chance for anything, Helena. I thought Elizabeth had told you all about it."

"She never told me *who* she was going to marry," faltered Helena. "How

could I help thinking it was you? She came to Sharon with you, and you have been with her so much. Elizabeth is very lovely, Dan."

"So my chum Anderson declares. He is the young dentist who shared my bachelor quarters. I wrote you of his serious illness — he is convalescing at Lakewood now. Perhaps I never wrote of Elizabeth in connection with him,— it was not my secret, dearest,— and since I came here we have had no confidential talks. O Helena!" and Dan checked the words upon her lips with all the ardor of boyhood. "I have never seen but one really lovely woman in my life — and she is mine! My own dear girl Helena."

SWIMMIN'

By EDWIN L. SABIN

I say, O Mr. Busyman, a truce to brief and ticker!
Let's doff our shoes and collars and whatever else annoys,
And leaving all the world of trade to worry, scheme, and bicker
Let's, on this golden afternoon, "go swimmin'" with "the boys"!
You know the spot — just out of town, across the old Squire's pasture,
And through the fringing trees beyond, where flecked and soft the sod.
I venture, sir, 'tis hard to tell the date, exact, when last your
Impatient feet, bare-soled and free, this faint-marked pathway trod!

Betwixt its warm and grassy banks the creek is smoothly flowing —
But eddies like a cauldron where it widens to a pool,
The while, albino porpoises, their glist'ning bodies showing,
The boys — the *other* boys, that is — thresh 'round and dive and fool.
Or, tanned and lithe, like nimble fauns, along the edge they scamper,
In state of graceful innocence which age has not yet marred:
No unused muscles, gout, or corns *their* frisky movements hamper,
Their worst defect a prideful arm by vaccination scarred.

There's Spud and Speck and Hen and Clint, and who-not, in before us!
They greet our panting figures with derisive yell and grin,
And spur us to a lightning change with eager, galling chorus:
"Oh, lookee! See me float!" "Peel off!" "It's bully! Come on in!"
We strip like sixty, where outspread upon the trampled clover
Lie scattered in a limp array despised, abandoned clothes,
And with good-natured rivalry to see who'll first "wet over,"
We take a header from the bank — you holding fast your nose!

The water gurgles in our ears, and gasping, sputt'ring, blinded,
We rise and claw and strive to stand on far from steady feet —
When suddenly we're clutched beneath by some rogue, mischief-minded,
And down below, again, we go; a process quick and neat!
And all the pool is beat to foam, and all the air's aquiver
With laugh and shout and boast and dare, in medley high and gay;
Amidst this galaxy, forsooth, is heart nor spleen nor liver —
Those incubi we've since acquired, to mark our latter day.

The sun smiles in between the leaves, the birds flit by and snigger;
In ecstasy of love of life we caracole and splash;
While shadows creeping from the west grow slowly, surely bigger,
And o'er our lips the water prints a fine, mud-sown moustache!
At last we pull reluctant shirts upon our shiv'ring bodies,
Don pantaloons, and comb our hair with fingers shriveled, cold;
And homeward lag, for bread-and-milk — the best of evening toddies,
And for the bed that waited there beneath the eaves of old.

The Versatility of Aunt Mary

By BELLE BROLASKI

"HUH! I wonder if they left anything at home!" blustered an old man whom the porter with Aunt Mary's and my belongings jostled to one side.

Everybody was in a mad rush to get through the gate to catch the ferry, and as usual everybody was late. Passengers who had crossed the bay daily knew that the gate was closed promptly the minute the boat was scheduled to leave, even if there were a hundred on the wrong side, as the boat made connections with trains and trolleys on the other side of the bay.

Consternation reigned when Aunt Mary pushed ahead, the porter and I meekly following; and, stopping deliberately in the gateway, she began searching in the various compartments of her bag for the tickets.

The porter, next in line, was loaded down with two suit-cases, a large empty parrot cage (in which Polly resides when we are settled), and Polly in her traveling cage, while I brought up the rear with two umbrellas, a steamer rug, and kodak.

I cast a grateful glance at the now infuriated old man, hoping to encourage him in his remarks about our outfit, but it was lost on him. In disgust he took a turn down the entrance.

"All aboard for San Rafael!" cried the gatekeeper. There was a push and a clamor of many voices. I saw Aunt Mary wildly wave our tickets at the man; felt myself carried a short distance without any effort of my own, and — bang went the gate! Upon recovering my equilibrium I looked back to see if the old man were among the fortunates, but — he was on the other side!

We hurried onto the boat, and when we started to go up on the cabin deck were confronted by a sign:

NO DOGS ALLOWED
ON THIS DECK

Since we had a parrot but no dog we knew that didn't mean us, and began to climb the stairs, when a voice from below yelled:

"Can't take that there animal upstairs!"

"This isn't an animal, sir; it's a pet parrot," from Aunt Mary.

"Don't care; all things belongin' to the zoo stays on this deck!"

We filed down again and found some hard benches arranged in pew fashion directly opposite the engine room. The floor had been mopped and looked as if a huge wave had just carelessly gone over the boat. We had to sit with our feet tucked up under the bench, and for a rest balanced them on our heels. Aunt Mary had a terrible cold, and I fully expected to hear all sorts of complaints about the dampness and closeness of the atmosphere, but she just smiled and said:

"This is quite pleasant, and we won't have those horrid steps to come down."

The porter settled us, and I could see he was in nowise sorry to leave the traveling show.

I wasn't in the sweetest of moods, because Aunt Mary would have Polly with her. If Polly must travel why not express her? But no, Polly was not to be treated so cruelly. Porters were tipped; railroad conductors were persuaded to break their rules; all that Polly might travel first class. She and Aunt Mary seemed content to be deck passengers now; but as I looked down on Polly's yellow topknot and ever-dilating eye, I wished that almost any misfortune might befall her. The day that I nearly choked her with joy for calling me "Pretty Jane" seemed a thing of the past, and,— why *didn't* I choke her that day?

I could hear the splash of the water and longed to be out and feel the fog on my face and breathe some of the good salt air unmixed with the odor of the

engine room. But as I had the responsible position of being Aunt Mary's companion and lady in waiting to Polly, I had to stand by my charges, and incidentally keep Polly from sliding off the seat.

When the boat landed on the other side of the bay, we gathered our traps together, and with the assistance of a deckhand were soon installed in our seats on the train for the short ride to San Rafael.

We were a little late in getting off the train, owing to our encumbrances. By the time we reached the hotel bus we saw, to our dismay, that it was already filled, mostly with women, who seemed to spread out when they saw what was going to try to get in. A hack driver, who alone seemed delighted that we had come, guided us to his dilapidated rig, and soon bumped us along on the road to the hotel. The bus arrived before us and turned out its fine display of feminine apparel.

There were a good many women lounging around the veranda, with a few forlorn-looking men, to witness our arrival.

Polly always gets very animated and vivacious under the excitement of traveling, and was talking a blue streak.

"Pretty Polly! Polly want a cracker? Pretty Jane! Hello, pretty Jane!" she shrieked.

A bellboy came to the rescue, helped us out and rushed through the doorway with Polly. There were several titters of laughter, and I made my escape into the lobby, which was wellnigh deserted, leaving Aunt Mary to browbeat the hack driver.

The winning smile of the clerk who handed me a pen to register soon changed to an uncertain one as he spied Polly. I wielded the pen in a flourishing style, hoping to impress him with our greatness, when Aunt Mary appeared, looking anything *but* great, with her bonnet tipped rakishly over her left eye. From the look in her eye I saw that she had won her battle with the driver and was prepared for another with the clerk. After securing our rooms she ordered the waiting bellboy to carry Polly upstairs. The clerk shifted his glance from Aunt Mary to me, then said hesitatingly:

"But — madam — I am very sorry — but — but — we don't allow dogs or parrots in the rooms. We have a very nice baggage room —— "

"Baggage room for my parrot! Young man, that parrot goes to Room 217, or I leave the hotel immediately," and she looked as if she meant it.

"Of course, madam, I should be pleased to accommodate you, but those are my orders."

"Orders — *fiddlesticks!*" retorted Aunt Mary, shaking her head and sliding her bonnet over her right eye. "Have you no manners? I'll go to another hotel where they *will* take parrots!"

"This is the only hotel in town, and there are no more trains out till morning. If you will just let the porter take care of your pet until the proprietor arrives, I might prevail upon him to grant your request." He smiled broadly now, remembering that we had selected quite expensive rooms.

"When will the proprietor arrive?" grunted Aunt Mary.

"He'll surely be here in another hour," the clerk assured her, glancing at the clock.

"Very well; put this parrot on the desk. My niece and I will take turns watching her until he comes." Aunt Mary had visions of some one kidnapping Polly. (Oh, that some one would!)

While I stood first watch, Aunt Mary made a hasty toilet and ate her dinner. After she disappeared the clerk pushed Polly's cage to the far end of the desk, and I made myself as comfortable as possible in a willow rocker, which was drawn up in front of the big open fireplace, Polly, nothing daunted by her prominence, was doing all sorts of acrobatic stunts — hanging head downward from her swing, walking like a fly on the top of her cage, then scrambling down the side to the bottom and up again to take another swing, jabbering and talking incessantly, with an occasional whistle of "Over the fence is out, boys!"

It was not long before a crowd of children gathered around her, and even some of the grown-ups stopped on their way in to dinner.

A crabbed-looking old man stopped, looked, and smiled in a reminiscent way, and, after glancing furtively in my direction, cautiously approached the cage. After he had stood watching Polly a long while, a hand stole out of his pocket and slid along the edge of the cage. Gradually it stole up the bars till it got on a level with Polly's head — Polly watching all the while, with one eye turned full upon him. Down went her head in her most deceitful manner, enticingly, to the finger. One delicious stroke after another caused her to balance in a horizontal position and to poke her tail most temptingly out of the other side of her cage — right into the hand of an angelic-looking youngster! A pull at one end — a nip at the other — an exclamation of rage, and parrot and cage were pulled suddenly into space — then a *crash!* Polly landed side down, scattering her household belongings all over the floor.

"Damn!" said the old man, as he went off nursing his finger, while the angel-child flapped his wings and flew down the back corridor.

At the opposite side of the fireplace, where I had already observed an inert pair of long legs, a newspaper, and a hand on each side of it, there was instant animation. A young man emerged, advancing quickly to my rescue.

"Oh! hurry — *do*, and let's straighten Polly out before Aunt Mary comes!" I cried, getting down on my knees and grabbing frantically at Polly's silver spoon and half-chewed spool.

My newly found friend picked up the cage, set it back on the desk and laughed — laughed till his twinkling eyes nearly closed. A bellboy got a dustpan and huriedly cleared up the sand, just in time, too, for Aunt Mary appeared, bristling all over. The head waiter had refused to let her carry a little dish of goodies out of the dining room. All thought of how I could have arrived at terms of acquaintanceship with the man at my side was lost in her fear that her poor parrot might be starving. Polly's rescuer began to pacify Aunt Mary by lying nobly:

"Really, you have the brightest parrot I ever heard. It has given me so much amusement — saying such clever things, you know, which reminds me of——"

I didn't wait to hear, having been brought up on parrot anecdotes, but escaped to the dining-room. On my return from dinner I found him bravely listening to Aunt Mary's favorite story — usually the ninth in order — and I saw that she was actually beaming. He gave me a sickly smile, but an effusive greeting, as he pulled up a chair for me, and together we fairly monopolized the fireplace. Aunt Mary kept an eye on Polly, now contentedly blinking and drowsing on her perch and looking like a big, green puffball.

The door opened for the arrival of some belated travelers, among whom I recognized a familiar figure — the old man whom I had seen miss the ferry! He went up to the desk and threw down his hat, mopping his brow with a very limp and moist handkerchief. He gave one look at Polly, then turned to the clerk, and for a few moments expostulated wildly. The clerk talked calmly and glanced at us; the old man looked, too, and his expression was diabolical. After several vigorous shakes of his head he went around behind the desk.

The *proprietor!*

Aunt Mary was busy finding out all about our companion, from his childhood to date. She seemed to approve of him most heartily when he said he was from Virginia; and upon his giving his name, she found he was distinctly connected with an old Virginia family she had known,— the Clarks.

Aunt Mary suddenly remembered her grievance, and starting up, exclaimed:

"Dear me! I wonder if the proprietor has come? Poor Polly looks so sleepy and uncomfortable with that light shining right in her dear eyes."

"I think he has," replied Mr. Clark, to whom Aunt Mary had confided all her troubles. "Shall we go over and settle the question?"

We strolled over to the desk. The proprietor was trying hard to calm himself in the interest of his hotel, but one could see he was raging within. As Aunt Mary had had her back toward him

at the ferry, she was innocent of the cause of his wrath.

"Mrs. Wright, my rules are, 'No dogs or parrots allowed in the rooms.' I am very sorry, but under no considerations can I break those rules," and he shut his mouth with a snap emphatic enough to have frightened away a weak-kneed person.

But not Aunt Mary!

"Now, Mr. Gordon, I *am* disappointed! I've selected such nice sunny rooms, and hoped to remain here some time and enjoy the good bracing air and bask in the sunshine,— the sun — would you believe it, Mr. Gordon? — this afternoon is the first time I've seen the sun for two weeks; and such a glorious sunset it was, too. Nothing but rain and fog in San Francisco, and I don't want to go back there. I heard that the sun shines here every day; that the climate is the vesy best in California, and the hotel is noted for its excellent service and courtesy to its guests; so I came here, and here I want to stay."

Slowly his face relaxed.

"I should like very much to have you as our guests, but the ——"

"Oh, yes, I must have my Polly!" hastily interrupted Aunt Mary. "I should be so lonely without her. My niece here is really no company to me at all, gallivanting around day and night, and it is *awful* to be *all* alone." Tears filled her eyes, and she gave her victim a glance that went straight to his heart.

"There, there! I'll break my rules this time, for I, too, know how terrible it is to be so lonely."

Aunt Mary was thinking rapidly, and although she wore an aggrieved expression, I will wager that she was speculating — "bachelor or widower?"

"Thank you! You are very, very kind; we shall be so happy here, I know," and Aunt Mary smiled up at him through her tears.

"Mr. Smith," said the proprietor, turning to the clerk, "Mrs. Wright has rather disconnected rooms — those tower rooms are arranged so that the squawking of the parrot ——"

"Sir!" exclaimed Aunt Mary, stiffening.

"Talking, I said, Mrs. Wright, *talking*. You know all bright parrots talk early in the morning, and the guests might be disturbed and complain."

"That's all you know about parrots!" indignantly retorted Aunt Mary. "Why, Polly never talks until I take her cage cover off, and I don't do that till eight o'clock." Then, remembering her winning tactics, she resumed, "But of course you have been unfortunate in meeting ill-behaved parrots. Now my Polly——"

"Yes, yes! Your parrot seems quite docile, and — here, boy, take this parrot to Room 217, and mind — handle her gently."

Mr. Clark and I long since had had the grace to become very much absorbed in some souvenir postal cards that adorned a rack on the desk When he suggested billiards now, I began at once to justify Aunt Mary's description of me, and went "gallivanting" off with him.

"Coronado Beach? Why, Coronado doesn't begin to compare with this," reached our ears as we turned into the billiard room. I looked back to see Aunt Mary being shown into the elevator by Mr. Gordon, with the deference due a queen.

The next morning the sun tried its best to appear and live up to its reputation in those parts; but some ugly clouds gradually obscured it, and finally, being completely beaten, it sulked for a whole week. As it poured, the morning after our arrival saw us housed. However, Aunt Mary was in a delightful humor; everything pleased her. The unpacking was done in the shortest time on record. The closet being small, she made no objection to my hanging her black silk on the same hook with her gray one. She even got so reckless as to rummage impatiently among her lace ties, not caring a whit about mussing them in her eagerness to try the effect of a newly purchased hand-embroidered one upon the black silk, and the effect of the whole upon herself. She twisted the tie around the collar of the gown and held it up to her, then paraded back and forth several times before a large cheval-mirror. The

result was so pleasing that she didn't even notice that I, in utter astonishment, had dropped an armful of her clothes.

"It's a horrid day, Aunty," I complained.

"Yes, child, I suppose it is, but perhaps to-morrow will be better. You *must* make allowances for the season; this country never gets rain in the summer, and needs it very much now. These narrow-minded tourists (I don't mean you, dear) who expect sunshine every day are really unbearable and should be back East, where the snow and ice are."

"But that's why we came to California — to get the sun," I ventured.

"Surely, now, you too are not going to complain? How could we have these beautiful trees, these gorgeous flowers, the lovely green grass, if it were not for the rain!" she eloquently demanded, and then, "Now, dear, cheer up and make yourself content; amuse yourself around the hotel. I'm going now to see Mr. Gordon about that head waiter who wouldn't allow me to take Polly's dinner out of the dining-room last night. Horrid thing! Mr. Gordon, I'm sure, will feel *dreadfully* bad about it."

"Let me go, Aunty," I suggested, "you must be tired after your trip."

"Not a bit of it. I never felt better in my life, and you never could arrange that sort of thing." And having duly snubbed me she sallied forth with a last, lingering glance at the black silk, which was spread out so carefully on the bed, ready to help her in her campaign that night.

At luncheon, as I saw that she had lost her bouyancy of the morning, I didn't dare inquire the outcome of her interview with Mr. Gordon about the head waiter, but judged that Aunt Mary had lost. After criticizing everything on the menu, and then ordering almost everything there was, she volunteered the information that "Mr. Gordon had gone to San Francisco for the day, and Polly would have to miss another meal."

The fact that Polly was already full to bursting with hemp and sunflower seed was no consolation.

Was I sure that she had enough seed?

Was I *sure!* Hadn't I sat for one solid hour picking out the seed from Aunt Mary's suitcase? Hadn't I washed and even dried the seed, which had gotten smeared with Aunt Mary's face lotion? However, as she was a little dubious about the effect of the seed on Polly, she hastily finished her dessert and had the clerk telephone to the drugstore for a fresh supply.

I left Aunt Mary sitting with her embroidery in the lobby awaiting the return of Mr. Gordon, while I wandered off to the bowling alley. At six o'clock I realized with a start that I had just two minutes in which to dress for dinner. I bounded upstairs and at Aunt Mary's door nearly collided with a waiter carrying an enormous tray on his head. He knocked loudly (surely there was some mistake!) and Polly, who always answered the knocks, shrieked "Come in!"

Could Aunt Mary be ill?

I slipped in quietly behind the waiter, but instead of finding Aunt Mary in bed I beheld her already arrayed in her dinner toilet, to which she had not only added her new tie, but a white belt as well. She looked quite festive; and although the wide white girdle accentuated the size of her waist, the effect was striking.

"Put the tray on this little table, please," said Aunt Mary, slipping a coin into the waiter's hand. His look of hauteur disappeared magically, as he deftly felt the size of his tip.

"Aren't you going down to dinner, Aunty?" I inquired, after the waiter withdrew.

"Of course I am! This is for Polly," she replied, beginning at once to serve her a teaspoonful of boiled rice, which Polly gobbled up in short order. Then followed mashed potato, celery, and a final course of nuts.

I went over to the door and casually read aloud the posted rules and regulations.

"Service to room, 25 cents."

"You see no reference to parrots there, do you?" gently inquired Aunt Mary.

"Why, no; but ——"

"Well, then, don't let that worry you," she interrupted, "and *do* hurry and dress for dinner."

"But, how *did* you manage it?" I insisted.

"This afternoon, if you remember, I waited to see Mr. Gordon about that matter, and — well, I saw him!" she replied, as she coyly but deliberately winked her eye at me.

We stayed at the hotel five weeks, which cut short our time for the other places that we had planned to visit, but Aunt Mary didn't care.

While dressing on the morning we were to depart, my fancy dwelt on the dance of the night before and Mr. Clark, whose twinkling eyes could look very earnestly into one's,— and I was *frightfully* late for breakfast.

Aunt Mary had gone down with Polly (for whom a special bellboy had been detailed), and was just finishing her breakfast when I joined her. With a parting instruction to hurry, she left the dining-room, but not until Mr. Clark came to the door and beckoned did I leave my breakfast half finished and hurry.

We looked all over the lobby for Aunt Mary, but in vain. The bus was waiting at the door and the driver, already late, was impatient to start, for there was but ten minutes left to make the train, and it was a good eight minutes to the station. "Hurry up, miss, no time to lose," urged the porter, bundling us unceremoniously out of the door.

"Where *can* Aunty be!" I cried in dismay, as we ran to the bus.

"Look!" said Clark, and there was Aunty waving frantically to me from the bus window.

"Hurry up, child," she cried, "or we shall miss the train!"

I climbed in and was almost overcome at what I beheld. Aunt Mary was sitting way up in front, wearing an expansive smile on her face and an air of proprietorship in her manner. Next to her, and squeezed up close to the driver's seat, with no possible means of escape, sat Mr. Gordon. As he looked sheepishly at us from behind Polly's cage, his complete surrender was very apparent. He was holding Polly on his lap!

TRUTH

By IDA A. HATHORNE

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
The soul must overflow,
If thou another soul wouldst reach;
It needs an overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Will the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, but each word of thine
Will be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life will be
A great and noble creed.

I FAIL to understand the commendation which has been so freely bestowed on William De Morgan's last novel, "Somehow Good," the third within two years, quite rivalling the voluminosity of the average woman who works up a new story every twelvemonth.

Especially astonishing is the opinion of a reviewer in one of the monthlies devoted entirely to recent literature, who says of this maundering, complex, and oft-repeated tale, "As a story, certainly, it has more coherence, more compactness, and more action. It is more up to date, without losing that old-fashioned flavor which makes Mr. De Morgan's work so delightful."

He owns that the story leisurely twists itself round and repeats itself, yet fails utterly to bore one because he presents such a delightfully revised version of the affair that one is fascinated into an absorbed interest.

Well, well! The tangled, improbable, displeasing plot certainly needs revision, not repetition; but I have not yet found one reader who was not wearied and worn with its circumlocutory inanities. The plot, which I will not repeat, is just the old worn threadbare French triangle: husband, wife, and the other man. In this case it is the other man first. Through five hundred and sixty-five dreary pages the author rambles along a while, then retraces his steps, the same queer incidents over and over again, and yet once more, when once was too much. He incidentally discourses on music and various other topics; then wanders aimlessly about, presenting a variety of types, dull, uninteresting creatures, who, as he frankly admits, have nothing to do with the story. They helped to make his book sizable and perhaps salable. Desirous of a thrilling ending, for even this novel at last comes to a close, he resorts to melodrama of the cheapest kind. As I see it, the novel is improbable; would it had been impossible, and the title (though borrowed from Tennyson) is a misnomer, for it is *Somehow Bad.* (Henry Holt & Co., $1.75.)

The New York Evening Post is jubilant over the genius of this same book, exclaiming, "What a relief once in a decade to come upon a real story, not a mere fiction, but an epos, a living, intelligible word. What morbidness, what repulsiveness, or what sentimentality, would belong to the treatment of this theme by the ordinary novelist: what would happen to it in the hands even of a Hardy, a James, or a Meredith. And the book at last is 'as sound, as sweet, as wholesome, as wise as any in the range of fiction.'"

Take "this theme," state it in as few words as necessary, and tell me if you consider it either sound, sweet, wholesome, or wise?

The only claim to originality in "The History of Aythan Waring," Violet Jacobs's new book, is the spelling of the hero's name. The tale is interesting and agreeably written, and the description of country life on the borderline of two countries for a man whose mother tongue is English had neighbors scarcely a mile

away who speak Welsh alone, is well given. At times the strange mingling of dialect and language is rather disconcerting, but on the whole the story holds you in a stirring way. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, $1.25.)

From the same publishers, "The Story of a Beautiful Duchess," by Horace Bleackley, M.A., author of "Some Distinguished Victims of the Scaffold," etc. This is every way a delightful book, one I can heartily commend; the covers and illustrations add charm to the text, giving it a most attractive setting; a fitting frame for the biography of the famous beauty, Elizabeth Gunnung, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll. The story is told so naïvely that it seems but a simple life history of a fair woman, whose career, while it had few romantic incidents, is one of rare charm, and pictures one of the best women of quality in the Georgian era. She was also the heroine of one of the greatest lawsuits of the century, for the Douglas cause was *célèbre*.

Her biographer tells us that "her memory is held in reverence by her descendants, who still take a deep interest in every detail that concerns their fair ancestress. Thus the criticism that has objected very properly that too many creatures of the Walpole period have found their 'little Boswell' may admit that the life of the beautiful duchess should be rescued from oblivion."

When I read "The Flower of Old Japan and other Poems," by Alfred Noyes, whose former volume of poetry was of the genuine sort and deserved the praise given by those highest in authority, I found that this time he had devoted himself to entertaining the children who can enjoy and understand a poet's trips to Wonderland. I also revelled in his rhythmic jingle, the merry swing of his fanciful imaginings, and looked about till I found a sympathetic friend to whom I could read aloud some of his musical, mystical verses.

"The road to Old Japan! you cry,
And is it far or near?
Some never find it till they die;
Some find it everywhere:
The road where restful Time forgets
His weary thoughts and wild regrets
And calls the golden year
Back in a fairy dream to smile
On young and old a little while.
Some seek it with a blazing sword,
And some with old blue plates;
Some with a miser's golden hoard;
Some with a book of dates;
Some with a box of paints; a few
Whose loads of truth would ne'er
pass through
The first white, fairy gates;
And, oh, how shocked they are to
find
That truths are false when left
behind.

Ah, let us follow, follow far
Beyond the purple seas;
Beyond the rosy foaming bar,
The coral reef, the trees,
The land of parrots, and the wild
That rolls before the fearless child
Its ancient mysteries:
Onward and onward, if we can,
To Old Japan — to Old Japan."

Old Japan seems with the poet in this dreaming mood to stand for many things, or as he interprets it "an attempt to follow the careless and happy feet of childhood back into the kingdom of those dreams which are the sole reality worth living and dying for; those beautiful dreams, or those fantastic jests — if any care to call them so — for which mankind has endured so many triumphant martyrdoms that even amidst the rush and roar of modern materialism they cannot be quite forgotten."

It belongs, as the Spectator puts it, "to the kind of dreamland which an imaginative child might construct out of the oddities of a willow pattern plate and differs from the Lewis Carrol type in a certain seriousness behind its fantasy."

It is perhaps unfortunate to have a literal turn of mind, for I have serious doubts as to the development of any such fantasies in the brain of a normal child by the study of an entire dinner or tea set of the precious and original dark blue willow-pattern.

The plain tale of the young lovers and the irate father in far away China could

Illustration from "The Story of a Beautiful Duchess," by Horace Bleackley, M.A.

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF HAMILTON, FROM PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

never suggest such an outpouring of the spirit of poesy without much meaning under the mellifluous rhymes. As in a spell one reads and swings along as in a waltz dream, swaying here and there, seeing this and that; then closing the book, what is remembered?

You know how a person under the effect of absinthe is entranced by wondrously roseate brain pictures; how he sees what others could never imagine.

There is no comparison with the grand and stately word-pictures when Coleridge wrote or monologued it under the influence of opium; it comes nearer Poe's exquisite verbal music when in his cups. Far be it from me to class it with the nonsense verses of the two English scholars we all delight in, whose drolleries have made them immortal. Noyes is always in earnest, always the poet with occasional inspiration, always the master of choicest language with which to clothe his ideas, and this book for children will find many admirers among the grown-ups, for it is full of music, beauty, and charm. Here Mother Goose and Shakespeare, Cock Robin with his murderer and his friends, and other favorites of old and young are gracefully introduced and followed by dainty variations on familiar themes; ingenious, unusual, felicitously expressed.

And what odd sights were seen going through the gloomy woods with Peach-Blossom and Mustard-Seed!

"Then once more along the rare
Forest-paths we groped our way
Here the glow-worm's league-long glare
Turned the Wild-Thyme night to day.
There we passed a sort of whale
Sixty feet in length or more,
But we knew it was a snail
Even when we heard it snore.

"Often through the glamorous gloom,
Almost on the top of us,
We beheld a beetle loom
Like a hippopotamus;
Once or twice a spotted toad
Like a mountain wobbled by,
With a rolling moon that glowed
Through the skin-fringe of its eye.

"Once a caterpillar bowed
Down a leaf of Ygdrasil
Like a sunset-colored cloud
Sleeping on a quiet hill:
Once we came upon a moth
Fast asleep with outspread wings,
Like a mighty tissued cloth
Woven for the feet of kings."

And in "The Hideous Hermit" the same magnifying scheme is emplotted.

"Hills of topaz, lakes of dew,
Fairy cliffs of crystal sheen
Passed we; and the forest's blue
Sea of branches tossed between:
Once we saw a gryphon make
One soft iris as it passed
Like the curving meteor's wake
O'er the forest, far and fast.

"Winged with purple, breathing flame,
Crimson-eyed we saw him go,
Where — ah! could it be the same
Cockchafer we used to know?
Valley-lilies overhead,
High aloof in clustered spray,
Far through heaven their splendor spread,
Glimmering like the Milky Way."

We begin to understand his intense delight in all this sort of microscopy in verse and after his courteous and appealing "Apologia" who would not be for him?

"Critics, you have been so kind,
I would not have you think me blind
To all the wisdom that you preach;
Yet before I strictlier run
In straighter lines of chiselled speech,
Give me one more hour, just one
Hour to hunt the fairy gleam
That flutters through this childish dream."

(The McMillan Co., $1.25 *net.*)

"The Inward Light," by H. Fielding Hall, is a further exploitation of the best side of Burmese Buddhism; he has previously published three other studies of the same theme. "The Soul of a People," which, we are told, comes very near to being an account of the tangible

Illustration from "The Story of a Beautiful Duchess," by Horace Bleackley, M.A.

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF HAMILTON, FROM PAINTING BY GAVIN HAMILTON

experiences through which the author grew to recognize the truth of this faith. "A People at School," which treats of the Burmese before annexation, and of the ways in which it has affected them. "The Hearts of Men," again almost like a bit of personal confession; a man's seeking for the three great essentials: "a reasonable theory of the universe, a workable and working code of conduct, a promise in the after life that gives one something to desire, to really hope for, and work to gain."

Mr. Hall has lived many years in Burma and becoming deeply interested in Buddhism has devoted his life to learning its inner meaning. It is not concerned with revelation, is man's own discovery of the inward light, and must be found by man in his own soul. There is a thread of story on which are strung expositions of old world truths and much that is impressive in Eastern philosophy. It is a book to read aloud or to think over when alone, and the choice of words makes the text at times almost musical; I do not assume to understand all that is presented, neither do I find much strength or help. The words which form the title are to be found in "Some Sayings from the Upanishads," translated by Dr. L. D. Barnett.

Do you get much from them?

"What is Self? It is the Man-Soul made of Understanding between the Breaths; the Inward Light within the Heart. He becometh an Understanding Dream and fareth beyond this World."

We have been accustomed to think of Nirvana as being absorbed "into the great Infinite" as "the dewdrop falls into the shining sea," only another way of expressing annihilation or death. Now we learn that it is the opposite of all these things. "It is the realization of self in a greater, grander self than ever we have dreamed of; it means a fuller, more glorious life than the world gives us now."

Regarding Immortality, we are told that "Life is from without. It is not a prisoner held in bondage in an earthly cage from which, when the bar breaks, it flees. Life lives forever. Each body passes, and from its dust are built our new bodies greater and stronger, better able to perform than behests of the greater spirit." "The soul is immortal always, but the body, that stream of bodies which began so far back, we cannot see it, and come through our parents to ourselves, may suddenly be stopped." Death he calls the Great Romance. That does not throw any light on the great mystery of life and death. I can more easily agree with the last quotation I shall offer.

"Life comes forever from the Power House of God. Where is that House? No one can tell. What does it matter to the light. And when the lamp is broken and the light suddenly goes out what is become of the energy that made it glow? Does it wander homeless in the void? Is it gone to judgment because the light was dim? That is a parable of life."

There is a vagueness and lack of scholarly equipment about some of his statements, assuming, for instance, that the Book of Ecclesiastes was written by King Solomon, although the book was far later than his time: He states that the body of Buddha has recently been found! "Think of it — after two thousand and five hundred years they found untouched the mortal remains of him who first in the world's history taught the crowning virtues."

One keen critic complains that he supposes the plural of Mussulman to be Mussul-men.

To me the book is too fulsome in its praise of what strikes the average reader as a beamy, unsubstantial dream.

(Macmillan Co., $1.75.)

Since the death of Augustus Saint Gaudens, in August, 1907, the tributes to his greatness, originality, and genius have been innumerable — showing the fullest appreciation of his achievements, and heartfelt grief at the loss of such a delightful many-sided friend. Brother sculptors, artists, musicians, literary men, politicians, every one who had the privilege of knowing the man and his work hastened to do him honor and speak of the superiority of his art.

Some emphasize the fact that St. Gaudens was the first "to break away from hidebound academic notions, and effected harmonious combination of facts

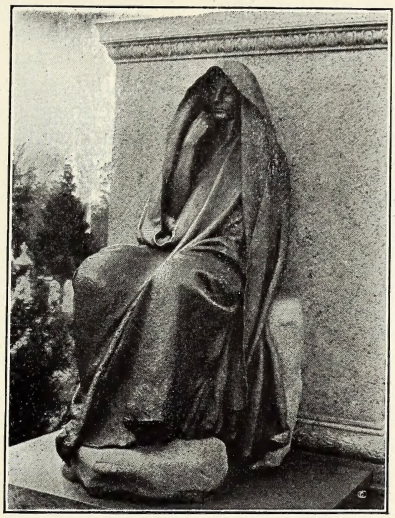
and ideas. Others dwell on his power for expressing in plaster or bronze the actual living, almost breathing personality of the subject, the character, and individuality.

The Farragut, by which he made himself known as a sculptor to the people of the United States, a figure that almost pulsates with life; the real commander, giving a sense of salt air and naval life, and the figures in bas-relief on pedestal and bench "are almost as important a part as the statue itself." We forget it is only a statue and the sailor, who was also a modest hero and always a gentleman.

The Lincoln, in Lincoln Park, Chicago, is considered the greatest portrait statue in this country. Kenyon Cox speaks of that august figure, "grandly dignified, austerely simple, sorrowfully human."

The great equestrian group of the Sherman monument, a perfect erect figure, the General as we knew him, led onward by a winged figure of Victory.

This should be especially admired, "for it successfully solves the most difficult problem of composing two separate masses in a unit."



The Adams Monument, by St. Gaudens

To many the finest and most original of all his work is the Shaw Memorial in Boston. Mayor McClellan says of these four monuments, "They tell us, as can neither written nor spoken words, of the cause for which our fathers fought and lived and died, the epic in bronze of the life struggle of our country for the triumph of principle."

In the Deacon Chapin, of Springfield, we have his ideal embodied of New England Puritanism.

In the Luxembourg in Paris is his wonderful symbolic figure, the bronze Amor-Caritas.

The most impressive work of this class is the Adams monument, where sits "a mysterious, sphinxlike presence, strange and massive, with something of terror, but more of solemn dignity and beauty." "A shrouded, hooded, deeply brooding figure, rigid with contemplation, still with an eternal stillness her soul rapt from her body on some distant quest. Is she Nirvana? Is she the Peace of God? She has been given many names — her maker would give her none. Her meaning is mystery; she is the everlasting enigma."

We must allude to a sonnet by Richard Watson Gilder, to be found in the March Atlantic, in memory of St. Gaudens, who loved music the very best; that which expresses the otherwise unexpressed, and is a voice from heaven. It is entitled "Music beneath the Stars," and recalls the musical Sunday afternoons at the sculptor's New York studio.

Houghton and Mifflin devoted to St. Gaudens's honor a magnificent volume containing twenty-four photogravure illustrations, showing the varied and impressive work: the text prepared by Royal Cortissoz, who has long been a critic and admirer of this immortal sculptor. There is no more valuable collection of illustrations of his genius than in this book. (Price, $7.50.)

Ernest Knaufft, in the Review of Reviews, writes: "Saint Gaudens found American sculpture a weed, he left it a flower. He learned from France thorough methods of technique; from Italy he imbibed the spirit of the Renaissance, yet without imitation and without any display of obtrusive originality, and with rare taste and indomitable industry.

"We pass naturally from this eminent sculptor to the Famous Painters of America, by J. Walker McSpadden, beginning with Benjamin West, who made his

brushes from pussy's tail and used his mother's washing indigo for blue, and red and yellow pigments, given him by Indians, as his other colors. Why he is styled 'The Painter of Destiny' we cannot understand, but the history of his experiences in Europe and at home are full of interest." He profoundly interested the artistic thought of his own day; he made of his studio a center of instruction, to which the younger artists of England and America eagerly came; he criticized wisely and yet so helpfully that he developed the best qualities of all with whom he came in contact; finally he was a man of kindly bearing, yet of so commanding personality and reputation, that his pupils harked back to him with pride for more than half of the ensuing century."

All the chapters of this book are intensely interesting, if it were possible to enlarge on each one, but we can only mention John Singleton Copley, the painter of early gentility; Gilbert Stuart, the painter of presidents; George Inness, the painter of nature's moods; Elihu Vedder, the painter of the mystic, Winslow Homer, the painter of seclusion; John LaFarge, the painter of experiment; Whistler, the painter of protest; Sargent, the painter of portraits; E. A. Abbey, the painter of the past; William Merritt Chase, the painter of precept. These characterizations are most enlightening, and each represents volumes of criticism to one who is familiar with the art of these great men. This is a well-written book, of value to all readers, but especially desirable for beginners in the study of art. (Published by T. Y. Crowell & Company Price, $2.50.)

"Flower o' the Orange and other Tales of Bygone Days," by Agnes and Edgerton Castle, contains seven tales of love, an adventure written in the usual clever style of these authors, so accomplished in the detail of the ancient swashbuckling days. Some of the chapters are genuine adventures of lovemaking, others dwell upon duels and disguises. The book is a capital one for the traveler, a most desirable gift for a steamer's deck, as there is no continuous thread of narrative, while each chapter is sufficiently engrossing to pass away the monotonous hours of the ocean transit. (McMillan Company. Price $1.50.)

TRIOLET

By STACEY E. BAKER

If I were a dealer in dreams, and you
Came bargaining there to see,
I swear that your wishes would all come true —
If I were a dealer in dreams, and you
Came bargaining there with your eyes of blue
To cozen the heart of me!
If I were a dealer in dreams, and you
Came bargaining there to see.

New England's Great Enterprises

THE BOSTON ELEVATED RAILWAY COMPANY

By RAYMOND WARNER

AMONG the most remarkable literary efforts of the year is the thesis written by Mr. A. E. Pinanski, of the Harvard Law School, in competition for the Baldwin prize of One Hundred Dollars offered by the National Municipal League for the best essay on municipal relations. Mr. Pinanski chose for his theme "The Street Railway System of Metropolitan Boston," and his very able treatise was judged worthy the coveted honor he sought.

Transportation problems are varied and intricate, and the author, a Boston gentleman, carefully fortified his conclusions by an exhaustive study of official reports, public documents, monographs, and magazine articles by authoritative writers, newspaper articles, and discussions published during the past thirty-eight years, and interviews with public and corporation officials and with private individuals who have had occasion to make a special study of the local transportation system, and when this data is scanned it presents a tremendous array of recognized authorities.

The nature of the undertaking cannot be even approximately imagined by the man who possesses the ordinary amount of information regarding this subject and Mr. Pinanski's thesis has commanded the admiration of the best experts. It is not often that a young man can cope with so weighty a matter and be found guilty at the outcome of so little that can afford good reason for criticism, for temptations to "play to the gallery" at the expense of taste and good judgment beset him on every side, in this day when it is quite a popular fad to assail large corporations.

Mr. Pinanski interestingly traces the rapid development of the street railway idea as a projection of tramway, calls attention to the fact of the saving of power by permanent rail through the streets — an American invention — and marks the changes wrought in Boston in particular, its suburbs and the park system, in the early days of the horse cars.

As charters were freely granted with the idea that competition would best keep companies within bounds, it was not long before there was a constant clash between systems running over one rail, and this state of affairs led to combinations in the West End Company in 1887, resulting in better service. From the first the new transportation projects proved fine investments, until, at the time just mentioned, ten thousand horses were in use and the number of cars passing through the narrow streets of the heart of the business section, naturally presenting a puzzle for successful operation because of the position of the common and public garden, caused serious congestion, for which a remedy must be found, and the installation of electric power in 1889 was the first step in the right direction.

Accelerated speed broadened the scope of activity, increased patronage, opened new suburbs, and boomed real estate. People rode more and lived at a distance from business, demanding more and better facilities for rapid transit, and to accomplish this desired end, the subway under the common was authorized in 1893–1894, its construction was commenced in 1895, opened in part for traffic in 1897 and as a whole in 1898 at a cost of $4,350,000.

The Massachusetts system of street railway surface lines has been developed under a law having three peculiar features: (*a*) a revocable franchise; (*b*) an effective prohibition of stock watering; (*c*) an effective system of franchise taxes, and the effect of this law is carefully noted. After a time competition failing to regulate satisfactorily, single ownership was found to be the solution of the difficulty, the necessity for a second subway under Washington Street was apparent, and the work has rapidly progressed until the

date of formal opening is not far distant.

In 1897 the promoters of the Boston Elevated Railway Company bought a charter from original owners and secured amendments from the legislature rendering the construction of an elevated line financially possible by allowing the elevated line to lease the West End system and use the subway and also secure the surplus earnings of the surface lines, the company to pay a tax of seven eighths of one per cent on its gross income, provided that the dividend on its shares does not exceed six per cent. In case dividends should exceed that figure, then there must be an additional amount paid in taxes equal to the excess. The Railroad Commissioners have full control over all matters touching transfers, etc.

The author gives much space to the development of the plans and agreements between the Elevated Railway Company and the city authorities and state legislature relating to the rental of the subways and East Boston tunnel and by inference from his statements the company appears in a most favorable light in its ready compliance with regulations imposed in regard to this and other things even when it would appear that some points might have been contended against successfully had the management pursued a course in securing legal support of apparent rights. But instead of attempting this, the company acquiesced, met both letter and spirit with the utmost frankness, and when it differed with the legislature in any way, first complied with conditions demanded and then came before that body with clean hands and asked a consideration of reasons why a different course should be pursued, notably in the matter of relaying surface tracks on Tremont Street to aid in handling the immense shopping traffic. When this was refused, the company set itself to the task of rendering the best service possible with the handicap of bad conditions, and has succeeded most remarkably.

After painstaking investigation into the affairs of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company and its connection with the city and the commonwealth, Mr. Pinanski sums up in the following language:

"In spite of remarks to the contrary (for there will always be those persons who are too ready to attack public service corporations), it must be admitted that the Boston Elevated Railway Company to-day puts its great resources and facilities at the service of the public in the most efficient way, and in absolute good faith. The position which it now holds in the community may be attributed in a large degree to the high standard of its officials, who have endeavored to meet all questions in a public-spirited way. The company has continued its liberal policy towards its employees in respect to their wages, as well as in other matters. It is only because of this fact that we are able to say that the street railway employees of the Boston company compare favorably with those of any other large city in the world, in matters of politeness and efficiency, and some enthusiasts say that the standard of the employees is unsurpassed in any other city. In continuing the policy of introducing semi-convertible cars to parts of the urban and suburban system which will properly admit of their use, the Boston Elevated Railway Company is continuing the traditions of the Hub's leadership in street railroading. These cars, involving the latest improvements in construction, are characterized by an easy access arrangement, the opening and closing of the doors by compressed air power under control of the motorman, folding cabs in which the motorman operates the car free from the jostling and comments of the passengers, and the most improved and modern system of ventilation. Thus it seems that the city of Boston at the present time has very little cause for complaint. The last report of the Boston Elevated Railway Company shows that eleven per cent of its net earnings are returned to the city in taxes and other assessments. That is a better dividend to the municipality than is given by any of the municipally operated roads in Europe, including Glasgow. The road gives good service, has no water in its stock, pays dividends to its stockholders, and pays the city (which has none of the expense or trouble of management) for the privilege of doing business, a million and a half dollars a year."

By GEORGE HUDSON

THE logical "bull" on the country and its prosperity is the investor. He must always be in part, at least, a bull on the situation. However severe the test which has tried his patience and his courage he always expects his good investments to maintain their present value or rise to the level of greater prosperity.

The average investor buys securities with the idea in mind that he will always keep them.

It is not an investment for a month or a year, but one which shall remain unchanged until the stated time for its existence expires. This is not by any means the course followed in the majority of investments, but it is and should be the expectation when the investment is made.

Taken in a natural sequence the savings bank is the first in the list of investments because it enables a small sum of money to bring a good return. It is so controlled by law that its own investments must be conservative, rendering the protection to its depositors very great. Following in this sequence are stocks of corporations which require initial investments larger than the savings banks, but smaller than a third class, which includes bonds and mortgages.

These three classes cover a large part of the field of investment, and form the three steps commonly taken by an investor as his resources increase and his scope of action broadens.

It is the intention to furnish in this column those facts which shall bring out most clearly the safer channels of investment, and to keep as far as possible from the rocks and shoals of worthless offerings and purely speculative ventures where an opportunity of apparent great gain is minimized by many chances of loss. Such ventures do not come into the field of investment, and while they most frequently feed and fatten on the small investor, should, in reality, always be avoided by him.

There is always a commendable spirit of patriotism manifested by the patron of home industries, and this has been very prevalent in New England. The reserve capital has, however, outstripped the field of investment, and foreign investments have of necessity been sought. New England to-day shows a remarkable list of investment stocks of mills, banks, steam and electric roads, and light and power companies whose stability is unquestioned. A large amount of these has been absorbed by investors, transfers are few, and quotations of values difficult to ascertain. These stocks return on the purchase price from three to four per cent without great opportunity for enhancing value. The treasurers of such corporations have a list of names of people who stand ready to purchase any stock com-

ing out, through the settlement of an estate or other offering. This condition is normal, as capital seeks the best investments, thus increasing the price and lowering the percentage of return. Those early investors who acquired their holdings at a smaller figure receive a satisfactory return or may sell to one to whom the security offered is a greater attraction than the percentage of return.

But with increasing prosperity there is new capital seeking investment, either new capital acquired through trade or that released by a sale of former holdings.

The wise selection of investments is the cornerstone of independence, even in the broadest sense where our investment is our energy or our capabilities. The purchase of the securities of new industries frequently offers the greatest opportunity for gain because the attendant uncertainty of what is new makes such an investment less sought. The individual with $100 of new capital to invest is a factor in the world, because a thousand such working in unison may found a bank or build a mill. The loss of capital to this class, through unwise or unscrupulous promoters, is equally disastrous to themselves and to the world. Such losses are usually sustained by following sensational advertising, offering returns which should never be expected from any legitimate enterprise. Our best bond and brokerage houses offer first high-grade securities which return from three and one half to five and one half per cent annually on the purchase price, second semi-speculative stocks whose values can be enhanced and dividends increased by the development of the industry. The investor, whose opportunity of acquiring new capital is limited should make only those investments which afford great security to capital.

One whose trade furnishes annually additional capital for investment may in part invest in those securities which offer greater chance of gain. Drawing a line between these two classes is not so necessary, and the great tendency is to combine the favorable points of each. But beyond these is the sea of speculation and hazard where shipwreck is common, although there is always the chance of bringing in the treasure ship.

This latter side of finance is always enticing, and few people pass through life without "having a try" at the quick gains offered there. Occasionally some one wins, takes his money and leaves such things alone afterward, and that one is an incentive to a hundred more who try and fail.

It is far easier to win a dollar betting on the weight of a load of hay than to earn a dollar loading the wagon, but some one always has to load the wagon afterward to pay the bet.

The motive behind all financial writings should be to advise in a manner that will assist in safeguarding the reserves of the people.

Finance is not taught in our schools, and thousands of people dependent upon the income of a very limited principle are ignorant of the relative value of different kinds of securities.

A bond could once be regarded as a preferred investment, as a mortgage. Bonds were bought because they were a first claim upon the assets of a corporation. To-day there are many bonds which differ from stock only in name. Yet the bonds are held by people who believe they own first mortgage bonds. There are scores of people who could with great advantage look over their list of securities and ask some reputable banker or broker the value and stability of their investments.

It is remarkable the number of people who know little or nothing about the properties in which their money is invested. These people can without expense to themselves consult some banker of high standing and learn whether or not they own securities which are regarded as secure.

It is intended in this column to discuss the merits of investments, both the gilt-edge bonds and stocks and those reputable stocks which have good speculative values.

We will also devote whatever space is necessary to answering inquiries from readers regarding any financial matters of interest.

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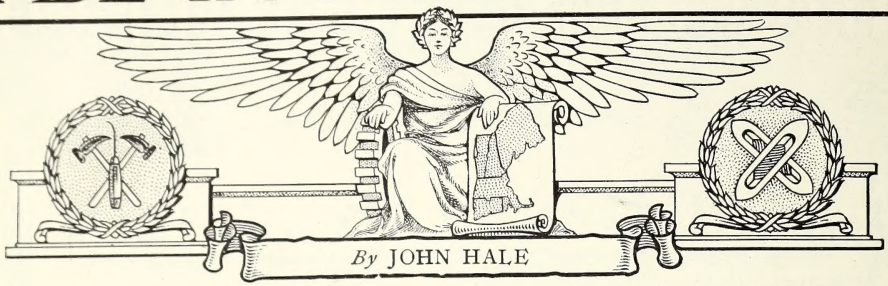

By JOHN HALE

IT is our sincere desire to convince our readers that "Made in New England" means something,—that it is a good deal more than a plausible catchword.

The New England States are foremost in all manner of legislation that aims to protect both the laborer and the consumer. Much of this is of a kind that exacts heavy expenditures on the part of manufacturers and dealers, and the men who obey these laws would seem to be entitled to the support and encouragement of those who make them and benefit by them.

New England, for example, is years ahead of the rest of the country in the regulation of child-labor. But there is a great deal of minor work for which, in consequence, the New England factories must pay more than their competitors from other districts.

The strong laws that obtain throughout New England in regard to the sanitary condition of factories and mills afford an argument that appeals more obviously to the selfish interests of the consumer.

Goods that are the product of clean, wholesome shops are certainly to be preferred to those coming from districts where the requirements are less exacting and the inspection less rigorous. In this germ-wise generation we should all appreciate the value and the protection to our homes and children of the conditions that are required of all New England shops and mills.

Over-capitalization, dishonest promoting schemes, "high finance," and the evils that follow in the train of these too-prevalent conditions, are held to a strict account among us. Can any intelligent person doubt that *the consumer pays the bills* for all these latter-day luxuries?

All this is worth a great deal. There is only one way to do business. Pay an honest price for honest goods made by an honest factory and sold by a reputable dealer,—and make and sell your own goods in exactly the same way. That is what "Made in New England" means!

Almost every New England purchaser is also a seller, and the application of the Golden Rule will not injure his own business. The habit of buying in the home market which he helps to establish by his patronage of the home concerns will soon begin to show in the increased footings of his own order-books.

When two men who live in the same city and do business on the same street, one of them a clothing manufacturer and the other a hatmaker, walk down town together to buy a hat and coat, and the coatmaker buys a foreign-made hat and the hatmaker a foreign-made coat, and then they sit down together for a little snack and begin to discuss "hard times" and the business situation in New England, it would seem as though it ought not to require a very deep economist to set them right.

I do not, myself, at all deprecate the sentimental side of this question. I am very proud of our New England industries.

There are few more pleasant sights anywhere than the mills and factories of our own section. Dotted along the banks of our streams with their little hamlets about them, each with its school and its church, and not infrequently other

(Continued on page viii)

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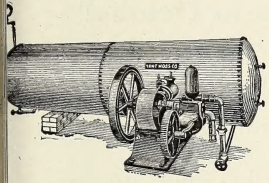

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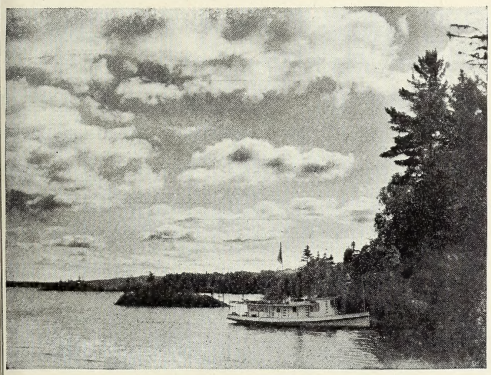

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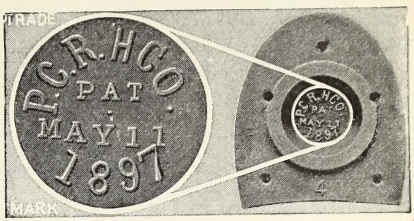

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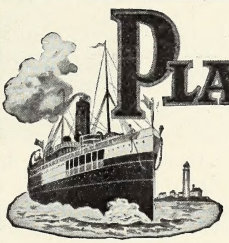

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institutions of a public and beneficent nature, they seem to be the very embodiments of thrift and wholesome ideals.

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A prominent visitor to New England recently said, "I have read a good deal here and there about the decadence of New England, but nowhere have I seen so much that interested and delighted me, particularly in the thrift, prosperity, and good order of the manufacturing community."

(Continued in August)

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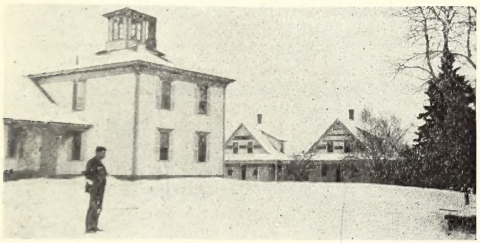

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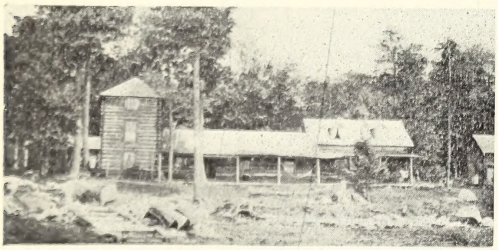

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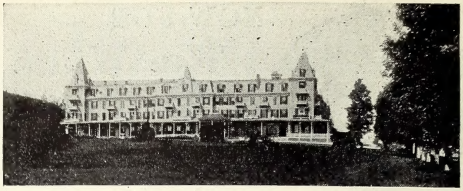

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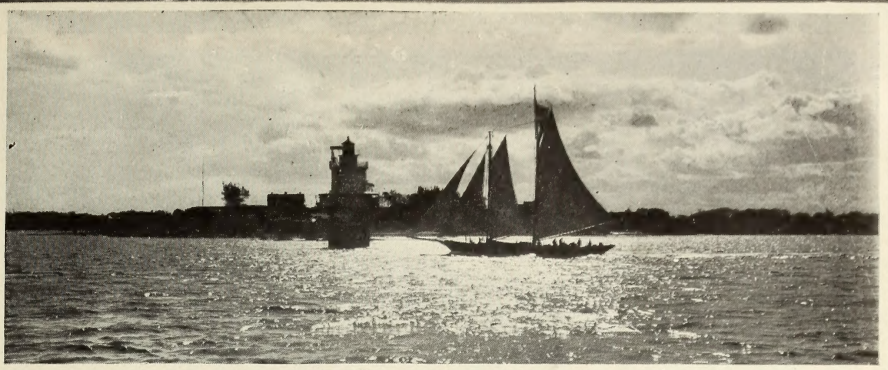
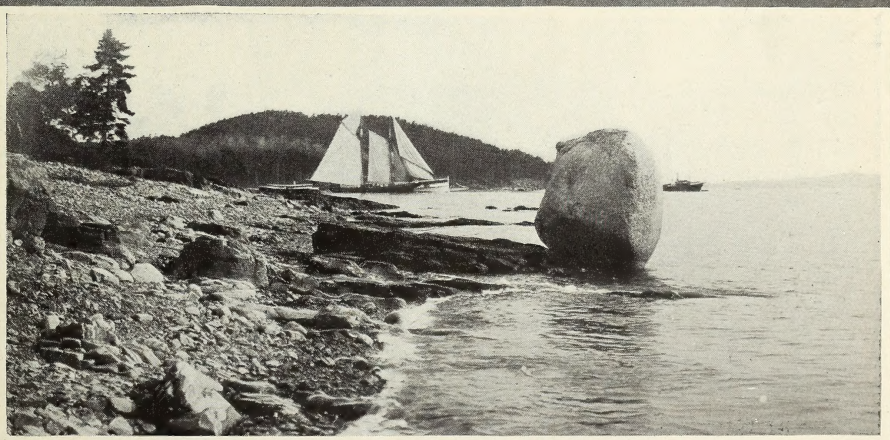


Beautiful New England



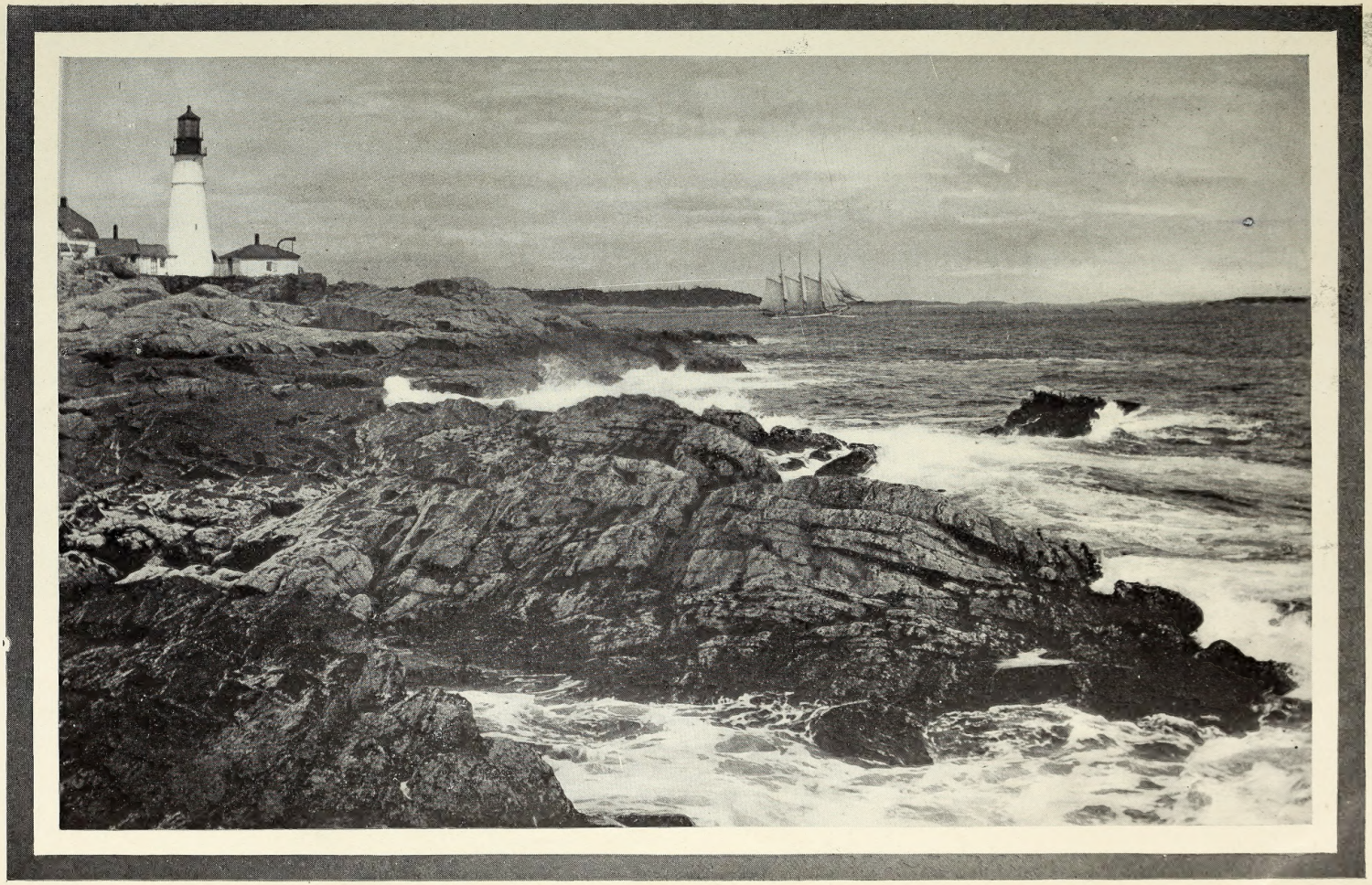
View from Cape Cottage, South Portland

UNRESTING BILLOWS AT LONG ISLAND

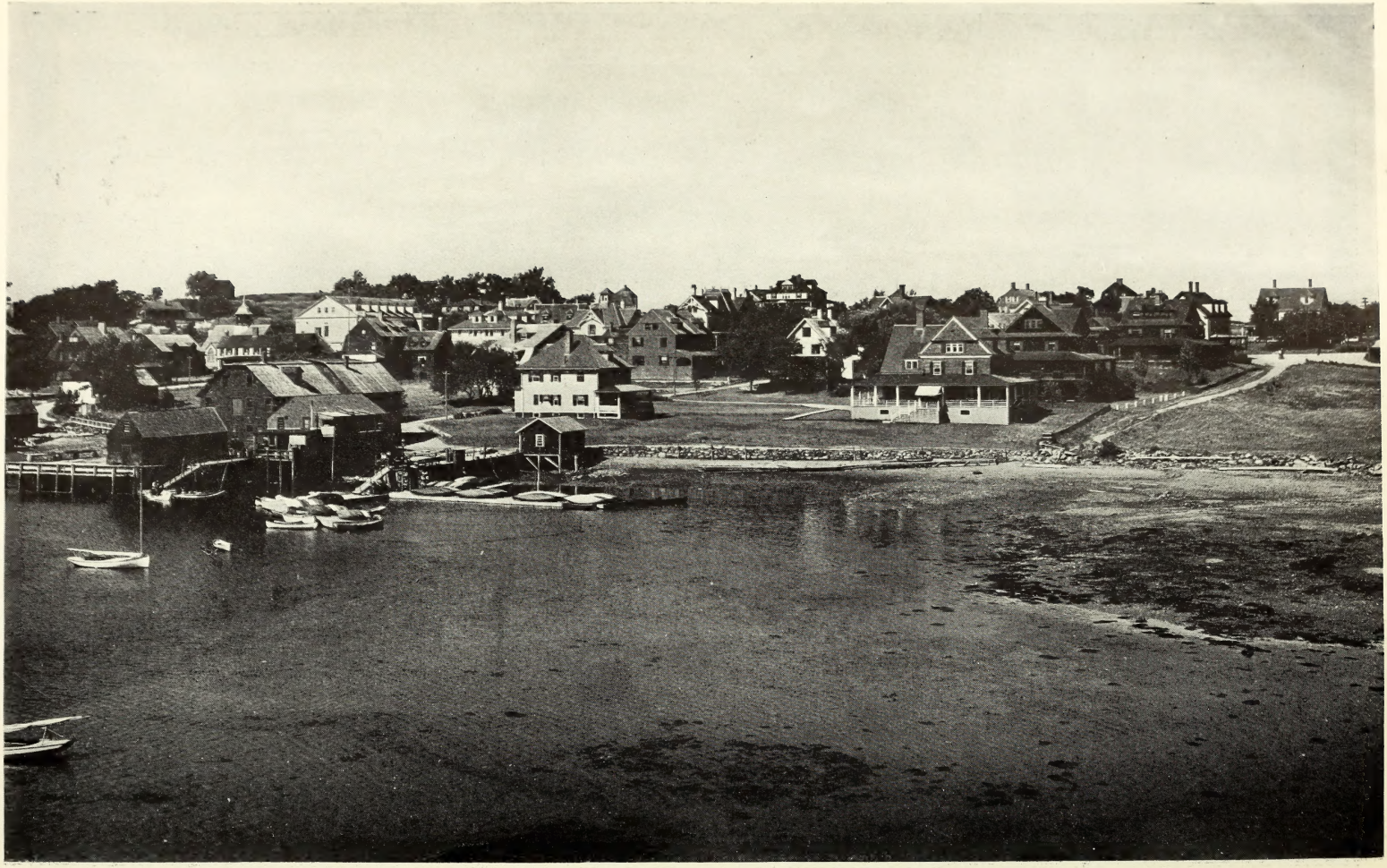
Surf from Cape Elizabeth, showing Cushing's Island

Wave-carved rocks in Casco Bay

Along a spray-drenched shore



WHERE WHITE-WINGED FLEETS ENTER PORTLAND HARBOR



York River and village

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVIII AUGUST, 1908 NUMBER 6

DOWN IN MAINE

By CHARLES EVERETT BEANE

V. WHITEWINGING ALONG THE JAGGED COAST

SHE certainly looks saucy, and her men are cockier than she since that little mishap of ours in yesterday's rub off Portsmouth harbor. Just take a hitch at your trousers, my hearties, and we'll take a fall out of them before this series is raced out. Hard luck to have to quit as we had the broom ready to hoist to masthead. And Ralph's *language* — well, forget it."

"Guess the rest of us were thinking things too lurid for any other day than July Fourth, Jack. There was the Emma C. well under our lee, blanketed perfectly, the Ida J. hopelessly astern, and the first day's race like money from home, the finish only a hundred yards away, when BANG! goes the throat halyard block! And we have to content ourselves with a bare second place close after that bunch of Emmaites, while the Ida's crew jumped her bowsprit over our quarter right on the line. It probably looked great from the shore, and those galoots called it a Garrison finish for the last boat, never giving us credit for anything, thinking we were outsailed, when any one could see with half an eye what the trouble was. It makes me sore to hear the horse laugh the Emma's gang lets out occasionally."

"Never mind, Clyde, be a good sport and grin as broadly as you can. Those tubs can never take the measure of the I. F. R. on even footing. I saw enough of their paces yesterday to let me into Easy Street. We had it on 'em every leg of sailing except running off the wind, and anything can slide. On a close reach I reckon they sat on tacks in anticipation of what was coming to them later in the three-legged matches, eh, Jack?"

"Not a question about it, Ralph. And I don't want to give Jim the hook, but his failure to haul out the luff of that spinnaker until he had the sail overboard and under the forefoot cost us a couple of minutes of valuable time. As it happened I don't lay that up against him, for the halyard block cost us the race, but it's a mighty good lesson to put us all on edge in every scrap to come.

"Thanks, old man. I was waiting for a calldown to-day. You're a mighty savage sailing master in a race, but it won't be *Jim* who makes the breaks after this. I nearly ate my heart out for fear that blunder would lose for us until we had the lead, and I don't know who felt the worst when that throat block came down. REVENGE at York Beach!"

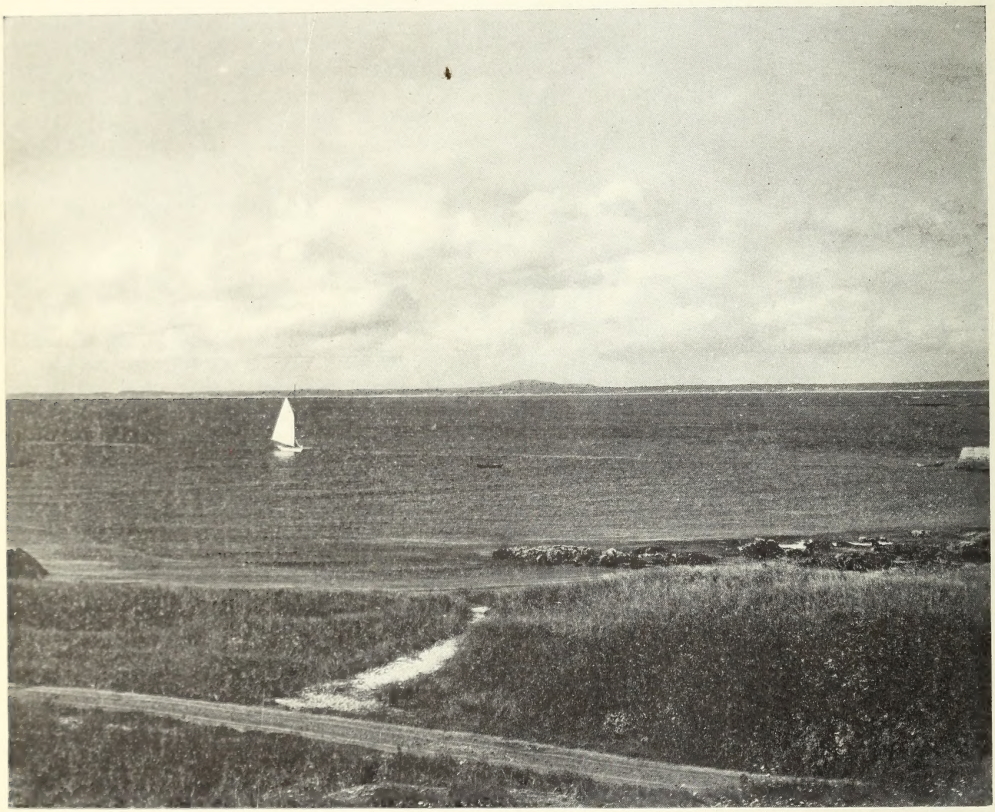
"*That's* the spirit! We did the trick with them at setting light sails, and the morning papers all say so. I never felt more like starting the motor for a minute or two to help out than I did when that thing busted, but it's a poor yachtsman who can't take bitter medicine with the sweet. I've a good crew, that's sure. Let's give those grinning monkeys on the Emma a song." And over the glassy surface of the harbor four blended voices bear to the ears of their competitors the ominous chorus, "You'll get all that's acoming to you,— and a little bit more."

The harbor of Portsmouth had never witnessed a heartier greeting than that accorded our old friends from New York, when they stepped off the express and found Jack and his friend Ralph, an athlete who had made an enviable record for himself as tackle for Medford High School, standing with outstretched hands at the car door. After Clyde had looked the new member of the party all over and nodded his approval to Jack, traps were

loaded aboard a waiting carriage and a short drive brought them to the landing float, off which at a convenient anchorage a graceful forty-footer, as trim and shipshape as any they had ever seen, rode easily at the end of a long cable.

This was two days ago; since that time life has been most strenuous. A half day's cruise off shore to perfect crew work and get familiar with the rigging of an auxiliary sloop, built on lines good enough for any racer, but with ample accommodations for six people and plenty of head room in her cabin, has completely won their admiration for the stanch I. F. R. and their enthusiasm and confidence is unbounded in her ability to take the measure of any challenger in her class. This is demonstrated to their perfect satisfaction until accident, as told in the opening conversation of this story, turns victory into defeat.

Observe these lazy chaps, reclining on the sun-kissed deck of the craft that is to be their home for a six weeks' cruise after this series of three races is over. For months they have been living in anticipation of a grand outing along the jagged coast of Maine. Now, a picture of contentment in their white yachting togs, indulging in a "yarning session" or "Ananias Club celebration," as Ralph terms it, the party is enjoying the run from Portsmouth to York Beach, which the three yachts are making under easy sail and keeping well in company, while attending to odd jobs of "tuning up" for the next day's battle. A yacht, to do her best sailing, must be as fit as a fiddle and keen for every little advantage to be gained by the careful adjustment of stays and running rigging that has so much to do with expert handling.



ANCHORAGE AT SETTING SUN, OFF KENNEBUNKPORT

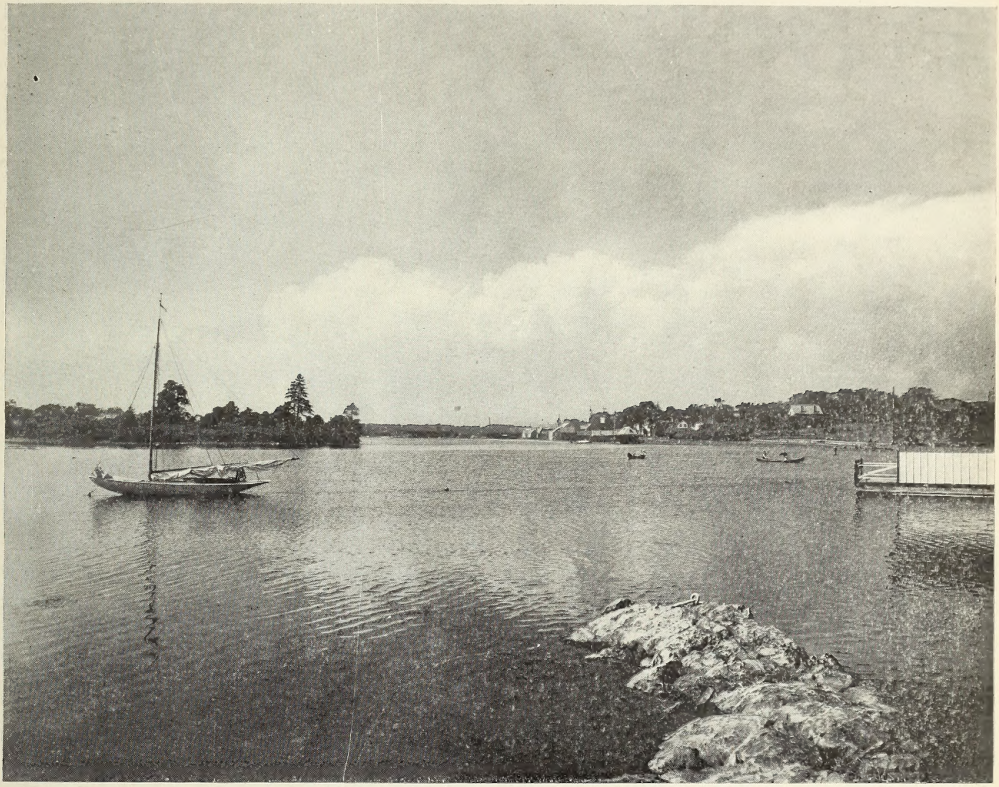
No attempt is made at racing between

ports, unless a desire to try out a new sail or a rearrangement of ballast furnishes good reason for a show of hand to the competing boats. Even this is done in a very quiet way, reaching ahead a trifle just to bring out the other fellow's speed, and if an advantage seems to be gained, easing off just enough to maintain a good position, the while chuckling quietly over what the new wrinkle will mean on the morrow.

"They'll get after light duck mighty quick when we show that rag to-morrow, fellows. Down she comes: I've seen all I care to just now. *Will* they catch us napping off the wind next time — what?"

"Not if that preventer backstay is heavy enough to hold this new baby, the big ballooner and the spinnaker when she wallows in a long roll. What do you know about that, Jack?"

"Ralph, my dear boy, do you suppose



THE CANOEIST'S PARADISE ON THE KENNEBUNK

On this particular day, with the wind fairly astern, Jack orders up a new club topsail, and under pretense of stretching it into place, calls his crew aft and watches the result for a moment. The I. F. R. immediately feels the pressure of the big spread of canvas and foots along amazingly, rapidly opening out a lead over the Emma C., whose crew shows signs of uneasiness, one man going below in a hurry.

for an instant I came on this cruise depending upon *shoestrings* for rigging? The I. F. R. is fitted out to carry sail till the top blows off the drink. When *she* has to douse anything,— well the rest better poke their noses into harbor, double quick, get down their mudhooks, and make all snug to ride out a blizzard. You'll see."

"Looks kind of nasty in the southard. There's something in those cloud banks."

OLD ORCHARD'S CRESCENT OF SHIMMERING SAND

"Right you are, Clyde, old salt. We'll just about make the headlands off York before it hits us butt end foremost. Better stow that jibtopsail — yes, and the gafftopsail too. We'll take a chance with jib and mainsail going in. There, the Emma and Ida have taken the cue, slacking away on their peaks and putting in a single reef. *We* won't do that. No trouble carrying what we have up."

With a celerity most gratifying to their skipper, all is made snug just as the first white caps are kicked up astern, and with a rush the wind veers a few points, slamming the yacht down on her beam ends, when over goes the wheel and she comes up smiling, paying off easily a moment later to bury her nose in a mass of foam and race down the line with the hiss of the gale that makes each rope sing a different tune.

"Look at the Ida—gee, she's getting a fine wetting, rolling her lee scuppers clear under and showing all her port side down to her keel! Wonder what she'd do with that reef out of her mainsail? The Emma is making better weather of it — she's a good one and no mistake. *That* boat must be our mutton, no fear of the other."

"Don't be so sure, Jim. The Ida can do a remarkable sneak in light airs, and if you will remember, she wasn't so far astern yesterday but she could poke over the line almost abeam, when we struck bad luck. These boats are both fast enough to give us all the worry necessary and make us hump lively all the time. I never saw three more evenly matched."

"Looks mighty bad here for holding ground," remarks Ralph. "Is that all the chance there is, right off that sand beach? Everything is breaking feather white for a couple of hundred yards from shore, and with this wind coming from the eastward, it never would be safe for all hands to turn in. I've heard say this is the only harbor to speak of between

Boston and Portland, and if so I should hardly *speak* of this."

"You don't see the real anchorage yet, my lad. Just around that point and there is fine shelter, not so good as it will be when the government gets on the job and builds a breakwater to prevent the channel from filling up, but O. K. for craft of our size. Stand by to haul in those sheets when I give the word! There's the Emma right to leeward — come, in with them good and hard — *steady* — now, Clyde, clear away forward and let go the jib halyard when I tell you! Hard a lee! Duck that boom, Jim, or you'll get a headache! Away with your anchor! Bully, she'll ride all right here."

Presently the other boats are in line with the I. F. R. and three crews hustle at lowering and furling sails. The Ida's men finish first, and with a yell to call attention to the fact that all is snug they dive below, and rattling dishes tell the story of supper preparations, in which the other crews soon join.

"Heaven reward the man who invented these paper plates," is Jim's petition, as, supper over, they are dumped overboard. "The only thing I have no use for in this game is washing dishes after meals."

"I say, old pal, I'll swap jobs in the morning when it's my turn to pair off with Ralph and wash down decks."

"Nix, Clyde. No swapping work on this ship. You foremast hands are under orders to do your *trick* as it comes your *turn*, and I play no favorites. If any of you mutiny I'll clap you in irons."

"Aye, aye, sir!" answers the blond, with mock humility. "I've never a kick coming unless you let Jim shirk. Going ashore to-night?"

"After a smoke, for sure. It won't do to stroll along the streets with these big dhudeens alight, and we have no cigars. I'll match you to see who buys some. Sudden death! One — Clyde's out. Two — your're safe, Ralph, and it's between Jim and me. Three — oh, all right — it's on me. Come on, you husky tars."

It is the gala season at York Beach, and as our friends appear on the main street, throngs of merry people are promenading, filling the amusement places or pressing along in the direction of the hop at one of the hotels. In the bowling alleys a team match is on, and while watching the sport and catching the enthusiasm of the contestants, Jack is whirled about by a strong hand on his shoulder to gaze into the face of a University of Maine soph.

"By the great Sphinx, I'm delighted to see you, Fritz! Been wishing all day that some one I knew well might turn up here. We have a race on to-morrow, and I guess it's going to be a wet one by the looks. Are you game to lend a hand with these mutts you met at Moosehead and join the crew of the I. F. R.?"

"Rather do it than eat a good dinner. Your yachts are the talk of the town. Watch those girls stare at your white suits! Friends of mine, and dying for an introduction. Sam is here — got room for him?"

"Yes, if you come aboard to-night. No, it won't be too crowded, either. Plenty of room for six. It's going to blow as well as rain in the morning, and you fellows will make fine ballast. I wonder if Sam remembers the day we got the big togue in Sandy Bay?"

"*Do* I? Well, ask me. What's that— help sail the race in the morning? Do you mean it, Jack? Say, we'll be the envy of all the college colony, Fritz. Let's spite 'em and keep all the fun of entertaining Jack and his crew to ourselves. Well, I'll be swoggled! What a nerve!"

To the amazement of the brothers, Jack and Clyde abruptly leave them to shake hands with a bevy of young ladies who have just arrived in the alleys, link arms with two of them, and off they go to the hotel hop, where the rest follow, and arrive just in season to see them swing into a bewitching waltz. In the society at York Jack is no stranger, of which fact abundant proof is given by the number of ladies who are already wearing the colors of his boat, and a score of men who grasp his hand and wish him all the luck in the world in the coming race.

"We don't need any luck other than to have our gear hold. With that, a fair field and no favors," he replies smiling. "You ladies can bet all the chocolates on us you please, and if we *should* lose

(which we don't fear) I will pay the bills myself."

"But those boys on the other boats are just lovely," sighs a pert young miss, who is promptly taken out of the ballroom by Ralph, and made to eat ice cream as punishment for heresy.

Rain is falling fast when the boys go out aboard and the I. F. R. is doing a lot of pitching when they turn in. But all discomfort vanishes in the warmth of the cozy cabin, dimly lighted by the binnacle lamp, and with riding lantern burning brightly, their floating home is soon silent, save for the sound of deep breathing from sound sleepers and a monotonous slapping of wind-blown ropes against the mast.

There is a howl of protest in the morning when Sam and Fritz are dragged out of their bunks and thrown overboard, according to the time-honored custom of breaking in new members of a racing crew, but one after another the rest follow for a good swim, despite the rain, until Jack calls, "Come on aboard, fellows, or you'll get wet." Then with breakfast out of the way, they devote themselves to a final overhauling of gear and discussion of duties in this day's trial of speed with their rivals.

The three sailing masters confer with the regatta committee and are furnished charts of the triangular course to be sailed. The first leg of five miles is square off the wind. The second of equal length is a close reach after rounding the mark; and the third — running with wind abeam, back to the starting-line, making the entire distance to be sailed a trifle over sixteen miles. Starting time is set at ten o'clock, with a warning gun three minutes before the signal to cross the line.

"That means all light sails in stops, with baby jibtopsail working on the first leg *with* the spinnaker, and second without. On the third the ballooner must turn the trick for us. Too much breeze for the club, so the gafftopsail is first choice. When we set the big headsail there will be some warm work out there. Fritz will pass it out of the cabin, Clyde is to snap it on the stay and Jim to bend on the halyard, pass aft the sheet and hoist away, while Sam sheets home. Ralph will set up the preventers."

"No use going to windward on the start, is there, Cap? No particular advantage in having them under our lee?"

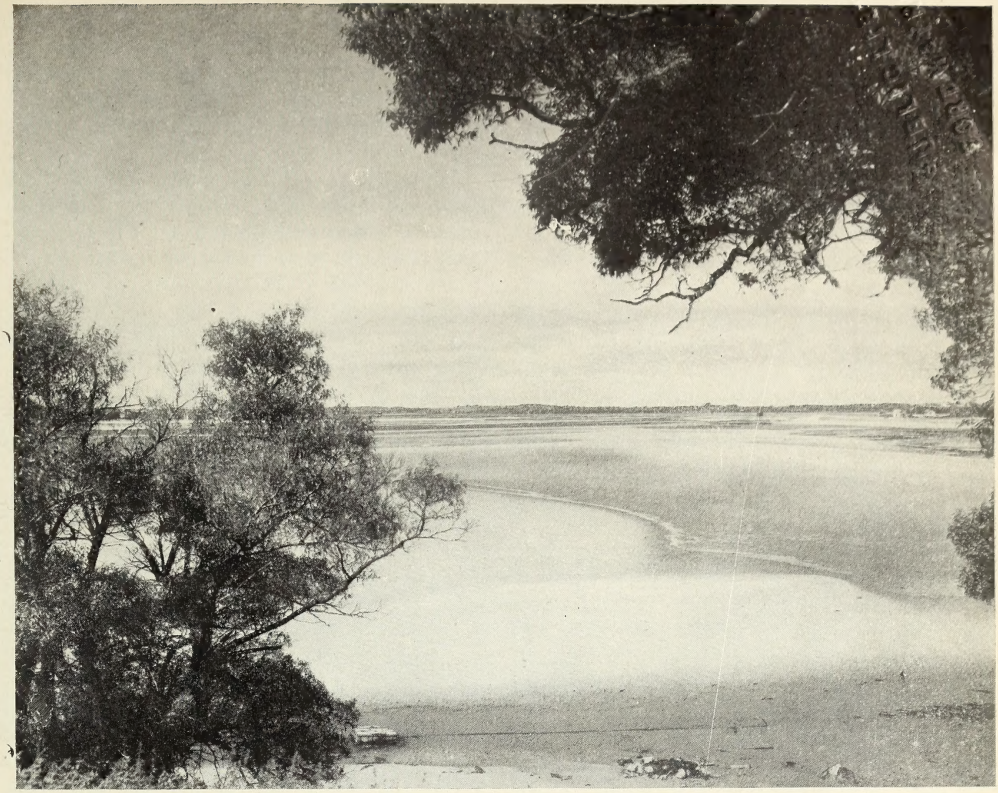
"Hardly. I want to test those chaps out on the run down the wind, for if we can hold them on their best leg of sailing, there's little to worry about on the others, as we found in Portsmouth; but I want that spinnaker put to the air on the instant I call for it this time."

The tick of the clock at nine-thirty finds three yachts under jib and mainsail cruising about the harbor, stretching canvas and tuning up for the gun that shall start them away on the trial of speed. Spectators from all about the country side, assembled in large numbers, throng every point of vantage to watch the race.

That the other crews have ardent champions among the fair sex is manifest, for the blue and gold of the Ida's private signal finds many wearers who flaunt the colors in the faces of little groups showing streamers of green and white, the Emma C.'s pennant, and proudly recite how that yacht won the race at Portsmouth, is due to repeat to-day.

Conspicuous and radiant is the party of friends who greeted the I. F. R.'s crew on the evening before, and the plain garnet under which they sail is present in profusion. Gay hatbands, sashes, flags, and fluttering ribbons tell the story of devotion to warm friendships, and following Jack's suggestion, many a little quiet wager is laid that this color will cross the finish line well in the lead. Wordy battles on all sides precede the starting of the contest for supremacy, and all eyes eagerly watch the graceful craft in the harbor as they glide about, making short tacks when they appear to be feeling out each other's speed, only to come about suddenly and bear away on another point of sailing, wheel, wing shoreward, and then with wind abeam rush off along the coast.

There goes the warning gun, and Jack, with watch in hand, sets his time to the second. His example is followed by the other sailing masters, and the yachts begin to split tacks behind a line drawn



A CHARMING VISTA OF PINE POINT BEACH

in imagination between two gaily bedecked boats where the judges and starter have taken their places. The Ida and Emma are fighting it out in a battle of wits to get the windward berth for no apparent reason other than a preliminary test of ability to go into the wind and yet remain near the starting-line, for they are compelled to split tacks again and again, running side by side, until so near they engage in a luffing match to get back into safe position.

In this mad competition Jack takes no part, but to the great surprise of yachtsmen on the shore jogs along well back of the line, leaving plenty of water between his position and the judges' craft.

Two minutes pass and thirty seconds more before he starts things moving on the I. F. R. Coming down on the starboard tack he wheels about, well in toward the beach, and goes off on the port.

"Now, Clyde, drop that spinnaker boom to starboard. Fritz, pass forward the sail and as soon as you have the boom down, Clyde, get out on her starboard bow with the spinnaker sheet, hold the spar from swinging forward, and at the word haul away as Jim comes down on the halyards. The minute her nose points squarely at the line, Clyde, come aft in a hurry, bringing the sheet home."

The other boats are now under full headway for the start, and going down the wind like scared eagles, while the I. F. R. is cutting along at a right angle sixty feet back. Jack's eye is on the starter, and as he sees him reach for the lanyard of the signal gun he throws his wheel over quickly, lets his main sheet off on the run, Sam breaks the jibtopsail out of stops, and as smoke belches from the judges' boat, the Ida and Emma sweep across the starting-line almost bow and bow, with the I. F. R. a good length astern, and coming on like a whirlwind.

"Now, Jim, up goes the spinnaker! Come on, Clyde, haul out the foot and pass that sheet to Sam! Make that preventer fast, Ralph! Now sheet home and all hands aft!"

As the result of all this the I. F. R. is right on the sterns of the other craft, and carrying the wind along with her spreads canvas as easily as a bird unfolding its wings. Too late the leaders realize their position, for closely watching every advantage possible Jack sends his boat into the wind of first one, then the other, as they forge ahead, robbing them of their speed, and holding them well in hand. Well he knows the run off the wind holds the real danger, for this has proved the best point of sailing with both his rivals, who spread more square feet of canvas than he. A substantial gain on the first leg means a hard fight and uphill struggle until that lead is overcome.

To his delight Jack is able to hold them all the way to the turning-buoy, although they attempt to luff out of a bad position again and again. Jeers and jibes from the leading crews fail in their object to urge an attempt to pass, and as the marker for the first leg is picked up rapidly, the Emma's spinnaker comes in with a rush, her boom goes up, and with position just to the right of the Ida, establishing a right of way, she forces her rival to pay off and give her room to round the buoy.

The Ida follows suit and douses her big canvas, her skipper watching his opportunity to luff sharply across the Emma's stern. In comes the I. F. R.'s spinnaker, and her boom just clears the top of the mark as, with every stitch of mainsail, gafftopsail, jib, and jibtopsail swelling to the brisk breeze, she swings about on the Ida's quarter and hauls sharp on the wind.

The Emma's lead is too great for the Ida to accomplish her purpose, and her skipper throws her squarely into the wake of the leading boat without establishing an overlap, while the I. F. R. with plenty of room to swing as she rounds the buoy, is a little astern, but in the best position as her sheets come home and she steadies away on the port tack.

On the shore astern crowds have been commenting on the tactics thus far pursued and an old yachtsman who had chosen the Emma as the probable winner, remarks to his friend, "That skipper on the last boat knows his business and I'm mighty fearful he intends to beat that boat of mine."

Something of the same notion has dawned upon his competitors, for they make common cause against the I. F. R. and turn the race into a luffing match for a few minutes in the attempt to force the commanding position occupied by Jack and his crew. But sending down his jibtopsail, and giving them luff for luff, Jack so quickly demonstrates the ability of his boat in that game that they cut it out and settle down to a long battle up the wind.

In the course of the luffing, Jack has opened out to windward, finds himself on even terms, and immediately sends up his jibtopsail again, laying his course straight for the red buoy that marks the turn of the second leg.

It is a pretty race with all three boats laying down to the stiff wind, showing glistening red and green bottoms, while along their weather rails the crews are hugging the deck and ducking as breakers come swashing the length of the craft after smashing into foam on the starboard bow.

The I. F. R. is leading and well to windward, which, curiously enough, the other boats do not seem to mind in the least. They go steadily to leeward and Jack can see their skippers are not crowding them on the wind at all, which fact arouses his suspicions.

"Sure you got the right mark with your glasses, Clyde? Those fellows are acting mighty queer, giving us all this advantage. Here — hold her steady a minute while I take a look. Great Cæsar! You gave me the wrong buoy, you lobster! They have gained two hundred yards in bearing away while I've been thinking I had them beaten right at the start! Slack off on those sheets — quick there! Now for a scrap to the finish with the odds against us."

Ashore the old yachtsman turns to his friend and says, "Something's gone crooked out there. If they struck the wrong course I'll stick to my first choice."

ISLAND GEMS SEAWARD FROM BOOTHBAY

His friend replies simply, "Wait."

The wind has steadily increased during the last hour, and as they near the second turn Jack sends down the baby jibtopsail and replaces it with No. 2 size. It is plain there will be no run with ballooner, for the yachts are laboring under their canvas now, the Ida is the greatest sufferer, and even with eased sheets has to luff when heavy squalls strike her. The Emma is doing better, but her spoon bow smashes into the seas and she is wet half way to her masthead. A steady, driving downpour of rain makes racing about as uncomfortable as it can be when they rush about into the home stretch, the Emma four lengths to the fore, the Ida to windward and a length to the good. All three are now running free with the wind coming strong, almost a gale, their starboard rails away under water and everything aboard vibrating like the strings of a harp.

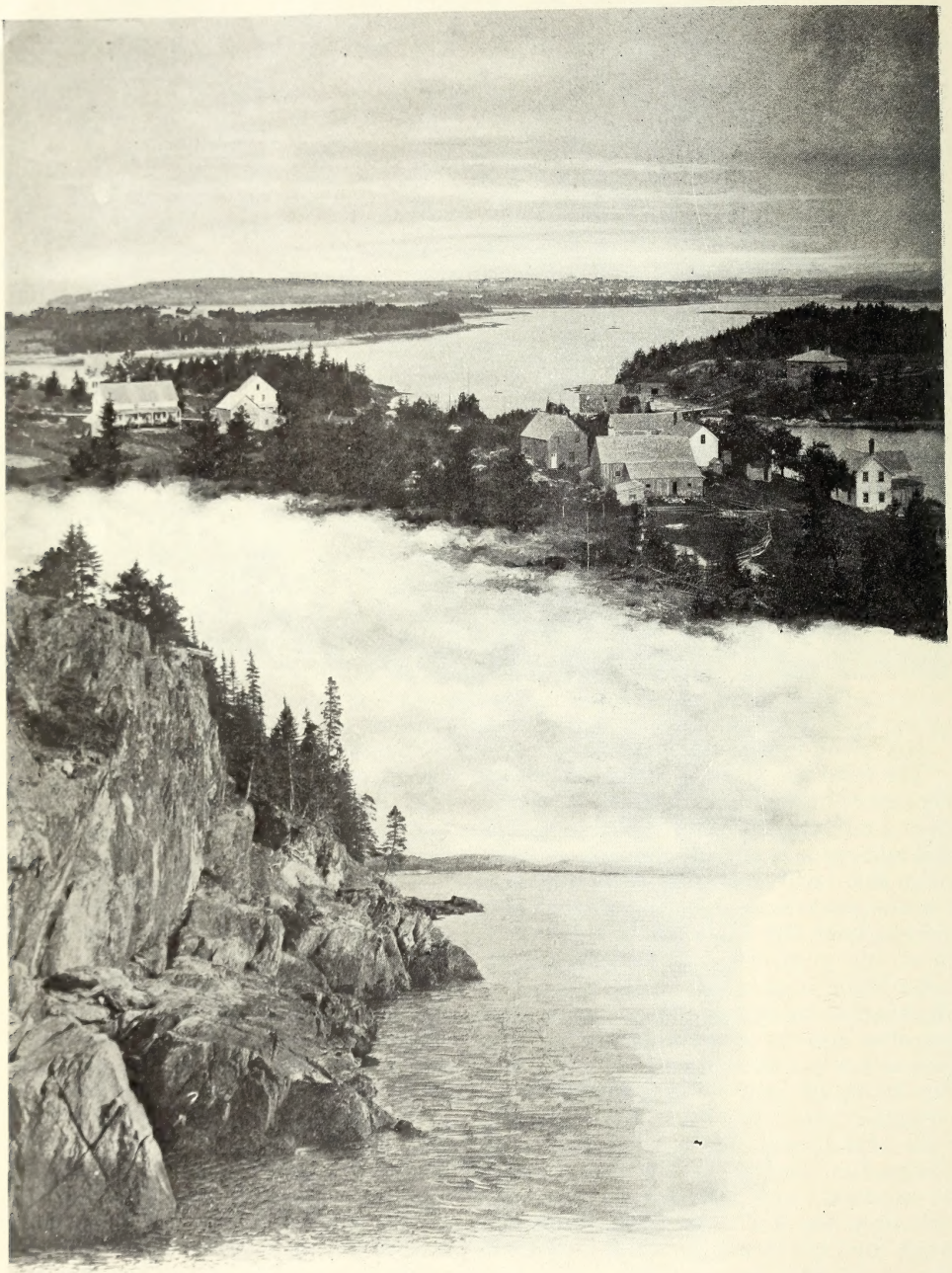
Foot by foot the I. F. R. crawls through the Ida's lee, her crew too busy to take chances in bearing down to stop that game, and Jack puts his yacht squarely into the course of the Emma, sending her along furiously in the bitter fight for first place.

"We don't gain a foot, Jack. She'll beat us in, as sure as fate! This boat may be a trifle by the head. She seems slower than usual to me."

"Hold your whist, Jim, and wait until she gets going. If you'll notice, the Emma's crew don't whistle for wind now and we're doing a fine chore. (Two minutes pass.) What do you say now, eh?"

"By the great horn spoon she's coming back to us!" cries Ralph. "We've crawled up half a length."

Jack says nothing, eases off his sheets a trifle, and calls Sam and Fritz a little further aft. The I. F. R. seems to take a new lease of life, and in five minutes is on even terms with the leader. Her skipper, Bob, raises his hand to his cap in salute, and with the finish only three hundred yards away, the white-winged



WHERE BROAD-FLOWING PENOBSCOT WEDS THE OCEAN

beauties come home in a smother of foam, Jack's boat leading grandly at the finish by a full length, and greeted by a storm of cheers from friends and strangers alike; to which ovation response is made by three times dipping the ensign at her peak.

Five hundred yards astern the Ida is limping along with her bowsprit carried away and all its rigging in a snarl. As she passes the Emma and salutes on the way out, Jack expresses his sympathy to the Ida's skipper, offers assistance, which he is assured is not needed, and in an hour with all snug, the yachts are riding at their moorings in the sheltered harbor, their crews perfectly willing to rest, and *one*, at least, happy and satisfied with the day's labors.

In spite of the heavy storm, all go ashore in the evening, where they are lionized by spectators of the race, warmest among their new-made friends is the old yachtsman who picked the Emma to win. "That choice cost me a pretty penny, my young friend. But you won on your merits, and in my opinion there's nothing to it so far as the others are concerned, for on all points of sailing you had them trimmed. Why didn't you take their measure and lead around the first mark?"

With a laugh Jack replies, "I'd rather be safe than sorry, and took no chances of a fluke on their best point of sailing. If I'd known it would breeze up to a gale, it would have been different. They are light weather boats and mighty good at running."

At the casino the decorations flame with garnet and in every corner are groups of ladies eating bon bons and chocolates, which they force upon Jack and his crew as partners with them in a well-paying business. The ladies who lost hasten to congratulate the winning yachtsmen and vie with the winners in making the evening one long to be remembered, closing with a complimentary banquet at one of the hotels.

Conference with the regatta committee and sailing masters of the other craft, the Ida pulling out, results in an agreement to race the Emma on the following day if fair, though her skipper admits the superiority of the I. F. R. in any breeze other than light airs. But on the morrow the rain falls in torrents and the series is definitely called off, to the satisfaction of all concerned, though Jim does just a little grumbling at the loss of a chance to "rub it in" to the Emma's crew, "just to get even for their jollying that day we smashed the throat block at Portsmouth."

For three days the stormbound yachts remain at anchor, their crews bowling, dancing, and making up trolley parties to Portsmouth, Ogunquit, Wells Beach, and Kennebunk, until one evening the wind swung to the west, stars shone through the pall of the heavens, and preparations are made for an early start down the coast. Sam and Fritz are prevailed upon without much urging to make the cruise with them and, with mutual regrets at parting, they bid friends adieu. The next morning their yacht is hull down on the eastern horizon long ere the guests at the many good hotels are stirring and the I. F. R. is swinging at anchor in the river at Kennebunkport well before noon. Two pleasant days are devoted to bathing, canoeing, and social enjoyments of every description, and on the last evening, a grand water carnival with bands and beautifully decorated floats on every hand transforms the river into a stream of fire bearing fairyland's entrancing water chariots, crowded with nymphs most bewitching.

Late that night on their return from a dance at the Cape Porpoise Casino, they sail out upon the deep as the tide ebbs, and with a fair breeze speed along to the harbor at Biddeford pool, where they remain over Sunday, and visit friends in Saco and Biddeford after an enjoyable steamboat ride up the Saco River.

"What's that island with the lighthouse on it, Jack?"

"Wood Island. Shan't forget that place right away. Had a party of eight aboard a little sloop about big enough for four and went out there for a picnic once. Squall came up when we were half way in and I had a lovely time with three scared women and one hysterical.

It was raining pitchforks and barn shovels too. Not a man of the three I had with me knew the main sheet from the

bobstay, and I had to put ashore on a sand beach inside that breakwater to avoid disaster. It was a mighty good lesson to me — had six inches of water in the cabin when we shipped seas. I don't move a crowd like that again unless I have a good crew."

The following day they make a change of anchorage to one off the beach at Old Orchard, where a couple of days are passed enjoying the excellent surf bathing and Coney Island features, which Jim says remind him of the only place of that name on earth — they are so different. Portland proves all the friends had hoped it might and the opportunity is not lost to renew old friendships and introduce Ralph, Sam, and Fritz to the great number of interesting outing places within easy reaching distance of the city.

"What on earth do these people ever leave home for, and run away to seek an outing when everything one's heart can desire is right at hand? *I* can't see for the life of me where they think they can beat *this*."

"That's what *you* say, Fritz, when you come down *here*, and it's what *they* say when they visit the Crow's Nest or any one of the many fine places *inland*. No matter how people are catered to by all the delights of ideal places where they happen to make their homes, they desire just *the things they have not*. 'Everybody to her taste,' the woman said when she kissed the cow."

By mutual consent the party divides on the morning of each day, Ralph, Fritz, and Sam seeking the parks and summer theaters, Jack, Clyde, and Jim turning their backs on these familiar ways of enjoyment incidental to city life, and taking many a spin in the yacht among the islands of Casco Bay, returning to the anchorage off the club house each evening, where they are joined by their friends. There is never a time when they are unable to do this, for they find the motor makes them independent of wind and weather.

"*Sailing* for mine when we are out for sport, but I never appreciated the *auxiliary* end of this boat until this minute. Guess you like it too," is the complacent remark Jim sends across the water to the crew of a yacht they are giving a tow from

THE MOUNT DESERT COAST, WHERE MAINE'S COOL BREEZES ARE MANUFACTURED

Chandler's Cove to the city. They are business men who must be home for early morning, which could not be done without assistance unless they laboriously towed their craft, straining at the oars in a tender against a strong ebb tide. Quite unnecessary to state, the men addressed agree with him.

A day is given to preparation for the cruise down the coast and abundant supplies of every description find their way into the numerous lockers with which the I. F. R. is most admirably equipped. It is certainly surprising what an immense amount of necessities the modern yacht will take aboard, and how one has to hunt for them when he *knows* they are within reach.

"Three hundred and sixty-five islands in this bay, do you say? I put that down for a fairy tale until now, Jim, but they are opening up everywhere, and I guess I'll take that in with the rest of your stories," declares Ralph. "What's the matter, Jack?"

They are passing the head of Chebeague Island under full sail when the wheel flies over and the yacht runs up into the wind.

"Hustle and get in that clubtopsail, Jim and Clyde! Douse that jibtopsail the rest of you!"

"What's the trouble——"

"Never mind — do that first and *talk afterwards!*"

The crew in great hurry obey the rapid commands, and before the work is done there is no desire to question, for out of apparently untroubled waters astern a vicious squall races toward them and Jack heads the yacht into the teeth of it just in time. Even then there are a few minutes of quick work to pay off and race along with it before it passes. Over near that point, a Hampton boat rounding from Brook's Sound with sand bag ballast heaped on one rail, is caught by a blast from leeward and in an instant two men are struggling in the water, their boat bottom up near them. On the port side of the I. F. R. a very fair-sized sloop is whirled about like a top, but fortunately escapes the fate of the smaller craft.

It is the work of but a few minutes to rescue the fishermen and bring their boat to shore where she can be righted, only the worse for the loss of the day's catch of fish. But Jack's crew has learned a lesson in the value of discipline.

Over night in Mackerel Cove, after passing Orr's Island, made famous by Harriet Beecher Stowe,—and this typical shelter to be found all along the coast in most unexpected and out of the way places is a source of pleasure to all aboard, who importune Jack to show them Cundy's Harbor before rounding Small Point.

The dinner hour over, they get under way and enter the mouth of the Kennebec, leaving Seguin astern with its mass of fortress-like cliffs, and for an hour learn a lesson of respect for the strength of the ebb tide, against which they pit the full sail power of the yacht and at last the auxiliary, before they gain good holding ground just back of the antiquated fort beyond a fine-looking beach.

Retiring to rest, they find it not until they have made a killing of unwelcome visitors. Mosquitoes certainly are "*much* and *many*" at certain times near those flats.

The small steamboat making connections for all points up the state bears them on a visit to the city of Bath and a transfer affords a day's excursion along the Kennebec as far as Gardiner and back. While in the shipping city they meet members of the crew of a Portland yacht who are going east the next morning and promise to wait their arrival at Popham before proceeding.

Accordingly the following day with mainsail set and all in readiness for a start upon the appearance of their new found friends, they are not long delayed, and glide into the current abeam for the run out to sea. Clearing the headlands and squaring away for Boothbay Harbor, what more natural than a test of speed? With no apparent intention to race, each skipper deliberately sets sail after sail until both boats are carrying every stitch of canvas that will draw and they bowl along not over a hundred feet apart as though hitched in double harness.

Throwing all pretense aside the crews laugh and shout across the intervening

space, joking and bantering. But in a moment all thought of racing vanishes, for an ominous cracking is heard aloft and an instant later down comes the I. F. R.'s topmast, broken short off at the mast head, weakened to this end doubtless by the racing off York.

A half hour's hard work clears away the wreckage and shortening to lower sails only, the Clique remains with them until they drop anchor near Squirrel Island. Proceeding into the harbor at Boothbay the next morning Jack locates a sparmaker, and before night has a new stick aloft and his back and jibstays set, after which he remarks, "Guess we won't forget we have preventers after this, my lads, for an ounce of foresight is worth many a good spar."

On their morning swim, a race across the harbor is the impromptu event. They have just returned to the yacht and are dressing while the coffee boils, when a hail from a passing boat brings Jack to the gangway to grasp the hand of an old friend who asks, "Have you any ball players aboard, old man?"

"*Have* I? Did you ever know me to travel with a bunch of dead ones? How many do you want?

"Three or four; game on with Wiscassett this afternoon and some of our fellows can't play. Come ashore at one and we'll arrange the line up."

As the time for the game draws near, and it is found they are shy *five* men, they draw on Jack for a battery and three basemen, which he furnishes from the two yachts, he and Ralph doing the pitching and catching respectively, with Fritz at first, Jim at second, and Cecil, from the Clique, at third. A good game results with Clyde fortunate to escape with his life as umpire. The Boothbay Harbor team wins by a score of six to five, Ralph driving in the winning run in the ninth, hitting a fine triple to left.

The day after the ball game the two yachts race into Christmas Cove and go ashore for dinner. On this run there is a light air and the I. F. R. gets a beating of a half mile in ten, but her crew laughingly remark to the crowing of the winners, "We sailed with our anchor down by mistake.—wait until to-morrow."

Off at daybreak, the Clique gets under way first and has a good lead before the I. F. R.'s mud hook is at the bow, and passes the outlet to the sea a good five hundred yards to the good. Positions remain about the same until fairly out in deep water, when the breeze gradually freshens until the yachts lean well over and take a good-sized "bone in their teeth."

A stern chase is a long one, but inch by inch the lead is cut down until only fifty yards astern, the I. F. R. is making a strong bid for first place. With no material gain for a half hour, it looks like "hoss and hoss" when for some (to the *other* crew) unaccountable reason Jack's boat puts on a burst of speed and forges alongside, where he stops the motor and settles down to a square race.

"I'd forgotten that motor, Cap, are you running on the level now?"

"No more engine unless I have to tow you into Port Clyde," chuckles Jack.

Little thinking how significant his words may prove, both captains strain every resource to be first at the anchorage. Harder and harder comes the wind until the boats are running under lower sails only and a reef would help matters considerably, if they could stop under a lee. In this weather the I. F. R. proves decidedly superior to the Clique and opens out a lead that ever increases, until she is two miles ahead and off the entrance to Port Clyde Harbor.

A low-lying cloud bank away off shore has been rising and coming in steadily for the past hour and now it is so near that Jack sets his course by compass, eases off his sheets, and runs into good water as the great wet blanket enfolds everything.

"Wonder if those chaps on the Clique know these shores well enough to come in now," muses Jack. "Keep that horn going, fellows, and listen if you can hear anything in answer."

For many minutes at intervals the horn sounds without reply, then a faint sound of another pitch comes to listening ears. In a few minutes they distinguish it again, but this time much nearer and in the vicinity of some dangerous shoals.

"Holy Moses!—where are they, Jack?

That horn sounds too far to windward for safety the way we came in."

"Right you are, Fritz, blow again, three short ones — there, as sure as we're six men they'll pile up if they hold on. Slip our cable, Jim, and leave it tied to that tender. We're going out there and head them off. It'll be a close shave, too."

Men have blessed the inventor of an auxiliary engine many times, but benedictions never fell as fast as they do at this moment, as the I. F. R. goes plunging through a blank wall toward the open sea, her crew doing yeoman service at the horn, which they blow without intermission. It is plain the warning is heeded, for the answers come to them from the same place and they run toward the sound, marking the variation of the course as they proceed.

"Ahoy there! Don't run us down," comes the hail, and quickly reversing the engine, they can indistinctly make out the Clique, dead ahead and not fifty yards from a sunken reef, as they discover presently.

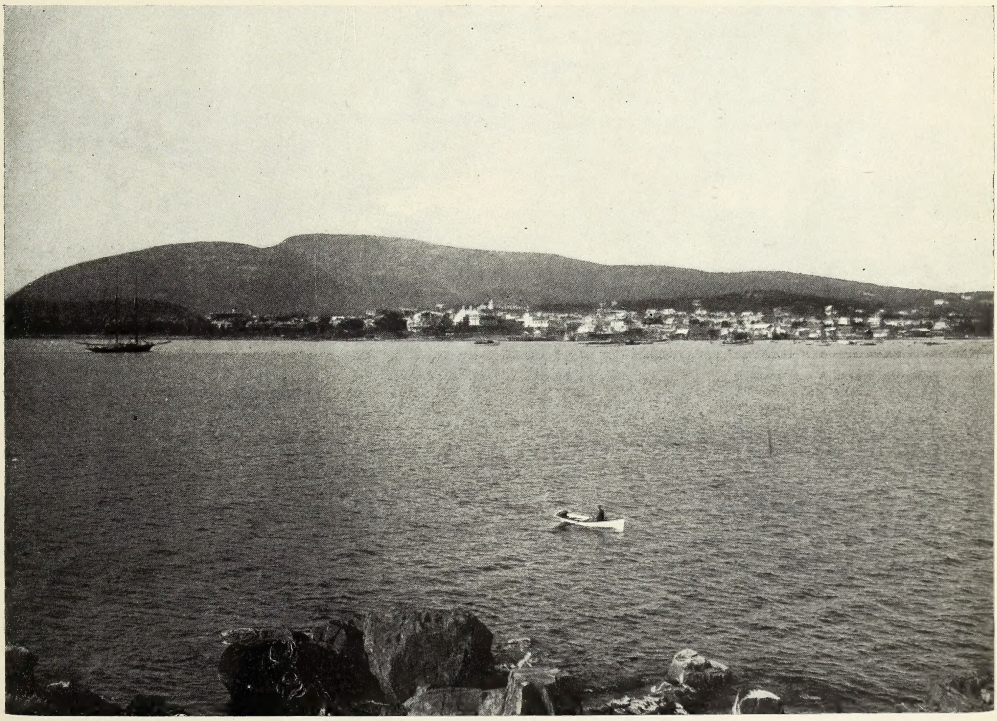
"Chuck us a line, old man, guess that little *joke* of mine is *business* now," yells Jack. "Is your anchor down? If it is, heave away on your cable and give me the word when you're free."

"All clear, Cap, and we owe you something for this."

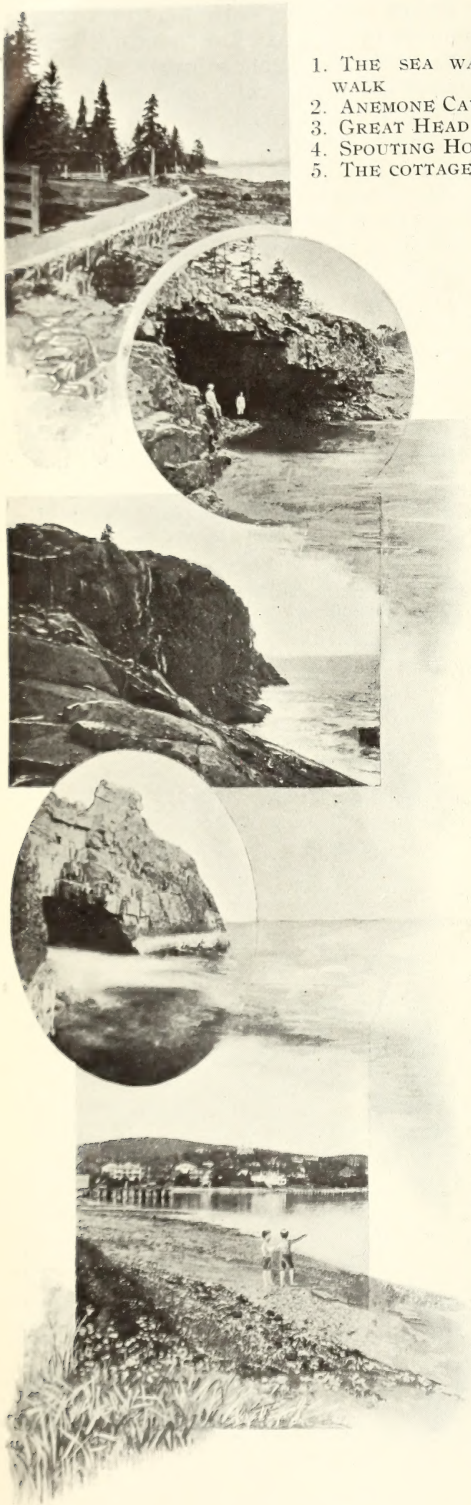
"Never mind that just now, skipper, we may both pile up before I get you in."

This fear proves groundless, however, and in half an hour the yachts are riding easily in safety. It turns out that the Clique's sailing master was fooled by his compass, which had a disk supported on a metal pin, the point of which had corroded just enough to prevent the ready response of the magnet to the influence of the pole, so that when it did let go it swung with a jerk and back again, until no man could tell how to overcome it. Of course the application of a piece of emery paper set it right next day. But the small matter mentioned has doubtless caused the loss of many a good boat. It is wise to test your compass frequently in fair weather to be ready for foul.

At Rockland the Clique leaves the



BAR HARBOR BACKED BY MAINE'S GIBRALTAR



1. The sea wall walk
2. Anemone Cave
3. Great Head
4. Spouting Horn
5. The cottages

I. F. R. for a trip up the Penobscot to Bangor, and after a visit to Thomaston where the yacht's crew passes a pleasant evening with some of Jack's old friends, they remain over night and visit the State prison the next forenoon, returning to Rockland for dinner.

In the evening Jack calls attention to the many steamboats passing in and out of the harbor, and changes the location of their anchorage to the other side of the channel, assigning as his reason a fear that during a foggy night they might get run down.

"Wouldn't a lookout be likely to see our forward lantern swinging in the rigging, Cap?" queries Jim.

"Pretty safe to say they would, but it's always good judgment to get clean out of the way when you can and take no chances. A yacht was cut in two here one night."

This conversation evidently makes quite an impression on Jim, and later about midnight he wakes Clyde by speaking his name. "Clyde!"

"What is it?"

"Did you light that lantern in the fore rigging?"

"Sure."

"Better be positive."

Clyde looks out of the port and sees the reflection of the light on the water. "Yes, it's all right, I can see the gleam."

"You know you ought to be mighty careful about that, old chap. No one can tell what would happen if it went out. We're right in the harbor where vessels might hit us. It's our only safeguard when we're all asleep."

This gets on Clyde's nerves and he climbs out of his warm bunk, makes his way on deck, where the falling dew has rendered walking bad for bare feet, and looks forward. He can see the lantern burning brightly. Returning to the cabin there is Jim sitting up in bed awaiting his verdict.

"Yes — go to sleep, you chump, the lantern's all right."

To his supreme disgust Jim quietly seeks his pillow and mutters, "When I go ashore to-morrow I'll see about it." He has been talking in his sleep and wakes suddenly to wonder who threw the boot at his head, for, having vented his spleen

in this emphatic protest, Clyde snores loudly and all the rest are asleep. The remainder of the last night in Rockland passes in peace.

Passing out to the eastward from this point, the boys admire Penobscot Bay, with its encircling shores and the broad avenue inland. On the east rise the thirteen peaks of Mt. Desert from the sea, between Frenchman's and Blue Hill bays. On the opposite shore of the latter is Blue Hill, an isolated peak of one thousand feet altitude, while guarding its western approach is the imposing line of the Camden Mountains.

Between islands famous for the quality of their granite, by shores that are for the most part abrupt and rocky, they stop for a time in Dark Harbor at Islesboro, and proceed by easy voyages to Castine, stopping at many places where inviting coves or basins protected by outlying islands furnish safe shelter over night. In due time the two regularly outlined hills of Castine recall to their minds the thrilling history of bitter rivalry in early times, when French and British contested for supremacy on the North American continent.

The remains of Fort George, the best preserved for its years in all New England, cap the eminence back of the town that looks across island-gemmed waters, while here dwells a spirit of peace and rest.

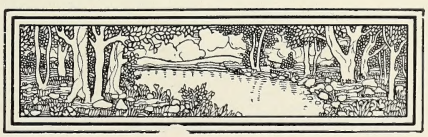
All along the coast stand the lighthouse sentinels, linking their warning rays and spelling messages of vital significance to mariners. Many a night during short runs from place to place the group on the deck of the I. F. R. has listened to tales without number of thrilling experiences and hairbreadth escapes from death along this wild and rugged ocean-assaulted barrier, until the lofty towers appear imbued with life and powers of their own for the good of mankind.

Over there is Blue Hill Bay, but our friends choose the course to Southwest and Northeast Harbors, where they linger a day in each place, meeting many fine people at the swimming pools and finding enough old friends to introduce them.

The "isle of desert mountains" discovered by Champlain in 1604, and known to-day as Mount Desert, is on the eastern horizon, after four delightful weeks of ever changing and interesting experiences, and the I. F. R. comes to anchor for a week's gaiety with friends who are here for the summer. You have met them before and will remember Mr. and Mrs. Dick, Fuzzy, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom. The day after our friends report, Mrs. Jim joins her husband, and many gay parties visit the yacht daily, take short trips in a section of country unsurpassed by any other on the continent, and enjoy life at its full.

Every one knows the magnificent drives over the mountains, the famous shore path, the thousand and one ways of enjoying an outing at this queen of American resorts, and to detail them is unnecessary. Further to the east is Eastport and down to St. John, New Brunswick, the character of the coast line has the features we have noted as familiar to our every day cruising to this point — increasing rise and fall of tides filling the crew with wonder and interest indeed in the Bay of Fundy.

Much may be written of the wilderness sojourn, of rushing waters, and home in a leanto, of balsam breezes, and the pursuit of game; but when their mention in your presence fails to find the responsive bound of blood to heart and brain and back again, when the primeval spirit of your ancestors listens not to the call of the wild, turn then to the inviting arms of old ocean, launch your white-winged home upon her ample bosom and let grow upon your consciousness all the delightful, restful influences that will bring you new life, new joy, new ambition in a summer cruise along Maine's jagged coast.



Country Club, Brookline

Country and Hunt Clubs of New England

By MARY H. NORTHEND

THE country club is an important development of modern society— a wholesome reaction from the sense life of the city. During the anxious times of the financial depression of 1907-1908 many a careladen man of business found the one bright spot in life was the cheerful retreat of his country club. Here he could lay aside his cares and enjoy the relaxation of a game of golf, a brisk canter on a good horse, or a quiet game of whist or pool. The beautiful surroundings, the wholesome outdoor recreation, have brought vigorous health and renewed brain power to many a weary professional worker, gentleman of leisure, or one with nerves strained to the highest tension by the demands of great commercial enterprises. Country club organizations have certainly "made good," they have proved to be not a fad but a necessity of modern life.

Naturally it was a love for outdoor sports that was responsible for the first inception of a country club. For centuries men of Anglo-Saxon lineage have heard and answered the call of the blood that summons them to clean, manly sport. It is an old saying that the battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Eton. English gentlemen for hundreds of years have been devoted to cross country riding, to the eager following of the hounds. They have enjoyed their cricket, golf, tennis, bowling, and have developed sturdy, manly qualities from their active sports and their inherent love of "fair play."

In America the outdoor life of sport is of more recent date. For a time men felt the eager zest of the active business life too keenly to devote time or thought to other enjoyments. Or they were content to be spectators of a game, to participate by proxy in the excitement of the contest.

But the last twenty years have seen a great growth of sentiment in favor of outdoor sports for all, and the country club has been the natural outcome of the need of men to get out in the air, away from the whirl and excitement of the city.

The success of the famous Hurlingham Club in the suburbs of London attracted the attention of American gentlemen who were also lovers of good riding and keenly interested in the race. In 1881-1882, a number of prominent society men in Brookline and Boston organized the first Country Club in America, modelling it somewhat upon the lines suggested by the Hurlingham Club, but starting in a modest way, with three hundred members at annual dues of $30 each.

The first club house was small and unpretentious,— an old farmhouse that had faced the suns and storms of a hundred years. Here the members would meet for a jolly supper after an afternoon spent in steeple chasing or horse racing. In the early days of the club, when its numbers were small compared with those of to-day, many were the social and informal gatherings about the festal board, and there was perhaps more of the jolly spirit of comradeship among the members assembled for a lunch or hunt dinner. Now the banquets are more formal affairs, and elaborate entertainments are given during the season.

The present home of the club has an attractive, hospitable look, with its broad wings and wide verandas. Tall Ionic columns add a touch of classic dignity to the otherwise simple architecture. The modern structure was built around and enclosing the frame of the old dwelling.

Within one finds all the appointments comfortable, luxurious, and artistic. The great dining-hall seats two hundred

and fifty guests. There are parlors and reception rooms for the ladies, and parlors, library, and smoking-rooms for the gentlemen. Sleeping apartments are on the second floor, and on the third floor are the kitchen, laundry, and servants' quarters.

Although horse racing and steeple chasing were at first the prominent feature of the club, and are still an important part of the program, yet from time to time provision has been made for other outdoor sports. The grounds are very extensive. Golf links, tennis courts, squash courts, and bowling green are given ample space, in fact every popular sport of the day may be enjoyed on the club's grounds. Winter fun is not neglected, large ponds furnishing opportunity for skating, ice hockey, and the old game of "curling."

The kennels and the stables are well worth seeing. The race course is a splendid one, and has been the scene of many an exciting event. The annual steeple chase is one of the great events of the year, large stakes are provided, and on the day of the races an eager crowd of ten thousand guests throng the grounds.

Undoubtedly the introduction in America some twenty years ago of the ancient Scottish game of golf has contributed much to the establishment and permanent success of the country club. The first golf club in the United States was organized in Yonkers, New York, in 1890. Previous to that date golf was to most Americans merely a name, something they had read of in connection with Scottish or English life.

But any game that, like this old favorite of royalty, has survived for generations, must have in it elements that appeal to men, that make it vital and real. Golf became popular almost as soon as known. It established for itself a firm place in the list of American sports. Clubs were organized East and West, and in 1894 two tournaments were held for the amateur championship of the United States. The game has the special charm to popularity that it may be played by old or young. Women as well as men become experts with driver or mashie. Golf furnishes an incentive to pleasant, leisurely exercise, and is a great tonic for jaded nerves; a round on the links on a brisk October morning drives the cobwebs from the brain, quickens the pulses, and makes one feel the keen joy of life itself.

The judicious selection of the ground over which a course is to be laid has much to do with the success of any special links. A rolling country, with a short, close turf, free from rocks, a sandy subsoil, and some good-natural hazards give an ideal foundation. But with careful study in the laying out of the course very good results can be obtained from what seemed at first unpromising territory. The ideal links should be not too difficult for the amateur to enjoy, nor so easy that they present no difficulty to the expert player.

The Country Club at Brookline was the first in New England to lay out a golf course, and from time to time improvements have been made, until now their links are probably the finest in the country.

Nearly all country clubs now have courses, and many clubs have been organized with golf as their primary object. Naturally it is at considerable expense that the grounds are laid out and cared for. Constant work is required in keeping the turf closely cropped and rolled and the ground always in good condition for play.

So popular has the idea of outdoor recreation become that there are now a score of country clubs in New England. One of the more recent, but a flourishing and successful organization, is that of the Brae Burn Country Club, in West Newton. This was formed in 1897, and the present artistic club home built three years ago. The house stands on an elevation, commanding a fine view. The grounds cover five square miles. Ponds form a picturesque feature of the landscape, bordered by green trees whose branches are mirrored in the calm depths. In winter ice carnivals are held here and the ponds are scenes of gayety, with the swift skaters gliding over the ice.

The house has an attractive interior. The large library is the central feature of the first floor, with a small reception room opening from it at one side, and an ad-

BRAE BURN CLUB HOUSE

joining pool room. These three rooms are done in green and white. The dining-hall is at the further side of the house, an artistic room with hand-painted walls depicting tropical scenery. The long, broad veranda is an attractive feature of the house, used as an open air dining-room in summer, and as a glass-enclosed sun parlor and dining-room in winter.

On the second floor is the ladies' parlor, with its dainty furnishings and the dressing-rooms and lockers. There are also rooms on this floor for the accommodation of members who wish occasional or permanent accommodations at the club.

In front of the house is a long, sloping lawn, a part of which is set aside for a bowling green. The grounds have a fine eighteen-hole golf course, and many a good game has been played here. International contests have been held, and Brae Burn golfers are sure to make a good showing in the tournaments, either on their own grounds or on other club courses.

Riding is a favorite diversion of the Braeburnites. The acres of woodland on the big estate, with miles of bridle paths through the green forests, flecked with light and shade, offer enticing places for a ride on a summer's day.

Residents along the picturesque North Shore of Massachusetts have taken up with enthusiasm the country club idea, and there are now several popular and successful clubs in this favored region.

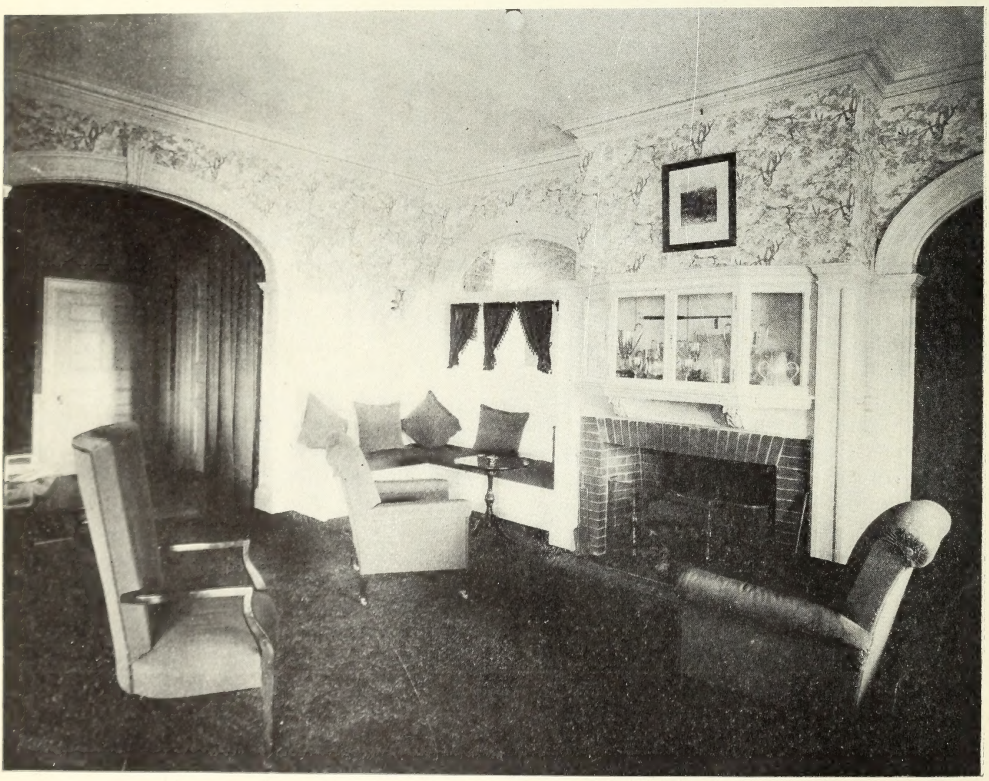
The Tedesco is a well-known club, drawing its membership from the aristocratic community of the North Shore. The beautiful club house, with its extensive grounds covering eighty-eight acres, has an ideal location. Situated on the line between Swampscott and Marblehead, close to the state road, it is conveniently reached by trolley lines and by carriages and automobiles. Many of the members have nearby residences, and a large number who live in the "city" come down for week end visits, finding very comfortable quarters in the club house. The usual

outdoor sports are enjoyed here, and the grounds have remarkably fine tennis courts, and of course the always popular golf links. Cricket is another diversion offered. Ample accommodations are provided for the ladies, who are as enthusiastic lovers of sport as the men.

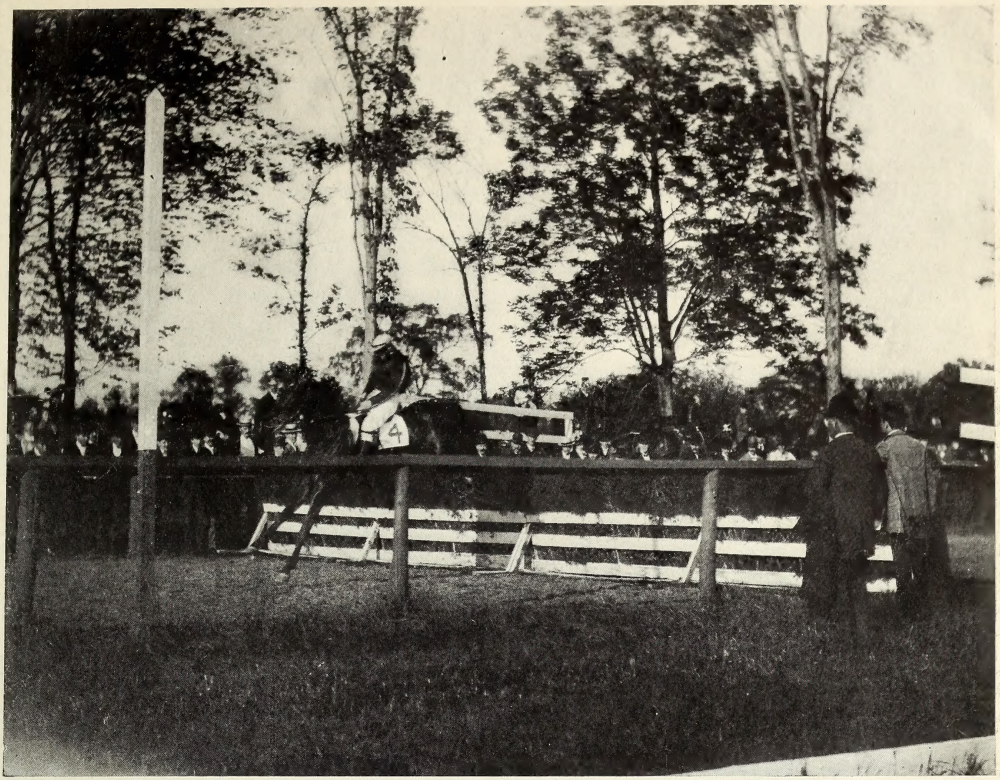
One of the prettiest places along the North Shore is that where the Montserrat Golf Club has its headquarters, halfway between Beverly and Pride's Crossing. This club is much enjoyed by the summer residents. Its home, while less imposing than the magnificent establishments of some of the larger and more influential clubs, has nevertheless an exceedingly pleasant aspect, with its quaint Colonial design. Golf is here the principal game, and tennis courts are provided where many a good match is played.

All through the summer the grounds of the Essex Country Club are a continuous scene of gayety, for this is the rendezvous for the summer contingent along the famous North Shore, and the club is one of the most exclusive in Massachusetts. It covers an area of two hundred acres and includes many old time estates. The club house stands far back from the road, the approach being along a broad avenue between widespreading lawns. The home of the club is large and picturesque, standing as it does on rising land, and overlooking the tennis court, while farther down are the links where enthusiastic golfers spend much of their time.

From Manchester-by-the-Sea, that summer home of society people, including the various attachés of foreign legations, come many members to enjoy the hospitality of their favorite club. The season is a gay one, with tournaments, concerts, and afternoon teas following each other in quick succession. Prominent women golfers are seen on the links, Harriet Curtis, Eleanora Sears, Alice Thorndike, the Baroness Elizabeth Rosen, daughter of the Russian ambassador, and



ANTEROOM TO DINING-ROOM, COUNTRY CLUB, BROOKLINE



TAKING A HURDLE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB, BROOKLINE

many another favorite of society here handle the golf sticks.

Tennis also has many devotees, and notable records have been made on the courts by the champions of the racket. Hunting and polo are not sports of the club, but stable accommodations are provided for saddle and driving horses, and many are the gay coaching parties that start out from the Essex Club.

One of the best known of New England clubs is the exclusive Myopia Hunt Club, located in the town of Hamilton, Essex County, Massachusetts. This club, as its name implies, has always made a specialty of the hunt. Polo has also been exceedingly popular.

The club was first organized in Winchester, in 1879, and at first the main interest was in steeple chasing and horse racing. Races were held on the Clyde Park course in Brookline, and in the old Beacon Park in Brighton. At the end of two years hunting was taken up, and later the name of the organization was changed from Myopia Club to Myopia Hunt Club. The first hunts were in Winchester, but this territory proved unsatisfactory, and the club tried their fox hounds at Ipswich and at Hamilton. The country best suited to their needs seemed to be found in Hamilton, and here the club established its home. The Myopia kennels have always been famous. The conditions in New England are not favorable for real hunting, and the anise seed has come to be the main reliance of the club men. Business men have not the indefinite leisure of English country gentlemen, and they prefer the brisk ride after the hounds in the hours that are free from business cares, to the long day of delay and uncertain excitement of the chase.

Polo is an amusement naturally confined to the wealthy classes who can afford their own well-trained mounts. It is of comparatively recent introduction in

America, and the honor of the first game to be played near Boston belongs to the Myopia Hunt Club, which in 1888 turned a rough pasture into a so-called polo ground. During the first season the ground was not in good condition, but the contests proved sufficiently exciting to show that the new sport was destined to be popular. The polo grounds at Myopia are now among the finest in the country, and the club has developed famous polo teams. Matches are played with teams from other clubs, and Myopia is sure to win honors in the great tournaments at Newport.

Master Frederick Prince, at Myopia Hunt Club, Hamilton, Mass.

As is the case with most successful organizations, the Myopia has greatly enlarged the scope of its early interests, and it now offers facilities for all the favorite outdoor sports, with well laid out golf links, superb tennis grounds, bowling greens, etc.

The original club house was an old farmhouse which had been built in 1772. It is curious to think of the simple, hard-working life of the rugged colonists who first lived within its walls, and who saw "the time that tried men's souls" when the long contest was fought with the mother country that gave birth to a new nation on earth. Now the old rooms, made gay with modern furnishings, resound to the laughter and song of the fashionable folks who spend their days in a search for pleasure. The old building has of course been remodelled, extensions added, and new buildings raised, from time to time, as the club's needs have grown.

On the grounds are now the club house, ladies' annex, an indoor tennis court, stables, kennels, etc. The club house and annex have billiard rooms, reception rooms, dining-rooms, smoking room, card rooms, and various other apartments, including sleeping quarters for such members as may require occasional accommodation. The ladies' dining-room and

"bridge" room are very cosy and attractive.

Shrubbery, shade trees, and a beautiful rose garden are some of the charms of the grounds. A large number of trees are set out each year, the work being done under the skilled supervision of landscape architects.

Another noted Hunt Club is that of Norfolk. This was in a sense a foster child of the Dedham Polo Club, as for some years the hunters kept their stables and kennels on the grounds of the Polo Club. As the interest in the hunt increased and the master's call summoned to each meet greater numbers of eager sportsmen, it was realized that the time had come for the club to have a home of its own. After considering various places, headquarters were chosen at Medfield, where the conditions for cross country riding were particularly good. After two years of successful work in this territory, it was voted to secure a permanent club home in Medfield, and the organization was duly incorporated under the name of the Norfolk Hunt Club. An estate of about one hundred and fifteen acres was purchased, and in 1902 the present club house was built.

It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful site for the home of the Hunt Club than this picturesque hilltop in Medfield, with its views of the wide rolling country, extending to the Milton hills on the east and with the stately Monad-

Myopia Club House at Hamilton

nock in the distant west. The building, with its soft gray shingles and green trimmings, is a fitting part of the woodland picture. The interior is finished in a simple style, in harmony with its surroundings. Huge fireplaces add to the suggestion of primitive comfort. The ladies' apartments are tastefully and conveniently arranged.

Not far from the club house are the stables, and somewhat further away are the kennels.

PUPPIES AND GOATS, WITH MR. HIGGINSON AND MR. COTESWORTH

The hunting season begins early in September and lasts until about the end of November, but the club house is open the year round, and is the scene of frequent gatherings of the members.

One of the special events of the year is the Farmers' Day, when the club entertains the farmers of the surrounding country, over whose grounds the hunters are privileged to ride. A horse show, with exhibits of steeple chasing and high jumping is a feature of the day, and a dinner to the farmers is the wind up of the festivities. Some years, after the season of drag hunting in Medfield is over, the club makes up a party to spend a week at the cape, hunting wild foxes, thus getting more of the real spirit of the chase than is possible on the home grounds.

While the Middlesex Hunt is among the younger of the hunt clubs in New England, it has attained a prominent position in the sporting world. This is principally through the persistent efforts of Mr. A. H. Higginson, master of hounds, who devotes his entire time to its interests. He is the moving spirit of the club and the owner of the pack.

One leaves the little station at Lincoln, and drives for a distance of two miles along a wooded road to the entrance of the club grounds. On the right-hand side of the road stands the home of the M. F. H. It is a typical sportsman's home, the walls of the interior being lined with pictures of the hunt, the hounds and hunters.

Half a mile further on is the club house, an old-time red farmhouse with white trimmings and green blinds, standing in the midst of a rolling country. Although not very large it is admirably suited to the needs of members. One enters into a small hallway, at the right of which is the ladies' parlor, finished in two-tone green hangings and trimmings of white. At one side is a cheerful fireplace, and the walls are hung with hunting scenes. At the left of the hall is the general room, a typical huntsman's den with fireplace

and comfortable furnishings. The second floor is given up to sleeping apartments. The stables are fitted with fine hunters, and are under the care of a skilled trainer.

The Middlesex Hunt Club is one of the few in New England to hunt the live fox. The country hunted was at first within a radius of a few miles of the kennels. Each year the limit has been extended further and further into the country, for foxes seem to be plentiful about Lincoln, and landowners are good natured, allowing the hunters to ride freely over their fields. Mr. Higginson in 1904 procured from C. W. B. Fernie a draft of eleven couples of English foxhounds. These were from a pack that hunts the famous shire of Leicester in old England, and were of a strain so noted that since their arrival at the Middlesex Hunt they have been much sought after by other clubs. The first hounds purchased by the M. F. H. were followed later by a draft from the Southdown and Essex Union packs. The hounds are not only good to look at, but they make the New England fox hustle for his life as well as they made his cousin across the water. Hounds from the Middlesex Hunt have taken first prizes in all the bench shows throughout the country, and many are the trophies won by them that adorn the walls of the master's den.

At present there are about fifty couples at the kennels. One of the interesting sights to a visitor is the feeding of the hounds, which takes place once every day, in the morning, unless a hunt is on. The food given is plentiful, and consists of cooked oatmeal and refuse biscuit, diluted with water and rendered palatable to the canine taste by the addition in summer of scraps, and in winter of fresh meat, which has been previously boiled and chopped fine. Careful consideration is given to the peculiarities and individual requirements of the dogs. The huntsman lets out the dainty feeders first, as some are more fastidious than others and must

HOUNDS AT NORFOLK HUNT CLUB

be served the finest food. The gourmands are treated to a diluted mixture, that they may not overfeed.

It is interesting to know that the hounds may serve as barometers to one familiar with their ways. Each morning they are turned out for a short time to eat grass, for it is well known that a few bits of fresh grass serve them as an aid to digestion. If they eat voraciously, then the huntsman knows a storm is surely in the air, but if they nibble daintily the day will be fine.

Four times each day the hounds are taken out under the charge of huntsman and whipper-in. There is no indiscriminate rush, the proceeding is carried out with precision and dignity. The huntsman stands at the door and calls each hound by name, and as the name is called they each respond.

In the quarters assigned to the puppies, one is amused to note two black and white Philippine goats. It is a common belief that puppies brought up in the company of goats are in some way rendered less liable to epidemics, and the Middlesex Hunt puppies certainly seem immune from doggish ills. It is usual here, as at other places where kennels are kept, to distribute the puppies among the neighboring farmers, that they may live in their households until nearly or quite grown. These families naturally take great pride in their charges, and at a puppy show, which is held each year, the farmers bring the young dogs that have been left in their care and exhibit them with as much pride as if they were their own property, and compete for the prizes offered for the best shown. This might be called the "coming out" party of the young hounds, for they are now ready for introduction to the pack, which must be kept up to the highest standard by the constant infusion of young blood. The old and unworkable hounds, after a term of service of about six years, are weeded out and sent away. Of course some of the old ones, who have distinguished themselves by faithful service and have won trophies for the club, are kept on the estate to end their days in a peaceful old age.

Hunting begins at Middlesex Hunt about the middle of August, when hounds go out three days a week at the first flush of dawn to bustle the fox cubs about in the thick covers, and, if they are lucky, give the young hounds a taste of blood. About the first of September the regular season opens, and from then until the winter weather stops the hunting, the drag hounds are out on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and the fox hounds on Mondays and Fridays.

Foxes are very plentiful about Lincoln and the surrounding country over which the hunt has privileges, so there are few days in the fall when the casual passer through Lincoln may not hear the sound of the huntsman's horn and the music of the hounds, and perchance get a glimpse of the hunters as they flash by, their scarlet coats showing vivid patches of color against the dry brown of the autumn fields.

Founded in 1895, the Grafton Hunt Club is the youngest hunt club in Massachusetts. Its founders were eight well-known gentlemen who lived in and around Worcester, and who were lovers of outdoor sport, especially that of following the wild fox. Their first purchase as a club was thirty-six acres of common farm land, with a small cabin. From time to time they have added to their holdings, until now the grounds cover two hundred and fifty acres. Adjoining estates of club members make up a grand total of nearly twenty-five hundred acres, with a circumference of ten or twelve miles over which they may extend their country runs. The club house is large and commodious and is attractively fitted up. The present club has a large membership of men interested not only in fox hunting, but in the study of birds, botany, forestry, and other kindred pursuits.

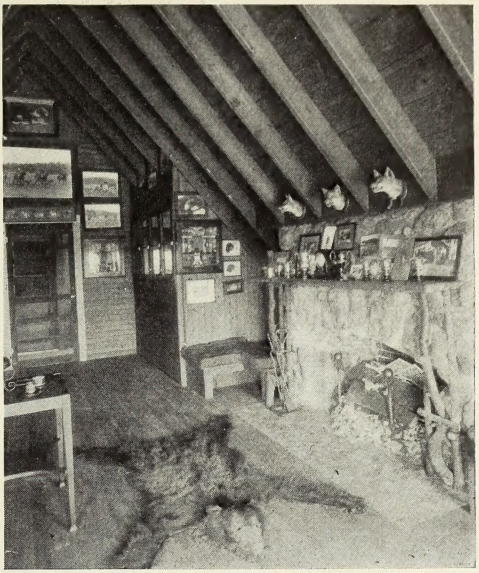
The motto of the club is "Sua Cuique Voluptas," and the coat-of-arms show a partridge rampant as the crest, the lead bars hanging, a fox's mask, trout, race horse, and crossed golf sticks.

Although the club indulges in many sports, the hunt has always held first place. The Grafton pack comes from the best Southern strain, and some of the hounds have famous pedigrees. The kennels are well built, and great care is

given to the training of the pack. The club has made splendid showing in competition with the Middlesex and other hunt club packs. Even in international contests the Grafton pack has held its own against the English hounds.

Racing, golfing, and tennis are other sports of the club. There are miles of woodland through which the members may hunt or ride or botanize. Famous trout streams gladden the heart of the devotee of rod and line.

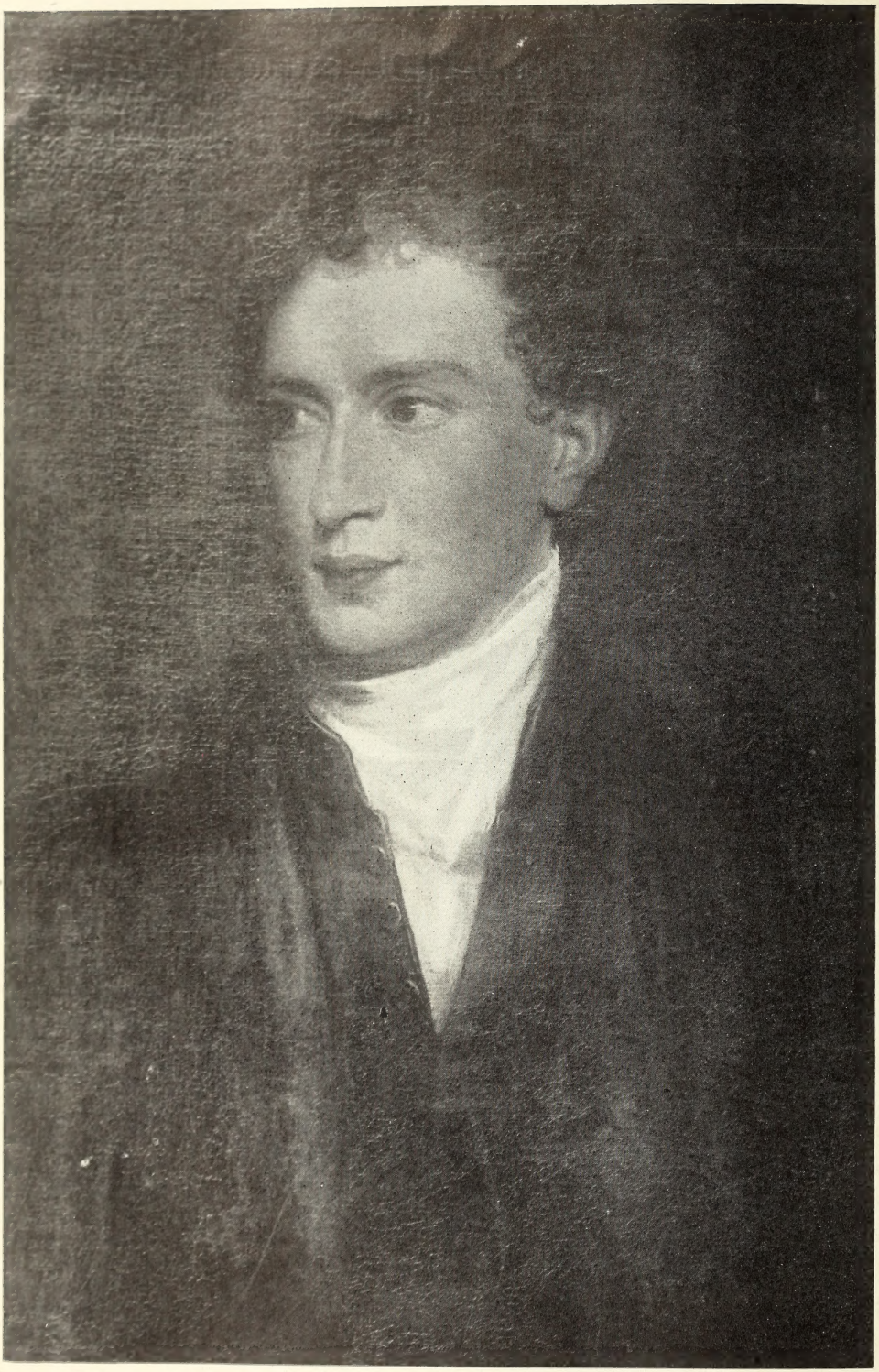
The clubs mentioned in this article are of course only a small number of the more or less prominent ones scattered all over New England. The country or hunt club, or the club devoted to the interests of some special outdoor game, is an important factor in the social life of today, and it must be welcomed as indicating a return to more rational, healthful living. The rapid increase in wealth and numbers of a distinctively leisure class in this country is viewed by some as detrimental to the welfare of a republic, but a broader conception of the matter will show that in time the matter will adjust itself to the benefit of all. The wealthy and leisure class, with ample opportunities for culture, are able to contribute in a special way to the growth of the best literature, art, and all helpful influences. The capitalist gives employment to labor. All work together for the good of all.



MR. HIGGINSON'S DEN AT LINCOLN, MASS.

The example set by the wealthy classes in this country, and hunt clubs, has led many of the municipal authorities to open the bars of freedom for the less favored classes by providing public playgrounds and parks where golf links, tennis courts, and ball grounds may be freely enjoyed by old and young.

The "fad," if one may call it so, for wholesome outdoor life, is one that is bound to contribute greatly to the health and sanity of the people. The nerve-racking excitement of modern social and business life must be counteracted by the beneficent influences of nature, and many business men have found that the freedom of the open air has given them vigor for the serious work of life.



EDWARD EVERETT, FROM PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART NEWTON, 1821. BEQUEATHED BY THOMAS DOWSE TO MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Progress of Exaggeration

By EDWARD EVERETT

[*This amusing article is reprinted from the* New England Magazine *of July,* 1831, *at the suggestion of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who vouches for its authorship. We have found its humor irresistible. We have decided to reprint in the next issue of the* New England *the first of the series of intimate talks, entitled "Tarry at Home Travels," contributed by the Doctor himself, while editor of the* New England, *some nineteen years ago.— The Publishers.*]

THE rapidity with which a story, like a snowball, gains in its progress has been frequently illustrated. The tendency to exaggeration was never more manifest than at the present day. A trifling skirmish of outposts, by the time it has undergone a translation through one or two newspapers, gets to be a bloody engagement, and a riot is sometimes magnified into a revolution. The characters of men are subject to the same process; and the most ordinary partizan, raised to an office by political intrigue, by the time his name has gone the rounds of the newspapers, gets to be a man of talent and worth,— equally to his own astonishment and that of the public We have seldom seen this tendency to add a little to the current report, at each repetition, acted upon with less scruple, than in the following extracts, which we give to our readers as we find them.

No. I

It is well known that the common domestic fowl is remarkably fond of rose bugs. The abundance of this insect, the present season, promises a rich repast to the tenants of the poultry yard. —*Massachusetts Farmer, for June* 15*th.*

No. II

We see it remarked in the Massachusetts Farmer that, as the common domestic fowl is remarkably fond of rose bugs, a rich repast will be enjoyed by this portion of the feathered race the present season, the insect alluded to being quite abundant. It has occurred to us that it might be a matter of economy, worth attending to, by those who keep fowls for the market to collect these insects as an article of food, as they must be considerably cheaper than Indian meal, and, it is said, in consequence of the horny nature of their wings, no addition of gravel is required for the purpose of digestion.— *New England Husbandman.*

No. III

Important to Agriculturists. We observe it stated in substance in the Massachusetts Farmer, of June 15th, that the attention of one class of our husbandmen has lately been called to a subject which is likely to turn out of the first importance, both to the farmers and to the inhabitants of our cities. It is well known that good fowls are a very important article of supply in the domestic economy; but that, in consequence of the dearness of Indian corn, their price has of late been so much enhanced as to place them beyond the reach of a considerable portion of our citizens who are consequently reduced to an unsatisfactory diet of beef and mutton chops. It appears that, in consequence of the great abundance of rose bugs the present season, and the known fondness of the domestic fowl for this insect, our farmers have set about collecting them as an article of food for their poultry; and, as we understand, the fowls never came into market so plump and fat. An incidental advantage of considerable importance is, that in consequence of the horny nature of the wings of the rose bug, the fowls require no gravel. This interesting fact will not escape the attention of those who are curious in their gravel walks and who wish to preserve them from the *dilapidation* produced by their being promiscuously frequented by domestic poultry. — *American Economist.*

No. IV

Something New. The Massachusetts Farmer of the fifteenth of June informs us that a considerable reduction has taken place in the price of Southern corn in consequence of the abundance of rose bugs which our farmers, in all directions, are collecting for their poultry. Dough is now served out in farmyards, as we understand, only on Sunday mornings; the remainder of the week the fowls are kept to the bug, and are found to thrive remarkably well. Letters from some of the principal houses on Long Wharf have gone on to the South, countermanding their orders for shipments of corn, the demand for which is already nominal. We also learn from the same paper, that as the horny wings of the rose bugs are found to take the place of gravel, the destruction of gravel walks by the poultry has entirely ceased, and the sale of the hammerings of granite at the State Prison, which have been extensively used in repairing gravel walks, has been almost wholly arrested. Whether any disturbances are likely to take place at the prison in consequence of convicts being thus, in part, thrown out of employ, we are uninformed. Should this be the case, we trust that the sagacity of some of our distinguished citizens will be exerted to devise some way in which the safety of the prison can be reconciled to the reduction of the demand for *hammerings*, consequent upon the abundance of rose bugs.

Since writing the above remarks we learn that boys are out in every direction collecting the bug.— *Massachusetts Agriculturist.*

No. V

The Entomological System. Our friends have doubtless heard of the Tullian system (not Marcus, but Jethro), and the soiling system in agriculture; but we believe the *entomological system* is likely to prove of more importance than either. We perceive a brief sketch of it in the Massachusetts Farmer for June fifteenth, where it is described as practiced by a distinguished agriculturist of Massachusetts. It has long been a fact, well known to practical farmers, that the common domestic fowl (*gallus gallinacius*) is remarkably fond of rose bugs. Many of our readers have doubtless witnessed the mode in which even the young chicken seizes a bug in his beak, rubs him once or twice on the ground, and then swallows him, and catches up another.

In consequence of the abundance of rose bugs the present year, it has occurred to some of our enterprising husbandmen to make a business of collecting the bug as food for their poultry. The idle boys, of which unfortunately too many are found in every community, have been, in general, employed for this purpose and paid a cent a pint for as many as they could collect. A pint, it was found, was adequate food for two fowls for a day, without requiring any gravel, in consequence of the horny nature of their wings. Our readers will perceive the vast importance of this discovery to the trade in Southern corn. We hear that the demand for it has nearly ceased. In consequence of this new diet it has also been found that the poultry have ceased their depredations on the gravel walks, and the hammerings of the granite have ceased to be called for at the State Prison. Some doubts existing as to the precise cause of the marked abstinence of the poultry from the gravel walks, an intelligent and scientific agriculturist constructed two coops, each twenty feet long, four wide, and two high, and placed them on each side of his front door, on two gravel walks, forming the approach to his house. Four dozen fowls were enclosed in each, and fed in one coop with bugs in their natural state, and in the other with bugs whose wings had been removed. At the end of a week the coops were removed; the walk beneath the former was untouched, while beneath the latter every particle of gravel had disappeared.

These few facts seem to show that the *entomological system* is likely to produce the most astonishing effects on the industry of the community. We wait further developments with anxiety.— *United States Thresher.*

No. VI

Something Singular. We notice in the Massachusetts Farmer for June fifteenth a brief reference to some very curious and important facts. Our readers are generally acquainted with the change which has lately taken place in the feeding of poultry; the introduction of the *entomological diet,* as it has been happily called; the consequent reduction in the price of corn; the almost entire suspension of the demand for granite hammerings; and the employment given to a large number of poor children in collecting rose bugs at a cent a pint. Very curious details on this subject are contained in the Massachusetts Farmer for June fifteenth. The subject is one of importance, but we have not time, at present, to go deeply into details. We understand that an intelligent and enterprising husbandman has undertaken to furnish good fowls in the market at ninepence a pair. The eggs are to be hatched in furnaces, gently heated with Lehigh coal, and the chickens immediately supplied with the new food. All the eggs in the vicinity have been purchased for this establishment, and a custard pudding is nowhere to be seen, not even at our best tables. This is a privation to which, we trust, our citizens will cheerfully submit, as they will shortly be much more than recompensed by the reduced price of poultry. Nor is it to be forgotten that, in consequence of the collection of the rose bugs as food for the chickens, the rose bushes will escape their ravages, and that we shall immediately be able to buy our distilled rosewater and conserve of roses at a much reduced price.

We feel it, however, our duty, as faithful journalists, to advert to an unforeseen check which has been encountered by the enterprising husbandman alluded to. About five pecks of rose bugs were emptied into his farmyard on Monday morning, where five or six dozen of chickens are kept. The bugs were mostly alive, and, having been kept long without food were themselves naturally hungry. The yard presented no verdure on which they could fix themselves, and the consequence was, that while the chickens were employed in picking them up, a portion of the bugs from the large heaps, into which they were thrown in the yard, fastened on the chickens, and when our paper went to press it was thought the latter had the worst of it.

P. S. We understand that one chicken, naturally feeble, has given out and retreated to one corner of the yard, covered with the insects.— *The Ploughman's Friend.*

No. VII

Unpleasant. We always experience a sentiment of regret at being called, as conductors of a public press, to record the obstacles which occasionally present themselves in the execution of the most sagacious and promising plans. Our readers are, in general, apprized that a new system of husbandry was bidding fair (and, we will not permit ourselves to doubt, still bids fair) to be introduced among us, superseding the demand for Southern corn and enabling one farmer to afford our own corn at a cheap rate, furnishing us the minor poultry in greater abundance and at a much reduced price, securing our gravel walks, affording employment to poor children, and placing rosewater within the reach of the most limited resources. The numerous establishments already commenced for poultry raising on this system are well known, and have been hailed by the good wishes of the community. We are concerned, however, to record an adverse circumstance of an unpleasant character which has occurred in the first and largest of these establishments, and which, for the moment, has considerably checked the public enthusiasm and raised the price of Southern corn. It is generally known that Mr. Chickenwell had turned his extensive enclosures into a *fowlery,* and constructed a range of furnaces for hatching the eggs by artificial heat. He had already brought forward six hundred dozen of chickens in this way, and the indigent population of the neighboring towns was principally employed in collecting the bugs. The demand for the chickens promised to be so great that the enterprising undertaker felt able to pay the handsome price of a cent a peck

for the bugs. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the importance of the relief afforded to our country towns in this way, in the support of their poor. So many hands have been taken off by this new occupation that the price of oakum at our neighboring almshouses has been sensibly enhanced, and it is feared that the shipping interest may suffer in the article of calking. We learn from the Massachusetts Farmer of June fifteenth, that on the fifth inst. a large wagon load of the rose bugs was driven into the *fowlery* and emptied on the ground, where they, of course, would have furnished food to the stock for several weeks. The supply having been short for a few days previous, the fowls (as our readers will readily believe) went to work upon the tempting heap with no little alacrity, and were soon satiated. Meantime, however, the rose bugs themselves, as might perhaps have been anticipated from the large number collected and the proportionate length of time they had been in the wagon, were operated upon by the stimulus of appetite, and in the absence of any other more appropriate food began to attach themselves, by means of their antennae and legs (of which they have three pairs, furnished with barbs, by which the insect is enabled to adhere with considerable tenacity to foreign substances) to the bodies of the fowls. At first, and while the poultry was busily occupied in enjoying the profuse banquet spread before them, the fowls appeared to pay no attention to the insects with which they were covered. A vigorous shake of their wings and a ruffling of their feathers were sufficient to disengage the rose bugs. In proportion, however, as the fowls became inactive by repletion, it was observed that their annoyance from the insects increased; although from the absolute singularity of such an occurrence neither the fowls themselves nor the persons who happened to be spectators seemed to regard it as a consequence. Meantime, large quantities of the insects, still remaining without food, were constantly emerging from the heap and fastening on the chickens, who began to manifest signs of fatigue. They retired to the sides of the yard, rolled themselves frequently in the dust, and fluttered their wings and assumed a ruffled appearance. Some anxiety now began to be entertained in Mr. Chickenwell's establishment as to the result. But it was generally and not irrationally concluded by the members of this family, that when the usual time for feeding the poultry should arrive, and they should again feel the stimulus of hunger, they would renew their attack upon the rose bugs with a vigor that would be decisive in its effects. It happened, however, unfortunately, but naturally enough, that the chickens were thrown into a fever by the irritation and exhaustion occasioned by the rose bugs, and gave no signs of returning appetite. The usual period of feeding was watched by Mr. Chickenwell's overseer with considerable solicitude; and when it was found that the fowls remained listless and cowering in the corners of the yard, and evinced no sensation of hunger, the alarm became great and began to spread itself through the neighborhood. The event proved that it was but too well founded; the fowls refused to eat; new swarms of rose bugs continued to break loose from the heaps and proceded to breakfast on their feathered adversary, whose power of resistance grew fainter and fainter. Before long the smaller and less vigorous chickens were destroyed, and it was very evident that those which had been the stoutest and most active would soon share their fate. We cannot too much applaud the energetic and discreet course pursued by Mr. Chickenwell's overseer. Servants were immediately dispatched over the extensive farm and throughout the neighborhood to assemble all the full-grown cocks and hens that could be obtained. These were collected in the vicinity of the poultry yard, placed under the direction of an experienced game cock, and introduced at once into the enclosure. They instantly hopped forward towards the heap, *picking their way* with great eagerness. It happened, unfortunately, that the yard was strewed with such of the insects as had been crushed by the chickens in the commencement of the day; these

were hastily devoured by the newcomers, whose appetite was thereby considerably blunted. A large portion of the heap still remained in its original state, a living, crawling mass of rose bugs, about two feet high, eight long, and four wide; and the cock of the walk, in advancing toward it with the sagacity of an experienced combatant, slackened his pace, by way of reconnoitring the strange appearance before him. The other cocks and hens rallied, somewhat cautiously, behind him, as a drove of swine is said to do when attacked by the wolves. The famished insects, meantime, several of which had been four days without food, began to creep forward *en masse* toward this new enemy; the cocks and hens, on their part, trod cautiously, and lifting up their legs, but still forward, till at length, their leader having given the signal by crowing and flapping his wings, they all rose in the air about a foot, flew over the midst of the heap and settled down upon it. And then began a trampling, scratching, picking, fluttering, flapping, crowing, and cackling such as probably was never witnessed before. Thousands of the bugs were thrown up into the air, tens of thousands trodden under food, pulled to pieces, unwinged, deforerated, disantennated, and destroyed. But the ravages of the cocks and hens served but to make a hole in the living heap, into which as the valiant crowers and cacklers sunk, new swarms of their hungry enemy closed over them, till at length the tallest cocks were almost buried in the crawling mass, and a few combs only reared themselves so as to be visible. These at length began one by one to sink down and disappear till nothing was left but the solitary crest of the cock of the walk, occasionally pushed up through the superincumbent load of the insects, and uttering a wild and faint crow:

> Advanced, now forced back, now high, now low,
> The pennons sunk and rose,
> As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
> When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
> It wavered mid the foes.

The moment had now arrived when it was to be definitely settled whether the undisputed mastery of the poultry yard should be surrendered up to the rose bugs. The brood of chickens was entirely destroyed, and the cocks and hens, surfeited, exhausted, buried under a ravenous heap of unsatiated insects, must soon follow their fate. What was of still greater moment, the reputation of the entomological diet was at stake. It was a crisis of equal importance and terror, and we must do Mr. Chickenwell the credit to say that he met it with firmness.

Near the poultry yard, where this appalling scene was acted, he had raised and kept a large flock of Bremen geese (*anser bremensis*), a stout, voracious, powerful animal, ravenous after insects. Mr. Chickenwell, with a promptness and valor which did him infinite credit, resolved to charge into the poultry yard himself, in the rear of his Bremen geese. Arming himself with a long pole, at the end of which a white rag was attached, he mustered the flock before him, addressed them with several animated clucks, waved his rag, caused the gates to be thrown open, and fluttered in.

At this moment five or six of the cockerels, by a last convulsive effort, flapped themselves up from the heap with long, thick swarms of the bugs hanging to them; uttered a sound, half scream and half crow, beat the air heavily a moment, and fell down again. The geese were dismayed and panic-struck. Mr. Chickenwell (though, to tell the truth, a little staggered himself) clucked forward, but in vain. Not a goose could *go up to the scratch* against such a portentous adversary. The head gander himself was bewildered at the sight.

> *Non tulit hanc speciem furiatae mente coroebus hanc;*

and set up a frightful quake, in which the whole flock joined. At the same moment they wheeled round, spread their broad wings, rose upon the toes of their webbed feet, and drove Mr. Chickenwell before them, out of the yard. The alarm now became general. A turkey cock, who, with widespread tail, erected comb, and distended wattles, was gobbling and strutting down to inquire into the disturbance, shut up his tail feathers and

joined the flight. A pair of peacocks slanted screeching up to the roof of the house; a tame mocking bird, in a cage, ran hastily through his gamut of imitation and was hush; and a loquacious parrot crooked his bill round into a sort of interrogation, as much as to say, "Is anything expected of Poll?" The panic spread to the free tribes of air; the quail in the deep forest heard the clang and gathered her fledglings under her wings; a flock of wild ducks that was hurrying along to the south contracted its serried phalanx into closer order:

> Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail,
> The famished eagle screams and passes by.

The fate of the system seemed sealed. The news spread to the metropolis; corn and granite gravel rose; oakum fell, holders of poultry showed an aversion to part with their property at any price, and a general and feverish state of excitement was visible on 'change. Such was the position of things when we went to press. We shall not fail to keep our readers apprised of the events which may disclose themselves in the progress of this novel and highly interesting movement of affairs.— *The Atlantic Ploughboy.*

No. VIII

From the Massachusetts Farmer of June 22. We omitted in our last paper to apprise our readers that rose bugs must be boiled before they are given to poultry. Some accidents, we understand, have occurred for want of this precaution.

THE AUGUST GUARD

By JANE C. CROWELL

Tawny in their splendor,
Tiger lilies tall
Martial guard the garden
At midsummer call.

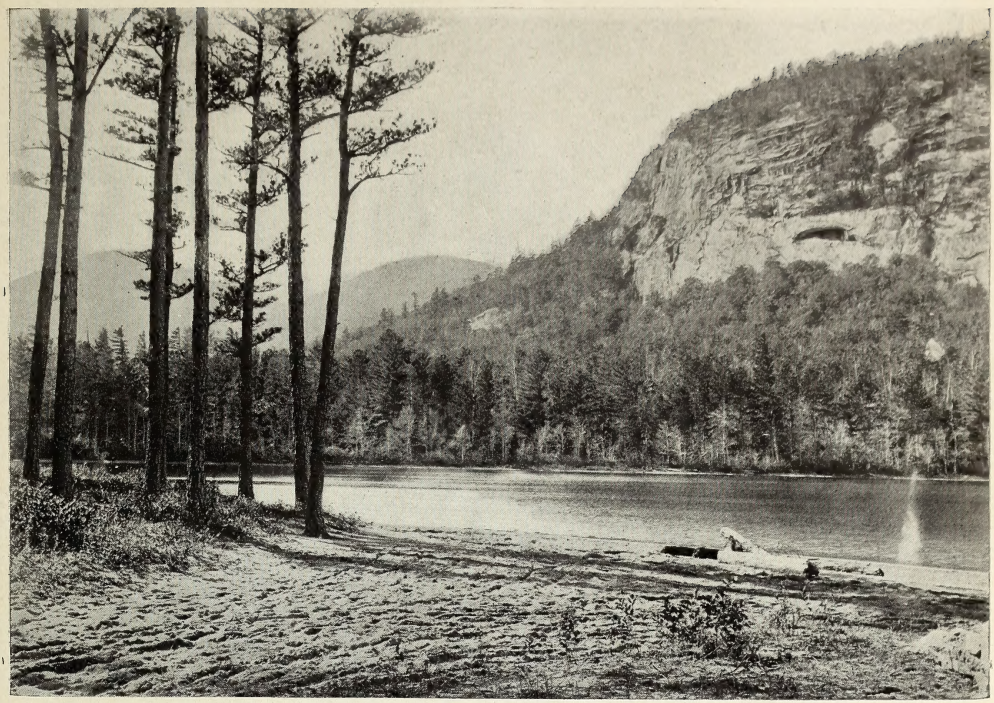
Cohort led by August;
Armor, burnished bright,
Blazes through the daytime,
Gleams in lessening light, —

Towering o'er the blossoms
Or in peasant dress,
Or in rich apparel,
Ranks of fearlessness.

Valiant when the sun strikes
In defiance proud;
Though the rain beat fiercely,
Heads remain unbowed.

E'en the wind, assailing,
Leaves them in their place,
Stout resistance giving
Toward the foe each face.

Tawny in their splendor,
Tiger lilies tall
Faithful stay on duty
Till the guard recall.



THE WHITE HORSE LEDGE

By ANNIE M. STREET

The white horse silently climbs the height,
While centuries wax and wane;
The little old driver, by day and night,
Silently holds the rein;
Silently travels the Russian sledge,—
Never a soul below
Has heard it creak on the barren ledge,
Or grind in the frozen snow.

Time was when an icy veil was spread
O'er virgin hills and dells,
And then, I trow, the white horse sped
To the sound of silver bells.
Methinks the driver was young and lithe,
And his furs were thick and warm,
And he started out with a whistle blithe,
Nor cared for the darkening storm.

His prancing steed was unafraid
Of the elements' mighty shock;
But the Master Hand the journey stayed,
On the face of a giant rock.
And there, on the purple cliff, beside
The shore of the echoing lake,
Horse and driver and sleigh abide,
Whether we sleep or wake.

Heeding never the burning sun,
Or the chilly stars o'erhead,
They wait till the world its race has run,
Till the sea gives up its dead.
But I love to think when the hills shall flee,
And the rocks shall fall some day,
The patient steed, so glad and free,
Shall travel his onward way.

"Agriculture," by Vesper L. George

FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND ARTISTS SERIES

VI. VESPER L. GEORGE'S "AGRICULTURE"

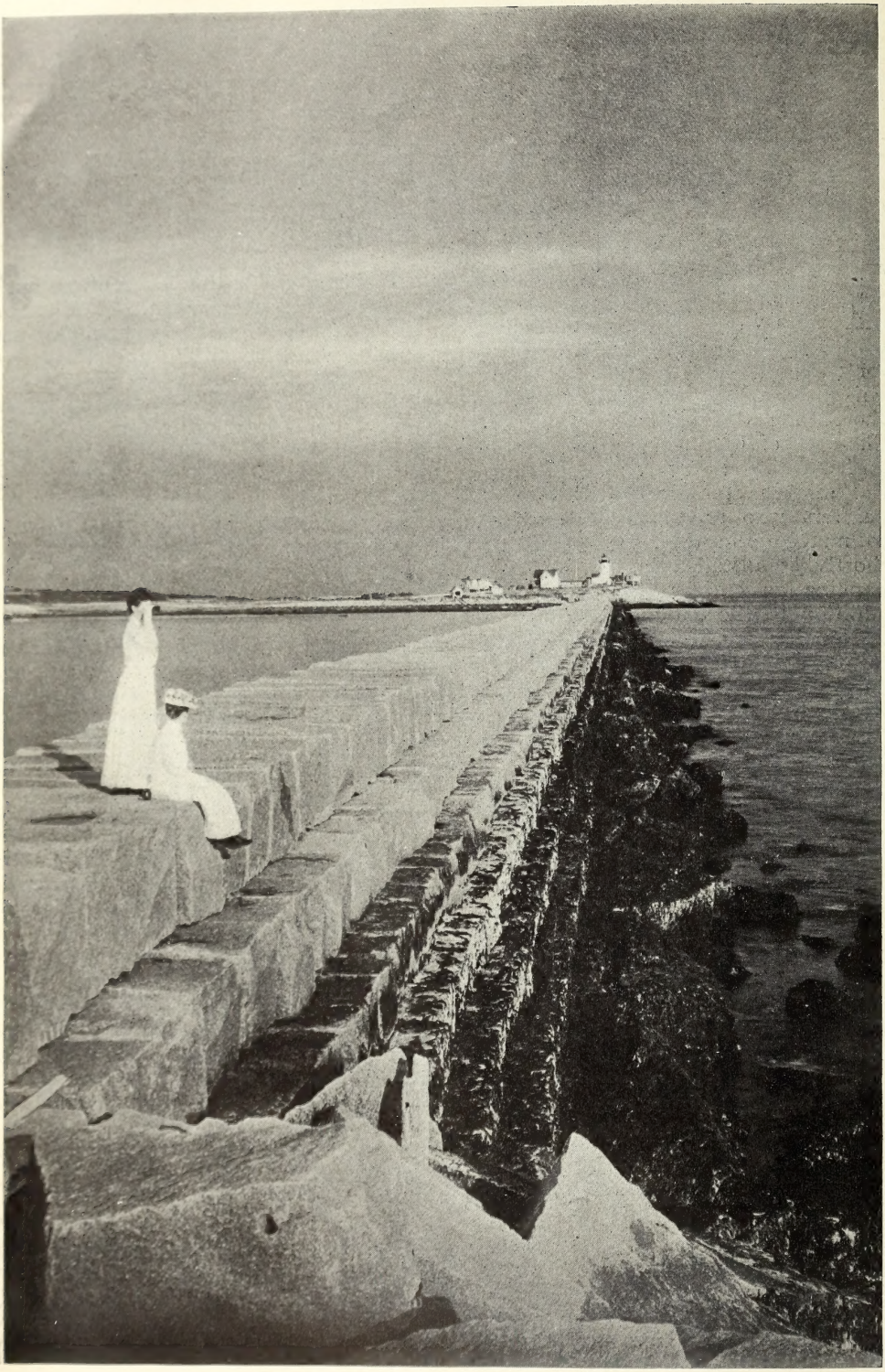
By FREDERICK W. COBURN

THE decorative panel "Agriculture" is one of a series of four paintings on vocational subjects lately executed by Vesper L. George, of Boston, for the building of a trust company at Bristol, Connecticut. Exhibited for a short time this spring at the Boston Chamber of Commerce, they confirmed an impression that Mr. George is one of the most promising of the American painters who are devoting themselves to mural decoration. The panels will shortly be installed in the Connecticut banking house and will be an important addition to the list of mural paintings in New England which include the decorations by Puvis de Chavannes, John S. Sargent, and Edwin A. Abbey, in the Boston Public Library; paintings by Oliver Dennett Grover in the Memorial Library at Branford, Conn.; the pictorial series in the rotunda of the Massachusetts State House; the new decorations by John La Farge, E. C. Tarbell, and Philip L. Hale in the Episcopal Cathedral at Portland, Maine, and many others.

"Agriculture" illustrates well the sane, practical, and yet thoroughly artistic point of view from which Mr. George's art is projected. One of his primary desires is not to get too far away from the comprehension and interest of plain every day Americans — of the kind of people who may be seen each business day entering the trust company's building at Bristol to deposit, draw, or "hire" money. He aims at the same time to produce a dignified, well-studied composition, conforming to the accepted standards of draughtsmanship. That excellent qualities of style have ennobled the subject and that, while a just balance of parts is preserved, every passage has been made artistically interesting, gives the work a right to critical esteem. The spirit of New England husbandry has rarely been more truthfully depicted.

Mr. George has advanced steadily in professional capacity since he executed his very creditable decorations for the Lowell Public Library about ten years ago. Trained like most of our competent painters in Paris, he has practised his profession and taught decorative design at the Massachusetts Normal Art School, during the years in which creative power has been developing alongside of excellent academic accomplishment. The decorative work of the recent Normal School pageant was in his charge.

This painter has logical, well-formulated convictions as to the functions of decorative art among people who can be reached only by simple, straightforward painting of comprehensible subjects. Equipped thus, he is likely to go much further in a direction where great possibilities lie. Since the first important mural painting was executed in this country for Huntington Hall of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology many years ago, the number of American buildings which need to be adorned by competent painters has greatly increased, and there has been no little awakening of popular interest in fulfilment of the need.



Dog Bar Breakwater, Eastern Point

A Sea Lover's Paradise

By SHERMAN T. FRANKLIN

GLOUCESTER is a sea-lover's paradise. It is rapidly moving up to its natural rank as the metropolis of the North Shore summer life. For Gloucesterites are discovering that the million dollars a year annually contributed to its wealth by the ardent followers of sea-breezes and summer recreation is a very thrifty sum, and since all that is necessary to its continuance is to look pretty and be pretty, she is spending more time in front of the mirror than formerly.

It is true that when a city gives itself over body and soul to the summer visitor alone, it is only too apt to languish industrially. But Gloucester is not making that mistake. The land of the schooner has no fear of modern progress.

Nor has this busy life and march of improvement marred the "picturesque" charm of the locality. Wherever brave men go forth to battle with the sea for its hidden wealth the inherent romance will not be destroyed by cleanliness and order. Those who resist the march of such improvements are urging an impossible and ridiculous cause. Gloucester has a very wideawake body of citizens who feel quite otherwise, and who propose too see to it, and have already done much to bring it to pass that their city shall be provided with good thoroughfares and all that enhances their beauty. The returning visitor quickly discovers that the city in the last decade has greatly changed for the better and without any loss of the old fascination.

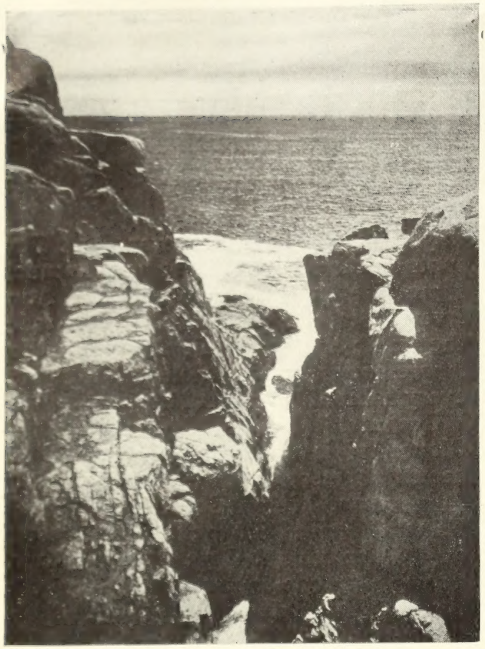
Not only does the sailor life persist with its perennial charm, but there is always the sea itself,— the sea that no man can tame, that all the centuries that have been or ever will be cannot "civilize," the sea with its tides and its surf, its white beaches and salt-washed boulders and its secret and treacherous ways, its lure and its warning. Few spots on the earth's surface have as much shore line to their area as Cape Ann. Every vista, every breath of air, the trade, the traffic and an indefinable touch that is present in every article of dress and every habit of life is all of the sea.

Geographically, the district of which Gloucester is the center, including the beautiful resorts of Gloucester itself, Annisquam, Pigeon Cove, Long Beach, Eastern Point, Magnolia, Manchester, and other points almost equally well known, is one possessing many distinctive features.

The surface of the cape is, for the most part, very uneven. It is a succession of bare, rocky hills, bold ledges of granite and boulder-strewn, undulating meadows and hillocks. In places it seems like a bit of New Hampshire transported to the shores of Massachusetts Bay. The region was originally covered with a dense and valuable forest that nourished the ship building industry and supplied a very profitable article of commerce. Even yet the surrounding country toward the interior is one of the best wooded portions of the state and adds the charm of many beautiful drives to that of the unfailing delight of the sea.

In the beautiful *Magnolia Glauca* the cape district possesses a botanical novelty that is found, as a native growth, nowhere else in Massachusetts. It is a shrub growing to the height of ten feet and throughout the greater part of the warm season is covered with a beautiful and fragrant blossom.

A party of naturalists recently took a canoe trip on the Ipswich river for the purpose of studying the bird life of the district, and in the course of two days noted eighty-four varieties. This abundant bird life is a natural result of the sheltered and varied character of the country with its woodlands, native shrub-



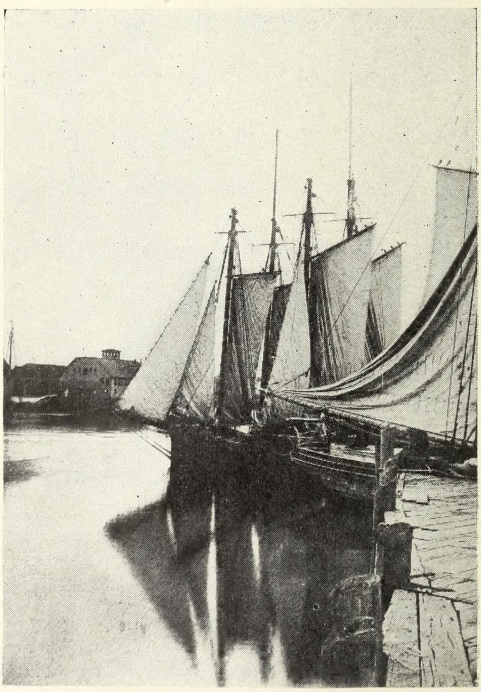
RAFE'S CHASM, MAGNOLIA

beries, fresh and salt waters, and succession of valleys and hills.

The highest land elevation is that known as Thompson's Mountain. It is situated near the western border of the township and elevated two hundred and fifty-five feet above the level of the sea. From its summit an extensive view of variegated coastline with broad reaches of meadow and undulating woodland stretches in every direction. To the traveler approaching the coast from the east, the first land visible is the eminence known as Pigeon Hill, a lower but quite conspicuous elevation.

Another natural feature worthy of mention as having borne a considerable part both in the history and in the natural beauty of the region, is the number of islands that skirt the shores of the cape and which led the great navigator, Champlain, to name it the "Cap aux Isles." This name as well as that of "Tragabizanda" given to it by Captain John Smith in honor of a Turkish lady who had been kind to him during his capitivity in the land of the Moslem, has yielded to the name officially conferred by Prince Charles of England, in honor of his mother, Anne of Denmark. The curious have discovered the lady's profile carved by the sea on the easternmost extremity of the point, and many are the pilgrims who pay their respects to "Old Mother Ann." The original Indian name for the district, "Wonasquom," is perpetuated in the nearby harbor of Annisquam. The name is said by Dr. Trumbull, the noted authority on Indian linguistics, to mean "Pleasant Water."

The forces that determine climate are so numerous as to be difficult to trace. Whatever their sources may be, however, their results are very palpable. And Gloucester, like Newport, has a climate that is local and distinctive. I do not know that the difference is of a kind that would reveal itself in any very marked way in government reports. It consists in a certain softness of the air that all who are familiar with the region know very well. Artists have been quick to appreciate its atmospheric effects, which are peculiarly sweet and fine. The artist colony on Eastern Point is a large and enthusiastic one. I have heard it said that the water about Gloucester is some-



VESSELS AT WHARF

SURF AT BASS ROCKS

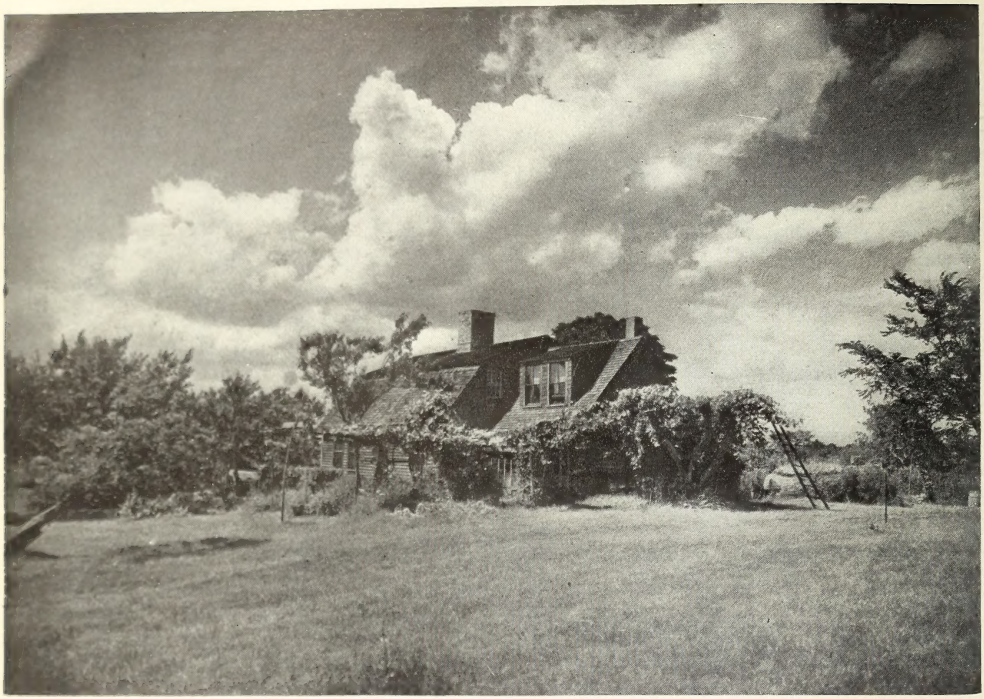
what less salt than is the prevailing proportion for the Atlantic Ocean. And just as the extreme saltness of the Mediterranean Sea plays a very important part in the coloring of that body, so the freshness of the water about Gloucester's many spring and river-fed coves and harbors lends something of the limpid quality of fresh water to the coloring of the sea. Others claim much for the directions of the prevailing winds. However these things may be, the extraordinary color effects are certainly there. A sunset on Gloucester Harbor is a spectacle unsurpassed anywhere in the world. The exquisite colorings of rocks and beaches and the fine atmospheric effects in aerial perspective excite the greatest admiration from those who have traveled widest and seen the most.

I remember to have been seated near a group of art students who were studying Gloucester Harbor and the beauties of the region under the chaperonage of a very enthusiastic lady teacher.

"Now, girls," I heard her say, "what color is that water?"

"Yellow!" they all shrieked in unison. I would have called it blue, myself. But whatever pigment from the palettes of these well-drilled impressionists might be proper for its representation, they were right in the recognition that it had a quality of its own, a color not just like other water, a softness that ordinary blue was too hard and cold a tint to represent. The writer at one time purchased two little water color sketches in which the artist chose to employ a soft French gray with sepia shadows for the water, touching in the lights and edges with more delicate and livelier tints. He, with his patient, detailed realism, like the others with their bold and short-cut impressionism, was undertaking to represent a quality that is as elusive as it is beautiful. "Pleasant Water," the Indians termed it, and pleasant it is found to be in the thoughts of tens of thousands of devoted pilgrims who annually avail themselves of its recreative powers.

Whatever a man's "line" may be, he will find a great many points of interest about Gloucester. If he is an historian,



THE RIGGS HOUSE, THE OLDEST HOUSE ON CAPE ANN, RIVERDALE

he will wander out to the old house on Cape Ann and to Stage Fort Park, where the founders of the Massachusetts Bay fisheries landed in 1621. A bronze tablet let into the living rock marks the location. He will find himself paying his respects, also, to the place where the American ship-building industry was founded, and surely he will leave an affectionate tribute to the memory of the inventor of the schooner!

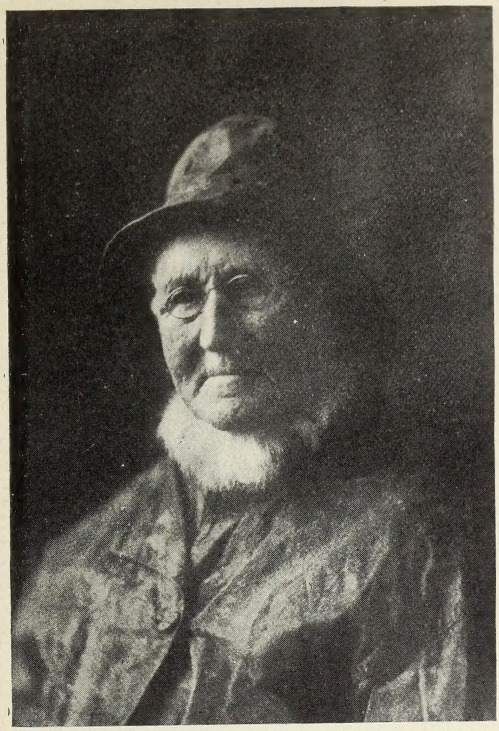
Whatever would Yankee shipping have been without the schooner? Those trim and handy " fore and afters " have made the genius and skill of Yankee mariners the envy and wonder of every sea, and have rendered comparatively safe for "wind-jammers" a coast line whose reefs and shoals the old square riggers would have found very treacherous cruising ground.

It was Captain Andrew Robinson, of Gloucester, who in the year 1713 slipped the first " schooner " into the water. The spelling of the word has led many to seek for it a Dutch parentage, but no such origin is to be found. It is, in truth, a misspelling for ' scooner,' which comes from the Scotch word, to *scoon*, that is, to skip stones over the water. The origin of the name as applied to vessels of their peculiar rig is given in a well-authenticated narrative accepted by the Century Dictionary as authoritative.

" When the vessel slid off the stocks into the water, a bystander cried out, ' O, how she scoons! ' Robinson instantly replied, ' A scooner let her be,' and from that time vessels of this kind have gone by the name thus accidentally imposed." (Cent. Dict.)

It was Longfellow who, in one of his noblest poems, has given literary immortality to the nearby shipyards at Essex, that have furnished so many of Gloucester's great fleet. It is his genius also that has made Norman's Woe rock famous. Kipling in modern times, as well as Whittier and Longfellow among our own New England writers, has added the touch of literary association to the region of pleasant waters.

We have already referred to the riches that are in store for the visiting naturalist,



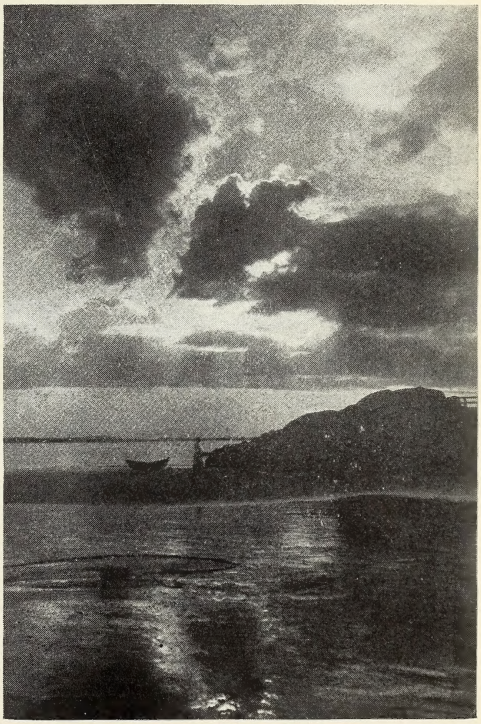
THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF GLOUCESTER

whether botanically or zoölogically inclined. Nor is it to the serious-minded alone that this locality, so rich in material for the historian, the lover of literature, the artist, and the naturalist, commends itself. No region offers greater advantages to the lover of outdoor recreations and sports.

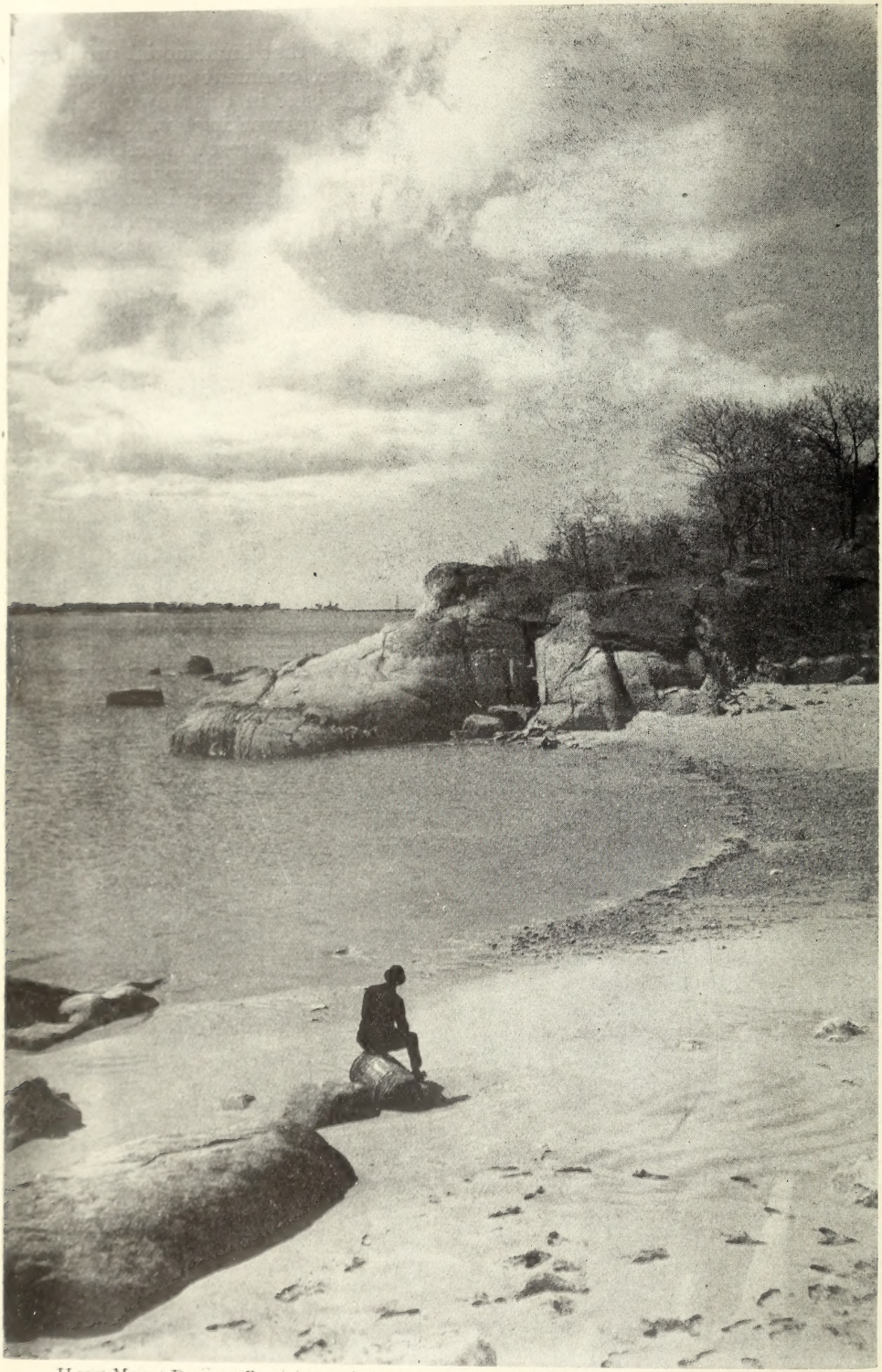
Here is to be found boating in every conceivable form from the eggshell canoe to the great sea-going steamer, and it is all at hand and available. The fishing is of the best, the bathing unexcelled in salubrity. Landward are beautiful drives, with innumerable points of interest and opportunities for every manner of recreation.

But all of these yield in importance, in the mind of the average summer visitor, to the advantages the place offers for doing nothing at all! It is very hard for most people to do nothing, and yet, sometimes, it is a very necessary and valuable form of exercise. Gloucester has many little tricks for whiling away the idler's time. For he may always see somebody else doing something, and indulge in that immemorial privilege of the loafer, comment and advice. The writer assisted in this way of telling the man who was working how to do it, in the building of the latest and best of Boston's police boats, a public service which has as yet remained unrecognized. The Gloucester loafer may advise not only on the lines and rigging of vessels, the taking and curing of fish, but on every imaginable outdoor enployment, government hatcheries, lighthouse keeping, and I know not what. And then there is that perpetual panorama,—those salt barques from the Mediterranean, the going and coming of the fleet of working and of pleasure craft, the gay parties of pleasure-makers,—a continual and fascinating round of life that yet never taxes the nerves nor forces the jaded mind or body to any strenuous activity.

Just outside of Gloucester Harbor is as breezy a bit of water as will be found anywhere along the Atlantic coast. Rare indeed is the day that the yachtsman will not find a good sail full of wind with a little left over and chop enough to keep



NEAR WIGWAM POINT, ANNISQUAM

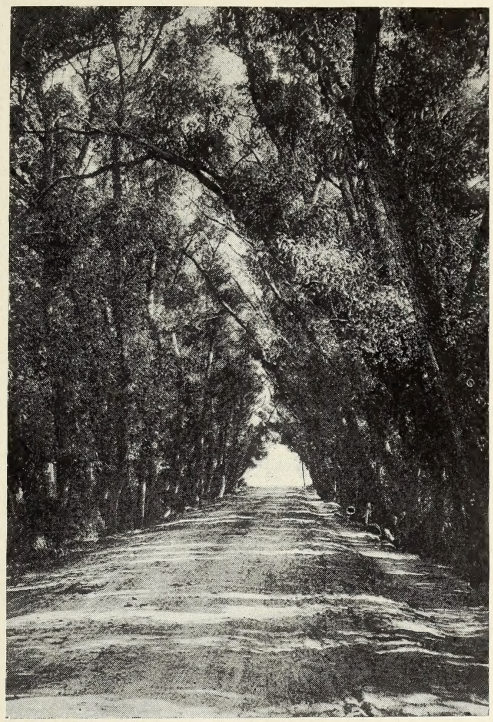


HALF MOON BEACH, GLOUCESTER HARBOR, FIRST LANDING PLACE OF THE PURITANS

up the interest, with islands to duck behind for a quiet lay-to and the wide mouth of the harbor, with its splendid new seawall, as an ever open refuge in case of need.

He may easily spend the whole summer with a cruise every day and not exhaust the nearby points of interest or stale the charm of that sparkling sea.

But he will be a very ardent yachtsman indeed if he is able to resist the inshore charms. Cape Ann is the most rewarding spot that the pedestrian can encounter. He does not need to wait for the end of the route, the goal of his jaunt, for his satisfaction. Every step yields payment with usury for all his exertions. It is one of those places where a man, willy nilly, becomes a disciple of Thoreau, and goes "out walking" for its own sake. Whether he is bound for some distant lighthouse or for Rafe's Chasm, or the woods along the Magnolia shore, or the moorlike, wind-swept spaces of the cape, or for old Mother Ann's rocky point, he is a philosopher and naturalist with each changing scene.



ANNISQUAM WILLOWS

With the aid of a vehicle he may widen his circle so as to take in Manchester's "Singing Beach," Rockport, Annisquam, with the noted willows and picturesque Pigeon Cove, and a hundred other points of unfailing interest.

It is a widow's cruse of oil, the beauty of this spot by the sea, a possession that grows richer the more it is utilized and cultivated.

But even if a man be but a bird of passage, a summer visitor and no more, he will still, if he is of the right sort, be interested in something more than rocks and hills and the attractions of nature. He will make a mistake if he does not avail himself of the social privileges of a sojourn among a cultured and kindly people.

> "For man is more than his abode,
> The human soul than nature's raiment more."

Of course I am not speaking of the social life of the summer colony itself. The North Shore has so long been favored with society's smile that its reputation in that respect is hardly second to that of Newport, and no doubt there are many North-Shore people who would scorn the comparison. But that social life, however attractive it may be — to some more, to others less — is not Gloucester itself. The visitor will surely want to know something of the life of the brave and hardy people who have made the city what it is.

We have never felt in sympathy with that kind of summer life that underestimates the human interest. With all our love of the fields, the globe on which our lot is cast is principally interesting because it is an inhabited planet.

The human interest at Gloucester is abiding and deep. The place has a spirit of its own, a combination of old traditions and of modern enterprise that is neither typically eastern nor typically western, but just Gloucester. In its early settlement there was a strong Scottish element that revealed itself in a certain sturdy independence. It escaped, for example,

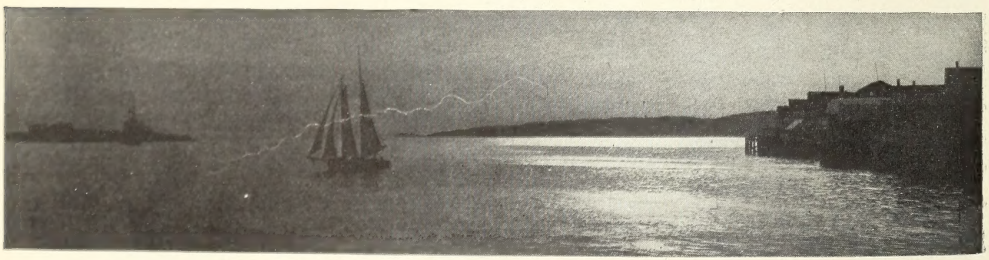
almost entirely, the witchcraft delusions that so captured the neighboring population of Salem. It is true that a good many Gloucester people saw and heard strange things at about that time — strange men walking in the dusk of the evening and the powder in his gun only flashed when the settler fired at them — all of which, of course, as Dr. Mather proved, was due to the devil. But Gloucester took it all very quietly and furnished no victims to feed the gallows of superstition.

She supported her clergy loyally, was somewhat given to liberalism, and is today, in spite of the supposedly unhinging effects of a sea-going life, a churchly community. Perhaps there is something in the ever present sense of danger and the frequent story of sudden and violent death to keep men serious. The "city of widows," as it has been called, is also a city of faith and of kindly deeds.

It is a place, too, that prizes and cultivates the interests of the intellectual life. In connection with its public library, there is a Lyceum and another organization, the Cape Ann Literary and Scientific Association, keeps open house with interesting collections, classes, lectures, and conversations stimulating and helpful. To many summer visitors these things may not appeal. To others they certainly will, and the opportunity both to enjoy and to help will be appreciated.

We have already alluded to the recent progressive spirit of the city, and something more should be said on that subject. Gloucester is favored with two business men's organizations, both of which are working for the advancement of the city along their respective lines. The Board of Trade is principally concerned with the interests of the city's great industry, while the Business Men's League looks out for a wider range of interests, including public highways and all manner of improvements.

There is a very interesting and instructive statistical story at Gloucester, but we have not set out to tell it in these few pages, only to indicate that it is a story of progress and cheery outlook. But however interesting and important all this may be, the leading fact is that not only New Englanders, but beauty-loving Americans everywhere have "discovered" Gloucester. Henceforth theirs she must be by "the expulsive power of the higher affection." Gloucester is altogether too attractive and in too many ways to be given over wholly to its own industrial development. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and when the American people set to work to play they are very much in earnest about it. Gloucester is one of the most delightful playgrounds in existence, and we believe that that fact comes pretty near to determining its future. Still we think that work is always the best background for play, and is itself the most interesting thing in the world, and every true lover of Gloucester will hope to see industry and beauty develop hand in hand, as they always should.



A Yankee Recruit in the Philippines

By CHARLES A. CAMPBELL

Illustrated by the Author

I. THE PASSAGE OF THE RECRUIT

AFTER watching night descend upon the sea, I went to the slippery, slimy hold and my berth. My best friend and chosen chum, Walling, having already complained of seasickness, had preceded me below, and when I picked my way between the tiers of berths to where he lay, he did not speak. "Good night, recruit, old pal," I murmured, half to myself, "we're off for the Spanish trenches about Manila. Let's hope both you and I return some day to tell the story." I could hear the throbbing of the engines and the swash of the water rushing past.

Drawing my diary from my knapsack I started to write. Stirring scenes, there were, to describe; the march from camp through the streets of San Francisco and the embarkation of company after company of recruits; the final casting away from shore while whistles from the ferries and shipping screamed farewell. From every craft enthusiastic Californians had waved handkerchiefs and flags and I recollected the ecstasy of happy-go-lucky, generous Walling, who, waving to girls on a tug ploughing abreast of us had exclaimed: "Isn't this grand! I never was on a ship in my life till now. I never saw salt water till last month. Only think, we are to cross the Pacific!" The tug had dropped back with the girls still waving across the widening gulf of sunlit seawater; we had steamed through the Golden Gate and headed into our course; the land had receded until there was nothing for us to look upon but our ship, the sea and sky, and black smoke from the funnels streaming low over the swirling depths.

Now, while I sat writing, I thought of war and its hazards, and observed, as they came gliding from the shower baths, white nude forms — the targets in the game we were playing. The tiers of berths, the passageways, the floors, smelled sickeningly of the slime of the sea. When I went on deck for a breath of air the plunging swells brought on such a dizziness that I hurried back, clutched the edges of my mattress and stretched full length upon my back. There was no escaping it — this seasickness. "Lights out" sounded after a while, leaving the tiers of berths in darkness.

In the morning when I ascended from below I was appalled at the condition of the decks. I wanted to lie flat on my back again and dove into my berth, where I remained all day, but, feeling better toward night, formed in the supper line. The decks had been cleaned and the worst seemed to be over; nevertheless, on going down to our part of the ship, I found that Walling had not eaten, nor even stirred. He was too sick to move, he said, so I started to fetch him a cup of coffee and had almost reached the main deck when I met Walling's cousin, of the South Dakota recruits. "Hello," said the cousin, a few stairs above me as he came down. The ship rolling suddenly, he lost his balance and tipped a plate of hot soup into my neck.

I had often read of the nautical experiences of others; now I was having my own. The swells, as well as our epidemic of seasickness, subsided as we slipped along into the tropics. Khaki uniforms were issued to replace the blue, and awnings were stretched above the decks. So fiercely did the sun beat down that, if we stepped barefooted between the shadows of the awnings we burned our feet. All day we lounged in shady places of the

decks until, at evening, the moon sailed up out of the sea behind and phosphorescence, like particles of flame, glowed in the water about the bow. On one of these tranquil, moonlight evenings, as I stood at the rail musing upon the romance of our situation, Walling came and leaned beside me.

"How are you standing it now?" I asked.

"Pretty well; only I can't get my appetite back. I'm no sailor. If I could get something good to eat, a nice beefsteak and some of mother's bread, I could enjoy all this. I can't stomach the hardtack; it's damp and soggy. The bread is heavy and smells of seawater. Every meal is fat salt pork and a boiled potato. My potato to-night was all rotten and I had to throw it overboard. Wish I had brought some jelly and chipped beef, like some of the fellows did," he concluded, longingly.

"Too bad you spent all your money on your camera," I said. I, also, had neglected to buy extra eatables, but was hardier than Walling, and did not suffer much from unpalatable rations.

On the morning of the eighth day we saw land. It lay to the left of the ship so far away as to appear of a deep blue color, and we were dropping it from view when, to the right, more land, a second island, hove in sight. By ten o'clock we were passing almost under its impending yellow cliffs. Gradually the protruding rocks gave way to a long, white beach; gradually the cliffs gave way to tropical foliage, farmhouses, and cultivated fields rising inland. Masts, in thick clusters, appeared ahead, a pilot came aboard, and we knew we were approaching Honolulu. As a steamer bearing the Hawaiian band came out to meet us, and "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle" burst upon our ears, while the tropical islands shone before our eyes, the tears began to dribble down Walling's khaki blouse. Gordon Bray, perceiving them, exclaimed:

"Look! Rooky Walling crying over it!"

"Yes, and I'm not ashamed to, either," Walling answered. "When I left home, I vowed to my father never to dishonor, in camp, in strange cities, or on the field, what he has worn and I am wearing — the uniform of the United States. Such sights as these inspire me to keep my vow."

What are the thrills in a military expedition to the other side of the world! We were recruits from Minnesota, South Dakota, and Colorado, but Bray's home was in New York, mine in New Hampshire. North, East, South, and West were represented on our troopship. To-day there was no East and West, no North, no South; only the one great republic we had left behind a week ago.

At the wharves we were greeted by a howling, friendly mob. We were pelted with oranges and bananas until, in the narrow streets which poured back the heat of the sun into our faces, we once more formed fours on terra firma. Earth had grown strange to us while on shipboard, and we marched unsteadily as if expecting the ground to rise up or sink away with the undulations of the sea. Our spirits ran high when, having pitched camp in a grassy plot well within the city, we were given an afternoon of liberty. Walling, Gordon Bray, and I started off to see the sights together, but unfortunately Walling was taken with dizziness.

"If I but had a square meal!" he exclaimed, "I should be a different fellow. I haven't the life to stir around."

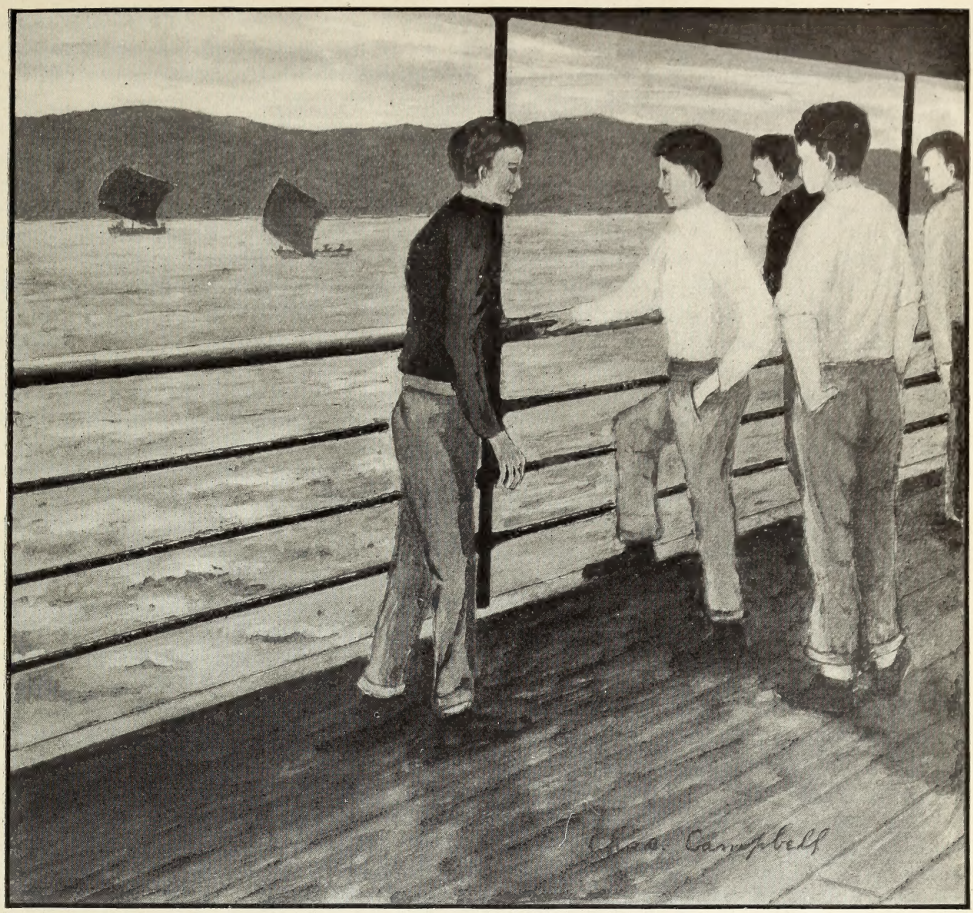
We were hurrying out of the hot sun toward a grove where we intended to rest until Walling should feel better, when Walling and Bray at the same instant noticed a pocket-knife lying in the dirt. Both stooped to pick it up.

"Finding is having," said Bray, snatching it from under Walling's finger tips.

"Pull straws. I had my eyes on it same time you did," remonstrated Walling. To pull straws was but fair, I thought, and sided with Walling.

Bray was irritated and refused. Perceiving that he did not intend to pull straws for the knife, I tried to smooth over the matter; however, it left such a feeling of unpleasantness, Walling said he was going back to camp and lie down. Not caring to return to camp just then, I went with Bray.

"Walling hasn't had a well day since



WE MET STRANGE CRAFTS WITH SQUARE, RED SAILS

we boarded ship. Let's not let him go away like this," I said. "He's hungry and sick and altogether miserable."

Bray half confessed to have been in the wrong about the knife, so, along what we thought was the best street to camp we hastened after Walling. On coming within sight of him we saw him accost an Englishman, then go into a restaurant.

"Begging!" ejaculated Bray.

As we passed the restaurant we saw the famished Walling at a table.

"He didn't have a red cent. It's a shame to beg from these people. English, Portuguese, Americans, and natives, all alike, are treating us fine. What did Walling say this morning about dishonoring the uniform?" fermented Bray.

Army life is a great leveler, yet it seems here, as elsewhere, among us all, it is human to make the most of inequalities. Bray had been reared amid surroundings of ease and polish; was well read, having been born, as he said, in a room adjoining a library. Walling, who had walked fifteen miles to take a train to place of enlistment, had known but the life of a rolling prairie wheat country. For the intellectual capabilities of Walling, and indeed for most of the company, Bray had a sovereign contempt.

It was difficult to realize that we were strolling upon one of the last stepping-stones of the Western Hemisphere. I found that Bray was romantic and imaginative, an interesting companion; yet he angered me when again and again he referred sneeringly to the incident of

Walling's begging. Walling and I had tented and chummed together and had sworn to abide together the vicissitudes of the campaign before us; now it seemed, notwithstanding, that a disagreement was likely to come between us, for, as Bray pointed out, "If every soldier were to beg here, what a pack of beggars we would be!"

The sea at some time or other seemed to have appealed to Bray's fancy. He had read voyages of discovery, all sorts of books of the sea, and told me that Drake was the discoverer of San Francisco Bay, Magellan of the Philippines, that the great ocean around us was usually calm, and we might expect no storms till near the China coast. I was surprised at his seeming knowledge, and as far as I have since learned, his knowledge was correct. I know that when we again boarded ship we steamed for almost a fortnight upon an ocean so calm and limpid as to well prove the fitness of the name Pacific. There were no incidents to break the monotony, no passing ships, no sharks nor monsters of the deep, nothing except white seafowls following us, day after day, to feed upon the refuse thrown overboard.

Then came a period of storms and swells when the ship plunged against head seas. Tropical deluges, that we saw advancing like solid walls, enveloped us every few hours. Our berths were moist and steamy, and since we were now accustomed to rains and drenchings, many of us preferred to sleep rolled in our blankets upon deck. It was upon one of these nights that, as I slept on deck, there came up such a storm that the seas broke over the deck and flooded the lower berths in the hold. A score of us had been drenched through and had taken off all our clothing when we were pressed into service to throw buckets of bilge-water overboard as they were passed to us from below. Walling and I, who seemed on scarcely speaking terms, because of my having taken up with Bray since leaving Honolulu, now found ourselves engaged together in this outlandish duty; and when it was over we joined hands and raced up and down the ship in the tempest. Yes, we would share together, afloat and ashore. We would be chums again. There was more to me in the comradeship of the straightforward, enthusiastic Walling than in the cynical polish of Bray.

Under novel and trying circumstances I was gaining an insight into human nature. We had been too long at sea and many had grown thoroughly tired of one another. One day, Bray, giving me a knowing wink, said to Walling:

"Don't suppose you have as yet dishonored the uniform?"

"No, I can't say that I have," Walling answered.

There came an afternoon when we saw hundreds of small birds, like swallows, and could almost smell the land. We heard a shouting from those on the port side of the ship:

"Land ho! Land ho! The Philippines!"

Drawing near to shore, in a bewitching, purple twilight, we met strange crafts with single masts and square, red sails. In the night we discerned lights on either side and seemed to be steaming through a channel. Somehow, this first glimpse of Asia, or rather, mystical islands adjacent to it, gave one a feeling of loneliness, dread, and melancholy foreboding.

Next morning we were pitching our way southward over the China Sea. A coast, to the left, was seen across the furiously driving hills of water. Standing in the bow, Bray and I soared high in the air one moment and the next dipped deep into the troughs.

"Walling hasn't had much to say to me since leaving Honolulu. Seems to have a grudge about that knife," said Bray.

"He doesn't like you," I replied. "You two don't and never can understand each other."

"He hasn't got much grit, anyway, if he can't stand a little poor food without begging."

The last day of the voyage broke serene and calm. We seemed to be among low sandy islands, then, as we turned a bend in the channel, a score of cruisers and many merchantships, upon a broad bay, spread before our vision. There, across seven or eight miles of water, gleamed the sunlit, plaster-white walls of our goal, Manila.

A government cutter came out to meet

us, and while the cutter was still far away we heard:

"Manila is taken. The Spanish War is over."

Bray and I looked at Walling, who was angrily exclaiming:

"So we have come all this journey to see no fighting! That's what we get for being just recruits."

We steamed on, closer to the shining city, and anchored. A swarm of native boats, from around the stone breakwater near the mouth of the Pasig, came paddling to the troopship, and in exchange for pocket-knives and coins, Malay boatmen tossed up oranges and bananas. Bray's ill-gotten knife went over the side to the natives.

"I'm through with *that* knife," he said to Walling. "It's been a mentor of conscience all the time I've had it. I started to give it to you in Honolulu but came across you begging."

"Begging?"

"Yes. You didn't have a cent. We saw you beg from an Englishman, then go into a restaurant."

"If you saw me speak to an Englishman, I wasn't begging. Perhaps you did see me in a restaurant — I had borrowed a dollar from my cousin."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, with a sudden twinge of conscience.

Sucking an orange and pointing to the shore, Walling cried out enthusiastically:

"Land! Land once more and oranges. Hooray! We've crossed the great Pacific."

II. "VIVA McKINLEY," CHILD OF RAMON

IN those hot, tedious days, at the hour when the sun went down behind the streets of huts, we formed for drill. There was a clinking of equipment, a hurrying for barracks, then roll call, as eighty of us in khaki we stood in our yard, surrounded by its twelve-foot wall. The surly "here" of big Duffy croaked from the right of the line; the chirping "here" of little Walling piped from the left of the line. When Walling, the only W and the last to answer, had brought his piece from right shoulder to order arms, the captain took command, the iron gates clanged open, and we marched toward the plaza.

Chancing, one evening, to be one of the six o'clock patrol sent from barracks, I came on my round, to this plaza. Young, old, brown, dark brown, and almost white, our neighbors, the natives, had gathered as if to witness a tournament, and the drill was in full swing. Now the fours wheeled there in the shadow of a massive church; now, sinister and bristling, advanced again until, halting near, they came to the order arms, one, two, three.

"Viva McKinley!" shouted a native youngster.

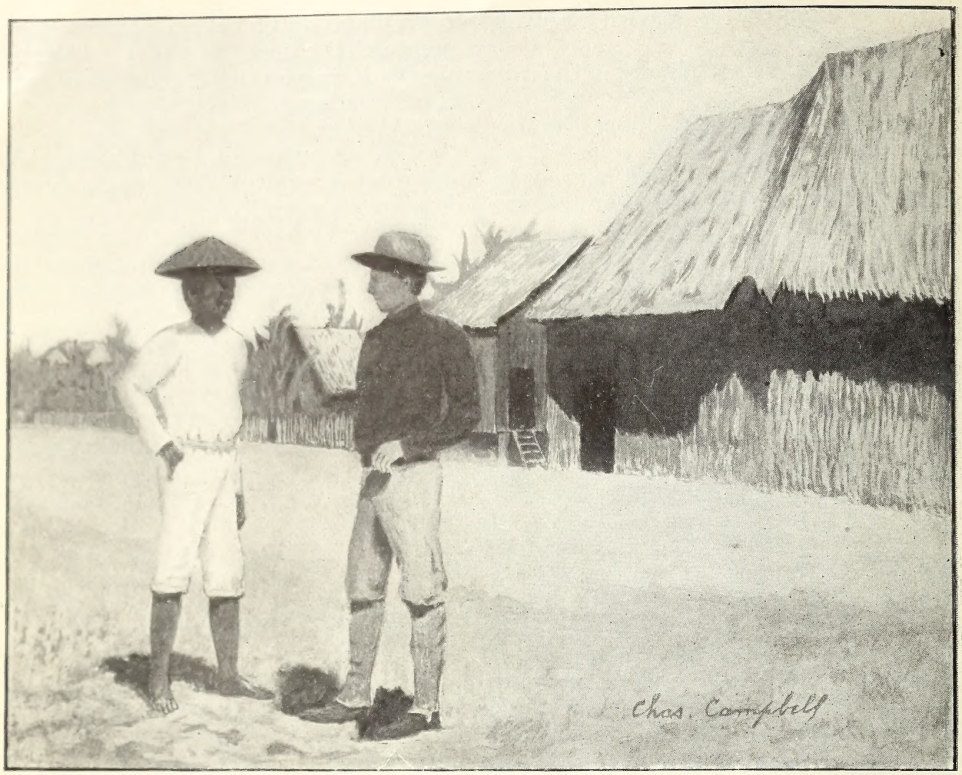
From the ground upon which we stood and from the placid water of Manila Bay there seemed to arise a nameless feeling of imperialism when the throng of Filipinos took up that cry. The lights of Dewey's cruisers were appearing before us in the twilight; ships of ours, bigger and better, Schley's ships and Sampson's, we knew were ploughing the Atlantic; and when we thought of Santiago, of San Juan Hill, we felt a tremor of pride to be Americans.

"Viva McKinley!"

Having followed the company to barracks, the lad who had started this cry was asked to enter. He sprang a surprise by playing the piano, and I found, on coming in from patrol, that we had among us a native pianist of no mean skill. Duffy was, as the sailors say, "three sheets in the wind," and seemed waspish because a native, a boy barely sixteen, could understand music.

"Give us Yankee Doodle there, you Viva McKinley nigger," he snarled; and, thumping the piano, commenced singing in a maudlin, disgusting way.

"Leave Viva and the piano alone. Get into your own quarters," Walling expostulated. Duffy quickly retorted, bringing on a general altercation. Hear-



"YOU AND I MUST BE FRIENDS, ALWAYS," HE SAID

ing the noise, our captain appeared in the room and caught Duffy in the midst of anathemas against the Malay race, Manila, the Philippines, and particularly against Viva. Some one had called "Attention" at the captain's entrance; all of us had leaped to our feet, yet Duffy, wavering backward and forward, was unable to stand still. The captain, glaring at him, thundered out:

"Duffy, it's you caused this racket. I had my eye on you to-night at drill — you're drunk! Get to your bunk or I'll have you in the guardhouse."

When Duffy had gone it seemed as if he had taken with him every trace of profanity and discord. The captain smiled in unfeigned good humor, Viva played "Over the Waves," or as he called it, "Sobre las Olas"; and we all applauded with a will when he had finished, the captain remarking:

"That's mighty fine piano-playing — better than I can do if I have got a white skin. He's a bright chap, just full of music, isn't he? By the way, boys, did you ever find worthlessness under a white skin, excellence under a tawny?"

Most of us, I believe, discerned a comparison between Duffy and Viva. Walling did, for the next day he referred to the captain's words,— "Worthlessness under a white skin, excellence under a tawny."

It was merely the fortuity of birth, Walling and I reflected, that had delivered us from black skins and the Congo, or from yellow skins and Shanghai. That Viva's skin should be as nearly white as it was, surprised us when we saw the dark brown visage of Ramon. Ramon was a fisherman and one day Viva, Walling, Ramon, and myself paddled out in the fishing canoe to the hulks of the half-sunken Spanish fleet. While Walling took pictures of the hulks I suspiciously kept watch upon the old Malay. There was a report at barracks that Ramon was

an insurgent, and I went so far as to suspect that, intending treachery to Walling and me there on the water, he might have knives concealed in the canoe. In this I misjudged him; whatever the cutthroat reputation of these Malay insurgents, old Ramon was above board. Unmolested by us, the insurgents, as the days and months passed, kept organizing and drilling under our noses in our own police district. Sometime in January, recognizing Ramon drilling squads of natives, I pushed forward and spoke to him.

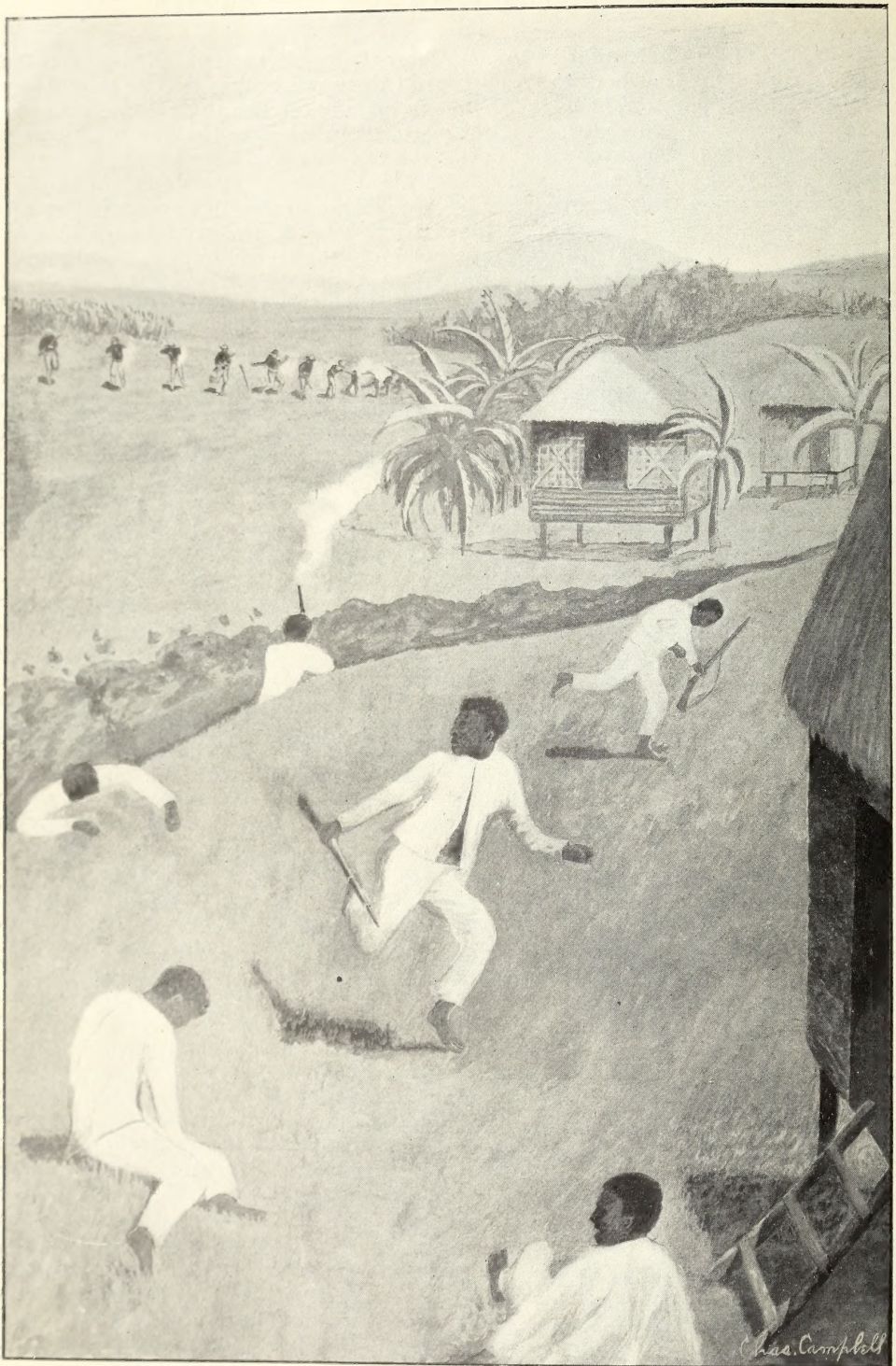
"You and I must be friends always, Carlos," he said, choosing Spanish words that he knew I understood. "No matter what happens, we can be friends."

In his words and manner I detected a sadness and feeling of distrust. However, the insurgent drills and military methods were so crude, I had given scarcely a thought to trouble with these brown soldiers; but one night I came in from patrol, feeling, somehow, half convinced that there would eventually come a brush with these people. Something that had happened during the day set me thinking of the American pickets extending around the outskirts and the Filipino pickets opposed to them. As I should go out again, patrolling, before midnight, I went to my bunk intending to pass a few hours reading. It was almost "taps,' many had gone to bed, and the rooms of the quarters, dimly lighted by candles, were quiet. I placed a candle at the head of my bunk, then, too listless to read, lay there pondering upon these days and scenes at Manila. What a queer corner of the world! We had been here six months; the Spanish soldiers, the gates and drawbridges of the walled portion of the city, the canals and swarming markets had almost ceased to be a novelty.

I was started to my feet by distant rifle-firing. Then volleys crashed from the nearest point of our line of pickets. As I ran down the stairs I heard the *boom* of an insurgent cannon.

Instinctively we formed in ranks. From the northeast came a terrific hammering and volleying of rifles, appalling because we could see nothing in the blackness, and had no means of knowing how the conflict swept, whether our line out there was broken and we should soon be making a forlorn stand in the nearby streets, or whether the first onslaught of the Filipinos had been checked. At the instant I came downstairs the captain was looking from an upper window into the riotous northeast: I heard him exclaim to the sergeant of the guard peering from the gate, "Good God, sergeant! Are they firing on us, their friends?" Stray shots penetrated our barracks; horsemen galloped rapidly past our wall; shells from our cruisers in the bay shrieked inland, toward and beyond those lines from which we occasionally heard American "Hurrahs" and from which the firing rolled heavily, now crashing in volleys, now, with the rhythm of the galloping hoofs i n the street near us, pounding up and down the picket line. With Old Glory waving among the bamboo huts, a Kansas regiment marched up and passed, while, standing around our gate, we let go a cheer that could be heard a mile.

Guards were posted in our vicinity and about midnight, as there was a lull out there at the front, the rest of the company were dismissed. I slept in the guardroom two hours before the sergeant called me to go on duty, and when I went out to the post assigned me, a moon on the last quarter was throwing a feeble light upon the huts. About three in the morning, the firing being resumed, bullets began to hum in the street, to clip through banana trees and the tin roofs of warehouses, now and again driving savagely against our barracks and surrounding wall. There was a line of horse cars leading past our quarters, and cars began to come in from the line bringing gruesome passengers, our dead and wounded — some of those Kansas men whom we had cheered as they passed out. Toward dawn I was relieved from post; then, as it grew lighter, I mounted to the cupola of barracks, from which I saw a thin veil of battle smoke hanging over the groves and ricelands between us and the mountains. A cruiser was in sight, shelling a town farther along the bay, and as I was intently gazing upon the smoke puffs darting from the ship's side,



OUR SHOTS RIDDLED THEM THROUGH AND THROUGH

rifle shots banged among the huts directly below me. Running into the yard I saw a Kansas soldier, either a courier or a straggler, who had been attacked by natives with swordlike weapons called "bolos." As more shots followed, I dashed into the street, almost tramping upon a "bolo man," shot through the breast, who gasping and gurgling in death, stared with bulging eyes into my own. Farther up the street members of my company were running among the huts, firing incessantly, and I saw other natives with "bolos" hunted like beasts of prey till they were brought down. I stood spellbound at my initiation into war's bloody secrets.

I have been thus particular in order to convey some idea of the uprising of the Filipinos on the night of February 4, 1899. The first bloody conflict was a battle in the darkness when lines of flames from the guns marked the positions of those engaged. Defeated in a desperate effort to break through the American lines and enter the city of Manila, the insurgent forces, after fourteen hours of fighting, were driven from the surrounding villages of Santa Anna, Paco, and Santa Mesa. Their losses numbered into the thousands, the American troops having fought with enthusiasm and determination. We of the military police, though we were in the zone of bullets, had seen nothing of the actual combat. The huts around us were deserted, and as for Viva and Ramon, though I frequently passed the hut where they lived, I saw nothing of them.

For protection to ourselves, as we were sometimes fired upon by unseen enemies and were liable to attacks from "bolo men," we patrolled in pairs. I would have transposed the alphabet, in those days, had I had power to do so, since, the C's and D's going on duty together, it often befell me to have Duffy for patrol mate. Even in this crisis he was habitually under the influence of the native whiskey, or "beno," and was a useless associate in peril. He knew I disliked him, and the dislike being mutual, it was often tacitly agreed that we go our separate ways after leaving the barracks, patrolling each where fancy invited as long as we kept within the confines of our district and met again at the time to report to barracks. In one of my solitary meanderings through that section in which Viva lived I noted that many of the natives, the women and children for the most part, were returning, and was pleased to see Viva at the door of his father's hut. In company with Walling I took the first chance when we were both off duty to call at the home of our Filipino friend. The firing started up afresh at the north lines, during our visit, and when we questioned Viva as to the whereabouts of his father, he, pointing in the direction of the skirmish, began to cry. For an hour, probably, Walling and I stood beside Ramon's hut listening to the firing, then long after it had died away we returned to barracks. Duffy, who had been away on a pass all day, came in about dusk and most of us knew he had just come from the firing-line.

"Were you in the fight?" Walling asked.

"Yes. Here's your camera. I snapped two rolls of films just the way you told me."

In hopes to get snapshots at the front, Walling had chanced his camera with Duffy. Now, in the enthusiasm of the amateur, eager to see the results, Walling took the films over to Ramon's home in which Viva had fitted up a darkroom. Viva, having at one time been employed by a Spanish photographer on the Escolta, understood photography so well that Walling intrusted him with work developing. Next morning Walling was on patrol, and having taken an active interest in the camera myself, I strolled over to Viva's home to see if these newest exposures were developed. I found them developed and, as I came up, the boy sat on the short ladder at the entrance to the hut, printing in the sun. I had seated myself near him when he jumped up and wildly screamed:

"Mi padre! Mi pobre padre!"

Glancing around, I expected to see his father approaching, wounded, to judge from Viva's outcry.

"Here! Here!" screamed Viva, holding a print before my eyes. In the photo-

graph, upon the edge of a trench, apparently shot through the legs, lay Ramon; and the while I examined it, of all others I could wish elsewhere, Duffy came. Grasping that this was one of the pictures he had taken he leered over my shoulder until I rolled up the print and put it in my pocket. He laughed brutally when he found that he had photographed Viva's father, and hastily leaving him, Viva and I sought Walling, whom we knew was patrolling in the vicinity.

"Oh, if I were not on duty!" lamented Walling. "I'd go to the Kansas lines and find this native. You go," he entreated. "He is probably in the rear of our lines. Start now, this minute."

One of those two-wheeled conveyances that are common in Manila was in sight, and Walling halooed. Viva and I, clambering into the conveyance, urged the driver to make speed until, after riding something over an hour, we approached the line in the burning heat of noon. At a distance, shining in the bright sun, we could see the white tents stretched as awnings over our men in the trenches. Instructing the driver to wait, we proceeded on foot to where the Americans, lying on thatch under the awnings, smoked or slept away the heated hours. As we hastened along the line, here and there showing the photograph we carried, the print began to fade from repeated exposure to the light, yet we had met no one who could aid us in our search. Passing the length of the Kansas regiment, we found, among the regulars, men to whom the photograph was familiar.

"That place is ahead of our line," they said. "Yesterday we advanced too far and were ordered back to these trenches."

Viva understood and sobbed in despair. But at this place there was a genial captain who, sympathizing, gave us permission to advance across the two or three hundred yards to the last American outposts. We came upon them lying, three by three, in the shade of bamboo thickets.

"Yes. Just ahead," the outposts told us. "Right by those peppered banana trees."

Frantically Viva sped toward the insurgent trenches. For a moment I kept with him, but thoughts of capture by these brown soldiers made me cautious. We could see the fresh earth thrown up about four hundred yards away, heads appearing, and here and there the gleam of a rifle. I stopped short, then, as if by signal, a volley was poured at Viva and myself.

"Lie down. Lie down," I heard our outposts yell.

I sprawled my length in the grass while the air buzzed with the sound of bullets. Looking up I saw Viva had not hesitated an instant. The shots had ceased when I saw him waving a white handkerchief as he crouched over some dark object on the ground. Then he jumped up, flourishing his arms. There was no mistaking his gesticulations. Ramon was alive. I thought I heard a cheer from the insurgent lines when, as I lay low, mindful that a glimpse of my khaki might bring more volleys, Viva, staggering and reeling under the heavy burden, passed, carrying his father. Intent upon what he was accomplishing, probably thinking, if he thought of me at all just then, that I had returned to the outposts, he did not see me. I heard his voice, caressing and plaintive as he comforted his father in the native Tagalog tongue.

"Viva McKinley," I soliloquized admiringly. "Excellence, indeed, under brown skin."

THE LAST DITCH

BY sunset our regiment had advanced to a point just behind the firing-line. We could see clumps of bamboo ahead, and through them, in the dusk, little darting flames, the rifle-flashes of our own troops. Balls droned in the trees or, which was more impressive, whizzed near us into the ground. Turn-

ing from the road that we had followed all the afternoon, we surged forward through the bamboo, in skirmish order, and began crossing an open toward the crest of a ridge. The regulars were fighting here from an abandoned trench of the Filipinos; however, as we were making a spurt to join them, the order was given us to halt. We lay down in the grass.

"Why the deuce don't we go ahead! I'd rather fight than lie out here over night. There's the town over there with only one ditch between us and a night's lodging," some one growled. I noticed it was Gordon Bray, one of our corporals.

"We should have to pay for our lodging — half a dozen men, anyhow. Bray, why will you bray?" protested a more cautious fighter.

The stars began to appear. We heard a bawling of Chinese drivers down the road, and creaking of carabao carts, which signified that our supplies had arrived and that we should soon have supper. When we fell back to the bamboo, where the carts had halted, hardtack and canned meat were issued, but there was none of the customary coffee, since we dared not betray our location by building fires. As we were munching hardtack, squatting around our carts, one of our men who had been for drinking water told us that the regulars had left the trench ahead and were fording the river with their portion of rations and carts. Some flanking movement was in the wind, we conjectured. Those among the rank and file, except what they see with their own eyes, know very little of what is passing in the field.

For the first time night had found us about to camp in an unknown country. During the day's march we had had no knowledge as to where our supply train would be by night, so had carried our shelter-tent halves and rubber ponchos. Two by two, we now buttoned our halves together, making, as we called them, dog-tents. Corporal Gordon Bray, a clever companion when he chose to be, was, on this night, my tent mate. We spread our ponchos for our beds, then for a long time lay conversing, or rather I listened while Bray talked. He was in a reminiscent mood and, as we two were the only Easterners in the company and had many mutual pleasantries, he entertained me with anecdotes of home and college. Our outposts, occupying the trench where the regulars had been and, in fact, encircling our camp, gave a general feeling of security to those about to sleep. Finally, Bray spoke of the patriotism and the spirit of adventure that had led us on to a glimpse of the soldier life.

"I always did have the wandering foot," he confessed. "When I was ten years old I found the study of geography interesting — most absorbingly interesting. Borneo, Sumatra, Singapore! such words bewitched me; though, as a boy, I hardly expected to ever see this quarter of the globe. Physical courage and a roving nature are both requisites, I say, in a campaign like this. Physical courage I can almost claim to have inherited; my father was a captain at Gettysburg and one of my ancestors was in the Revolution. Blood will tell. Every one knows that I am not afraid to follow the foremost if we are ordered into action."

We lay there with nothing between us and the heavens but the canvas of our tent. For the sense of peering into the foreboding territory we called the front, from which, at any second, shots might flash, I crawled out and stole to the ridge. The river, over which the regulars had crossed, reflected the stars, and against its bright surface I noted the windmill-like outlines of banana trees. Here, in this semi-mountainous region forty miles from Manila, I looked for the pole star, and with my gaze fixed upon it, dwelt long upon the notion of the wandering foot and the fact that North America, at that precise moment, lay in broad daylight. When I returned to the tent Gordon Bray was fast asleep.

I was awakened by outposts shuffling past our tent. Day was dawning and as I stepped down the company street I saw that the cooks were kindling fires for coffee and bacon. There was a chill and a pungent smoke from smouldering wood in the morning air, yet many comrades, with rifles at their sides and feet protruding from the tents, still slept.

Andrew Walling, a pale little member of the company, was gathering twigs for the cooks. Others stirred about, among them Gordon Bray. He saw Walling and, as I half expected, began a sarcastic bantering.

"What! Andrew, *you* here?" This is no place for recruits. Thought you were in the hospital."

"I was till yesterday," Walling answered, stolidly. "Came up on the railroad a piece, then cut across country with the signal corps, till I struck the carabao train. I got into camp last night."

"Well, you ought to have stuck to the hospital. There's likely to be fighting around here," sneered Bray. He was in a poor humor and sat down by the fire to warm himself.

Apparently, this quiet, sleepy, Sunday forenoon we were not to advance. About a thousand yards away, curving like a crescent before the bamboo town, we could see the last formidable trench where insurgents moved among the trees, passing from trench to huts or vice versa. Why were we fighting? Why were we not in peace this Sabbath morning, sharing these tropical gifts? From the other side of the river three burial volleys reverberated and a bugle sounded "taps." A wounded regular had died during the night.

Death at all times is solemn. But of all deaths perhaps none is more awe-inspiring than that of a soldier in a distant land. At home mourners surround the casket; it is borne away in peace. A man is shot down in battle, dies in the night, and in the morning a firing-squad pays a momentary tribute. The earth is thrown in upon the soldier and upon the flag in which he is wrapped, the emblem of the nation for which he has given his life. Close association may have made him very familiar, and for days you miss his laugh if he was merry, his wit if he was clever. You know you will never again see his rifle swinging before you on the march, or recognize his well-known gait as he crosses the fields for water or plods forth to some outpost duty. His name will not be called at roll; he has gone forever from the ranks.

In the shade of the bamboo we had gathered around our own chaplain for religious service. We held our breaths in that solemn moment of salute to the dead; with our minds forming pictures of a certain home, where was it? What town? Which state? We scarcely heard the voice of the chaplain speaking to us in the presence of the Almighty.

Distant volleys resounded from the mountains. By the detonatious we could distinguish that both Americans and Filipinos were firing and most of us ran for our guns. But the firing died away in about half an hour. Once more we settled into the tedium of camp, reading, perhaps, in some favorite book a comrade had not thrown away, writing our diaries up to date, or straggling to the river where the more aquatic were swimming. Loading ourselves with canteens, Bray and I went for drinking water. We passed upstream beyond the swimmers and our carabaos, now lazily wallowing in the river, and, having, filled the canteens, sat down on the bank. Here we found Walling, who, plainly attempting to nourish his frail little body with nature's own restoratives, lay on the sandy shore, basking.

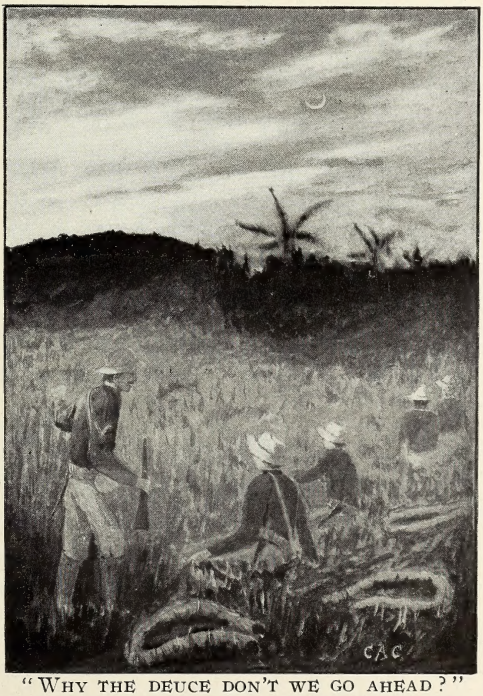
"The kid is taking a sun-bath," remarked Bray. "He needs something to put a little ginger, a little positive quality into him," and Bray laughed in a proud, supercilious way.

The afternoon heat was oppressive. Brown and white, we humans seemed to have dropped our quarrel when, with a suddenness that brought us springing to our feet, trumpeters at camp sounded "assembly." We could see the companies forming and the swimmers ran back, many of them half dressed. Bray and I, staggering under our load of canteens, ran till we were breathless. Some one in the ranks, having held my rifle, leggings, and cartridge belt in keeping for me, hurriedly helped lace my leggings. In a twinkling I was in fighting harness. Gordon Bray was corporal of my squad, Andrew Walling my rear rank man.

The perspiration was rolling down my face, my heart thumping from over-exertion. Chasing each other through my mind ran fragmentary conceptions of battles which had, at some time or

other, impressed me, Cæsar's legions with shield and spear hurling themselves upon Germanic tribes, mailèd horsemen and arrows of the Middle Ages, shoulder to shoulder charges of our own Civil War. The Filipinos, with repeating rifles, were firing at us across a space of a thousand yards. It was a long step from the time of Cæsar, yet, like Cæsar, we were dealing with a "barbarian" people, burning hostile villages and destroying "frumentum." I had never been a unit in an organized, fighting advance. To-day I must do my duty; but the fierce heat, my exhausting run with the canteens and reflections upon that "taps" sounded above the fallen regular, had taken away every semblance of a fighting spirit. When we stood at roll call and came down to the order arms, it seemed as if I had scarcely will-power to again lift my piece.

The advance was started with grim rapidity. Indeed, I had not recovered my breath before we bore down upon the hostile trench. From the viewpoint of the camp the ground had looked to be more open than we found it when we descended to the hollows and formed in line of squads. The bugles sounded skirmish order. Six or seven feet apart, one long thin line of men, we plunged ahead as volleys broke upon us and balls raised puffs of dirt or whizzed past our ears. Some one, big Duffy, was hit. I saw men wearing the green stripes and chevrons of the hospital corps bending over him. Bray, seeing this also, turned deathly pale and put up his elbow and ducked when the next volley skimmed past. As if bone or limb were safeguard against balls that could bore iron!



"WHY THE DEUCE DON'T WE GO AHEAD?"

The bugles sounded "halt" and we lay down, heads to the front. Should a bullet strike me it would rake from head to heels. Actually upon the firing-line! I discharged my rifle until it became heated, then remembering to keep the barrel clear of sand, raised the muzzle with one hand while upon the other hand I rested my forehead and breathed within an inch of the ground. Earth and perspiration formed mud upon my face. There was earth under my collar, earth in my mouth. I would have appreciated digging, with bayonet and nails, a hollow for my head and breast. From the river, on one side, and on the other side as far as I could see across the knolls and clumps of bushes, stretched our line. Firing at will in skirmish, some knelt; some fired, lying at full length. By the time I had partially recovered my breath, another call was sounded on the bugles:

"Forward! Double time!"

I remember passing a bamboo hut through which balls snipped as though the material were of paper. We scattered a flock of poultry, right and left. Hogs ran squealing ahead of us till we came to a bamboo fence. The hogs squeezed through an opening and, on our hands and knees we followed. Our line had lost much of its regularity. Wondering why he did not use his authority and bring up the stragglers of his squad, I stayed close to Bray; but he spoke never a word of encouragement nor of command. Suddenly, seeming to believe that the Filipinos were picking off these that wore insignia of rank, he snatched off his corporal's chevrons. At the next knoll forty or fifty insurgents intrenched just

ahead of our portion of the advance focussed their aim directly at me, or was it fancy, firing high. One conspicuous fellow in a white cork helmet rose up again and again, and as I ran, I repeatedly fired at him, until we reached a patch of cane that gave us temporary cover. Bray was the foremost to enter. I plunged in as Walling called out that he had been hit.

"Got it back there where Bray pulled off his chevrons. It's only a scratch in the shoulder. I'm not disabled," he panted.

I, too, was panting, my heart throbbing, my breast quivering. Should a ball pierce my lungs, I knew I could not regain respiration; should one pierce that spot from which came the pumping and throbbing? I thought again of that dismal "taps" of the morning. What a temptation to lie down and go no farther! There was an impression, for a bewildered second, that we had lost our direction. Firing on right and left reassured us.

"Come on, you fellows!" shouted Walling, as we burst into open field again. He was among a half dozen ahead, who were both fleet and bold. We let go a yell, as back in America we had been schooled to do in the last seconds of a charge. There were the Filipinos, less than a hundred yards away. It would soon be over. Something must give way. Yi! Yi! Hooray! One after another, sometimes three or four together, the insurgents leaped up and dashed into the streets of the town. The fellow in the white helmet, indeed, a dozen of the Filipinos directly in front of us, with a sort of fanatical courage, fired at us point blank. Our shots riddled them through and through. In that last wild instant when we touched foot upon the earth before the trench, no antagonists remained but the wounded and the dead.

"Halt! Assemble in squads," rang the bugles.

We looked for Bray to take command of our squad. He was nowhere near us. Then we saw him break from the shelter of the cane through which we had so lately passed.

The sergeant in charge of our section rushed up, demanding:

"Where's the corporal of this squad?"

As long as I live I shall not forget that charge we made among the mountains of Luzon. Nor shall I forget the terror depicted in the face of Corporal Bray as he advanced to reclaim his squad. The sergeant, who was an older man, blunt of speech, and quick in his duty, as he saw it, stepped out to meet the corporal.

"You coward, Bray! I see you've removed your chevrons. Good! You'll never put them back."

For an instant all eyes were turned upon the handsome, almost classic features of the recreant braggadocio. I, perhaps more than any other, had thought I had known him well, all his foibles and merits, yet this, truly, was a surprise. The youth who had inherited physical courage was pale in fear; he had failed in the test of that last patch of cane. As he stood before us, reduced to the ranks, most of us, I think, hoped he would not be court-martialed and punished. Humbled pride was his punishment now.

Springfield, the Model City of the Connecticut Valley

By ERNEST NEWTON BAGG, *of Springfield*

IF ever pioneers builded "wiser than they knew," it has been amply proven true in the decision of the brave old prospectors of 1635 — John Cable, John Woodcock, and William Pynchon, to settle in the realm of Springfield's original board-of-trader, Wahginnicut. Not without some misgivings had they heard the wise old chieftain portray the charms of this portion of the Connecticut valley before the council of his Excellency Governor Winthrop, at Boston; and these natural doubts had not altogether vanished when the twelve "adventurers" settled at "Agawam" as all this region here was called in 1636. For a remarkable combination of rural beauty and urban convenience, few cities of above eighty thousand surpass this city set in the "field of springs," indeed — though it took its name from an English field with less springs in it! Into the spell of its enchantment come representatives of various peoples and tribes and races of men, from Orient and from Occident only to become its perpetual friends.

In situation — its circling of hilltops sloping gently westward towards a noble river — its more than two miles of waterfront, spanned by four bridges, inviting the lovers of landscape architecture into all sorts of fascinating possibilities,— and its main arteries of trade for the most part leading in pretty direct wheel-spoke fashion out into border-picturesqueness impossible to describe in the necessary limitations of an article like this — few cities are so delightful to the casual visitor. Viewed from the tower of the United States Arsenal on Armory Hill, or from its crescent-shaped uplift on the southern boundary, the blending of the commercial and the artistic is most alluring, winter or summer.

But of course, to the practical, it is something more than scenic charm which must be considered when one's bodily prosperity and that of his family is involved, as was the case with the pioneers. The father or mother — happily both, in well-ordered instances — seeks early in the stage of proceedings the educational advantages of any residential citizenship. Springfield ranks in this regard among the very first — even classed with centres of far greater size — in point of school facilities which are both model and modern. Her educational system is as near perfect as has seemed as yet possible of attainment anywhere. What a contrast with the four-square, seventy-dollar schoolhouse built by Thomas Stebbins in 1679, is the $450,000 "Central High School" building conspicuous among the other splendid public buildings on State Street in the wholly charming vicinity of Springfield's Public Library! The names and untiring labors of such beneficent forces as Hubbard, Stone, Balliet, and Gordy have meant so much to the city's intellectual growth that investigators are frequently sent thousands of miles and across seas for the peculiar advantage of a close study of her present system. Practical equipment of the growing mentality is considered of the most vital importance. It is but proper to say in this connection that the finest type of modern school building, all possible points considered, is found in Springfield's Chestnut Street Grammar School, recently completed at a cost of $135,961. Like the magnificent Technical High School, its up to date equipment rounding out in every possible useful and "specialistic" way the academic course considered essential to every well-educated man or woman of the present day, it affords a splendid example of the crown

A BIT OF SPRINGFIELD'S FIVE HUNDRED ACRES OF PARKS

and flower of the educational movement for which John Harvard and Horace Mann, in the earlier history of the Commonwealth, wrought so long, so wisely, and so well.

The onward march of progress on the strictly business side has also been adequate to the requirements of the day. As in other centers, fortunes have been been made and lost, and then forgotten in the light of later achievements. One remarkable and little-recalled instance of this kind was the case of famous old John ("Ossawatamie") Brown, later of the Kansas Border and Harper's Ferry. Between the years 1847 and 1851 he did more than fifty thousand dollars' worth of wool commission business in a modest little warehouse, the remnant of which is still standing on Railroad Row within a stone's throw of the historic Massasoit House. Through an unfortunate deal with English customers he had the misfortune in the last mentioned year to lose it all; and shortly after, with his equally heroic sons, plunged into the thick of the western frontier abolition troubles.

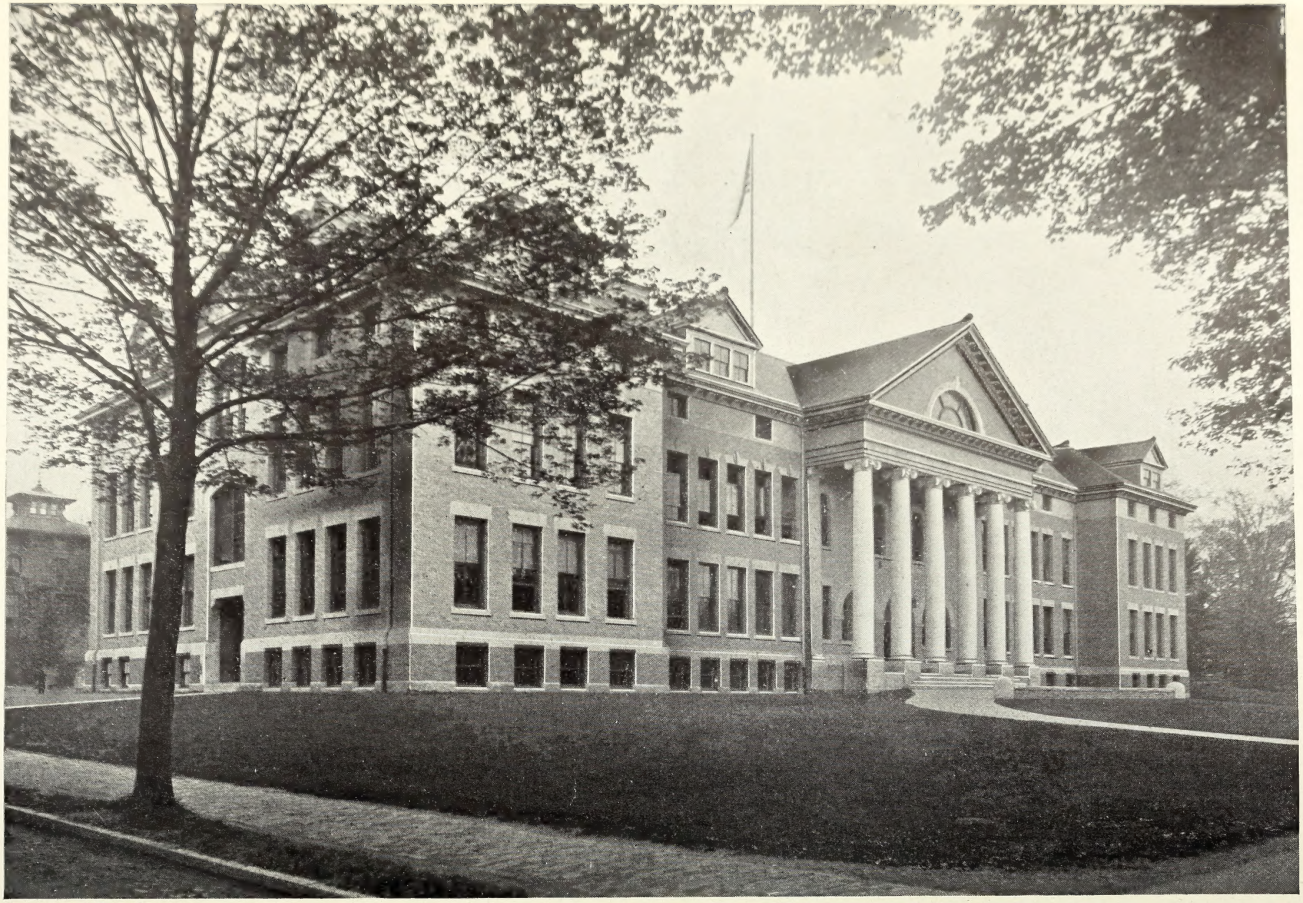
The feeling that buildings many stories in height indicate to an extent and at least outwardly the commercial status of a city has not had many advocates until very recent years. For many decades hitherto four or five stories has been considered the right height; and some of the ultra-conservatives have felt that the very handsome three-story structure of the famous Springfield Republican, erected in 1888 at an expense of sixty thousand dollars, was a good fashion to maintain. But the perfecting of hoisting alliances, coupled with front foot values on leading thoroughfares, has led inevitably to more commanding edifices; and the fine, new concrete eight-story building just completed for the Phelps Company, in place of the one destroyed by fire, is a fair example locally of this tendency. The new eight-story Massachusetts Mutual Building at the corner of Main and State streets is another of the distinctly modern class of business architecture.

The banks, too, have been outgrowing their long-occupied quarters, and have made notable changes. The Springfield Institution for Savings has just built a spacious and elegant structure on the Elm Street extension southwesterly from Court Square. The Third National Bank's newly opened quarters near Besse Place in many respects afford a model for other banking institutions to copy.

A fair representative of this branch of business activity is found in the Union Trust Company, which, in January, 1906, became the merger of the financial interests of the City National, First National, Second National, and the time honored John Hancock National banks — the latter dating from the time when Springfield was governed by town officers. This institution has just erected what is perhaps the most imposing and the best equipped — certainly the most modern — bank to be found in New England. On Main Street a little north of Court Square, it is superbly located for the requirements of the business section of the city.

It is perhaps the most gracefully massive building in the city's rather heterogeneous groupings of architectural specimens. It is fireproof, about seventy feet high, the glass ceiling flooding with light the entire occupied space of 53 by 142 feet. The first impression gained is one of pale and restful gray and green, its dignity and elegance emphasized by a carved stone arch forty feet in height. The spacious interior is a most tastefully designed scheme in Siena marble, polished mahogany, and by no means obtrusive metal grillwork. It is hardly necessary to add that this edifice is supplied with every modern device and convenience for the transaction of fiduciary and financial business, both from the viewpoint of the officials and that of the patrons. Not the least impressive features are the half dozen handsomely furnished free public business committee or conference rooms at the top of the building, above the mezzanine gallery which extends across the western end of its interior.

Fully in keeping with these prevailing ideas of spaciousness are Springfield's parks and residential streets. Through the generosity of public-spirited citizenship, by judicious and natural acquire-



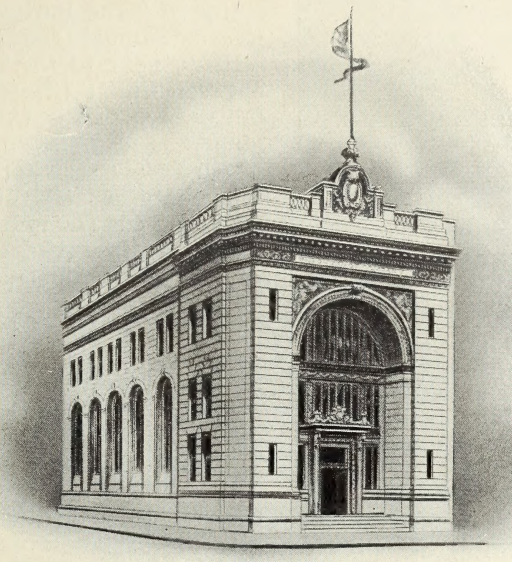
Courtesy of F. A. Bassette

"EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES WHICH ARE BOTH MODEL AND MODERN." RECENTLY COMPLETED GRAMMAR SCHOOL BUILDING, SPRINGFIELD

ment, and through several very fortunate happenings, the story of the city's growth has been improved and glorified by the breathing spaces which wise forethought and skilled care are constantly doing much to preserve. The view up the Connecticut valley from the river end of Forest Park ("Laurel Hill") particularly on a bright June morning is one that cannot soon be effaced from memory's gallery. The iron "South End Bridge" spans the expansive Connecticut in the immediate foreground. The city's clustered grouping of spires, roofs, and chimneys nestle in the outermost bending of the river to eastward. One of the most picturesque of the too few remaining objects of genuine architectural interest in this section may be plainly descried a little farther up the river, and near to the city's heart, let us hope, in more senses than one; this is Springfield's venerable link with an historic past — the brave, fire-defying, flood-challenging, storm-proof "Old Toll Bridge"— built by lottery in 1816, at a cost of $22,000, and made free in 1872. Some day — and prophets there are who predict that it will be before many eons— the ancient domain which is connected in this triple way (there is a fine iron highway bridge at the north end of town also) will be resolved into a series of valuable additional wards for a safer, shapelier, and more satisfactory Springfield.

Forest Park, with numberless growing and permanent attractions of incalculable value already available for grateful thousands, extends more than a mile along the city's southern border. For possibilities even now realized, and for splendid encouragement to local improvements along all sorts of right lines not only in his own section of city but throughout the municipality, the whole community stands ready to maintain that Springfield is and always will be vastly better for citizen Everett H. Barney's having lived in it. This delightful outing-ground filled with substantial evidences of its owner's love of the beautiful and desire to share his enjoyments with others has caused the park spirit and atmosphere to dominate in most of the residential parts of the city.

Hampden Park unfortunately has lately passed from the city's hands; but north of it the public still has a sizable holding which will be most useful in the



UNION TRUST COMPANY'S NEW BUILDING, MAIN STREET, SPRINGFIELD

"SVIATOSLAF ON THE ROAD TO CONSTANTINOPLE"

Russian bronze, by E. Lancerey, in the Springfield collection. Photo by Miss Eleanor A. Wade

not distant future. Court Square and its rapidly increasing extension — the important factor in the monumental scheme for making the "Riverfront Improvement" system of parkways superior to anything of the kind in the whole country — is the most constantly used of any of the yet established breathing places. Calhoun Square, Benton Lawn, Stearns Square, Merrick Park, McKnight, and Winchester triangles and other spaces all bespeak the city's readiness to provide for the growing needs of increasing population.

The residential districts, Crescent, Round, and Armory Hills, the Belmont Avenue, McKnight, and Rockrimmon regions — each have their peculiar charms for home-seekers; and leave with one who sees them for the first time no lingering wonder why this has long been called the "City of Homes."

Civic pride speaks in no uncertain way in tidy streets, well-kept lawns and homes that look good to live in, all over the city. Her hospitals are second to none, and her churches, philanthropic institutions, and associations embrace every known branch of human interest connected with an enlightened community. The journalistic concerns are well conserved by the Republican, Union, and News for dailies, the Homestead and Tribune for news weeklies, and the Good Housekeeping and Farm and Home for publications of national circulation.

In the realm of art and music, also, Springfield may well claim to be active. G. W. V. Smith, an eminent art connoisseur, who married into one of Springfield's first families, has become the city's benefactor through the magnificent grouping of treasures, collected in the course of years of European travel, and now housed in the beautiful Art Museum, which is famed far and wide for this very reason. The famous St. Gaudens bronze statue of "The Puritan," a memorial to Deacon Samuel Chapin, one of the early settlers, next to the public library and between Christ (Episcopal) Church and the Church of the Unity, is one of the numerous samples of artistic creation which may be seen in the open.

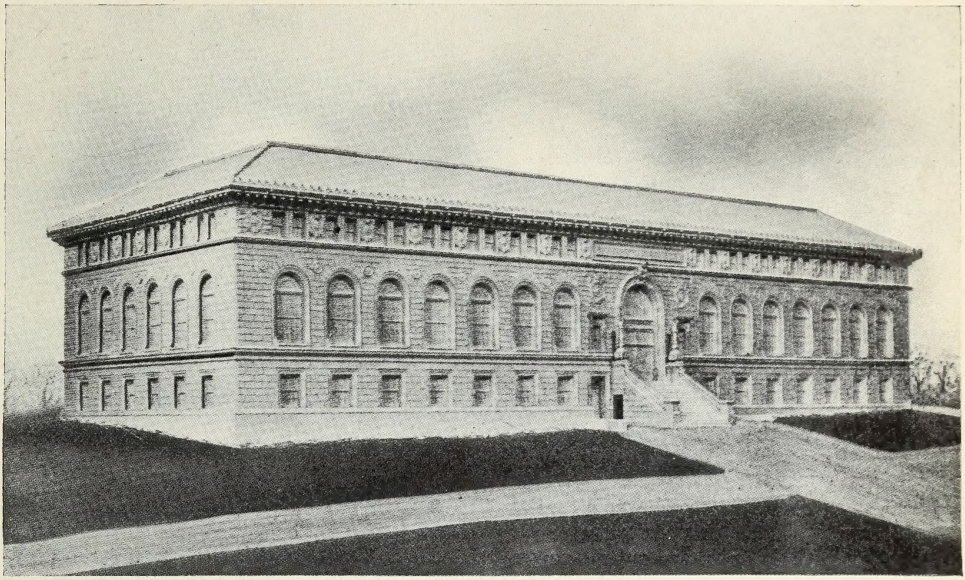
The Music Festival Association outgrowth of the Hampden Musical Association, organized twenty years ago, and successfully conducted for a long time by Frederick Zuchtmann, now living in honored retirement in Marblehead; the Orpheus, an excellent sixty-voice male choir; the Musical Art Society, a sterling mixed-voice chorus, limited to the same number of trained choir singers; the Springfield Symphony Orchestra of about fifty members, and the Janser String Quartet are chief among the city's present active working musical organizations sufficiently substantial to make regular

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE WALTER VINCENT SMITH

Photo by Miss Eleanor A. Wade from the original painting by the late Thomas Waterman Wood, in the Springfield collection

and highly commendable appearances. Of the present-day names most prominent in artistic musical endeavor, it is only fair to mention Emil Karl Janser, Albert H. Turner, Harry H. Kellogg, John J. Bishop, Theodore Van Yorz, W. V. Abell, Edmund Severn, and Myron A. Bickford, each of whom appears at regular intervals before the public with entirely worthy and well-considered programs.

A prospective resident of any community likes to look into the actual faces of the citizens, and if possible on some public occasion when the representative



NEW CITY LIBRARY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. (ACCEPTED DESIGN)

men can be grouped together. In Springfield all public occasions see prominent citizens standing shoulder to shoulder in giving countenance to whatever makes for the betterment or adds to the attractions of any part of it.

One of our pictures shows the group of citizens gathered not long ago at the unveiling of the McKinley Memorial bust, on Pecowsic slope, in the southwestern end of Forest Park. Between the honored guests on that occasion, Governor Guild, Jr., and Senator Lodge, stands the charming young miss who took a pardonable pride in unveiling the handsome bronze. On the governor's right nearest the statue stands Springfield's well-known benefactor, E. H. Barney, with his fellow-members of the park commission, Daniel J. Marsh and Herman Buchholz, almost directly in front. Included in the group at Senator Lodge's left is the present mayor of the city, Hon. William E. Sanderson (then president of the board of aldermen and representing the then Mayor Dickinson); Col. August H. Goetting, of the Republican state committee; Rev. Dr. Goodspeed, T. W Leete, Nathan D. Bill, who has just presented the city with a new playground between Acushnet Avenue and Marble Street at the south end, as a memorial to his father-in-law, Ex-Mayor Emerson Wight; W. W. McClench, Ex-Mayor William P. Hayes, Henry F. Trask, J. Frank Drake, a prominent Dartmouth man, then secretary of the Board of Trade, and others. For the same reason that good wine needs no bush, these men, each of them still intensely alive to the city's needs and chances for improvement, needs no praise to fix more firmly their deserved place in popular emastition.

The splendid art collection which attracts thousands of appreciative visitors

in the course of a year to the beforementioned Art Museum, deserves much more than mere passing mention. It is coming to be recognized more and more that a city's pride or lasting fame as a place to bring residence seekers is not alone vested in the cultivation of all its varied outward forms, but rather in the refinements of interiors that offer subtle and far-reaching instruction in at least

TYPICAL FOREST PARK VISTA
Courtesy of M. D. Fletcher

a semipublic way. George Walter Vincent Smith might, as many another collector of means and leisure has done, have put his splendid treasures of bronze and other metals from Orient and Occident; his foreign carvings, porcelains, potteries, ancient armors, and weapons; his Persian, Turkish, and Daghestan rugs, and his rare illuminated missals, and all the rest of the results of his touring among the old world treasure houses, into such an exquisite private residence-setting as his taste and broad culture would have readily devised; and only the necessarily few people of his charmed acquaintance would have been able to see even a part of them without a feeling, at least, of infringement upon genuine private time and courtesy. But no; his extraordinary public spirit long ago suggested that it be given outright to the city, certainly one of the most beautiful tributes a man might indirectly pay to his wife, the daughter of one of Springfield's oldest names! Now, any afternoon, the public can here see under the most perfect conditions, the finest art collection of which any inland city can boast; and may at almost any time consult with the astonishing man himself who has made this his life work accessible to as many of his fellowbeings as may care to view it.

Nor is it possible to imagine any one so lacking in the love of the beautiful in all lines of art that he would not travel far to see, not only the precious specimens mentioned, but the paintings, largely Americana, in oil and water-colors, but including, as well, a remarkable representation of Italian art. There is not room here to more than allude to these paintings. Suffice it to say that the adequate assimilation of all the accumulation of wonders of this priceless art grouping could scarcely be accomplished in months of afternoons. Such an adjunct to the educational advantages of a city like Springfield cannot be overestimated or too much enlarged upon.

In this connection of peculiar interest

FOREST PARK DUCK POND
Courtesy of M. D. Fletcher

will be the reproduction of the late Thomas Waterman Wood's delightful and characteristic picture of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, presented by the artist himself to this gallery, while the latter was president of the National Academy of Design.

As a sample of one of the most striking of the bronzes in the museum, there is also given its premier magazine portrayal, the famous Russian equestrian bronze by E. Lancerey, whose work justly ranks with the very finest of the moderns. In its way, particularly in the imposing spirit of its lines, it is every whit equal and in some degree superior to the Fremiet "Jeanne D'Arc," the sainted maid of Domremy, Orleans, and Rouen, which challenges the instant admiration of every visitor to the Place des Pyramides in Paris. The Lancerey bronze shows the renowned Russian prince (who, by

Courtesy of F. A. Bissette

"A VENERABLE LINK WITH AN HISTORIC PAST." OLD TOLL BRIDGE, 1816, CONNECTICUT RIVER, SPRINGFIELD

Courtesy of F. A. Bassette

PROMINENT CITIZENS ON IMPORTANT PUBLIC OCCASIONS. GOVERNOR GUILD AT MCKINLEY MEMORIAL UNVEILING, FOREST PARK

the way, was the first to bear such a distinctively Russian name as Syviatoslaf), after the flush of incredible victories throughout southern Europe previous to 970 A.D., proceeding to Constantinople on further warlike quests. He was the son of Igor and the revengeful Olga; eater of horseflesh and sharer of all the privations of his soldiers, sleeping on the hard ground under the open Russian sky, with saddle for a pillow and sharing his army blanket with the humblest of his trusty veterans; the idol of his magnificent army; and yet within two years after the era this picture is supposed to represent, providing that proudly reared skull as a gold-circled drinking cup for his Petchenegan conquerors.

A much-traveled expert's appreciation of this city as a center for the intellectual side, and the very high rank Springfield's spendid public library has attained among the world's greatest and choicest book collections (more than one hundred and fifty thousand volumes is the present record) is attested by the presentation, unconditionally, by Andrew Carnegie, of three separate money gifts to the city library interests; one of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, another of fifty thousand dollars, and the third of twenty-five thousand dollars. This will be a large factor in the provision of Springfield's newest assured adornment, the fine library building about to be erected on State Street, directly opposite the chief specimen in this region of the architecture of H. H. Richardson,— the beautiful brownstone Church of the Unity. The new library, of the Italian Renaissance type, will cost somewhere in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand dollars. It will be two hundred and twenty feet in frontage, and prove a notable addition to one of the most attractive portions of the city. The arrangement and equipment of the interior will be in keeping with the most approved methods of modern times; and because more recent will have superior appliances and labor-saving devices to those now in use in the Boston Public and other front rank libraries. The selection of such an artistic and beautiful building has meant months of labor on the part of several prominent citizens. Among the Springfieldians who were chiefly concerned in this magnificent addition to the charms of the municipality and who are to be especially commended for their part in the selection of this plan from the many submitted, are Andrew B. Wallace, H. H. Skinner, Librarian Hiller C. Wellman, and Nathan D. Bill. To the latter's personal acquaintance with Mr. Carnegie must largely be ascribed the credit for the steel king's munificence.

It is this same intensity of progressive energy which keeps Springfield, through its Board of Trade, for example, in the front rank of cities with a most enviable commercial future. The right sorts of enterprise always find a welcome from the citizen members of this sterling and aggressive organization. Its "Committee of New Enterprises" believes in bringing all manner of really desirable forces to the fore in the immediate future; and the new plans lately adopted prove conclusively that the Springfield that is yet to be may be able to point with pride to this particular period of its growth.

The city that gave to the country the public works of such characters as the great editor Samuel Bowles; the authors Josiah Gilbert Holland, Edward Bellamy, Clark W. Bryan, and Rose Terry Cooke; the essayist and hymn writer Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, the first Unitarian minister here, is also, or has very recently been, active in a literary way with such names to boast of as the Rev. Bradley Gilman, Charles Clark Munn, Eugene C. Gardner, the versatile architect, and Charles Goodrich Whiting, literary editor of the Republican. The latter's own words can most fittingly be used in closing this too hurried review of Springfield, the model city, and show what — through its now visible signs of promise — its best citizens may most sincerely hope for in its future.

"Thou lovely Springfield! Be thou spring
Of noble enterprise!
And be thou field whence men may bring
Of brotherhood the prize!
For thou must help to spread abroad
The hope of all mankind,
Forgetting not thou cam'st of God
And art to God consigned!"

Ex-Gov. George H. Utter, of Rhode Island

What New England Says on "The New National Republican Platform"

A Symposium by Ex-Gov. Geo. H. Utter, of Rhode Island, George H. Moses, Frank L. Greene, and Nathan M. Wright

"THE PLATFORM IS ONE OF GENERAL PRINCIPLES RATHER THAN DEFINITE RECOMMENDATIONS"

By EX-GOV. GEO. H. UTTER, *of Rhode Island*

THE men who constructed the platform adopted last June by the National Republican Convention are entitled to praise as political artisans. Rarely, if ever, have two national political parties approached an election with so few pronounced differences of opinion relative to public policy as is the case this year. Both parties favor changes in the tariff schedules, but neither advocates a fundamental change in tariff principles to effect such schedule changes; both parties admit, positively or negatively, that the standard of value has been settled for the present at least; both parties accept "expansion" as a fact beyond recall, though each may seek to solve its problems in a different way; and both parties find the new questions which are beginning to frame themselves too indefinite as yet to warrant taking any hard and fast positions relative to them. When the political platform artisan is obliged to show his skill with only such material from which to choose, he is to be congratulated if he constructs a reasonably sound piece of work.

It was from such material that the makers of the Republican platform for 1908 were obliged to choose. Therefore they wisely contented themselves with more generalizing than has sometimes been used. They took to their party credit for much of the development and prosperity of the country during the last half century. And were they not warranted in doing so? Nature has certainly done much for the United States. The earth has yielded gold and silver to those who searched for it, and crops beyond imagination have been the reward of those who tilled the soil. But Nature might have given the gold and the silver and the crops, and yet the people might not have enjoyed the phenomenal prosperity which has been theirs had conditions resulting from political party action not prevailed. It is not the crops alone which give us wealth; it is the crops together with their harvesting and their marketing which bring such returns. The conditions for harvesting and marketing have come largely from the policies of government inaugurated and executed by the Republican party while in power. Therefore it was just that the artisans of the platform should incorporate the history of the party and the country as a guarantee of what might be expected in the future.

It was political wisdom, also, to present the Republican party's cause in this way. The political issues which are beginning to face us as a people have to do chiefly with our development as a nation through individual effort. Great prosperity and great business success have brought us to a place where we must deal not only with the problems of national accumulation, but also with those of individual rights and privileges. The issues growing out of these changes are still uncertain, still loosely framed. But the Republican party says by its platform, "Give us continued control of the government, and we will do as we have done in the past — we will fit conditions so far as

political action can fit them, so that the people, as individuals and as a whole, shall have free opportunity for personal prosperity, and therefore for national prosperity."

The presidential campaign of 1908 will turn very largely upon the personal fitness of the several candidates for the peculiar duties of the high office for which they have been named. Therefore it was wise that the Republican party platform should declare general principles rather than definite recommendations. It is a good platform upon which to place as the party candidate for the presidency one who has been truthfully described as a man great in body, great in mind, and great in heart.

"THE PROSPECTUS OF A PARTY OF PROGRESS"

By GEORGE H. MOSES

Member from New Hampshire of the Committee on Resolutions of the Republican National Convention at Chicago

WHILE yet the Republican national platform was under consideration by the committee on resolutions at Chicago, I spoke of it as redundant. The term applies; and yet it is a redundancy which is not mere verbiage. The platform expresses the purposes of a great and positive political organization, and when purpose is based upon performance as great as that of the Republican party, the recital takes time. Therefore, though the platform is long, the time for its reading will be well spent.

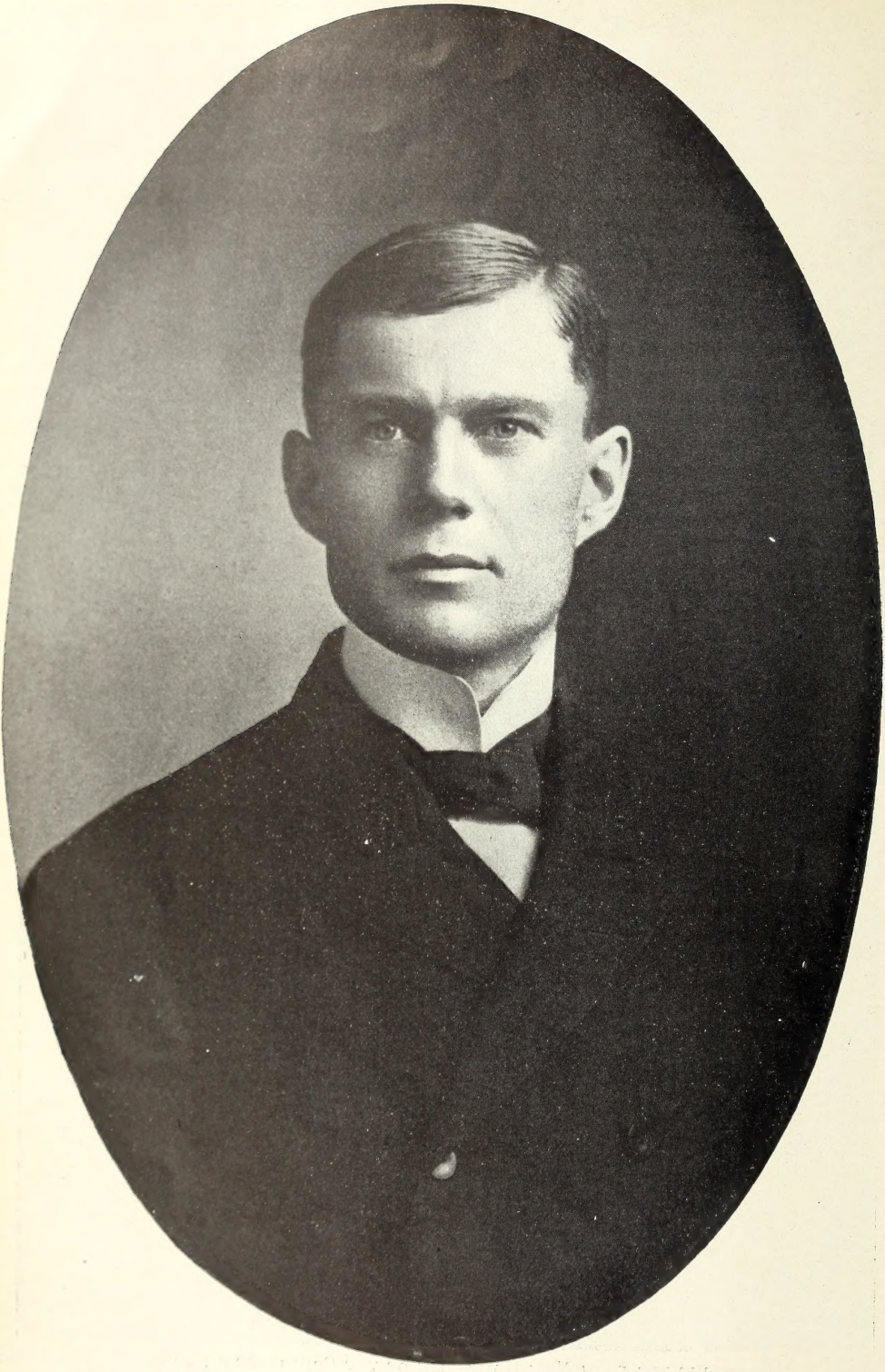
There were few controversies during its construction. The anti-injunction plank was hotly debated and at great length, both in the subcommittee and in the full committee. Of the sixteen votes cast against it as finally drawn New England contributed three, the basis of our opposition being that it was better for political conventions to refrain from regulating court procedure; that the declaration of the plank as it stood was of scant meaning, and that it would fail of any purpose which it might have intended. And yet, as Mr. Wade Ellis has since said in his reply to Mr. Bryan's criticism, there is no specially stringent reason why a platform may not reaffirm existing practices.

My own part in the deliberations of the committee was not large. It dealt with only three planks, and embraced a criticism of the anti-injunction plank along the lines indicated, a defense of the postal savings bank plank, and an attempt to amend the negro plank.

The last was a desire to secure a direct and definite pledge in addition to the general declaration which the platform contained. The negro plank of 1908 is a distinct and measurable advance from the position taken in 1904. In the earlier platform there was nothing for the colored voter's protection at all. There was only a veiled assertion in favor of a reduction of Southern representation in Congress, the effect of which would have meant nothing to the freedman seeking to exercise his franchise, while it would have given color of approval to the grandfather clauses and other disfranchising devices in vogue in the Southern states. These practices the platform of 1908 expressly condemns, while without reservation a declaration is made in favor of the enforcement of all the great war amendments to the Constitution — the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth — which gave to the freedman the ballot and sought to protect him in its use.

Great as was this advance from the quiescent policy laid down in 1904, it

GEORGE H. MOSES, MEMBER FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION, CHICAGO



FRANK L. GREENE, EDITOR OF THE ST. ALBANS DAILY MESSENGER, VERMONT

seemed to me that the plank yet lacked symmetry; and I sought to amend it by adding another sentence declaring in favor of " the speedy restoration to the statute books of the civil rights legislation placed there by Republican statesmen and repealed by the last Democratic Congress."

Bills for this purpose are already pending in Congress, having been introduced by Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire; and while the declaration of the platform as it stands may readily be construed into an endorsement of this legislation, I had hoped for a more specific pledge in this regard, as affecting much more vitally than the anti-injunction plank, a traditional and glorious policy of Republicanism and as bearing upon a political situation which might easily become more dangerous than anything which the court plank suggests

The amendment was lost, but enough was left to convince any colored voter that the party which gave him freedom and citizenship yet retains its purpose to make him secure in his prerogative.

The postal savings bank was barely saved. The number of debating voices raised against it outnumbered those of its defenders, but we were able to cite the larger number of those among the people who wanted it — and we won.

The platform promises no impossibilities. The purposes which it declares are predicated upon what has already been accomplished. It is the propectus of a party of progress. In its recital and in its pledges it should stimulate the minds of young men especially, and it ought to draw thousands of first voters into Republican ranks.

" A DOCTRINE OF PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATISM "

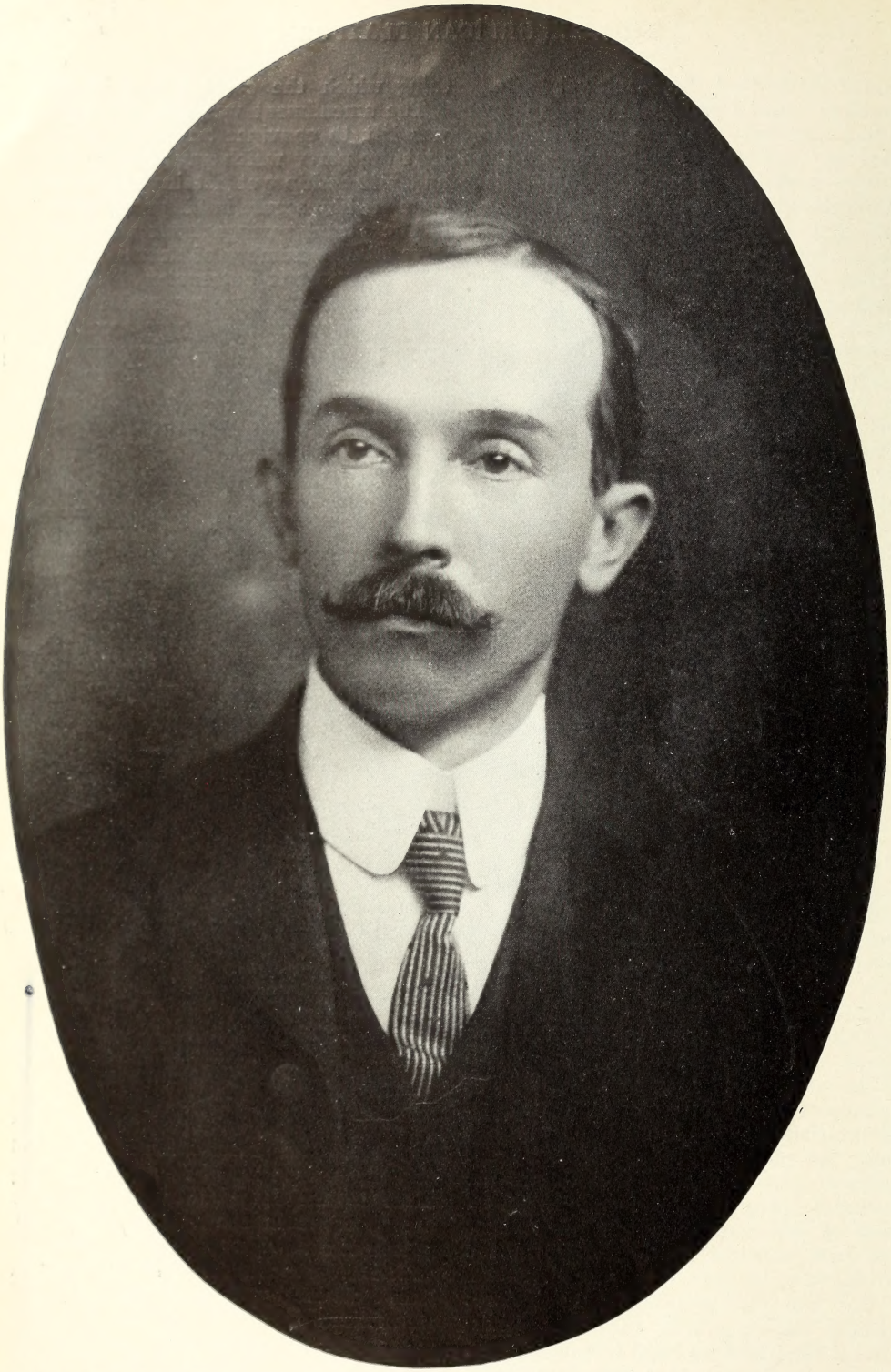
By FRANK L. GREENE

Editor of the St. Albans Daily Messenger

THE Republican platform of 1908 covers a wide variety of topics, all of intense public importance, and each deserving the deliberate consideration of a thoughtful article in its own right; but to my mind the distinctive characteristic of the platform and the one that promises to make it an epoch marker is its formal recognition of the increasing importance of the propaganda of Socialism and its unequivocal declaration against it. This is the first time the platform of one of the great political parties has taken notice of the Socialist movement, and this fact is of itself a sufficient acknowledgment that the new political faith has grown too strong to be longer safely ignored.

But the platform not only declares against the Socialistic tendency generally, it identifies its local habitation and name. It charges that the Democratic party is making toward Socialism, and it thus recognizes and presents a new and tremendously important issue in the struggle between the political organizations that have so long contended for the control of the government.

Now, the historic issues upon which both the old line parties were called into being were long ago decided and retired. Strictly speaking, there is no real or important difference between them involving either the strict constructionist theories of Jeffersonian Democracy, or the struggle for the preservation of the Union and the extirpation of slavery that gave birth to the Republican party. Both are absorbed in the new problems begotten of a new day and generation, and each is approaching their solution along lines distinctly temperamental. The Republican party in its platform of 1908 is the first to recognize the fact that the old order has passed away, and that henceforth the contest between the two



NATHAN M. WRIGHT, SECRETARY TO THE REPUBLICAN STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF RHODE ISLAND

great parties is to assume a character that can have no other result than their ultimate complete reorganization and realignment.

In every country given in any material degree to popular rule, public sentiment sooner or later resolves itself into two grand divisions representing what may be loosely classified as conservative progressists on the one hand and radical theorists or extremist liberals on the other. The Republican party now in effect declares this to be the prevailing trend of political conditions in this country, with the Democratic party drifting toward the extremist or radical side, while for itself it upholds the moderate or conservatively progressive, and it states the new form of an old issue fairly and squarely when it says, "The trend of Democracy is toward Socialism, while the Republican party stands for wise and regulated individualism."

Here is the first positive and definite official proclamation that may be taken as the basis of the realignment of political elements in this country, that in recent years thoughtful observers have been predicting. Ever since the memorable campaign of 1896 the forces making for conservative progress in both great parties have been drawing together in support of Republican candidates, and the forces tending toward radicalism have pretty much gained and retained possession of the Democratic party, and, for that matter, are even now beginning to show their hand in the Republican party itself. We have a respectable army of voters in these days that, ever since the campaign of 1896, have openly declared themselves McKinley or Roosevelt Democrats, and have refused to co-operate further with the party of their original allegiance so long as it pursues its present policy. On the other hand, we have a type of extremist Republicans, like those of Wisconsin, who battled so earnestly for the adoption of their views in the platform this year, who are not altogether satisfied with the conservative tendencies of the party in general, and give promise of emphasizing their dissent still further. If the reasoning holds good the present day Roosevelt Democrats will unite with the Republican party permanently, while the element in the Republican party tending toward Socialism, wherever it be, will find its way ultimately to a union with what is left of the Democracy. Thus the new alignment will be formed.

It is, of course, too much to expect that this first platform proclamation of a new proposition by the Republican party will have the effect of bringing about the complete realignment of parties in this campaign or in the next, for that matter. Neither is it probable that many very good Democratic citizens that are individually opposed to Socialism will be thereby persuaded out of hand that what the Republican party says about the Socialistic tendencies in their party is true.

It draws the new line along which the readjustment of political forces in this country must eventually follow. We are in the midst of a political shift and something of a political crisis. The Republican party, first to recognize it, lays down a doctrine of progressive conservatism that I believe will eventually unite under its standard all men of various shades of former political allegiance that are now arousing to the necessity for making common cause against the folly of Socialism.

"MEANS A FORWARD MOVEMENT IN OUR NATIONAL LIFE"

By NATHAN M. WRIGHT

Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee of Rhode Island

THE platform of the Republican party adopted at Chicago in June marks distinctly the progress of the nation and sets before the lawmakers of the country a goal to be attained during the next four years. Progress may be read between the lines of this important document where it is not literally

spelled out, and the platform means a forward movement in our national life. It is a record of achievement and a promise for the future. The Republican party by its delegates in convention assembled has set its affirmative seal upon many progressive plans. That so large a gathering, with representatives from so wide a territory and having such varied interests, should unite upon this important pronunciament, and concentrate the presidential battle as well as the fight for the control of the lower house of Congress on these issues, is sufficient reason for the citizen and voter to stop for a few brief minutes at least, and read this statement of principles.

Perhaps the people of these United States, if they would pause in their wonderful career as a nation, and consider the historical significance of the platform adopted at Chicago, might to some slight extent realize what will be said of the work of this convention half a century hence. The platform does not bend to the extreme views entertained by the Wisconsin delegates, but it is strongly in accord with the progressive record of President Roosevelt, which has won the plaudits of a great people. When the delegates at Chicago in a burst of enthusiasm during the speech of Senator Lodge cried for "Four, four, four years more" it meant something in addition to admiration for one man, it expressed a hope that certain progressive principles would be adopted and maintained. The realization of that hope must then be looked for in the platform and in the candidate nominated on that platform. President Roosevelt's absolute declination to be considered a candidate and the nomination of Secretary Taft are practically coincident events. The platform undoubtedly had in advance the approval of President Roosevelt and his Republican successor.

One of the contested points in the platform which agitated the committee of fifty-three that repeated the document was the "injunction plank." It is to the credit of the New England delegates that they were solidly in favor of the clause beginning with these words: "The Republican party will uphold at all times the authority and integrity of the courts, State and Federal, and will ever insist that their powers to enforce their processes and to protect life, liberty, and property shall be preserved inviolate." The majority report of the platform committee was satisfactory to fifty-two of the fifty-three members. The minority of one had his say, but lacked votes. And it is a well-established fact in political circles that votes are essential to success.

Among the topics that figure prominently in the platform are tariff revision, an adequate army and navy, Philippine tariff act, the safeguarding of the currency system, more complete control of corporations, postal savings, the admission of New Mexico and Arizona as separate states, and the endorsement of arbitration treaties. The tribute in the platform to President Roosevelt is full of achievement, and the author was correct in his statement, that "in this, the greatest era of American advancement, the Republican party has reached its highest service under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt. His administration is an epoch in American history. In no other period since national sovereignty was won under Washington or preserved under Lincoln has there been such mighty progress in those ideals of government which make for justice, equality, and fair dealing among men."

The document records a proud story of the past, and gives promise of a glorious scroll of fame for William H. Taft and James S. Sherman, and the Republican party which they will represent in the contest of ballots in November.

It will remain for the historian to record the complete story. The experience of the past teaches us to expect important results. Whoever may lead and whatever progress may be realized it is well to have the propositions of government clearly outlined. The platform is something more than material for a campaign, it is prospective history. It is worthy of attention not only as a party utterance, but also as an effective notice to the whole world of the policy which will control the legislation of the next four years in this country if entrusted to Republican leaders.

THE CONVENTION: A STORY

By F. W. BURROWS

WHAT with bell ringing and the shouting of guards, the train managed to push its way through the crowds that overswarmed the old rat-ridden station (now happily displaced) of the "Gateway of the South."

Into this mass of humanity the apparently impossible feat of detraining a mammoth excursion throng was actually accomplished, and the whole augmented army began a slow movement toward the hotel centers where they were miraculously dissolved in other throngs already blocking the streets.

It was the third day of the National Convention, and although the actual balloting had not yet taken place, it all wore a tired, after-carnival look of fagged crowds, dirty streets, and drooping and soot-stained decorations.

But now down the imposing stairway of the Grand Hotel stepped the smart Seventh Regiment Band, their crisp uniforms contrasting refreshingly with the travel-worn and unkempt appearance of the multitude.

No sooner had they made their way into the street than a strain of martial music burst triumphantly forth and the followers of Roscoe Conkling, with their badges of blue and gold, ranged themselves proudly behind their band. The crowd, easily dazzled by a show of brilliancy, met the movement with cheer on cheer for the great New York politician.

As the entire procession swung into a march under the melodious strains of Verdi's music, a young man stepped quickly from the sidewalk and joined himself to the moving column.

This unknown youth had already attracted some attention by the peculiarly earnest and serious character of the interest which he displayed. It was divined that he might be the son of one of the candidates, and the more plausibly so as he appeared to be amply supplied with entry tickets bearing the signatures of prominent party leaders. On the other hand, his utter detachment at a time when all were vociferously joined to one candidate or another, seemed to argue a less personal interest in the issue. He wore no badge and flitted from group to group after the manner of one who was searching for that which he could not find.

"Curse these cobblestones!" said a voice at his elbow. The pavements of the Queen City were certainly not adapted to pedestrianism.

"Phwat koind of a convintion do you call this, I want to know!" exclaimed another of the marchers. "You ought to see the convintions of the ould pa ty! Phwere's your organ-i-zations? Phwere's your clubs? Bedad, when I first see this I thought it was a funeral,— hooray! — hooray!" he shouted as the cheer-leader lifted his baton to call for a demonstration. They were passing the headquarters of several other delegations ensconced at the Gibson House.

"I wondah wheah Mistah Conkling and the Custom Haouse gang found the money, sah, to bail these fellahs aout." The speaker, a tall Kentuckian standing on the curb, pulled his long moustache and looked curiously down into the face of our young friend.

"I reckin you-all don't belong with that crowd?"

"Well, perhaps not," assented the youth, laughing.

"I reckined not," said the Kentuckian.

"However, I am a great admirer of the president, and I suppose that these are the administration men."

"Well, sah, the president of the United States is hahdly a fa'h subject for criticism" (and the Kentuckian

touched his hat), "but the administration is quite anothah thing, sah."

"You wear a good badge," ventured the young man tentatively, "many think that it will win."

"Ouah man cannot win. A pussonal friend of mine told me so, sah."

"No honest man has a chance to win in this fight," interpolated a third member of the great democracy of the street, "the pols have got it all set up. It's heads I win, tails you lose."

"I beg youah pahdon, sah! This convention will nominate an honest man. That is what it came here for and I reckin no one can stop it. A pussonal friend of mine — see hyah, you — all! I will give you a dollah for those badges." These latter words were addressed to a dapper clerk standing in the doorway of a haberdasher's shop, his breast adorned with the badges of every candidate before the convention. As he spoke, the Kentuckian held out his money, and the crowd began to take notice.

"All right," he said, the exchange having been effected. "Now you look more like a man. Wear one or none and you won't pass for such a fool."

The young stranger was beginning to feel a warm interest in the honest Kentuckian, when the surging crowd separated them.

"I admiah youah action, sah." It was the colonel's voice again, but once more they were swept apart by the resistless ebb of that great tide — a mass of human molecules, formless, without cohesion, ready to gather about any available center and as ready to slip away again into the void.

But a small percentage of this vast and vociferous throng were able to filter through the doors into the place of meeting, and among these favored ones none were enabled to occupy a more advantageous position in the spectator's gallery than our young friend.

He had indeed been well provided. It was at least a thoughtful and apparently a far-seeing friend, that had placed him in that left gallery, far forward, and immediately over the seats of the Pennsylvania delegation. There, beneath his very eyes was to be fought one of the fiercest battles of the convention.

As the young man's eye swept over the assembly he might have followed in the persons of those present the history, the fortunes, and the achievements of the Republican party — abolition, the war, reconstruction, carpet-bagism, the resumption of specie payment were all before him in the well-known faces that he was able to single out from the mass of delegates. But his study of this fascinating scene was interrupted by an harangue that was, apparently, being poured into his own ears.

A commercial traveler seated nearby had taken up in a loud voice the usual parable of his generation.

"You see those chaps back of the bald-heads? They're alternates. I did wonder some myself what they were for. Now I know. They pass out the admission tickets to the *hoi polloi* at fifty dollars per. Good thing?— well I guess! They say the nigger delegates have sold out to the impossible candidates so as to have a chance to sell out again. Pretty smart for a coon? Oh, it's the fat of the land! But the big fish are the ones that are lying in the deep water down there waiting for their price. And they'll get it, too!" It was idle talk, but particularly annoying to the earnest boy, and he interrupted the speaker savagely.

"Who bought *your* fifty dollar ticket for you?" The crowd began to laugh, and the salesman-publicist turned at bay.

"Not a man like you who goes about trying to hide his own colors! Say, usher! What's this fellow doin' in our section without a Morton badge? Is this a Morton section or not, I'd like to know?"

"Ticket?" Our friend held up his pasteboard. The usher scrutinized it a moment with lifted eyebrows. "Mind your own business," he said gruffly, and the salesman subsided with a wondering look at the young stranger beside him.

The evident sincerity of the youth's irritation provoked a remark from another of his neighbors.

"Trying to make high drama out of a farce, young man?" The voice was as kindly as the words were cynical. He turned to look into two shrewd, gray

eyes with an honest twinkle at the corners. "Better take the fun as it comes, you'll live longer," added the speaker.

Did none of this great American public take their own political life seriously, then? His own seriousness was becoming painful not only in its isolation but also in its intensity. Everywhere he had found an abounding good humor and a raillery that seemed inconsistent with it; an irrepressible hopefulness oddly combined with deep-seated distrust. He noted also a touch of Republican jealousy, a readiness to sacrifice the reputation of any man who might become too popular.

But these were not the things that he had come to find!

The gentle words of one he loved came back to him, — "It is a fine thing to believe where others sneer." Yes. But was it particularly fine to believe when the facts were all against you? Like many another youth, his spirit was taking its first plunge into the artificial depths of an artificial skepticism. He even succeeded for a moment in summoning up an expression of bitter scorn, but it was too false to the real boy back of it, and wilted ludicrously.

Youthful curiosity alone was quite sufficient to recall him to an eager study of the fascinating scene.

Across one end of the huge Exposition Hall a platform had been erected, and upon it, rising tier on tier to the very eaves, were arranged seats for national notabilities, "guests of the convention," and any whom it might seem politic to conciliate by so empty an honor.

Surmounting this structure was a great gilded eagle on a golden ball, and from its beak and talons streamers of bunting rayed out in all directions, covering as much as possible of the barn-like crudity of the enormous roof. From the edges of the gallery and from every available point drooped the national colors in flags, festoons, and rosettes, the whole, however, unfortunately emphasizing rather than retrieving the architectural poverty of the room.

The delegates and their alternates filled the body of the hall, the foremost seats being reserved for those delegations presenting candidates for the nominations, while huge, white placards raised on poles announced to every eye the names of the states.

An incessant hum like the whirr of a thousand spindles formed a continuous monotone, above which the actual proceedings were compelled to rise in a high treble. The music and shouting from without, pouring through the open windows, lost itself among the beams and rafters of the mighty roof, while an occasional flourish of trumpets rising higher than the rest announced the arrival of some new contingent of the local admirers of some long since forgotten statesman.

As the hour for business approached the tumult rose in a steady crescendo. Criers were stationed midway down the aisles to bawl out the announcements and decisions of the chair.

But to our eager observer it was as if a hush had fallen on the assembly, so tensely and painfully was his ardent patriotism groping for something to which it might attach itself, something on which to rest his high, boyish faith in American democracy, something to glory in, a possible object for a boundless devotion.

It was in this way that he discovered the silent places in the convention.

In almost every state delegation there was a little group of that kind, sharply singled out from the rest. Of one, James Russell Lowell was the center and George William Curtis of another, and up in the gallery directly over the Pennsylvania delegation was yet another of which he himself was the constructive center, but of that he was wholly unconscious.

Profoundly significant were these silent places, destined as they were to become the storm centers of the convention.

Out under the farther gallery the Ohio delegation was massed like a Spartan phalanx, and behind them (fateful proximity) the Michigan group.

The first ballot had been forecast with considerable accuracy. The "complimentary vote," it was called, and the cheering which it evoked was more or less perfunctory. A third and a fourth time the roll was called, the lines remaining

essentially unchanged as the professional politicians were able still to retain the control of their forces.

This first indication of the awakening of the convention came when a number of the Pennsylvania delegation openly rebelled against the dictation of their machine leader and successfully carried their point for an unhampered vote. Seated directly above them, our hero and those near him watched with the keenest interest the progress of this battle.

"Now ain't that pretty?" exclaimed the irrepressible man of commerce. "Don't it look like a Sunday school class, though? I tell you, my friend, you're all right, but you need an education, and the only way to get it is to go right out on the road and learn to *sell the goods*. These high notions of yours are all right. My boss has lots of 'em that he keeps on tap for fancy speeches. But, mind you, when he sends me out he says, 'Now, Cabby, what we want is *the results*, and he doesn't ask any questions as to how the results come, only if they don't come, there's trouble. When you've got a job like that, you learn because you've got to learn. I've learned."

"You look it." The young man's manner grew more curt and firm as the facts against him accumulated. But when the little party standing out for their own freedom gained their point, he turned grimly toward the railer at his side.

"The egg begins to crack," he said, quietly.

"Bah! Why, they are not a drop in the bucket," replied the salesman. And it did seem so.

Nevertheless, after this significant occurrence, the between-vote work became more wild and frenzied. The chairman's gavel rose and fell and his lips moved in a useless pantomime. Above that babel no sound was audible and no vote was possible. Rumors, carefully concocted, were sent broadcast through the assemblage creating an uncertainty and suspense, a readiness to snatch at anything. This constituted the "convention atmosphere" upon which the workers depended for the success of their maneuvers.

To follow the trend, if trend there was, of the complicated movements of that shifting, seething mass surpassed the powers of the best trained observers. Veteran correspondents wired the most absurd reports. Our friend heard a mocking laugh at his side.

"Fifty to ten on Morton," said the salesman.

"I'll take you up," he answered. It was a poor argument, but it was the only one that the fellow would appreciate and it helped out his own faith.

"You're foolish. Why, man, only the vets, the machine, can pull anything out of that mess." It certainly looked so, but our friend only tightened his lips.

Whatever the appearance may have been, the convention, as a matter of fact, was beginning to find itself. It was rapidly ceasing to be a mere unwieldy mass led by a few bold men. The possibilities were being sensed and the strength of the candidates accurately gauged. The sentiments, even the pledges, brought from the local home conventions, were losing significance. The need of the hour was becoming dominant.

For a moment our young friend felt sick and dizzy, and leaned forward with closed eyes, resting his forehead on the balustrade. It all meant so much! Could it be possible, with so many splendid men down there and the great American nation watching for every tick that came over the wires from the convention city, that all was to be decided, like the stakes in a gambling den, by the manipulations of a few unprincipled men? He had noted the significance of the break, and earlier in the day, of the silent places in the convention, but did it not seem that even these, as they added to the complexity of the situation were playing into the hands of the managers?

The convention became a dream, its noise something far off like the roaring of the sea. His mind was back in his college town and resting on the broad veranda under the green elms. A sweet, bright face was looking into his own, a face in which was nothing sordid, nothing selfish, nothing low, a face full of bounding hope, high and holy purpose, and gen-

tle expectation, the faith and the patience to exact and to wait for a splendid achievement. He had come here to find its counterpart in the world of action and as yet he had not found it.

He set his teeth more firmly. Suddenly the tumult subsided.

Then, taking swift advantage of the lull one of the silent places spoke. A man from the Massachusetts delegation worked his way to the platform and began to address the convention.

The young man listened with tense attention, then he leaned back and waited. Had the speech fallen flat? Already it was drowned in a storm of hisses. It was the old story of the unwisdom of the children of the light.

" I warn you," the speaker was still shouting, " that Massachusetts will not give her vote for any man who does not represent these principles and there is but one name before this convention——" but it was no use, his voice was drowned in the general confusion. They had already ceased to heed his presence on the platform. There had been in his threat a touch of pharisaism that the convention received with an ill grace.

It seemed to the young stranger as if the last chance had been lost. For a moment he ceased to observe, sitting back dreamily.

The very next ballot revealed to all what it had been permitted to the youth's prophetic vision to foresee.

When the turn of his state came in the calling of the roll, the veteran leader of the Michigan delegation, a man respected and loved for heroism on the battlefield, and for many years of public service, drew his crippled limbs under him and shouted, as if in direct answer to the Massachusetts speaker, —

" Michigan will give her voice for that man whom the convention entrusted with the duty shall nominate, but she now casts her twenty-two votes solid for — HAYES OF OHIO!

Then the galleries found their feet and their lungs, and, for the first time too, they knew what they were shouting for. They were no longer a hired clacque nor an an idle and meaningless source of boisterousness led by professional manipulators.

They had a leader, it is true, but he was one of themselves; in the left gallery, forward, just over the Pennsylvania delegation he stood, a youth, leaning far over the balustrade and lifting his voice in cheer on cheer that the rafters caught and echoed back. And the rest followed, cheer for cheer.

Henceforth that shout of the galleries meant something. Not like the riotous mobs of other lands, but in its own way, none the less, it was a demand, loud, thunderous, insistent.

And now from the street outside as well as from the galleries rose the deep crescendo of that infectious shout:

" HAYES — HAYES — HAYES! "

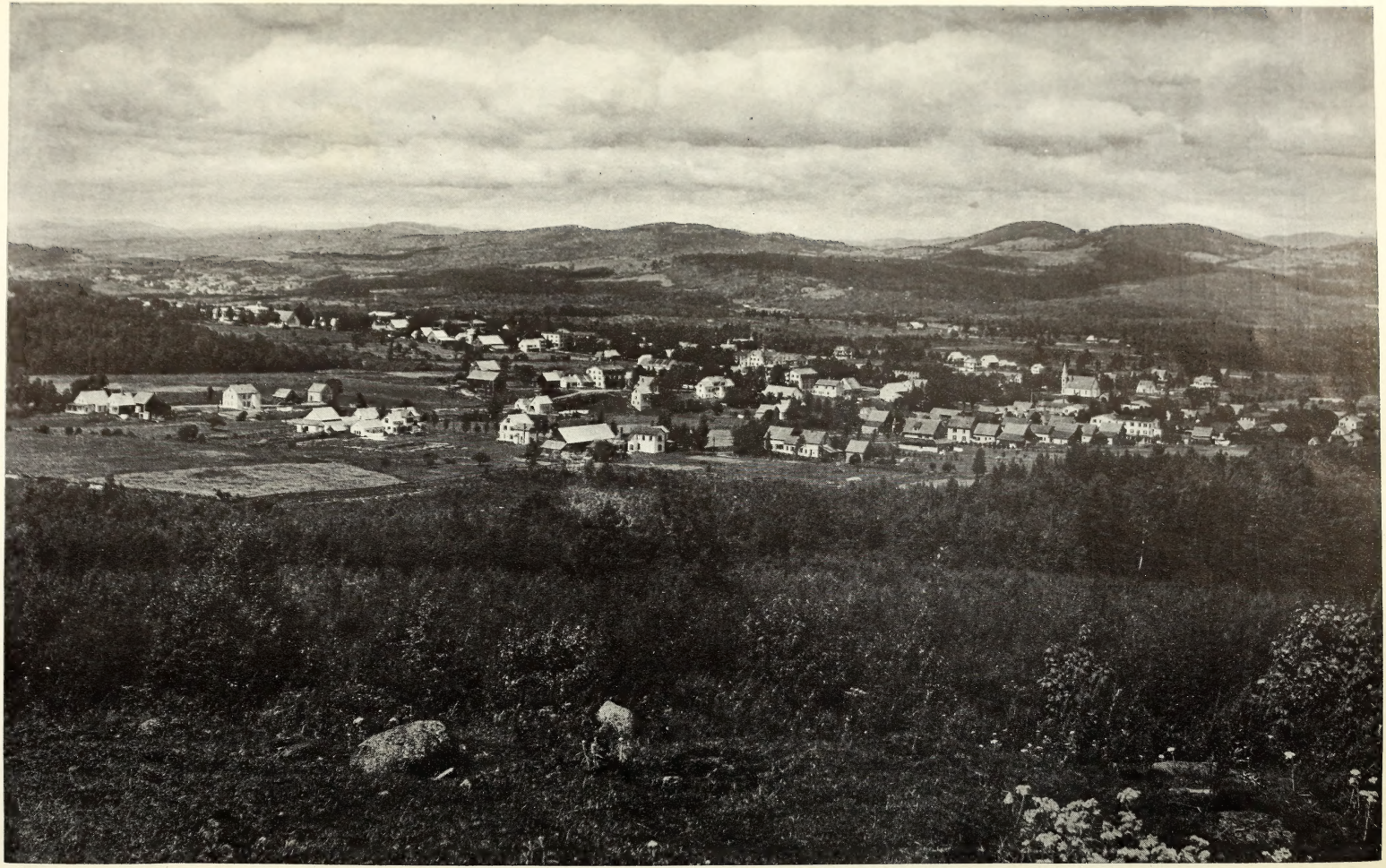
Ten thousand throats in one chorus! The seventh ballot legalized the shout.

The work was done, the convention over, the hall fast emptying, while the surging shouts of the mob sounded farther and farther away.

Still, up in the left gallery, forward, over the empty and overturned chairs where the Pennsylvania delegation had almost come to blows, stood our young friend, his eyes gazing into vacancy and his face tense with emotion. Deep, strange thoughts filled his mind. He felt that a will greater than that of any political leader had led the way to that result, inevitably as fate itself, to a result that was for the weal of the nation.

" Well, young man," said a voice at his elbow, " did you help to nominate Hayes? " The speaker was one of Ohio's foremost citizens; and the youth turned toward him slowly, his eyes big with the solemn thoughts that still possessed him.

" Father," he said, " if a man is to be President of the United States there is but one need — that he should be prepared for the place — something else will do the rest." And his words were the utterance of one destined to become the most consistent embodiment of their truth since the early days of the republic.



BETHLEHEM THE BEAUTIFUL, IN THE HEART OF THE HILLS

In the Heart of the Hills

By RAYMOND WARNER

Professionals playing to a large gallery at Maplewood

"JUST a minute, Barbara, there's another. It does seem as though we are fated, despite all our precaution, to be made continually the target for sly glances and remarks apparently very amusing to the public, just because Dick's zeal with that two-pound bag of devil seed has loaded us and our luggage with telltale signs. I shall never see a chinaman without feeling like putting the toe of my number elevens under the skirt of his blouse for being the representative of the country where they grow rice."

"*Please* get it *all* out of my hair this time, Ned,— I've already set fire to my veil with blushes. To think that we sat in the Pullman, you with your paper and I my magazine, holding hands under cover of your coat, never having the slightest idea that one of those white grains nestled comfortably in the brown lace at the neck of my waist, and blissfully confident that other passengers were thinking us brother and sister. It was simply killing when you discovered the reason for those smiles and then sat for fifteen minutes reading your paper upside down before you returned to earth and took notice. Let's give up the stage and rehearse a little before we play parts. From this minute I am going to *be* what I *am*, a happy bride on my wedding outing."

"Bravo, little girl, that rings true, and I'm as tired of sham as you can be. We'll do much better that way and I know I shall feel more comfortable with the world *in* on the secret by *consent*, not by *force*."

Early fall breezes, waving glorious welcome from immense groves of maple on Mount Agassiz, their foliage, richly tinted by the brush of heaven's great artists who come on this special mission in September, bore to the grateful senses of a carload of weary travelers, a bracing and invigorating restfulness for the enjoyment of which they had sought the heart of the hills at Bethlehem, where the clustering giants of northern New Hampshire, immortalizing the names of some of America's greatest statesmen, perpetually stand guard about one of the fairest spots in all creation.

On the way across this town most signally blest, a cool, well-sprinkled street two miles long, bordered by more than thirty inviting hotels, afforded pleasing contrast to the dust and dirt inseparable from long journeys by train in a dry season such as then prevailed, no rain having fallen for many days, and the young couple, whose conversation we have heard without eavesdropping, soon arrived at their inn.

They were shown to their apartments by attentive servitors, and in an hour,

with toilets most satisfactory to themselves and all the world, sat at table in a dining-room whose great windows let in to them the stately grandeur of the towering surroundings seductively inviting to closer intimacy and awakening responsive enthusiasm for an acceptance of the courtesy.

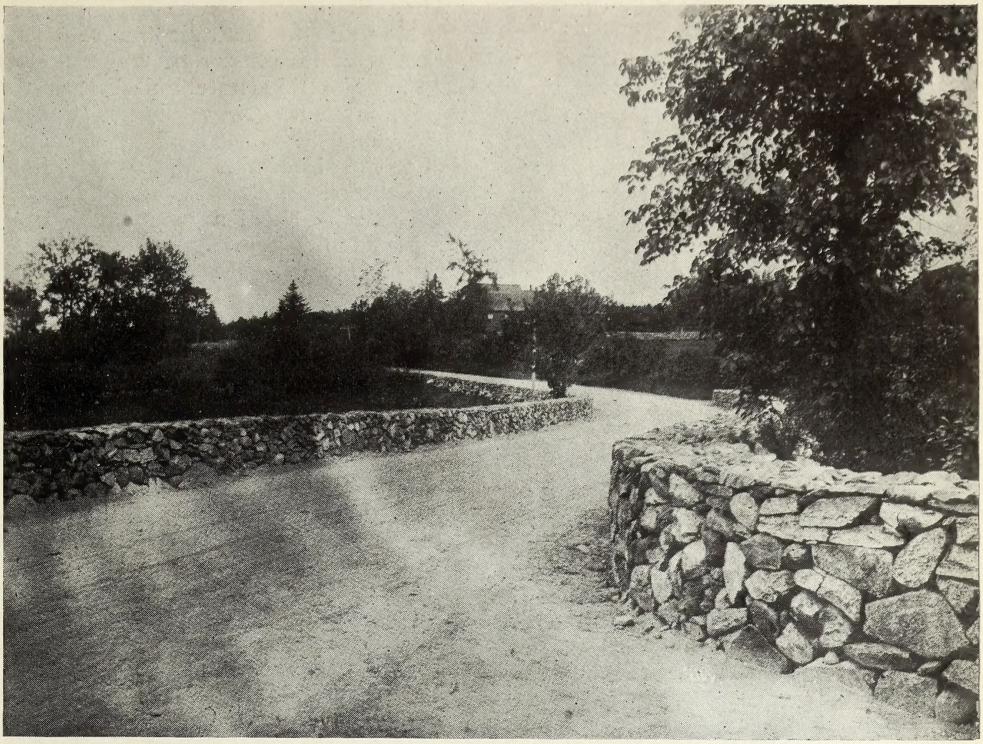
"What a gracious change from what I found here on my last visit. That was two years ago and in the height of the summer season during an especially hot period. Everybody and all his sisters, cousins, and aunts stampeded from the cities, and of them Bethlehem had her full share. Of course I had a fine time with never a minute's loss of interest in the social life about me, but I never knew until this moment what the attractions in the mountains might be after the seashore season bids the year adieu. I tell you, honey, if this be not paradise, earth does not possess one."

"Are all husbands as tactful in their compliments as you, Ned? I presume these mountains have changed little since two years ago, this hotel was then in existence, and doubtless there were many nice people hereabouts. Own up, now, that's a good chap, have *I* all this influence upon your frame of mind? On second thought I guess you needn't answer that, for I don't care to get you into the habit of protestation. It might not wear well and I detest *perfunctory* sweet words.

"All good things so far as you are concerned go without saying as already spoken, Barbara. Please don't chaff me when I *am* serious, for in my present employment gourmandizing at a feast of happiness and contentment, there is naught in the world other than you and me and the good God who made this day possible. I am too grateful for anything but laughter and song."

"Spoken like a man. We'll make the most of golden days and sip the sweet from every locality that presents the right kind of blossom, for the winter of life presents few not found under glass. The flowers that endure must be rooted deep in our hearts. There — we are 'getting too much sentimental,' as

A COOL AND SHADY DRIVE



THE WORK OF A PUBLIC-SPIRITED FRIEND

Bertha says, we will save the greater part of it for other seasons, when our eyes and ears are not busy with nature's beauties."

From the shade of a big maple they could see the village of Littleton, and away to the northeast the length of the Ammonoosuc Valley. So clear was the day that the base of Mount Washington, at the farther end, was well in view.

Like a mightier barrier against a world of unrest and its possible entrance into this Eden, the immense pile, lifting his hoary head sixty-one hundred feet above sea level, fought another of his ceaseless battles with wind and weather, as they gazed, and menaced the clouds above his summit with upturned face, until the passing banks held out the olive branch of peace, and sun-kissed turned radiance upon the stern old warrior, at which his grizzled countenance beamed with good nature.

"Doesn't he remind you of the varying emotions of human life, Ned? How dark and threatening he stands when the shadows fall, and how inviting and fatherly when all is well. His face is as transparent as yours when you are grave or gay, according as I do or do not tease you. They are calling us from the house — why, it's the motor cycle and the expressman wants his charges. Won't we just make that machine travel after you adjust the tandem attachment, making it 'a bicycle built for two,' and I get into my divided skirt. I'm fairly on nettles to make some of the fine runs these people talk and rave over."

In the afternoon, from the heights back of Bethlehem, well over toward Mount Cleveland, they stood and watched the lights of day fade into twilight and the electric lamps of the village at their feet, more suggestive than call of bell, spelled d-i-n-n-e-r t-i-m-e long before the hour was expected. But with blood bounding and faces aglow, they found themselves in full sympathy with the business of the moment when assembled with the hotel family about well-furnished tables.

"Did you note the lights of Twin Mountain in the valley? That's along the line of one of our drives on the way to Fabyan's and Bretton Woods, while the heart of the Crawford Notch is just beyond. We took the all rail trip down there yesterday, up Mount Washington and back, and for a day's journey it is one of the finest we have ever seen," remarked one of their table friends. "You can do it all with your machine, and it's just great."

"I guess there won't be many places left unvisited when we leave Bethlehem if my wife has her way," smiled the groom. "Perhaps it will be well to have the doctor give Barbara a sleeping potion to-night, otherwise I fear she will continue the work of the afternoon and plan until able to go nowhere because of mental exhaustion. There are so many famous points near here, or reached by riding easy stages, they will keep us motoring most of the time. It appears to *me* Bethlehem was made the pivot about which this mountain country was swung before it was let down to rest until eternity on the morn of creation."

"Better give your wife her head for a time at least, my friend," gravely replied the man of pills and physic! It's safe to assert that her self-administered medicine—daily exercise in the open air—will prove sleeping potion enough to induce that exquisite languor at nighttime that comes without rocking."

So it proved on the morrow when their first ride around the heater and to Franconia and Sugar Hill marked an outing always in plain sight of the Franconia Range. Roads were heavy with dust when they started in the early morning, but the swift-moving cycle sought the best paths, bearing them to the farthest point long before the dinner hour, which they awaited under the shade of a rustic spring-house away on Mount Lookoff.

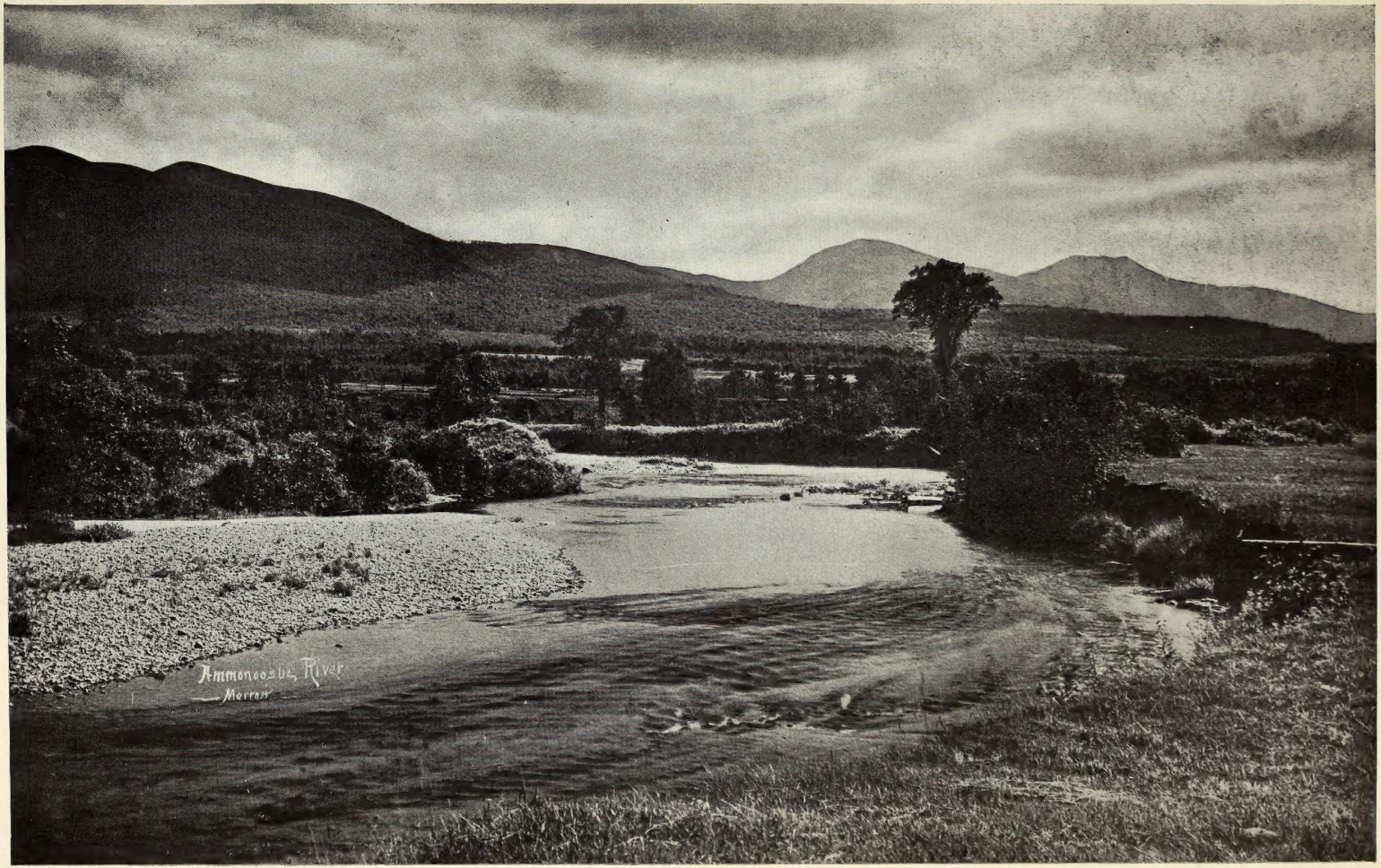
"Did you ever behold such a vision of loveliness on the face of nature as that presented by the mountains where the hard wood growth flames with red and yellow and dark green, Ned? Those spruces just break up the masses of color sufficiently to give never-ending variety to each new landscape background in splendid pictures. Bend your gaze upon that old mill site at Franconia, the little village with its cluster of white houses and the pretentious hotel buildings on the heights beyond. Away there to the east is Franconia Notch. They say 'The Old Man of the Mountains' guards a perfect gem of a territory."

"We shall see. I am not here to believe, but to verify. In the mean time, however, I am content to walk by faith until I am shown."

While they were at dinner, the sky, darkening perceptibly, gave warning of a welcome shower, and with the coming of the rainbow, universally good roads enabled them to seek the homeward paths at record speed, tarrying for a moment at sugar camps on Mount Agassiz on the way in. Here the beauty of the foliage of maple, cherry, and birch inspired this exclamation from Barbara, "If the girl from the golden West ever beheld such a sight as this, I readily understand why she cried in agony of soul when drawn away from them, 'Oh, my mountains — Oh, my mountains, I'm leaving you.' I know the heavy green of the spruce and the lights and shades of the other trees in summer must be grateful to the eye, more so than these vivid shades would prove in the long run, but I shall never think of these mountains with adornment other than as I see them at this instant. I have learned to love them. Their friends are mine and their enemies mine as well."

"Sad to know they have any, but, alas, 'tis true, girlie. Come down by this brook. Before the fearful ravages of the worshipers of King Spruce, here was a steady water run. Great numbers of gamey fish flashed in and out along its rocky course and a day's sport could always be found. A score of embowered places where sparkled pretty cascades, delighted the eye. Cutting away of timber has bared the earth to attacks of the elements, to frost and torrent, to fire and destruction, until in many peaks, erosion and wear has produced desolate ranges, no longer capable of water storage.

"During the wet season, rushing torrents course through this gorge, giving way in dry times like this to an absolutely



THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE AMMONOOSUC

dry bed except in places where stagnant pools are death traps to the fruitage of patient toil of New Hampshire's Fish and Game Commission. These brackish pools cannot support trout life, and this year marks the destruction of thousands of them, setting back such valuable assets of the state a dozen years. Expert forestry may do something toward rehabilitation if the ravages may soon cease, but without this the beauty of great mountain tracts is doomed forever."

"Scandalous! The Maker of all things must feel profound regret at times that he went a step beyond material creation and made a man with so narrow a soul as to permit such vandalism."

On their return to the hotel urgent invitations were declined to attend a ball at another house, and weary but well satisfied with the day's activity, a quiet evening in contrast was chosen and a secluded corner of the broad porch.

On the following day but one, during which a heavy rainstorm was greeted with warm welcome by all, a party was made up for a day's run to Intervale and North Conway, passing through Jackson and Glen, after leaving the train at the last-named place for several tallyhos. Through the Crawford Notch the observation car had held a delighted party, never tired of looking downward into the valley or along the gateway to the New England Alps. This tour brought them back to Bethlehem, singing the praises of the lower as well as the higher New Hampshire hills, the former of which they had caught in glimpses at long distances.

Golf, tennis, bowling, dances, and many forms of public amusement, persistently made demands upon their time, as their acquaintance broadened in contact with the society people of Bethlehem, to whom the presence of a bridal party is always a matter of interest, and it was not until many days after they had taken the Gale River drive, one to Littleton and Lancaster and another to Montgomery Lake, Whitefield, and Jefferson, that they visited Franconia Notch and the Flume.

It was a glorious fall morning and they had risen early for a stroll up the mountain along the Turner path and by a splendid spring, with a small party of friends. The doctor's wife was narrating Indian legends bearing upon the locality when her husband remarked, "I say, Ned, if you intend taking the run through Profile you should have made an early start to-day. The weather is cool and bracing, just ideal for a motor trip with the roads in fine shape."

"That little untiring horse of mine will make the run now in plenty of season for return to late dinner to-night. What do you say, girl, shall we strike out?"

"Just my mind, Ned; if you had left it unsaid I should have spoken. We can't start too soon."

In a few minutes rapid discharges from the swift flying machine announced their departure, and passing between Agassiz and Strawberry Hill they ran into Forest Hills for a moment to hail some old friends and look again upon the view across the valley. Turning to the left, and with Lafayette and Cannon mountains guarding the pass on either side, the double cylinder rushed past team after team and charged three-mile hill as confidently as it took the lower rises.

"This is simply grand," declared the young woman on the rear seat. "Look at those panting horses standing in the shade after working their passage for a short distance, and here we are winging our way upward as though on level ground. Oh! there's Echo Lake, and it is a beauty, just as they say. I wonder if we know any one out there in that launch? No. What a dandy road, Ned, what stuff composes it?"

"Some of that rotten stone you see between those rocks. Plenty of it here. No excuse for poor roads in such a country. Here is the loveliest place I ever visited. Look at Mt. Lafayette, second highest in this region, pushing his head into the clouds three thousand feet higher than where we now stand, his summit 5,269 feet above sea level, while in stately procession, Lincoln, Liberty, Flume, and Big and Little Coolidge line up across the sky. People are right — few colonies can boast such remarkable fencing as Profile, with Cannon to close the gap at the rear."

ALTERNATELY A DRY BED AND STAGNANT POOL

"There's Profile Lake through the trees, Ned, but I don't see any face on that mountain. O-o-oh! just cast your eyes at their highest point on the southern end of the summit. No wonder the Indians worshiped that as a manifestation of the presence of the Great Spirit."

For many minutes they stood and gazed at one of the most remarkable features of nature ever flung forth to mortal view, and sent messages of congratulation to the tremendous old fellow who for ages has set his feet in the bath of crystal waters and grimly presided over the destinies of the region. People tell with ecstasy of the imperturbable sphinx, a wonderful monument to man's enterprise — but a greater marvel is here in the far north land, roughhewn by the elements of the eternal. So jealous of the grand work was the mighty Sculptor, that He denied a glimpse of his masterpiece until one should stand on the exact spot from which He proposed to outline the Old Man of the Mountains against the cabinet curtains of the firmament, for from no other point can the features be discerned, and no mountain climber can tell when he arrives upon the massive brow unless signalled from the valley below.

"This must be the basin — yes, there is the great foot in the water, its toes worn smooth by ceaseless water action.

Don't go alone, Barbara, your shoes will slip on the sides unless you are careful. Remember the story they told of the girl who lost her sweetheart. He passed from her view to inspect the basin, and a few minutes afterward she found him floating there in the embrace of death."

Along a fine road to the Flume and to the top of the gash in solid rock a mile up the steep grade, they enjoyed refreshing shade while at their feet thundered the torrent. The pool was shaken hands with on their return and its remarkable appeal to romantic sentiment was not denied. On the way down in the winding stairway glimpses of distant peaks through the foliage gave entrancing variety to the view at each new vantage point.

The return trip of sixteen miles was made via the golf links and along the state road into Gale River drive, and coming into Bethlehem through Maplewood a little squeal of delight from behind Ned's shoulder called his attention to a field at the left, where a graceful doe danced here and there, uncertain which way to go. The deer gamboled about for a few minutes and gazed at the honeymooners with great interest, as they stood by the motor, then cautiously approached, crossing the road not more than fifty yards away and less than thirty feet from where a delighted lady guest from the hotel sat reading a magazine. As soon as she had cleared the road, the beautiful animal treated the observers to a succession of long bounds toward the forest, turned at the edge of the trees to make a courtesy of farewell, and disappeared.

"That's worth coming miles to see," declared the delighted girl, "a grand ending to our last day here. Who is the gentleman you just recognized?"

"A Chicago man who has a summer home here. We, with all other tourists, are deeply indebted to his generous public spirit for the expenditure of more than ten thousand dollars on the highways and walls at the other end of the street. Better wave him a vote of thanks."

"Here goes. Between his efforts and those of the Board of Trade Bethlehem is exceedingly fortunate."

Upon their arrival at the porch, the incoming coach bore several passengers — among whom one couple looked most decidedly *new*. Ned chuckled silently.

Next morning, when the young man received his mail, there was a post card bearing a wishbone and the written legend, "Good luck."

With burning face that proclaimed his secret, he shot a glance toward the smiling proprietor, that asked as plainly as words, "Who sent this?" and received the answer:

"A young couple on their honeymoon left Bethlehem this morning with their motor cycle. I presume they have given over the hotel and entire region to *your* keeping. Permit me to present 'The Heart of the Hills.' "

ALONG BETHLEHEM'S MAIN STREET

The Love Token of Simeon Knox

By MARIE ANTOINETTE McKIM

THE moon, slowly opening a pathway mid rifting wind clouds, disclosed a white road line between narrow stretches of level land: a pasture bristling with newly springing pine, green and fragrant, where a venturing brook circles wide in pebbled pools, until wandering uncertainly to the roadside it finds voice beneath a plank bridging: Singing itself across the way to a fertile meadow, now deeply ditched the water winds in placid course through open land, skirted by growth of oak and chestnut, casting slim shadows outward over the freshly springing grass.

As the broadening light swept uncertainly from pasture to meadow, over among the slender trees there flittered a stealthy shadow, a form moving with intent. Even as the moon dispelled the clouds lighting all the landscape, the figure yet appeared undefined, whether of man or woman.

Following the course of the brook a barrier of rising mist was dividing the meadow, when beyond this gathering vapor the shadow came boldly from among the trees; walking with confident mien the wayfarer paused, and turning, looked through the risen mist backward toward the twinkling lights of the village. Clustering house tops at varying heights of perspective, a church spire, the meeting of cross roads, the center of a mountain hamlet. Again moved the solitary figure swiftly on its way, hastening into the distance. The retreating form was that of a woman. Bareheaded, the hood of her full cape garment hung back upon her shoulders, no longer folded cautiously, the flowing lines spoke a vigorous, confident tread.

Soon the brook, hurrying eagerly to join wider streams, dashes gleefully in foaming torrent a deep descent into the gorge below. Here pasture and meadow pause at the brink of a steep ravine, frowning pines cross darkly the road line where, as it disappears descending the gorge, there stands a house low gabled, weather stained, an outline of darkness. From uncurtained windows the rising and falling flame of the waning hearth fire reflects a changing, flickering glow out into the night.

Before the window she paused as one uncertain, then going nearer, looked within. A wide chimney, a narrow hearthstone, beyond, an old oven with faceboard buttoned close and wedged with chips of wood, as long unused. A narrow mantel shelf above the hearth, before which in a tall rocking-chair a gray-haired man sits dozing. The room is plain to barrenness; a coarse wooden table, a few chairs, and tall highboy with curiously scrolled brasses, time dulled.

The face of the woman in the reflected firelight is darkly weather tanned, the oval outline strong and sinewy, vigorous with health while lean of beauty. Her black hair cut short as a man's, but in crude fashion, is longer above the forehead and pushed boldly back. Twice hesitating, she then tapped sharply on the window pane. The man leaning forward from the high-backed chair seemed not surprised. He peered a moment steadily, rose and crossed to the door opening upon a scant hallway. The woman entering the room, now with slow step as one uncertain, took the chair he put for her before the flickering blaze, and as he resumed his seat, spoke suddenly.

"Simeon's dead." She looked down into the changing light and shadow of the fire, small hoops of gold gleaming at her ears. The old man eyed her averted profile sharply, with a keenness not slow of intuition, answering briefly:

"He's bin dead two days. To-night he sleeps his first sleep in the ground."

Her face, a stranger to smiles, relaxed

slightly, then as she met the eyes of her companion, there was quick cunning in her look.

"How old is Simeon?"

"Eighty-two," he answered, with scrutiny unabated.

"Then I'm sixty-two." she spoke hesitatingly, as one following an unaccustomed trend of thought. "And she!" Again her eyes were keen with cunning.

"Thirty!" he affirmed.

"Five years," she asserted. "Five years she's bin his wife, because she thought him rich," and her look interrogated her companion.

"An' a goodly sum she'll have," he made answer emphatically.

"Why should she?" asked the woman with sly, downward look.

"Zylphia!" he leaned toward her, and she met his eyes. "What do you know about it?"

His look was kindly, but his tone had the firmness of command. It affected her with something between soothing and authority.

"I've bin to the village since sunrise — in the grove back of the garden lane!"

She spoke cautiously, as against her will. The old man divined the working of her mind, and the consciousness of it gave him subtle mastery to which, half resisting, she yet yielded; for he was the one tie of human kind with whom she held free converse.

"She ain't *got* the money!" the words came with sudden insistence. Her face wore the relaxed expression of pleasure, mingling with ill will.

"When the will's read, as will be before the night's out, then all the folks can know," answered the old man briefly.

"Ah!" she exclaimed sharply. "Eleazar Brown and the folks of Hillslope know Simeon's last will an' testerment?"

Eleazar gazed through the window reflectively. The tree tops of young oak and chestnut bordering the meadow in narrow belt skirted the village. They had afforded a hiding since sunrise to Zylphia, whence she had kept watchful vigil of Simeon's house.

"You saw the funeril precession! What else?"

The woman moved restlessly, guardedly drew her cape yet more closely about her. Eleazar waited.

"At night, when 'twas dark, the rain fell, there was lights; I crept close under the north winders, where the light was brightest. They was in the keepin' room, my ears heard all — soun's travel — 'twas the *will* they was readin'!"

Leaning toward him in the fading firelight, her voice sank cautiously in mysterious whisper. The old man humoring her, bending over the arm of his chair, listened with strained earnestness, while patiently prompting her to repetition of that which failed to reach his imperfect hearing, he doubtingly shook his head, until Zylphia, with eyes flaming angrily, the small gold rings in her ears plucking up the firelight weirdly — the one feminine touch of her dark, witchlike presence — called out fiercely, "You doubt me! Look!"

And quietly was there heard a rustling of paper, as thrusting her hands within the long cape that yet fell closely about her, reaching toward him she held a carefully written document, that wet and bleared now and then, even in the flickering firelight he knew was the last will and testament of Simeon Knox. Almost instantly was it withdrawn, and Eleazar leaning back in his chair to regain composure, met the cunning expectancy of her look with quiet observation.

"That may hap' ter be only a copy of the will; how came you with it?"

In hushed voice she continued: "When they finished readin', there was angry talkin' all tergether. Jonas an' Noah was loudest, callin' out each other's names in upbraidin', an' the widder said northin'. Some one came an' opened the winder, then I crept out inter the shadder of the house, there I lay an' see inter the room. The dotters, some sat cryin', an' some only angry, upbraidin' Samyel for helpin' 'imself and she — the widder — Simeon's girl-wife! Samyel said northin', nor she! An' the men, sons an' sons in law, stood up, deaf'nin' every one, talkin' and exclaimin' tergether in the middle of the room. All the while the win' was blowin' the curtin to an' back, the tassel switched out inter the wet, but no one

saw, an' then som'thin' white like a han'kercher blew out when the curtain rose up with the gust.

"Jonas called out angrier 'an the others, 'Read the will agen!' An' they all asked tergether, 'Where is 't?' I knew then; I run an' caught it frum the win' an' got to the woods. I run in the shadder till I could only see them, hurryin' all about with lanterns, each hopin' ter find it for good or bad meanin', as each was upbraidin' for."

Eleazar reached up to the narrow mantel shelf, taking down his silver-bowed spectacles.

"I can tell whether 'tis the will or a copy," he said quietly.

Then she let him take the paper.

"Being sick an' weak yet of sound mind" — "soun' min," murmured the woman — "I give and bequeath to my dear wife — Hester — all my household furniture, and as long as she remains my widow the sole use and improvements of the easterly lower room and chamber over it; and the cellar under it; and the use of stove, oven, and fireplace in the large kitchen, to bake, brew, and other necessary work, a fire to be kept at her bidding; to pass through the kitchen and out at the south door; at all times the use of the well and buttery under the chamber stairs — my son Samuel not to sell the real estate while his mother in law Hester lives. Son Samuel to keep a horse for his mother to use to go to meeting or elsewhere at her pleasure, and to keep one good cow for her use winter and summer; and in every December to give her fivescore of good pork, fivescore of good beef, two bushels good wheat, six bushels of Indian corn, three bushels of rye, one bushel of salt, one half bushel of malt, one half bushel white beans, and in every October three bushels potatoes, two bushels turnip, and annually in June butter put down for the winter, the quantity she names. In sickness she shall be provided with good and sufficient nursing and doctoring, and at her decease she shall be buried in a Christian manner. If son Samuel fails to provide for his mother in law as directed, then one half my estate shall be set off to her. If she shall marry again, she shall be provided with two good cows.

"I give to my daughters Beulah, Martha, Hepzibah; to my son Moses; my daughter Mary Gorse; to the heirs of my daughter Lucinda Ball —" "them's Abigail's children," — murmured the listener, as prompting her memory of the past,— "and my son Jonas, son Francis, son Noah, son John, son Ezra, son Simeon, and my daughter Tryphenia Jones, wife of Humphrey Jones, daughter Icybinda, wife of Jedediah Holt, five shillings each, in addition to what I have already given them of my estate.

"Son in law Samuel Dix to share the management and income of my property with beloved wife Hester, and at her death inherit total. Hecuba Lane, Deacon Samuel Rod, Jonas Billings, witnesses."

Zylphia's hand closed over the top of the paper as the old man finished. Hesitating, he read the witnesses a second time, then let the paper fall to her grasp, unable to meet the question at the moment.

"Five shillin's," repeated the woman sharply, "an' she havin' everything the earth's growin' of. Son in law Samyel to look out for her like he would a baby, an' the money hers in part if she marries agen. Simeon's girl-wife! Hah! Without the will what'll she get more'n five shillin's? Six children of Mehitable's, eight of Melinda's, fourteen heirs! How much of five shillin's will his girl-wife have for horse an' house an' all the good things of the earth, an' Christian buryin' at the end of it? How much do you reckon he's worth, Eleazar?"

"Do you mean to keep the will?"

"Whose more right to it an' I?" she demanded fiercely.

"But you ain't the only one Simeon's courted and failed. He'd an easy way with wimmin!"

"What's that to me?" she retorted cunningly. "I'm reck'nin' with Hester. Simeon's gone! There's the Judgment Book for him; my name writ plain, an' others — this 's his first night in the ground!"

The old man shivered.

"Hark!" he whispered.

"'Twas the wind!" she made answer, but Eleazar saw she shrank fearsomely.

"Zylphia!" he whispered hoarsely. "If that's the will of Simeon, an' there

ain't no other, you an' I'll go to *jail*, over to Greenledge!"

"Whose goin' to track it 'thout you start the cry?" she whispered back; her eyes gleamed cunningly, while she drew the cape closely about her as if for possible flight.

"That may be if we keep quiet, yo' an' I!" She nodded assentingly, though he saw she was keeping sharp watch without, listening as only one can who lives in the wild. "But in case they track you — your steps" — she started, her eyes questioning his: "The earth's soft after the rain, what if some one saw you in the grove through the day? Sunlight's searchin'! We mustn't be found *guilty*," he laid a hand on her shoulder, "yo' nor I! It mustn't be torn nor spotted, Zylphia!" Her eyes, a mixture of shrewdness, cunning, and cringing fear, were fixed upon the old man's face.

"You might put it away — and forget it! Look!"

He turned, pointing to the highboy. "Go to the top drawer an' take out the ole l'ather-covered Bible. 'Twas my mother's an' gran'mother's, their names are writ in it, childrun an' childrun's childrun's names. The dead tell no tales! Put the will 'tween the leaves of the ole Bible, shut the drawer — an' the secret yo'r's an' mine!"

Hesitating uncertainly, fear mingling with the insistent cunning of her purpose, springing from a life cherished, embittering wrong, she stared back at him.

"You've always trested me!" continued the old man; she nodded.

"Do you keep my secrut an' let no one have the will?" she asked.

Then she rose from her chair and did his bidding against her desire, not knowing why. She yielded, longing only to turn and run to the woods, there to hide her treasure that made all her life seem suddenly sweet in the living.

The old man bent over the hearth, pushing together the dull coals, the shovel grated harshly on the bricks as he buried the few embers under the ashes. Then opening one of the narrow cupboard doors above the chimney, from a shelf he drew forth a bottle, and lifting a saucepan of hot water that stood in the chimneyway of the hearth, poured from it but scantily into Zylphia's glass.

"Here's to the health of Simeon's widder, an' may the law previde for her!"

"Hah!" exclaimed the woman gleefully, and drank off the unaccustomed potion at a toss of the glass.

"Good night!" said the man, but Zylphia without answering had gone.

II

Zylphia now followed the open road, as the hour being after midnight travelers along the highway were rarely encountered. From habit she kept closely where the enbankment descended steeply to the bed of the singing brook, where slipping swiftly beneath the protecting rail of the highway, clinging closely to the shelving bank, she could crouch in hiding, should team or foot traveler overtake her.

The moon not yet at the full shone dimly midst the young foliage of springtime, that as yet gave but shy promise of coming summer. Lichens and ferns rose rank and green beside the rilling stream, answering softly to the distant dashing of the waterfall as it entered the gorge. Beside a fallen tree, that so blocked the channel the swirling foam eddied swiftly 'gainst the mossgrown bole, painted trillium looked forth, starbright, clustering high 'mong darkening brakes and trailing princess pine; above the pool slim birch rose silken white, reaching upward to seek the sunlight which marks the noontide hour, when the scant leafage of the gorge counts brief season of open sunshine.

This night freedom of darkness and secrecy was Zylphia's world, and well she loved it; though not understanding her own content, for the habit of reflection had waned with passing years. Even Simeon's courting, in the long ago gypsy-like beauty of her youth, an event bitterly cherished, of which all incident was blighted away — remained to her only as a vague certainty, a milestone by the years of time.

Thus it was but well-worn custom which led her to pause where the railing

of the roadside was riveted upon an oval boulder, where once she had been wont to sit and wait her lover's coming in those first years after Abigail's death, when Simeon Knox became a widower.

Something there had been in Zylphia's gypsy beauty, the unlikeness of her spirited sprightly nature to the woman he had known, which wooed him from a certain dullness of companionship at that turning of the way when Abigail's thriftiness of the minutest fraction of a possibility, her silent scrutiny of each day's incidents, ceased, with welcome sense of unexpected release. Yet, withal, perhaps he needed not the united warnings of his neighbors, that Zylphia was most unproven for so onerous a task as the rearing of eight young children. Thus had his courtship ended abruptly, in a seasonable second marriage.

To-night as Zylphia lingered at the familiar trysting stone, the plash of water fell on her ears with sense of strange thirst upon her lips; looking down over the brook, seeking convenient spot at which to drink, noting the foam caught channel held laggardly 'gainst the moss-grown bole, just as she thought to seek a chosen spot she turned, swiftly alert, to see along the road a wolfish form of fox color, with like pointed nose and sharp ears watchfully inclined, that, taller than the slinking fox, stood with one forepaw uplifted. Mutually hesitating, they thus spied on each other at first nearness of meeting.

"H — ah! Shadder of the devil!" she snarled.

At sound of her voice the dog started backward, turned, ran a few paces, then paused, and looking toward her came lightly, warily crossing the road as if tarrying for further scrutiny.

Now was Zylphia swiftly on her feet, with raised arms spreading wide her lightly blowing cape. The dog whined timorously, the bristling yellow hair rose at his neck. Then did the woman mimick the frightened creature, tripping lightly across the road with certain step and poise, as moves a panther. The dog retreating, she paused until once more he turned to look, and again as she moved forward, waiting not even to whine his fear, at a run vanished along the descending road.

Satisfied thus to have dismissed him, she turned to the brook, but before she had slipped beneath the railing of the highway a man appeared — Sandy, the trapper! Zylphia started, put her hand to her head as if to recall something in thought. Following the man, lagging warily behind, was the wolfish dog. Many a time had she met the trapper in the dense of the wood, when following some cross country trail to the course of a brook, or walking the brook bed, they were on the same pathway. Possibly because he thus sometimes chose the night for his trampings, knew the trails of the forest, the hidden ways of the wild life therein, the woman felt some kinship toward him. Yet would she have avoided him, as was her wont, had she not failed of her customary instinct, lost connection of the wolfish dog with the approach of his master. What had betrayed her life-long caution?

"Well met, comrade!" he spoke with easy readiness for whatever of life he found himself among.

"It's the same dog," she answered.

"Yes; good for nuthin' chap, shrinks at his own shadder. How moves the world with you? Spring's late!"

"Game runnin'?" she asked.

The man swung a bag from his shoulder.

"One in luck!" he exclaimed, thrusting his hand far in. "I'm takin' the traps up, an' run on a beauty."

He drew a plump mink from the bag.

"Prutty creetur," said Zylphia, gently stroking the shining coat.

"Skin's fine as early winter," said the trapper. "Season's cold; this's a rare one, after midwinter the coat's dull."

"It's long dead," she observed.

"Yes, I'm lucky ter get it; but fishercats ain't 'bout here, an' your foxes aren't overwise for the streams. Good night ter you, comrade!"

Zylphia went hurriedly on her way, restless, perturbed, she reasoned not why. Where the brook crossed the highway under a plank bridging she slipped from the road. Swiftly she followed its course, sweeping onward in deepening channel. trending meadowwards toward an open-

ing strip of country where grass rose smoothly from the banks, and only occasional trees overhung the current. As the opening meadow broadened beyond the shadow of the foothill range, close upon the dusty road stood a weather-stained cottage house. A rude fence barred it forbiddingly from intrusion of passersby. If gate there was, 'twas not evident from the front; only a straight board fence well secured met the eye. Within, tall syringa shrubs rankly overgrown spread widely each side the door, concealing the entrance, screening the boarded windows from intruding eyes. This seemingly deserted house, abandoned, yet well boarded in, was Zylphia's home. Where a tall oak overhung the brook, she stooped, drinking a long, thirsty draught; then once again, ere she rose from the bank and reaching to a rift in the bole of the oak, drew forth an iron key. An owl called from the branches, but to-night she was unheeding of the neighborly greeting. As she crossed the grass toward the back of the house, from among the shadows a white cat came running, crying gladly, to meet her. White as the foam on the brook gleamed the cat; its yellow eyes, divided sharply by black lines, were as balls of fire in the night.

"Milk!" said the woman, stooping to stroke the snow white puss that purringly rubbed against her. Perchance she cared doubly for the creature whose white coat made the hunting of its game so hard a task.

"Milk!" she repeated, but 'twas the owl answered.

Then Zylphia, slipping the key in the old lock, turned it with clumsy click, but now she seemed uncertain. Leaving the house unopened, going toward the small barn she examined the padlocked door. All was safe, the red cow was within. Then she went back and again locked cautiously the forbidding dwelling, drew the key, and as the owl asked 'Why'? slipped it once again into the rift of the bole. Stooping, she drank twice and thrice; once again, and turning swiftly went by a well-guarded passage through the fence where, crossing the road, only the crackling of branches as she disappeared among the thicket of trees marked the direction she took. Making her way with accustomed ease through the underbrush of the ascent, she came at once upon high land. Gradually approaching nearer the town, the open meadow where the wandering brook went its course toward the gorge lay distinct before her.

The gable of Eleazar Brown's house was again the landmark of Zylphia's hastening steps; there was not the dreaded warning from the farm dog to delay her purpose, and she approached without caution. The clear shining moon lighted the room where Eleazar had sat before the hearthstone. She leaned her elbows on the window ledge and gazed within. The old man's rocking-chair stood in its place where he left it, the high-boy rose distinctly from the corner. The watchfulness of Zylphia's eyes stared keenly within the moonlit room. Brightly the slender gold hoops in her ears gleamed as she peered calculatingly through the window, cautiously listening, satisfying herself of such stillness as is of the long sleep of night; the loss of self in that unsciousness beyond the realm of the understanding to fathom.

PART SECOND

III

The sun shining confidently across Eleazar's bed at his awakening, his first thought was of surprise to the questioning of how it happened he was so tardily aroused. Then the old man remembered, bade himself good excuse, that he had been wearied beyond what was the quiet custom of eighty years. More, even, than the exciting episode of the evening he recalled troubled dreams, when the haunting presence of Zylphia seemed yet lingering about the fireside.

Speedily putting himself into an ancient wrapper, where gay cashmere palm leaves in mingling magentas, crimsons, and purples of fadeless brilliancy, were much over patched with coarsely sewed materials of whatever came conveniently to hand, he went to consult the weather by the most accurate barometer he knew, his own rheumatic sensibility, as he

looked out upon the southerly dooryard. Starting the kitchen fire accordingly, toilet and household duties occupied the interval until the steaming kettle, combined with the sizzling of ham, announced breakfast.

Eleazar's intended plan of procedure had been thought out during the moments immediately following Zylphia's departure, for the negotiations to be undertaken were of a nature peculiar to Eleazar's notion of the obligation Widow Knox was to entertain toward him. Perhaps because of anticipations thus occupying his thoughts, he surveyed his village costume with peculiar interest, while from a drawer of the highboy he unfolded a blue swallowtail coat, the large silver buttons yet brilliant to flash the sunshine as he walked the streets of the hamlet. In opposite corner lay a brocade waistcoat, once a deep violet, as certain portions indicated, now giving way to a delicate lavender, over which flowers were outlined in a silvering elegance dear to the old man's eyes. The original wearer held place especially respected amid those recollections of a past that was so long ago. Lifting the fabric carefully, holding it at arm's length, he exclaimed admiringly, "Wa'n't he a sight in them ruffled shirt fronts all crinkled out with starch!" Fully arrayed, a black stock much worn, greasily threadbare at the edges, giving the finishing touch to his usual gray flannel shirt; the long blue swallowtails jauntily gleaming against his lean shanks — clad in slim-cut black broadcloth trousers, turned high above bare ankles; from the cupboard over the mantel, opposite where the bottle was kept, he finally took down a tall, narrow-rimmed silk hat.

Ready to set forth on his diplomatic mission he went to the highboy. Reaching up to the top drawer level with his eyes, his hands were slipped expectantly within; pausing in surprise they moved slowly, carefully, among the familiar contents of the rarely opened drawer — the old Bible alone was missing! Each drawer in turn was now opened and closed with hastily increasing clatter.

"I vum ter goodness!" he called aloud: "The devil has been an' got holt o' my fam'ly Bible!"

Eleazar sat down and thought; after a long period of reflection he went to the window nearest the highboy, raising and lowering it several times and each time more cautiously than before. Then he passed to the kitchen. Taking a pair of coarsely cobbled, well-oiled leather shoes, carrying them by the leather lacings, he went out, but not toward the village. At the edge of the meadow he paused, cut a tall walking-staff of pungent birch, the bark of which as it peeled in the cutting was agreeably transformed to become the accompanying quid of his reflections as he went his way by the path that skirted the meadow, along which Zylphia had fled the night previous.

The Knox farmhouse stood upon an elevation overlooking from the rear the meadow, the pasture bristling with young pine, Eleazar's home, the shadow of the gorge beyond. The dwelling with its broad frontage was but one room deep, a red L extended from the white of the main building. Shed, carriage-house, a group of barns, yards, pasturage, and mowing, a winding-lane with timber growth beyond, made it a sightly, goodly farm to look upon. The old man eyed it thoughtfully as he approached, wondering what sort of woman was "young Widder Knox," Simeon's girl-wife. Then he sat down and laced on his shoes. While thus completing his toilet he saw a woman walking slowly in the rear of the Knox house.

"Must be the keepin'-room, thet there further side," he observed. Leaving the grove whence Zylphia had fled with the will, he went to meet the woman walking slowly to and fro, carefully scanning the ground among the stalks of a freshly springing rhubarb-patch. He had heard people say that Simeon's young wife had "red hair, but was handsum' as a picter." At the distance from which he observed her, red hair was the distinctive feature of "Widder Knox," but never had he seen such hair as now glinted in the sunlight. The pictured halos of saints were unknown to his eyes, the true coin of the mint dazzling the sunshine, a masonic badge of wonderful size all in flashing gold, these he had once seen over at Greenledge, and he looked upon the

bowed head of the young woman with similarly admiring eyes.

"Mornin,' Mis' Knox! I take it you're the same," and Eleazar respectfully doffed his tall hat, a manner be believed to be the proper accompaniment of the attire in which he presented himself before Hester, beloved wife of old Simeon.

"Yes; did you wan' ter see me? You're Mr. Brown!" she observed, as the old man hesitated under the direct gaze of her deeply violet eyes.

"Widder Knox! you've lost suthin', leastways so it seems' ter me, an' I ain't far from knowin' what 'tis; nor you, thet you've got a friend in Eleazar Brown, for, as you say, I'm the one yer take me to be."

She looked at the old man thoughtfully and he divined she was not quick in speech, which he esteemed as a virtue, that a woman should be guarded in choosing her words.

"Yo' ain't no reason ter trest me yet a while!" said the old man, carefully adjusting his silk hat, which was an uncomfortably close fit. "Not 'til I tell you what ain't ter be overheard by no one but yo'self," and he looked questioningly toward the house.

"Simeon's children went this mornin', all 'cept his youngest daughter an' her husban' Samyel, who are stayin' on with me."

"'Cordin' ter Simeon's will," he ejaculated emphatically.

The color coursed swiftly her fair skin, her lips parting in surprise as if she were about to speak, the waiting dimples half betrayed themselves; brown lashes and straight brows were delicately penciled about the violet eyes regarding him almost keenly. Eleazar's allegiance was confirmed; it seemed to him Simeon's widow was providentially confided to his care.

"You'll be believin' me now, Mis' Knox! Samyel's a good man, I ain't doubtin', 'cording ter the wordin' o' Simeon's will. But I'm workin' this ere matter uv the will in your behalf, not for eny o' his childrun, 'cause I see you're the chief one in Simeon's eyes, ez wuz proper."

"Samyel's gone ter Greenledge ter consult the court," confided the widow. "We'll walk ter the grove if you like, th' ain't no one about enywhere's I know of."

Eleazar's story of the will was quickly told. "I'd meant for yer ter make a copy while I waited round. 'Twould a suited Zylphia jest ez well 'thout crossin' her none, ez 'taint pleasin' ter wimmen when folks differs very pertickler frum their notions of what they've set ter do. 'Tis so awful easy fer 'em ter see circumstencers pointin' out whatever they've set on."

"Do you mind waitin' a bit!" said Hester. "Seem's if I might think o' som'thin' ter do. P'raps you'll set down a spell an' rest!"

The old man was leaning against a maple. Hester, opposite, stood looking thoughtfully off upon the village mountain. The gold of her hair now blazed with lesser radiance than in the open sunshine. She wore a light print work dress, crisp and fresh, a black ribbon tied about her throat giving the appropriate touch of mourning to her usual attire, setting off the fairness of her face with wonderful effect.

"How mad is Zylphia?" she asked after a short silence.

"Mad!" repeated the old man uncertainly. "Not so mad but she manages her effairs pretty slick 'thout no help frum eny one. Thet's more 'an some does ez ain't neither mad nor foolish."

"I don't know ez thet's jest how I meant it. Do you think she's keepin' her word an' ain't bent on destroyin' the will?"

"I understan' yer, but thet ain't no case o' madness! I'd say she was ter be reckoned on, ef wimmen wa'n't so turrible oncertain thet it's hard when ter say they'r safe ter be trested with their own idears. She's ez honest an' plain spoken fer truth ez enybody. She's cl'ar headed, looks inter ev'rything' bout the village when she walks' roun nights——"

He did not note that Hester shuddered and caught her breath fearsomely ——

"I reckon yer not takin' no more chances with her an' eny other one has a love kink in her brain, same she's hed since Simeon jilted her for his second wife."

Hester listened, sorely puzzled. She had no occasion to doubt the old man, yet if she trusted him and all was not as he said — what if there was some pitfall she did not see. Yet why should not Eleazar be sincere, and a vein of shrewdness guided Hester's reasoning. If she did not trust him, might he not go to the sons with the story! She put her hands to her forehead, her attitude was wholly dejected.

"Don't yer go ter gettin' all broke up!" insisted Eleazar, kindly. "Ef yo' can't think o' nuthin' don't yer try. Leave it ter me an' I'll do suthin' best I can! Can't say what fer certain, but it's got ter come out somehow. I'm witness ter what the will was writ for. If I's yo' I wouldn't get disheartened; yer a young woman an' there's lots young men 'ud be glad ter be courtin' yo' even 'thout a penny!"

"Simeon was terrible kind ter me," answered Hester tentatively, her eyes fixed on the distance. "My sister in law was a sort of oncertain woman ter live with, an' her mother was awful hard on eny one but her daughter an' my brother. Sometimes I reckoned he didn't mean ter hev me livin' with them; finally he told me, when I was fifteen, I'd better get a place, at least, to earn my cloes. I was nursin' an' house workin' 'till I was twenty-five, an' Simeon see me when I's nursin' his youngest daughter, Samyel's wife. I guess, Mr. Brown," she continued, in the same abstracted voice, "that I've got an idea. Would you mind waitin' roun' a bit longer, whilst I'm gone ter the house?"

"It's comf'terble here under this tree ez 'tis ter hom'," he assented cheerfully. "Yo' take yer time an' don't get flustered up. I'll be sittin' here whenever yer like ter git roun' ter come back. I don't rightly know the time. I always lis'ern fer the meetin' house clock, but I was so flustered gettin' off, an' 'bout the will, I forgot. Ef it gits near ter noon you can bring me a bit o' suthin."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hester, swiftly smiling the two waiting dimples into full view, "I'm lottin' on bringin 'you suthin to lunch on whether 'tis noon or not. Seem's if I wished I knew suthin' I could do fer you, Mr. Brown "

"Ef you'd like me ter tell yer," said the old man quickly, "there's suthin' o' Squire Knox I always hed an eye on"— Eleazar had never heard any one apply a prefix to the name of Knox, but it occurred to him it would sound pleasantly in the widow's ears.

"Hev you ever seen a long top coat, kinder yaller, or p'raps 't is sort o' drab, with capes, real long, cut up behind?"

Hester's smile was broadening. Her dimples, her even white teeth — like tender young corn, so Eleazar thought, flashed brightly their answer before the old man had concluded his description.

"Guess I do! It's up attic, in the long chest. 'Twill jest set off your blue coat an' that splendid westcoat."

"This 'ere was Colonel Chessley's, seen 'im wear it a hundred times. I wa'nt nuthin' but a lad when Dan'l Webster come ter town on his presidentierl experdition. I peeked in the Tavern winder an' see Colonel Chessley a introducing of him ter all the men of both parties. Widder Chessley give me this westcoat out her own hands. I sort o' thought I'd set a turrible store by thet great topcoat o' Squire Knox ter fit me out complete."

Hester put a finger to her smiling lips.

"You shall have it an' nuthin' said; guess Simeon's sons 'ud choose his new winter coat 'stead, but I reckon how I'll have suthin' ter say 'bout his wearin' things. Ef you say nuthin', no one else will." Widder Knox smiled significantly and went toward the house, leaving the old man in delighted state of expectancy.

She entered the sitting-room, where, closing the door noiselessly behind her, she crossed to a wide mahogany secretary from a drawer of which she drew forth a letter of recent date.

WIDOW KNOX,—

Madam,— I take my pen immediately in hand, to let you know my mother, Zella Twitchell, widow of Timothy, wishes to thank you for sending your late honored husband's message so particularly. As you already see, there was a mistake in the late mind of that respected gentleman's knowledge of my mother, more than the misunderstanding that broke

up her courtship with your esteemed husband, so lately deceased. My mother married, which your husband never was knowing of, the mistake being my mother had a cousin, Zella Trimble, both named for their mutual grandmother, which the other Zella never married, and it was owing to that misleading circumstance that your respected husband heard of Zella Trimble, spinster, and took her to be his early sweetheart already married to Timothy Twitchell, about the time he was first entering on the same condition himself, as my mother remembers hearing of though never rightly knowing the lady's name, there being so many misleading reports always getting circulated about such proceedings. She takes it kindly that your late husband, of honored recollections, always remembered her, and ever regretted their falling out together, when they first courted. She says how she hoped he enjoyed happiness, according to the portion of man; she is certain you must have taken comfortable care of his old age, you being so kind to particularly relate his message to an early sweetheart. She says how it seems probable you are left comfortable all through your future, as deserving wives have reason to expect of themselves, when they enter the estate of matrimony, as she has enjoyed herself, having spent a happy experience and being endowed with nine children, all prospering themselves and honoring the Twitchell name -- which I do not express except as she bids me to state the truth! About the trinket, she not remaining a spinster since the days of their courting together, though she values none the less his good feeling toward her to the end of earthly dust, to which she is yearly progressing, to that time when if they who die in the Church mingles together, Simeon may be in the way to give her his message as was never suitable in life; and it being how the trinket would soon pass to be an heirloom among strangers, the while she desires you to do your own wishes in the matter, if the trinket Simeon intended for her in their youth, before parting company, is what you would wish to adorn yourself with, she begs that being young, you will keep the same for your own becomingness—

The color gradually deepened over Hester's face as her eyes followed eagerly line upon line of the letter. The message to his first sweetheart had been dictated on Simeon's deathbed, and when the answer came promptly on the day of the funeral, Hester's eyes filled anew with tears as she opened it. She realized that Simeon's love for the youthful Zella had outlived all following experiences; his simple message of contrition for the reasons parting them, his long cherished care of the trinket with which he had once intended to make good his apparent faithlessness in the eyes of his first sweetheart, appealed to Hester's tender regard for the man who had made her life happy with the comfort of worldly plenty. She had thought gladly of thus consoling the unknown spinster; but all was changed since the coming of the letter; and now her own prospects had been altered by the sudden disappearance of the will!

She looked out through the window, pondering what provision the law would make for her. She clung to the feeling of home, of the right of possession in the house where she had lived happily. In the drawer of the secretary was the bank-book Simeon had made over to her, also there was a list of real estate, of valuable timber lands, mortgages he had entrusted to her guidance and that of Samuel. He had helped his children freely, while with the exception of Samuel they had threatened the old man at his third marriage with a guardian to administer his property, and Hester wondered bitterly what provision the law would allow her if the will failed her. Her hand trembled nervously as she drew forth from the drawer of the secretary sheets of fresh paper, and after several attempts composed the following, with due reference to the composition of the letter from the unknown Zella.

"Mr. Eleazar Brown,

Sir,— I wish to express my desire, in knowing if you do frequently see Zylphia Thompson. It being my purpose to make known to her a message of my husband, the late respected Simeon Knox. Before dying, he instructed me to give the following: That he had never forgotten

his sweetheart whom he loved always in memory, that he never ceased to regret the misunderstanding which parted them, in token of which, having kept always a trinket bought for her, and marked Z. T. from S. K., he desires me now to give the same, in token that he never forgot, nor ceased to regret the circumstances parting them. This same trinket being a beautiful piece of jewelry selected by my late respected husband, and marked Z. T. When my esteemed husband's will shall be duly set up as I intend it shall, then it will be my great pleasure to give this same trinket to Zylphia Thompson. My respectful greetings to the lady who was once the beloved sweetheart of Simeon Knox, and I remain,

HESTER KNOX.

She folded the paper carefully and thrusting it into her pocket went swiftly from the room. The consciousness of what she had done gave her a feeling of mastery over the situation, a corresponding elation of spirits was evident in every movement.

The Knox buttery yet held an ample suggestion of funeral baked meats. Quickly filling a deep paper bag with what would have made an over-abundant luncheon for hungry youth, she finally crowded in a freshly baked mince pie. Twisting the bag tightly she hastened up to the attic. Here in a long chest lay the coveted coat. Folding it to as small a bundle as possible, covering all with an ample patch bedspread she tripped lightly down, swung the coverlid over the clothesline in the yard, and keeping well on the further side of the screen thus made, hurried away to the grove. When she reached the old man she laid down her packages, and drawing the letter from her pocket opened and handed it to him. He was a long time — so it seemed to her — in comprehending the situation. Then looking up, drawing in a long breath, "Gee whiz!" he exclaimed. "I'm beat; who'd a thought a such a thing?" and turning he regarded Hester steadily:

"How yer goin' ter manage it — the trinket — I mean!"

Hester felt the embarrassments of diplomacy to which she was unaccustomed. She could not bring herself to betray Simeon's secret, nor the use she was making of it; neither exonerate herself by telling of the unknown Zella, already anticipating a meeting with Simeon when he would know her as the satisfied widow of the late honored Timothy Twitchell.

"Give it to her," answered Hester slowly, uncertain how to satisfy Eleazar's curiosity regarding her sudden manœuver.

"It's just as I'm sayin, 'bout the jewl'ry. 'Tis marked Z. T. from S. K. I'm supposin' it's Zylphia Thompson, an' thinkin' 'twill please her so that maybe she'll feel kindly ter me an' tell where's the will. An' Mr. Brown!" said Hester, raising her eyes for the first time, looking earnestly at the old man, "I do look so much to you ter help carry out my idear; an' I'm so glad you like it, 'prove of it!" insisted Hester.

"'Prove of it!" he exclaimed. "Guess I'd be a blamed dunce not ter; why, yo're smart — smart ez yer hendsom!"

"Here's the coat!" said the widow. "I do hope 'twill suit you real well. You jes carry it right along in this little bundle 'thout undoin' it none. I've got ter hurry back an' look after things."

IV

Solemnly the town clock from the tall steeple told the strokes of eleven. Generously had Eleazar piled the light wood blazing joyously, leaping upward, lighting the face of Hester, sitting with watchful anticipation, awaiting the coming of Zylphia. They sat in silence, Hester occasionally twisting the little silk bag at her wrist, her mourning garb contrasting with the gleam of her hair as it caught the flash of firelight. All that Eleazar had to tell was soon said and retold until each alike grew more puzzled and uncertain.

Zylphia had received Hester's message without response, other than that Hester should herself bring message and token. Uncertain how to proceed Eleazar consulted Hester, who agreed to Zylphia's

request as the best course to pursue. Meanwhile the confidence in which she had planned her diplomacy to recover the will wholly deserted her. Vague fears assailed her during her lonely walk to the darkly time-weathered house — a brooding of mysteries in Hester's eyes as she approached. Within, the strange old man clad in his gala costume, thus doing honor to his guest, the gloom of night that clung about the blackness of the gorge penetrating the uncurtained windows, the rush of the waterfall breaking the silence of the room as they sat waiting, all alike contrived to work a spell of fear on Hester's already shrinking heart. She regretted having left the faithful farm dog to wait outside, thus following Eleazar's insistence, that Zylphia dreaded only one creature, a dog!

As the last stroke of eleven sounded, Hester started nervously.

"There's some one before the winder," she whispered.

"Thet's her way," answered Eleazar, bending toward the fire to screen Hester. "Don't yer mind nurn o' her ways!"

There came a sharp tap on the pane; as the old man went to bid his strange companion entrance, Hester's heart beat suffocatingly.

The eyes of the women met as Zylphia entered. Hester rose slowly — going to meet her across the hearth; the necessity of the situation nerved her to action, she must assume and maintain the initiative. Her woman's wit saved the situation.

"You are real good to come and see me, Zylphia."

Hester had a pleasant voice. From long living in homes not her own, her feelings had always a second place in her demeanor.

"I guessed yer mightn't want ter come," Zylphia spoke haltingly, and as Hester turned to her seat, followed closely, taking the center place before the fire — the tall rocking-chair the widow had insisted Eleazar should not vacate for her. Her action seemed all unconscious as with eyes riveted on Hester she leaned upon the arm of the chair toward her.

"Yer awfu' prutty," said Zylphia gravely. "Did yer love Simeon?"

Hester hesitated, then looking straightly in her eyes answered, "I was all alone in the world, I hadn't a home, as you have, I wasn't capable to care take of a home, as you are. Yes; I loved Simeon, for he was good to me."

Wild Zylphia listened absently, her eyes roving over Hester's face, her black dress, her white hands, the little bag at her wrist; the first woman to whom she had spoken for more than forty years. What memories of past associations yet hovered in her brain, who could tell? perhaps not she; but as Hester and Eleazar marveled at her strange demeanor Hester alone possessed the yielding mood to pacify the lonely creature. Already was Eleazar shuffling uneasily in his chair, watching a chance to enter the conversation with directing purpose. Hester saw Zylphia's eyes fall to the bag at her wrist.

"You thought I mightn't come, but I wanted you to know Simeon felt sore over the ill he'd done in life." Zylphia raised her eyes to Hester's.

"Eleazar gave you the message?"

Zylphia nodded.

"Yer know what I think we ought ter do!" interrupted Eleazar, but Zylphia took no heed. "I've told Hester the hull story uv the will, while we's waitin' fer yer! She knows yer got it! Simeon's will!"

"Hah!" snarled Zylphia turning to him. "An' I trested yer, as yer said I'd alwers hed cause ter!"

Hester's heart thumped wildly; her throat went together as if she might never speak again; sudden dread of both her companions possessed her. Then Zylphia's mood passed, and she looked again to Hester.

"I was glad he told!" said the widow struggling for quiet voice. "Glad, Zylphia, because I've been in such great trouble! An' now I know you have the will, I'm so glad, so glad 'tis you have it, an' not some one would do me an ill turn."

She opened the bag swiftly, drew forth a gold ring. It caught Zylphia's eyes and held them fascinated.

"I know you forgive Simeon, an' I know you'll befriend me."

Hester held out the ring, but as Zylphia reached to take it, yet kept it a moment.

"Inside 'tis marked, 'Z. T. from S. K.' An' so you'll forgive Simeon the wrong he done, because he alwers kept the ring, same as if you an' he was alwers sweethearts."

Zylphia held it to the firelight, turned it around; two gold hearts, two blue stones, yet she thought not to put it on her finger, but turning to Hester asked —

"Did he give yer one?"

Hester held out her white hand wearing the wedding ring.

"*Mine's pruttiest!*" exclaimed Zylphia gleefully. "An' yer might a kept it, an' I never known!"

'Zylphia!" interposed Eleazar.

"Wal! what yer got ter say 'bout it?" she demanded harshly.

"Never mind him, Zylphia," exclaimed Hester. "*I trust you!* I know you'll give me the will back agen, an' I shall alwers be glad you found it."

Zylphia rose and passed before Hester; instantly was Eleazar on his feet. Crossing the hearth he followed after her, but she made no motion to escape, as he surmised. Instead, she reached to the warped oven board, slipped the button that held it in place, drew it forward, and there in the dust and cobwebs of years of time, within the oven, was Eleazar's family Bible.

"I do vum ter goodness!" exclaimed the old man excitedly, then interrupting himself cautiously, looked toward Hester, peering over Zylphia's shoulder.

"P'raps yer'll take it kin'ly ter find ther will, seein' ez yer don't call no one honest but yerself."

As the fam'ly Bible of the Browns passed into Eleazar's hands, Hester drew her shawl about her. She clasped the will nervously as she took it from him, her eyes involuntarily seeking the darkness staring in through the uncurtained windows.

"Zylphia," she said, "you've done me a great kindness. Ef you ever want a friend you come to me, or send to me; don't be hard on Eleazar, he wanted to help me, the same as you did."

"Are yer goin?" asked Zylphia suddenly.

"I must. Samyel an' his wife are stayin' with me. She's a bit ailin' an' may want suthin' 'fore I'm back."

"You mustn't come to the door, for the night air's awful chill," and her eyes held Eleazar's with a certain fear the old man recognized, then comprehended.

"Good night!" he assented, while already Hester was in the entryway, closing the outer door with equal swiftness and caution.

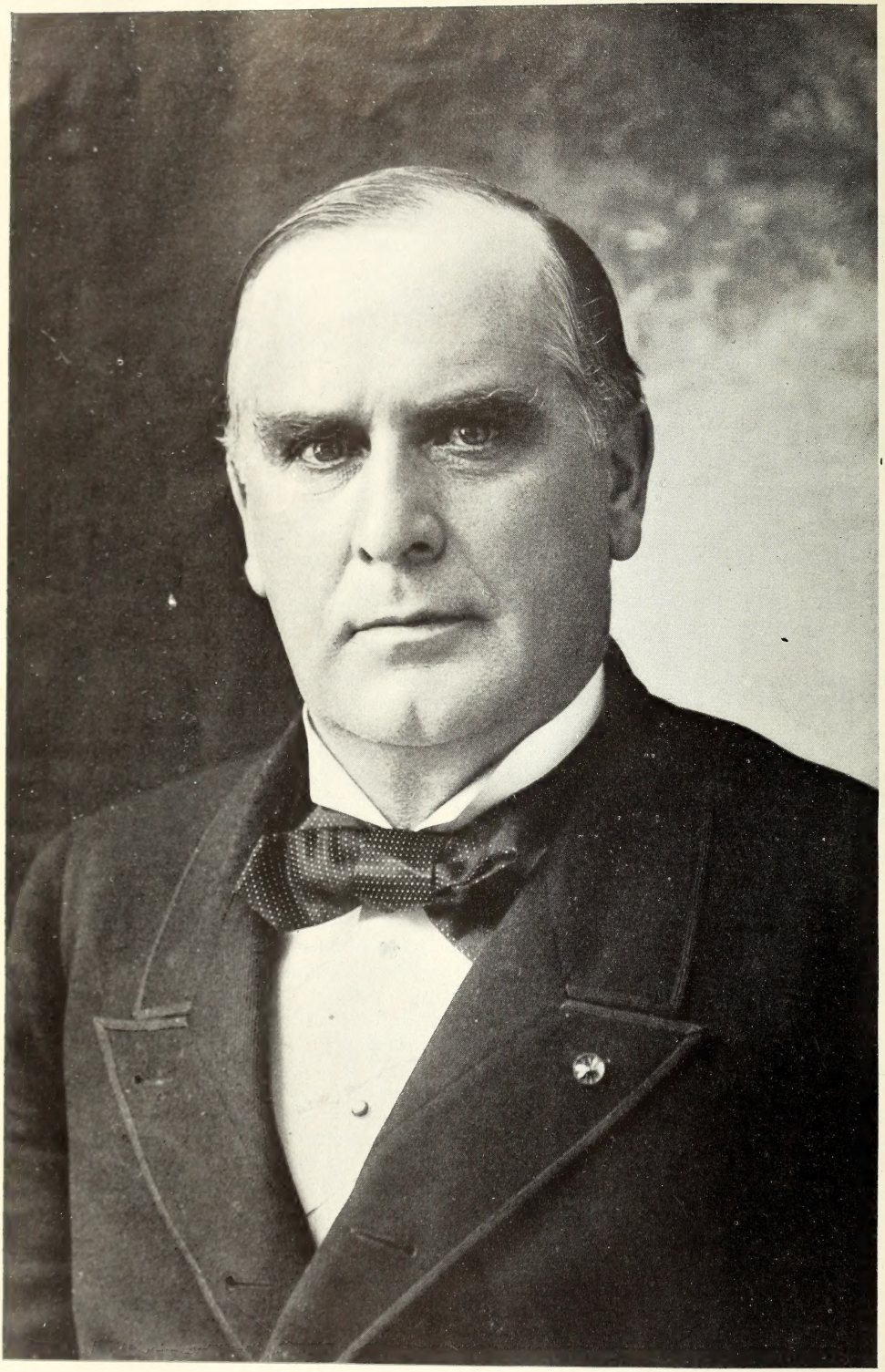
"Hero!" she said softly, but yet loud enough for the faithful dog who followed her everywhere when nightfall was coming on.

"Hero!"

Then fear possessed her wholly, her heart throbbed aloud, she caught her breath uncertainly, hurrying swiftly to the open road. Never before had the dog failed her; she summoned courage, paused, whistled the low call he understood, that brought him always to her. There was no response; conscious of the moments wasted in getting away from the lonely house, from the chance of Zylphia's following, she hastened forward.

The moon again sailed into open sky between dark clouds, shadows along the roadside starting sharply into human guise. The whip-poor-will ceased singing, silence filled the solitude, the white houses of the village stood yet far in distance. Hester's flagging feet broke into a run; easier was it to hasten thus. Her hat slipped back from off her head, hanging by the broad ribbon strings; the cool night air bathed her temples. Anxiously she thrust her hand within her pocket, holding fast the house key. Her other, already clasped above her throbbing breast, clung closely about the precious will.

Sharply her steps echoed upon the stillness where the plank bridging of the brook crossed the road; instantly something touched her head. She uttered a smothered cry, the whip-poor-will answered; 'twas only a heavy coil of her red hair streaming downward. With eager look fixed on the nearing village, unheedingly she sped along while the clock in the tall spire of the belfry told deliberately the strokes of midnight.



PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. MCKINLEY

A Story of Fraternity

By EDMOND S. WINTHROP

WHATEVER need of political protection or desire for political aggrandizement may have given rise to the secret societies of Europe, in America the fact that nearly two million of the male population of the country are members of one or more such orders is to be very differently explained. This amazing development arises out of social rather than political conditions. More often than not the considerations which induce men to become members of these orders are purely sentimental.

It is typical of the American, with his exaggeration of the "practical" in life, that he should so often do himself the injustice to attribute his own membership to baser motives, such as advantage in trade or professional life. While this selfish element is always present wherever human nature is concerned, of itself it would rather have wrought the destruction than the development of these great organizations.

American "society" is largely a matter of women with men as an appendage. The average American is altogether too busy to indulge in the trifling that society, in the fashionable sense of the word, demands of her votaries. The average American is, nevertheless, a very social animal, nor does he find his social needs satisfied by the competitive struggles of his commercial life. That is not all that there is to him. He has other ideals and longs for other associations with his fellowmen than those that arise from the process of getting his bread and butter from them,— associations of friendship and helpfulness expressing the kindlier side of his nature.

Isolation is the price usually exacted for independence. The mental and moral loneliness in which American men are wont to live is the condition creating the need for which the "secret" societies exist. Nor is that all.

Masculine sentimentality is a very real thing. The emotions with which men look upon the serious contingencies of life,— death, sickness, disaster, misfortune, and poverty, in many minds, seem to find their most satisfying expression in the rituals of the fraternal orders.

The sense of chivalry, the appeal of knighthood, is another sentimental consideration not without weight, and even in our republican land, the high-sounding titles and the brilliant regalia are drawing forces of no slight power.

These facts are well illustrated in the story of the founding of the order of the Knights of Pythias and the origin of its ritual.

It is true that for the honors of "founder" of the order there have been rival claimants, and also for the authorship of the ritual, but the order has itself officially settled the dispute, built a monument to its founder and put itself on record as to its own origin. Mr. Wm. D. Kennedy, the painstaking historian of the order, finds the official position to be amply justified by the facts.

As thus told, the story is one of considerable human interest to all students of social conditions and forces.

From these official records it appears that the founder of the order was a certain Justus Henry Rathbone, at the time a citizen of the city of Washington and a clerk in the employ of the United States government. A study of the personality of this man is full of interest.

Rathbone was born in the town of Deerfield in the state of New York. His father was a distinguished jurist in the city of Utica. His mother, Sarah Elizabeth Dwight, was a descendant of the famous puritan divine, Jonathan Edwards. He attended various schools,— Mount Vernon Boarding School, Cortland Academy, Carlisle Seminary, and Madison State University.

Young Rathbone's most conspicuous talent was as a musician. He was not

only an effective performer on several different instruments and possessed of a fine voice, but was a composer of no mean ability. His most successful composition was that of an orchestral mazurka which was performed at President Garfield's nomination ball.

It was quite natural that these talents should have led him to enter the theatrical profession in which for some years he led the usual roving life.

His adventures in this direction do not appear to have been financially successful, and he was finally stranded penniless in northern Michigan, where he resorted to school teaching to earn his livelihood. There can be little doubt but that these early reverses had much to do with the temper and frame of his mind. Alone in a distant and not too sympathetic frontier community, he must often have felt the need that at a later period he undertook to meet for others.

He was not one of those men whom misfortune embitters. He felt the reality of human sympathy and brotherhood and its great power if organized and expressed. He also felt the absence of that expression.

His experiences during the war of the Rebellion must have emphasized these feelings. It was typical of the man, as history presents him to us, that he should have engaged to serve his country as a hospital nurse rather than as a soldier under arms. After a brief service as "citizen nurse" he enlisted and was immediately appointed hospital steward, in which capacity he served to the end of the war.

The scenes which he witnessed and in which he doubtless also bore a part, among the wounded and dying thousands of those wartime hospitals, must all have tended to deepen the impressions already formed in his mind by his own hardships of the need of organized helpfulness of a fraternal nature. Tragedies pitiful beyond description and suffering at its worst were his daily object lesson during these years, and the service of relief his daily work.

Rathbone's faithfulness in the discharge of his duties is witnessed by the fact that after the war he was continued in the service of the War Department, in which he gradually rose to a responsible clerkship. The confidence felt in him is evidenced by the fact that he was chosen to go to Paris to make certain important purchases for the equipment of West Point.

It was during these days of his Washington clerkship that his long-brooded designs for a fraternal organization bore fruit.

The political life of the country was at that time in the very depths of the spoils system, and the idea of banding together government clerks for their mutual protection and help was the practical form which his thoughts assumed. These ideas he often communicated to his intimate companions. As the notion then possessed him, in its still unformulated stage, it was, as he himself expressed it, to form an order with "a ritual built on some old story of brotherly love."

Just what that should be and the form into which it should be cast awaited an accidental suggestion.

Rathbone's dramatic talents led him to association with amateur theatricals among his own set in Washington and it was the stray remark of a passing acquaintance of this group that turned his attention to the old play of "Damon and Pythias." The title at once seized his imagination. Turning to his desk-mate he exclaimed, "Ed, I have it! I'll call it the Knights of Pythias."

He immediately went to work to prepare a ritual based on Banim's old play, "Damon and Pythias." This ritual he read to a few of his intimate friends and finally one day (Pythians will be interested in the exact date, which cannot be placed nearer than the first week of February, 1864) he gathered a little group in the house of one Joseph Plant, and proceeded to institute the new order. An eye-witness' account of this first meeting exists and is full of interest from the picturesque realism with which it puts the scene before us. The quotation is made in Kennedy's history of the Knights of Pythias and is from a manuscript record by A. D. Van Derveer.

"My brother and I became acquainted with Justus H. Rathbone some time in the year 1863, and we, being of a musical

turn of mind were often thrown in each other's company and became upon very intimate terms with (Harry, as he was called) Justus H. Rathbone. I think somewhere between the first of February, 1864, and the fifth, I met Brother Rathbone. Then he spoke to me about a secret order that he desired to organize, at the same time taking some papers from his pocket (which was the ritual) and told me that there would be a meeting of gentlemen at Mr. Plant's house on D Street, and wanted me to be present. . . . No business of any importance was transacted. We who were present were notified to be present at the Temperance Hall at 7.30 o'clock on Friday evening, February 19, 1864. (This date will interest Pythians as that of the actual founding of their order.) The time came and the gentlemen who were invited were on hand, and, while a general conversation was going on, Brother Rathbone sang out, "Lock the door." The order was obeyed and the door was locked. Brother Rathbone called the gentlemen together and stated in a fitting manner for what purpose we were called together — I wish that I could recall his words, for they were full of kindness and love. I will here state that the night was very cold and the temperature of the room uncomfortable, having no fire or heat of any kind in the hall. Some of the gentlemen were restless, but as they became interested they warmed up. Brother Rathbone then asked Joseph T. K. Plant to take the chair and D. L. Burnett was nominated secretary. After thus organizing, Brother Rathbone arose and made a further statement that the purpose of this meeting was for the organization of a secret order, having for its object friendship, benevolence, and charity. Then the necessary oath was read by Brother Rathbone and administered to them — I well recollect the scene — I almost imagine I can see them now, all in their different positions, Brother Plant in the chair, on a raised platform, Brother Rathbone standing on his left, D. L. Burnett on his right, and the balance of the gentlemen in a semi-circle in front of the platform, all with upraised arms after the manner of administering the oath of the Knights of Pythias, and Brother Rathbone immediately after reported a ritual for the opening and closing which had been prepared by him some weeks before, and after being read by Brother Rathbone was adopted."

Such was the first gathering of an organization that in less than one generation has grown to a membership of more than a half a million and is represented in every state of the Union.

As an example of what I have called the fondness of a very large number of masculine minds for a certain sentimental expression of their thoughts regarding life and its mysteries I will add a brief quotation from the exercises at the dedication of the monument to this founder of their order by the Pythians.

"Those who follow may turn to the last page of this the grandest and best of the centuries since the Star shone over Bethlehem, and find this monument, and its history, telling as no monument has told or will tell, the story of fraternal love. Ever fresh and green be our memory of him," etc. The strain is familiar to all who know anything of lodge life.

It is obvious from all this that the new order possessed all the qualifications for a successful career. Its growth was rapid.

At first confined to officeholders in the government departments, it rapidly widened its circle. The middle West became its strongest territory, but no part of the Union was left unoccupied.

Some sharp controversies arose over the organization and control of this unshaped growth. An effort was made to organize a lodge within the lodge, an inner circle of higher authority, but this was defeated and the democratic spirit of the order preserved. This controversy was followed by one over the form of oath. It was known as the "O. B. N." controversy, the initials being an abbreviation of the word Obligation. This was an effort to substitute an iron-clad pledge for the original one of the order, and the movement was fostered by the opponents of the inner-circle movement. It also suffered defeat from the great body of adherents who were not so much interested in one side or the other

W. H. Moody, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court

of the troubles as in the general welfare of their order.

In pursuit of its professedly benevolent functions, the order early began the accumulation of funds, and its wealth grew with the same rapidity as its membership. It is to-day known as one of the richest of secret orders. Out of this branch of the enterprise has grown an insurance department. "Its objects are to furnish to members of our order secure insurance, with all the advantage of old line companies, at a much less expense." There is also a "Military Department" adding a drill to the other features of the order.

Like many other of the fraternal societies, the Knights of Pythias has organized a woman's auxiliary. This organization is a welding of two older ones and is now known as the "Pythian Sisters."

The Supreme Lodge has had its share of troubles over the question of foreign rituals, and has finally put itself on record in the following expression:

"Our order is American; it stands for country, and for order, but believes in loyalty to flag and tongue. It welcomes those who come to us from foreign shores desiring to be Americans, knowing our language, observing our laws, and aiding in the prosperity of our country. And in using the word 'country' I do not limit it to the United States. This loyalty to flag was recognized when the Ontario brethren marched down Pennsylvania Avenue in 1894, carrying the flag of their country, by the cheers of the spectators, citizens of this republic. Not that we so loved the flag that they bore, but we did appreciate and did compliment their loyalty to it as the flag of their country. Welcome all people who come to us in the spirit we have named. Our order stands for Americanism. It says to all those who come to our country not desiring to know our language, not caring to observe our laws, not caring for our customs, thrice welcome will be the ship that will carry you back to the land from which you came. This order in this country desires no man for a member who does not wish to know its tongue and does not care to familiarize himself with its laws and has not a proper regard for its customs and institutions."

So was that matter settled. The order justly prides itself on its patriotism and wins many warm adherents and many friends from outside its own body on that basis. Perhaps the most distinguished member of the order since its organization was President Wm. McKinley. An organization in which a man like McKinley might find himself at home can contain nothing prejudicial to the highest welfare of the country. In New England perhaps the most distinguished recent member was W. H. Moody, now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Justice Moody, upon his elevation to the bench, resigned his membership in this and other orders through a fine conscience as to a judge's attitude of absolute impartiality — an act which honored the order to which he had belonged. Although the order is still young it numbers on its rolls the names of many conspicuous for integrity and public service.

As to its introduction into New England, it first appears in Connecticut in 1868, Massachusetts, 1869, New Hampshire and Rhode Island 1870, Maine 1871, and Vermont 1877. That is to say that within four years of its organization as a tiny group of a dozen men in Washington, it had found its way into the hills of New England and within ten years of its beginning had a foot in every one of the New England states but Vermont, which followed in a year or two. To-day, strongly entrenched in the New England states, Massachusetts alone reports a membership of about twenty-five thousand.

Surely, in any right estimation of life, to have shed abroad so pervasive and gentle an influence for brotherly kindness, charity, patriotism, and virtue, is not living in the world for naught.

It is rare that the official actions of government or the formal histories of our land take any cognizance of such orders as that of the Knights of Pythias. Even in the pages of books seeking to give a closer account of the social institutions of our country, their names are more conspicuous by absence than by mention. But in the actual life of the people they are bearing a large part and, we cannot but believe, on the whole, a beneficent part.

About Books

THE RIDDLE OF PERSONALITY

ONE of the most notable "movements" of the past two or three years has been along the lines of spiritualism, or more properly spiritism. Perhaps in some small degree this movement gets its impetus by being carried along with science in general, which in nearly all its branches has recently advanced too rapidly to be expressed in steps — it has jumped. But there is far better and more direct cause for the great attention which spiritism has received.

In the first place the increase in spiritualistic humbugs, both in numbers and in atrocity, has led thinking people to inquire what, if anything, is the real basis of spiritualism, and to what extent can a sane, intelligent person believe in it. These queries have placed before the men who knew, not only the opportunity, but the obligation to give answer and to publish the answer in non-technical fashion for the lay reader and the lay mind.

Still more important the fact that insanity is increasing in the United States more rapidly per thousand of population than in any other country places the study of the nature and destiny of human personality in the light of a social safeguard.

Perhaps no work upon any phase of this broad subject is so illuminating to the average reader as Mr. Bruce's. It sums up the investigations of many careful scientific men in this country and abroad, makes due allowance for the differences in viewpoint, and leaves us with two clear convictions!

First — that much of the so-called spiritism may reasonably be reduced to telepathy. Second — that hypnotism as a therapeutic agency is growing more and more useful in the treatment of mental disease and even alcoholism.

Whatever Mr. Bruce's own personal theories and convictions may be, he has succeeded in keeping them well in the background, allowing us to formulate ours from the combined observations of many close students, and from a wide variety of well-authenticated cases. Indeed, the chapters are well filled with cases, most of which are very interesting, whether one wishes to study spiritism or merely to enjoy good reading.

One case is outlined, showing in well-proved life a dual character similar to Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. A preacher in Greene, R. I., suddenly disappeared from home. For eight weeks his whereabouts were unknown. He was finally discovered in Norristown, Pa., where he had opened a little general store. He knew nothing of his former self, name, or home. He had been perfectly rational both in the old self and in the new. On being taken back home, he entirely forgot his Norristown life, and it was only upon being hypnotized that he could tell of his doings while he was away from Greene.

Few people realize the success with which alcoholism is now being treated by a few medical men through the agency of hypnotism. Here alone is a field of usefulness for mental science, even if it be followed no more deeply than hypnotism, which, by the way, a layman can soon learn to use with success.

(Published by Moffat, Yard & Co.)

"Mr. Crewe's Career," by Winston Churchill. First, a question: What is a historical novel? Must it be a story raked from the ashes of some burned-out period of history? Must it present people who lived in a time or a place far removed from our own? Shall it deal only with people and customs which depend for their charm upon a certain (or uncertain) strangeness?

The answer to these questions is bound

between two red covers, on the first of which is stamped in gold, "Mr. Crewe's Career."

If the book were a court arraignment of a particular system of railroads, it could scarcely present a more perfect idea of that system's dominance in politics, and not only of a particular system of railroads, but of the typical railroad powers for which this country is noted. There is the conventional chief counsel, a venerable lawyer with dignity and wealth, whose guiding hand in state politics is positive and effective, though stretched out from an unofficial position. Then there is the inevitable ring of "representatives of the people," made by the chief counsel, and actuated by him. Through them the system controls the state, with precision, along the lines of most profit to the system.

One day an ambitious young man comes along and there is "a fight on. This time it is a Mr. Crewe; but how many times and in how many places during the past five years have the essentials of this same program been carried out in burning realities? What a splendid basis for a novel of real people with character and power!

And what development in character as the story progresses! How few people in present day novels show that growth! How many, many of the people in books enter the scene with a certain defined personality, move back and forth before the reader among circumstances which must inevitably change that personality for better or for worse; yet are carried off in the last chapter in just that same defined personality in which they were first introduced, like marionettes whose functions are mere acts without growth! Not so with Winston Churchill's people, particularly his leading ones.

While developing the characters in his novels, the author has also been developing himself. We feel sure Mr. Churchill won't think we are too patronizing in saying this. At any rate one has only to read "Mr. Crewe's Career" and then recall "The Celebrity" to realize how very much more of a force the author is than he was.

The romance which runs through this story is ideal in its proportion and relation to the "business end" of the story.

We, like Mr. Crewe, are ready to fall down before the real hero and the heroine. The people seem to like them too. We believe a canvass of "the critics" and of "the people" would find this the best novel of the past twelvemonth. An unusual agreement of judges. And besides being an unusually good story, it is a valuable document as a commentary upon our times and way of doing and not doing. (Published by The Macmillan Company.)

"Stories New and Old," by Hamilton W. Mabie. "Two facts about the short story are very significant; it is probably the oldest literary form, and it was the latest in point of time to receive exact definition of its purpose and scope, and full unfolding of its artistic and dramatic resources. The first fact means that the short story is a vital and not an artificial form of literature, and fits itself easily and almost instinctively to certain impulses and interests of men; the second fact — the fact that the short story had to wait for the insight and skill of men of the genius of Poe, Hawthorne, Stevenson, Kipling, and Maupassant — means that as a literary form the short story ranks with the highest and most exacting forms of art. . . . The short story was told by the earliest fires in caves by men clad in the skins of wild animals; but it was not perfectly told until the second quarter of the nineteenth century."

Thus Mr. Mabie comments upon the short story as a vital form in our literature, and at the same time introduces a collection of ten short story masterpieces. Such a complete and hearty endorsement by the pen of so exacting a critic and commentator, is a very significant tribute to the short story type of fiction. But Mr. Mabie must not be misconstrued as having established "shortness" as a quality of intrinsic merit. On the contrary, the space limitation is a drawback to be overcome, yet denoting an added merit when it has been overcome. A square inch cut from the center of a large painting is not by any means a

perfect miniature. But a well-organized, complete story in brief form is a veritable literary gem.

With that rare selective genius which could come only after a knowledge of the whole great field of literature, Mr. Mabie has picked ten stories which apparently satisfy the abstract analysis of literary quality and still maintain to the highest degree that human interest which makes them "good stories."

Poe, of course, could scarcely fail to figure in a library of such stories. The story selected, "The Pit and the Pendulum," is, however, one of his less commonly known writings. So also with Dickens. His "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions" is seldom mentioned or thought of as a Dickens product, yet from the standpoint of good reading it is one of his few best.

Then "Rab and His Friends"— that classic of unaffected art, with a hero none other than a faithful dog. How a good dog brings out the character that is in human beings! Yet how few really good dog stories there are. We recall two exceptional ones by Henry Van Dyke and Richard Harding Davis — but for that simple tenderness which carries straight to the heart, "Rab and His Friends" is probably the masterpiece.

Other stories, each no less predominant in its peculiar class, ten in all, make up this volume. The rare entertainment afforded for a half hour or a whole holiday bespeaks encouragement for all the efforts which are being exerted to develop the short story — even to the limited influence of the prize contest now being conducted by this magazine among New England's college students. (Published by the Macmillan Company.)

"The Pilgrims and other Poems," by Nathan Haskell Dole. Not many books of verse come off the presses which we could honestly recommend one to sit down and read as a book. Most of the verses for consecutive reading have been penned by men who lived and worked in a time very different from the first tenth of the twentieth century. Some critics (well-informed critics, too) declare flatly and finally that the muses have ceased to breathe their inspirations into the hearts of men.

Perhaps the muses have grown cold — what of it? Here is a writer of genius and resources who draws his inspirations not from the muses or the clouds, but straight from the life and thought of men. The subjects of our modern thought give him a theme and the activities of our modern life give him the argument. Was it not Emerson who said that poetry consisted not in the meter but in the argument?

The author's attitude toward his own work may well be summed up in his own words: "The poets of our day are technically superior to those that wrote in the time of our fathers, but it is noticeable that the lyrics that hold their places in the anthologies and popular reading books do not fly too high, but are simple, melodious, and sincere." Which may well lead poets who are ambitious to write for the people to keep down to earth where the people live.

The history of the United States is bound up in this book. It begins with the beginnings aboard the Mayflower, even before the Pilgrims landed. It carries them ashore on Cape Cod, follows them in their labors and their devotions and in the task of founding a colony so firmly that a great nation should be built upon it. Then the people of that nation are followed through all the ramifications of their varied lives and purposes; fishermen, ranchmen, merchants, journalists, miners, private citizens, and public servants — all are woven into this great lyric of America just as in reality they are woven into the fabric of the State.

Mr. Dole's philosophy is as broad as human life in America. Life is romantic if it be taken seriously enough to be lived well, without being too serious to render a daily reward of satisfaction. One passage is given to no more dramatic an incident than the exploding of a miner's lamp. Yet how quickly the force of character assents itself when

> "A hero taking life in hand,
> Unmoved by craven fears,
> Unshrinking, volunteers
> To make the perilous descent

And if 'tis possible, to save
Some gasping fellowbeing pent
Within that poisoned grave."

Coming to the great men of our history, the author reveres, almost worships Lincoln for his humanity and Americanism, perhaps more than for the acts which history records in large letters.

"Gaunt, hewed as if from rugged boulders
He bore a world of care and woe,
Which creased his brow and bent his shoulders,
And as a martyr laid him low.

And so we tell our sons his story,
We celebrate his humble birth,
And crown his deeds with all the glory
That men can offer on this earth.

Hail, Lincoln! As the swift years lengthen
Still more majestic grows thy fame;
The ties that bind us to thee strengthen;
Starlike—immortal shines thy name."

So the story of America, or, more exactly, of Americans, is told in verse. It is full of variety in subject and in movement, yet running through it is that fascinating interest which says constantly, "This is life." Like all the other great lyrics, it will take time to reach its full measure of praise. It is too much to be fully appreciated at a glance, or even by one reading. But it grows with closer intimacy — the test which awards its verdict only after time and critics have had their say. In the meantime "The Pilgrims" is excellent reading.

Just why the "other poems" should be wedged into this volume, is one of those mysteries of genius which will continue to exist but never be explained. These few scattering verses seem to have no place at all with the title verses; and coming after a glorious climax they remind one of the unfortunate judgment through which Maude Adams, some years ago, made a practice of concluding her wonderful playing of The Little Minister with rare dramatic climax, and appearing after a ten-minute intermission in the sketch, "Hop o' me Thumb." We venture the opinion that the next edition of "The Pilgrims" will be published without the "and other poems." (Privately printed by the University Press.)

"The Half Smart Set." Anonymous. Novels of society are apt to be monotonous, perhaps because they are usually done by folks who are not and have never been in society. A certain lack of "insight" is therefore inevitable.

But here is only a half-smart set, a novel of near-society. Well, to the average reader, whoever he may be, the line between the smart and the near-smart is too indefinite to be a line at all. To the reader who has tried to enter society and failed, however, the line is well defined.

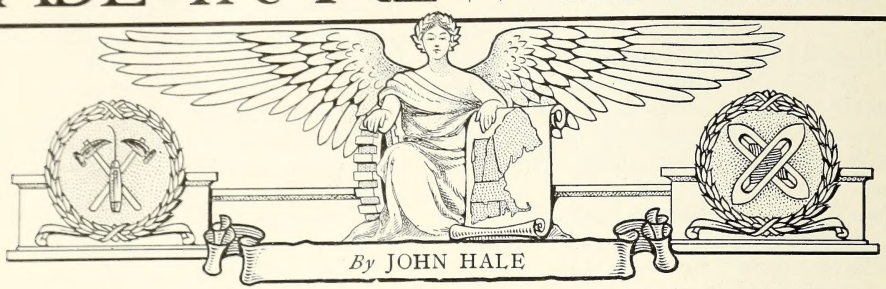
To return to the story — it is a real society story — yet about people who are not really in society. The principal man (hero, you may say) is not even near the social fringe, being the son of country parents whose every instinct is practical almost to narrowness. But he falls in love with Patricia, who is wealthy, vivacious — yes, and smart, even if she is not "in society."

It is an old theme, this thing of reconciling the families and circumstances of two young people who fall in love, each falling from a different sphere of life. Yet it is handled this time so well that it becomes new again, and the story is as fascinating as the game of life itself.

Patricia is a girl far above her social environment in force of character and womanly spirit. Her personality is captivating. She is at once daring, yet cautious, innocent, yet wise, imprudent, yet shrewd. She enjoys a gay rollicking life, among automobiles, country homes, and other luxuries. She falls in love with an ambitious but impecunious young man from the country.

As a novel, this is wholesome and absorbing. Besides, it teaches lessons that can be learned only by experience in life — or by reading good novels of experience in life. Already "The Half Smart Set" is finding wide and hearty popularity. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

MADE IN NEW ENGLAND



By JOHN HALE

THE progress and enterprise that has marked the development of manufactures in New England is a story full of the romance of trade.

Compare with a great modern plant the little old ruined mills that form so picturesque a feature of our wayside streams. The very feebleness of the slender little trickle of water that was thought to afford ample power causes a smile to one familiar with the great, booming wheels of modern commerce. Many a New England town, in its commemoration exercises, has paused to dedicate a tablet of imperishable bronze to mark the site of "the first mill." And why not? The feeling is a true one. The things that concern our working life and mark the achievements of toil and enterprise, the victories in the hard struggle for existence, are no less worthy of such a memorial than those which belong to the more ornamental phases of existence.

The New Englander who will pause to reflect before some of these old mill sites with which his summer rambles may bring him face to face, will have a new sense of the price and value of our commercial institutions, just as he who visits the old battlefields will acquire a warmer feeling for our political institutions.

The bloodless victories of trade, of inventive genius, of commercial enterprise have had no small share in securing to us the freedom that the battlefield won.

It has been well said of Mr. Eli Whitney, that great and typical example of New England's manufacturing prowess, that he first invented the cotton-gin that made slavery a bygone institution and then devised and manufactured the rifle that put the rebellion down.

But it is one thing to develop a manufacturing community and another thing to maintain its prosperity.

For this latter achievement something more than enterprise and skill are necessary. The work must be backed by the loyal interest of the community. Manufacturers need patronage as well as patents, buyers as well as brains.

And that is where our readers come in. The purpose of this little pilgrimage is to awaken or renew your commercial patriotism, if we may coin a phrase that we believe means something.

Germany has taught us something in that respect. We have often smiled at the Kaiser's growl at every inroad of foreign manufacturers on the trade of his own fair realm, and we do not advocate by any manner of means a policy of exclusion. Fair competition is best in the long run for all parties concerned. But as an expression of a feeling shared by the German people, a feeling of intense loyalty to home manufactures, it is an exhibition of wise and commendable spirit.

New England is the Germany of America in industry, thrift, and genius. But our own fair section has something to learn from our German cousins in the way of loyalty to home institutions.

Put a wreath over the door of the old mill, and take to heart our little preachment on the cost of the upbuilding of a great industry and its importance, political, moral, educational, in the life of the people.

A Mountain Motor Car Mecca

BRETTON WOODS AND ITS WONDERFUL RISE AS A REGAL SUMMER RESORT

IT is something more than the mere gratification of "speed madness" that lures so many owners of motor cars to the White Mountains every summer. Last season, according to the count of a well-known hotel manager, eight hundred automobiles traversed the fine highways of the mountains, leaving behind them something more than the pungent odor of gasoline; for it is quite in the nature of things that the owners and occupants of such expensive annihilators of time and distance should be fairly well off in this world's goods, and free spenders.

The autoist who is out for a vacation spin in his ten thousand dollar machine with family or friends wants the best that money can buy, and some of the things that even cash or a certified check cannot procure — like good weather.

Above all things he wants good hotels. With the ordinary traveler it is often a case of "go farther and fare worse" in this respect, but the automobilist is one of those pampered favorites of fortune who can go farther and fare better, if needs be.

Be that as it may, there is no discount on the White Mountain hotels of the better sort, anyway. For a generation they have been famous for their table, and excellence in that respect, of course, is seventy-five per cent of a hotel's success.

By common consent the accepted rendezvous for a very large majority of the automobile touring parties that enter the mountains every season is Bretton Woods, where are located those famous summer hotels, the "Hotel Mount Washington" and the "Mount Pleasant House." Not a day passes during the vacation season that does not witness the arrival or departure of at least one touring party, from the family affair of four or five, to a club run like the recent expedition under the auspices and personal leadership of the Automobile Club of America.

The larger number of these visitors register at the magnificent "Mount Washington," for, as previously intimated, nothing in the hotel line is too good for the average automobile enthusiast. In this selection they display the best of judgment, for some one equally discriminating has described the "Mount Washington" as "a palace in a paradise."

That is precisely what it is. The big and beautiful building cost more than many a ducal palace in Europe, and if there is such a thing as an earthly paradise, it surely is that glorious section of the New Hampshire mountains of which Bretton Woods is the center.

Nestling in the very shadow of its mighty namesake and the other members of the Presidential Range the "Mount Washington" and its homelike companion, the "Mount Pleasant House," enjoy as perfect and inspiring a setting as the most imaginative of nature-lovers could conceive. Moreover, their altitude above the sea is more than sixteen hundred feet, so that here the poet will find a literal answer to his prayer:

"Lift me, O Lord, above the level plain,
Beyond the cities where life throbs and thrills,
And in the cool airs let my spirit gain
The stable strength and courage of thy hills."

The "Mount Washington," with its imposing proportions, its wonderful interior appointments, its appropriate landscape adornments, and its brilliant social life, is truly enough "the architectural gem of the White Mountains region and the great meeting-place of wealth, fashion, and culture." No wonder the automobile parties from Boston, New York, Washington, and Chicago turn to it through the maze of mountain highways, as the needle turns to the pole.

From its spacious piazzas, from every one of its parlors and chambers, and even from its vast and beautiful dining-room, magnificent vistas of mountain, valley, river, or cloud, are to be enjoyed. To gaze at the mist-crowned summit of Mt. Washington as one enjoys one's dessert is not given to every vacationist; nor is there anywhere in all this broad land a spot where one may indulge in a greater variety of outdoor sports and pastimes, or mingle with more intellectual or congenial fellow guests.

The "Mount Washington" is in all its appointments superbly complete, is always, beyond everything else, a homelike hotel, where even the children feel that they are welcome. It has accommodations for five hundred guests, whose welfare is cared for by a retinue of four hundred and fifty employees, over one hundred of whom are attached to the great dining-room.

It has sun parlors, fern gardens, ball room, writing and card rooms, a beautiful foyer, great open fireplaces built of native stones, bowling alley, billiard room, squash court, swimming pool, and even a children's playroom. Its culinary and cold storage departments have no superior in the country. The hotel is steam-heated throughout, and the electricity that turns night into brilliant day by means of five thousand incandescent lamps is furnished by its own lighting and power plant. No hotel in the land has a purer or more reliable supply of drinking water. No comfort or luxury that the most exacting plutocrat could demand in a modern hotel has been omitted from the "Mount Washington" scheme.

On the broad plateau between the hotel and the "Mount Pleasant" house is an eighteen-hole golf course — one of the finest in New England — where three-day tournaments are frequently held; a baseball diamond, on which exciting contests between the rival teams of different houses are pulled off, and at the foot of the slope from the "Mount Washington" a great square of velvet turf for the fine old English game of "lawn bowls." The devotees of tennis are not forgotten. There are two fine dirt courts on the terrace overlooked by the easterly veranda and close alongside the swimming pool and shower bath. On the river bank by the spring just across the foot bridge are two fine turf courts.

There is on the estate a garage seventy by two hundred and twenty, practically fire-proof, with accommodations for fifty

MOUNT WASHINGTON HOUSE

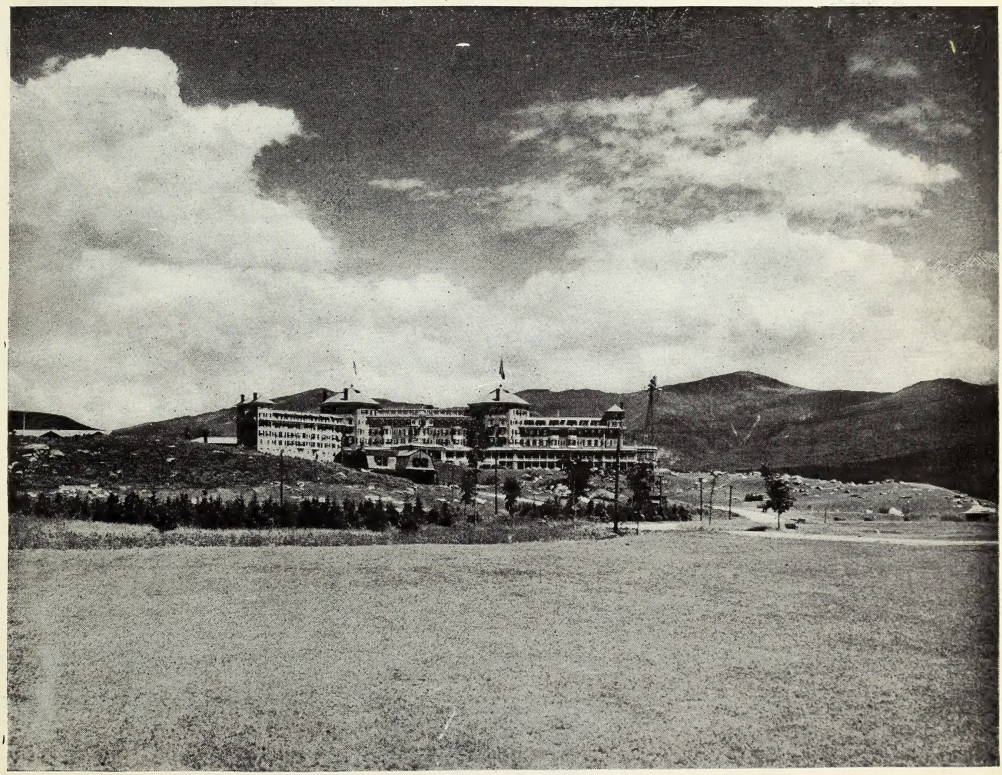
automobiles, a machine shop about thirty-five by sixty with complete equipment; but this does not mean that the welfare of the lovers of horse-flesh have been forgotten. The "Mount Washington" livery leaves little to be desired, and one of the great features of the hotel is its fine string of saddle horses, in charge of one of the best known experts in the United States, Major Valentz, formerly in the Austrian cavalry, but many seasons connected with the "Back Bay Riding School."

Bridle paths, highways, and trails radiate everywhere. Mt. Washington and its companion peaks, with their ravines and other natural wonders, may be ascended and explored on foot; or the famous summit may be reached either by rail or carriage. Practically every delight and enjoyment that mountain life can afford is at the disposal of the guest.

Even the automobilist may ascend Mt. Washington with ease in these days, and beside the eight-mile ascent of the carriage road, there are favorite one-day or half-day tours; taking in such interesting points as Lancaster, Littleton, Sugar Hill, Franconia, Profile House, Bethlehem, Maplewood, Crawford Notch, Intervale, North Conway, Jackson, and Jefferson, mountain runs whose glories can ill be expressed in prose.

Bretton Woods and its great "twin" hotels — how large and alluring it looms through the clear air and the rosy sunsets of the White Mountains in the scheme of American Vacation Days! And how definitely and convincingly the "human equation" comes into it; for how much of the fame and success of Bretton Woods is due to progressive and popular management.

Incomparable location, perfect hotels, good management — this is the trinity of factors that has made Bretton Woods the favorite vacation resort it is to-day, not only with automobilists, but with the American public in general.



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